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founded 1890.

# THE LYCEUM BANNER

A MONTHLY RECORD  
OF LYCEUM WORK AND PROGRESS THROUGHOUT THE  
A Paper for the Lyceum, the Society, and the Home.

HOME AND FOREIGN REPORTS AND NEWS.

SERIAL AND OTHER STORIES.

(OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE BRITISH SPIRITUALISTS' LYCEUM UNION.)

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Number—TWO

1897.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

To all our Readers and Friends.

The Lyceum Movement will have a very Happy Year.

The *Lyceum Banner* will do its best to help on the work.

How do you like our first deed towards such a result?

You will certainly admit it is better, brighter, and larger than ever before.

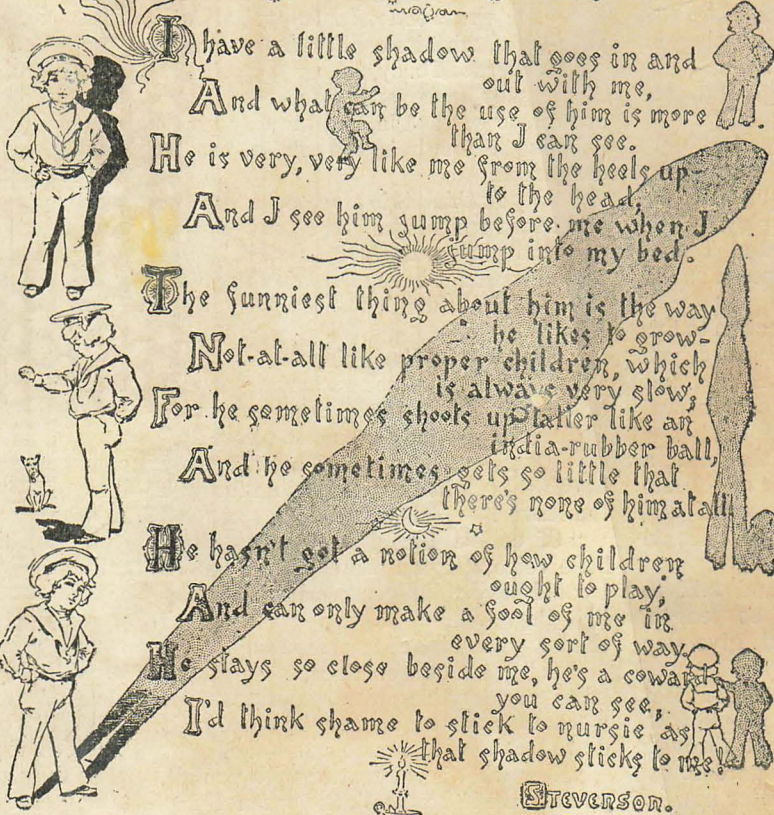
The size of the pages will be continued during the year.

The present "Double Number" has been got out under great difficulties.

The improvements all mean more work, increased expenses, and greater financial loss.

When the shadows of night are falling, and the sun goes down,  
Oh! The Dustman comes a-creeping in from Shut-eye Town.  
And he throws dust in the eyes of all the babies that he meets,  
No matter where he finds them, in the house or in the streets.  
Then the baby's eyes grow heavy, and the lids drop down,  
When the Dustman comes a-creeping in from Shut-eye Town.

## MY SHADOW.



I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,  
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.  
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head,  
And I see him jump before me when I jump into my bed.  
The sunniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—  
Not-at-all like proper children, which is always very slow,  
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,  
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.  
He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,  
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.  
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see,  
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

STEVENSON.

When mother lights the lamp and draws the curtains down,  
Oh! The Dustman comes a-creeping in from Shut-eye Town,  
And the babies think the Dustman is as mean as a can be,  
For he shuts their eyes at nightfall, just when they want to see.  
But their little limbs are weary, for all they fret and frown,  
When the Dustman comes a-creeping in from Shut-eye Town.

UNLESS

The circulation of the *Banner* goes up. To which we want the Lyceum, every Society, and every true Spiritualist.

We are not performing what wonders we perform with a few pounds, but an extensive circulation will turn the scale in favor of the ONLY LYCEUM JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

The portraits in this number are all good sentiments of the friends whom they represent.

It is a veritable "Lac Number."

They all deserve

What would our numbers do without them?

The Lyceum of 1897 have had a good year and have been highly appreciated by the children.

managed to wheel the... the place where it was to be emptied, the two little girls had a ride back, which made them happy.

"Oh! Mr. Brown," cried she, "see that funny dog," pointing to a young poodle trotting along the road, by the side of a young lady, "Why he's only got half his hair, won't it grow?"

"Yes, but them dogs always has it cut like that."

"I don't think he likes it. I wish he could tell me if he does, but he can't talk."

"I've heard tell, Miss Dora, that if you take a animal under a oak tree, they can talk for half an hour but I don't believe it myself, when I was a lad I took the old cow we had under a oak tree for an hour and she never spoke a word."

"Come children, dinner is ready," called Mamma from the window, "go and wash your hands."

"Has we been 'ticularly good Mamma?" "Yes dears, unusually quiet."

Dinner is over, preparations for the journey completed and the three children start on their half mile walk full of delight, for the wood is a favourite place with them, with its cool shadows, bright wild flowers and busy, chattering squirrels. A pleasant place and safe, not large enough to get lost in, and the tiny brook babbling through is too shallow to be dangerous.

"Do you think it is true, what Brown said about animals talking?" says Dora.

"Don't know, don't think so, if it was that cow would have said something."

"Pr'aps she didn't like him," suggests Edie.

"That was it, I'm going to take first animal I can to an oak and see if it can talk. Oh, Mr. Squirrel, can you talk? This is an oak, and if you can, please do," says Dora, looking up at a little grey head with bright eyes just visible through the leaves.

"Of course I can," answers a shrill little voice, "If you had asked me before I could have told you so, but that's just like the children, they never seem to think anyone else can do anything."

"Oh," gasped the children, too frightened to say anything else, so frightened were they that all three suddenly sat down on the grass, unable to stand.

"Now what is the matter with you all, you ask me if I can talk and when I say yes, you all sit down and stare. It's very rude."

"If you please, Mr. Squirrel," began Teddy.

"I'm not Mr., I'm Mrs. Squirrel."

"Please Mrs. Squirrel," said Teddy, (adopting the correction meekly), "We don't mean to be rude, but we only heard this morning that you could talk and we didn't believe it and when you talked we was so astonished, we couldn't stand up."

"An' we is very sorry if we'se 'noyed you and 'pollygise," added Edie.

"Well, you are very polite children to

be sorry and I accept your apology. Who told you we could talk?"

"I answered Dora, finding her voice at last, "he tried when he was a lad and the old cow wouldn't speak."

"If he was more than 12 she couldn't, because if you try for the first time, after you are 12 we can't answer."

"Are there a lot of rules about talking to you, Mrs. Squirrel?"

"Yes, but don't ask me what they are, I never can remember things."

"Will you tell us what you do, where you live and how many babies you have," asked Dora.

"Yes, you seem to be nice children and if you promise not to take them away, I will show you my family."

"We won't touch them, only just look."

"Then follow me, but don't expect me to talk while I am leading the way, unless I am on the branches of an oak. Are you ready?"

The children watched her as she ran along the branches, nimbly springing from one tree to another until at last she stopped on one of the lower branches of a half dead oak, then they hurried after her, eager, excited, wondering what strange thing they would see or hear next.

"It's just like living in a fairy tale, I wonder if we shall see Mrs. Squirrel turn into a dear little Elf," said Dora.

"And take us away for years and years and make us king and queen of the Elves," answered Teddy.

"Now, children, if you look in there you will see my family, but don't touch them."

The three children crowded round to peep into a hollow branch and saw a big comfortable nest in which were four little gray furry balls, which, at their delighted "Oh," moved quickly, proving to be four little bright eyed squirrels, all calling out "What that?"

"We won't hurt you, little stwirrels, we only wants to see you," says Edie.

"Do you stay there all the winter?" asked Teddy.

"No."

"Will you tell us what you do?" "Yes, if you sit down."

So they sat down on the soft earth, taking care to keep under the branches of the oak.

"Mrs Squirrel, won't you come and sit on my lap? I won't hurt you. I should like to stroke your nice coat," said Edie.

The squirrel looked at her half doubtfully, then scrambled to the ground and jumped onto Edie's knee. "There," she said, as she settled down, "you are the first child I have done that to, they are too fond of teasing to be trusted, but you seem nice children, in fact quite well behaved. What do you want me to tell you?"

... particularly good, woods this after- good." ... being 'ticularly hard?" ... is only keeping as ... mouses Mamma. ... these letters to run away. Did Teddy and you to ask?" ... Mamma, I thought it my ... mended my dolly's arm and ... her a hat, and I wanted to do ... hat is right, now run and tell them." ... Edie closed the door carefully, ... owly climbed the stairs on tip-toe, ... sery door stood open, going in, ... e closed it, and announced: ... Mamma says we can go into the ... oods after dinner if we is good." ... rah!" from Teddy. ... w nice!" from Dora. ... t we's got to keep quiet all the ... g. Let's play a quiet play." ... y're no fun," remarked Teddy. ... ow. Let's play the house is on fire ... rescue Edie." ... out Edie had a strong objection to this ... n. "I don't want to be rescued, you ... vays hurts me and makes me cry, and ... t' not being quiet. Let's cut pictures ... old books." ... n idea was accepted as the best, a ... of old papers and two pair of scissors ... e begged from the housemaid and ... t reigned in the nursery for some ... e. ... Let's go into the garden and talk to ... "Teddy suggested at length. ... eel as barrow and give you ... de." ... And three pair of eager feet ... hree impatient little people with ... rush down stairs, out through ... n door into the sunny garden. ... hat be them yougsters after now?" ... s the gardener to himself, as they ... come rushing towards him, "some mis- ... chief I'll be bound." ... "Please, Mr. Brown, let me wheel ... that," says Teddy in a polite, tone, "I ... n't upset it and I want to give Dora ... nd Edie a ride." ... "You can't give 'em a ride 'til its ... pty, Master Teddy, and its too heavy ... a little chap like you." ... I'm not very little, I'm nearly ten," ... ers Teddy, drawing himself to his ... ight, as though ten was quite ... , so with help from Brown, he

"Your hist'ry," said Teddy.

"I was born in a very nice comfortable nest," began Mrs. Squirrel "As soon as I was old enough to understand, I found the family consisted of father and mother, two brothers, one sister and myself, and a very happy family we were too, no quarrelling, no dis-obedience, it was never necessary for *our* mother to scold or whip us. One day while we were still quite small, we were left alone for a little while. I was sitting right against the side of the nest almost hidden by some of the twigs that we, in our tumbling about, had loosened; overhead I could see the green leaves on the swaying branches, with little bits of bright blue sky and golden sunlight between. Suddenly I felt our tree tremble, and then a boy's face appeared a little way above me, then his arm and hand and part of his body; I crouched down terrified. 'I say, Dick,' he cried, 'here's a squirrel's nest and there's some young 'uns in it.' 'Let 'em alone, they're no good to us,' answered a voice. 'Yes they are, Dick,' said the boy, "I can sell 'em," and he thrust his hand into our nest and took out my brothers and sister, he tried to feel if there were more, but I bit his finger so hard he was content to leave me. My father and mother were very much grieved when they returned, though glad I had been left, and it was a long time before they left me again. When they did, I was almost half grown and thought myself as wise as my mother. 'Now mind you don't leave this tree and get lost,' they said, but when they had gone, I was determined to see what the next tree was like, then I tried the next, and the next, until at last when I started to go back, I found I was lost.

"Oh! how frightened I was, no nice warm nest, no nuts to eat, what should I do? While I was wondering I saw the boy who had stolen my brothers and sister. I tried to run away, there was a hole in a tree close by, I ran into it, but the boy had seen me and in spite of my biting and struggling he caught me, put me in a basket and carried me home to his house. I must say the boy (Harry they called him) was very kind to me, he put me in a large cage, gave me plenty of nuts and a comfortable bed to sleep on, but I wanted freedom and for a long time I bit him, or tried to, every time he attempted to pet me. Then he tried another way of what he called 'taming' me, if I tried to bite he kept me without nuts for a little while, if I let him stroke me, he gave more than my usual share. When I found, no matter what I did, he would not let me go, I allowed him to make friends with me, and became quite fond of him, he taught me to run round a wheel and to take a nut without snatching.

"One day I heard Harry talking to his Mother. 'Mother,' he said, 'I've been thinking about Freddy Maile, he doesn't have any fun now, you know, he fell and

hurt himself picking apples for Old Gregson last autumn, he can't even walk across the room and I thought if I gave him my squirrel it might amuse him. May I?' 'Yes, my dear,' answered his Mother. So Harry lifted up my cage and carried me out into the lane. How pleased I was to see the trees again, I can't tell you, so pleased that I felt sorry when Harry stopped at Freddy Maile's cottage, though it is really very uncomfortable to be carried along in a cage by a boy who runs, and jumps over stones. Harry carried me into the cottage and placed my cage on a table by the side of a big chair. In the chair was a boy, such a different boy to Harry, a boy with thin hands and a sad, pale face. His eyes opened wide when he saw me, he was so pleased, he could hardly thank Harry, and then he began to talk to me. How I used to wish he would take me under an oak tree so that I could talk to him, but he couldn't, and I don't suppose he knew anything about it even if he had been strong enough. I liked him better than Harry, he was so kind and gentle. His Mother was poor and had to leave him alone a great deal, so he was very glad of my company, he used to call me 'Frisk' because she is so lively', he always explained. I grew so fond of him that I used to sit on the arm of his chair while I ate my nuts, it amused him very much to see me sit up, holding the nut in my paws.

"It was nearly the end of winter when Harry took me to Freddy, and I thought it was the cold that made him so quiet and pale, but as the weather grew warmer he seemed to get thinner, weaker, and more gentle every day, until one morning when I came out of my cage, I found Freddy's chair empty. I looked all round the room—he was not there. Just then Freddy's mother came in, she picked me up, carried me upstairs and placed me on a long white thing (a bed I afterwards heard it called) where Freddy was lying. He was so pleased to see me that his mother brought my cage up there and for a good many days I lived in that room with Freddy. I could not understand why the sunshine did not make him strong; it made me feel so happy, but he grew quieter still, until one bright sunny morning when I jumped onto his bed, he did not look at me or move, but just lay there, white and still and looking so happy. I never saw him again, for I was carried downstairs and for two days no one even looked at me. I was getting very hungry, all my food was gone, so I jumped out of the window onto a tree, then hiding under bushes I made my way to this wood where I have lived ever since."

"The squirrel ceased speaking and sat looking at the three children, with her head on one side.

"Are you satisfied?" she asked.

"Yes, thank you ever so much," answered Dora and Teddy together.

"You're a de  
Edie.

"Well, I must g  
and you must g  
you are polite ch  
when you ask an  
won't be answer  
under an oak."

The three hurried  
the wonderful thing  
What animal shoul  
know" said Dora,

(To be con

### An Elephant's Good Sense.

In India domesticated elephants are usually given drink from large wooden troughs filled with well-water by means of a pump, and it is commonly an elephant that fills this trough. Every morning he goes regularly to his task. While visiting a friend at his fine residence in India, a correspondent of a paper saw a large elephant engaged in pumping such a trough of water. He continues:

"In passing, I noticed that one of the two tree trunks which supported the trough at either end had fallen from its place, so that the trough, still elevated at one extremity, would begin to empty as soon as the water reached the level of the top at the other end, which lay on the ground. I stopped to see if the animal would discover anything wrong. Soon the water began to run off at the end which had lost its support. The animal showed signs of perplexity when he saw this, but as the end nearest him lacked much of being full, he continued to pump. Finally, seeing that the water continued to pass off, he left the pump handle and began to consider the phenomenon. He seemed to find it difficult to explain. Three times he returned to his pumping, and three times he examined the trough.

"I was an absorbed locker-on, impatient to see what would be done. Soon a lively flapping of the ears indicated the dawning of light. He went and smelled of the tree trunk, which had rolled from under the trough. I thought for a moment that he was going to put it in its place again. But it was not, as I soon understood, the end that ran over that disturbed him, but the end which he found it impossible to fill. Raising the trough, which he then allowed to rest for an instant on one of his huge feet, he rolled away the second supporting log with his trunk, and then set the trough down, so that it rested at both ends on the ground. He returned to the pump and completed his task."

Barnes Torner—"Why, sir, time and again I have had the entire audience rise as one man to their feet, giving cheer after cheer." Roscius de Hamme, "Bound to get their ten cents' worth in some way, eh?"

Tree-House.

...niscences of his  
...nesia, which old  
...Sag Harbour told  
...that incidentally  
...boreal habitations  
...ans. When Starbird  
...his tribe he was mate of the  
...South Sea trading schooner,  
...ying under his uncle, Capt.  
...d, who has long since sailed  
...sailor's last haven.

For several successive years the *Laura Hall* had come to anchor off a certain beach on the south shore of the great Geelvink Bay, in the north of New Guinea. On this beach, near the mouth of a river called the Rubi, lived a tribe that practised pearl-fishing. The native name of the beach was Arope, and that was the name of the tribe, too. They took pearl oysters from a bay inside a long, sandy point which separated it from the mouth of the river.

As no other trader had visited these people, Captain Titus was able to carry away eight or ten thousand dollars' worth of pearls every season in exchange for a few bolts of cloths, knives and cheap trinkets. For this reason he wished to keep the Arope "steady" in their primitive habits, and would not sell them rum or firearms, lest they should become embroiled with neighbouring tribes, with whom, as a rule, they were now living in peace. The old captain's policy was a species of paternalism, wholly selfish at bottom, yet benignant in its effects.

This one-sided commerce went on pleasantly until one season when the *Laura Hall* came to anchor off Arope, and found that misfortune had befallen the natives. Most of their grass huts had been burned, and more than half of the good-natured brown folks—including the old chief Boè's three sons—had been killed. Boè himself, loudly lamenting his bereavements, managed to make Captain Titus understand that he and his had been attacked by the Tarube, a tribe that lived a day's journey up the river Rubi.

Old Boè described the fighting by graphic signs and gestures, while tears flowed freely from his eyes. Never was anybody more sympathetic than Capt. Titus Starbird. Indeed, he almost wept when he learned that the invaded people had found no time to fish up any pearls for him. Moreover, the outlook for the future was bad. Old Boè expected nothing less than that the Tarube would soon come upon him again, and drive the remnant of his people into the sea.

The chief depicted the Tarube as terrible fighters who shot unerring arrows from powerful bows, and who lived in huts of a singular kind. Boè tried to explain the construction of these huts, but the Americans could not understand what his signs and words

meant, though it was plain that they had some reference to trees.

"Pearl trade's completely busted," said Captain Titus to his mate and nephew, Elias.

"'Tis, unless we bust the Tarube and set up the Arope again," said Elias.

"It'd be onchristian to make war on 'em," said Captain Titus.

"It'd be unchristianer to let 'em come and murder our friends."

"Then there's the pearls," said Captain Titus, cheering up.

"Certainly—we've got to protect commerce," said Elias.

The upshot of this talk was that the Starbirds encouraged Old Boè to collect his remaining brown fellows for war, and on the following day a union expedition set off up the Rubi in seven canoes. There were Captain Titus himself, his mate Elias, and four sailors from the *Laura Hall* in company with Boè and eighteen of his tribesmen.



The canoes were odd craft, each hollowed out from the trunk of a large tree. Although they were so shaped as to be anything but fast boats, yet the brown, frizz-

headed Arope were able to paddle and pole them at a good rate through the water. By midafternoon they had almost reached the Tarube village, without having seen anything of the enemy.

At that place the river bank, which had hitherto looked like a continuous jungle, had been cleared of underbrush on the west side. Here stood a sparse grove of large trees that had enormous gray trunks three feet in diameter, and rose forty or fifty feet, like pillars, before the first huge branches outgrew. The broad tops formed a dense canopy of green leaves that shaded the ground beneath and gave a singularly sombre aspect to the scene.

Opposite the grove several canoes were drawn up at the waterside. As soon as the invaders came in sight a great tumult arose, and a mob of Tarube came racing and yelling along the bank. The dialects of the two tribes were not greatly dissimilar; hence Boè replied in kind to the shouts of the Tarube, and told them that his friends and allies, the

powerful white shipmen, had come to kill them all with thunder and lightning?

These cheerful tidings were received with howls of incredulous defiance, and the Tarube began hostilities, as Captain Titus reckoned they would.

"Let 'em," he said. "Puts us in the right. Of course we've got to fight if we're molested."

The Tarube shot flights of arrows which whizzed unpleasantly close, even at a distance of a hundred yards, whereupon Captain Titus discharged his piece, loaded with swan-shot, at the Tarube chief, Gustu. This gentleman seemed more scared than hurt, for he fled vigorously and howled dismally, together with most of his men. No doubt some of the pellets had pattered severely on his brown hide.

The Americans then witnessed a droll spectacle, for the Tarube men, women and children ran to the trees, and began climbing up the great trunks by means of grass ropes and notches hacked in the thick bark. The scratching noise made by their bare toes was immensely diverting to the sailors. Groups of six or eight, at a dozen different trees, were clambering up at once with such agility that all had gained the tree-tops in half a minute.

As the eyes of the spectators followed the dusky climbers, they saw that each tree-top had a hut in it, built of poles and bark on platforms of cross poles which were lashed athwart the great branches. Each family had its tree and its hut of a size sufficient to shelter ten persons or more. The huts seen from below resembled enormous crows' nests.

It is likely, indeed, that the Tarube had derived their ideas of tree houses from the birds. Perched in these airy habitations, they were secure from the attacks of other tribes; for none of the natives of New Guinea then possessed implements capable of felling the great trees.

From the ground below the whites opened fire on the huts with a small shot, but as the natives kept out of sight, little injury was inflicted. Naturally the Tarube soon became less afraid of the reports and smoke of the firearms. From this and that tree arrows began to be discharged, and heavy round stones hurled with great force. The huts were so high and so well-sheltered that it was not easy to shoot even swan-shot through them, and Captain Titus was very reluctant to use bullets.

Finding that they would not be able to effect much with their shot-guns, Captain Starbird fell back on his Yankee ingenuity. A stratagem had occurred to him, but for carrying it out he needed one of the ship's augers. So he withdrew his forces to the other side of the Rubi River and camped for the night.

Meantime two of the Arope were sent back to the bay in a canoe, carrying with them a message written on a smooth chip of wood which they were bidden to take to the schooner. The message ordered

the carpenter to come up the river and fetch his three-inch auger, draw-knife and four pounds of gunpowder.

During the night a good many Tarube descended from their huts and proved somewhat noisy and aggressive, bawling threats and defiance to the strangers. Toward morning one of them ventured so near that he was captured by the Arope, who would have put him to torture but for the remonstrance of the whites.

The two Arope canoeman made such good time on the river that the carpenter and his tools reached Captain Titus at a little before noon next day, and he at once proceeded to develop his Yankee mode of attack. He and the carpenter with six men advanced upon the foe. To protect themselves from the arrows and the stones which the Tarube would shower from the tree tops, they carried one of the large canoes bottom upwards over their heads.

Under this shield Captain Titus and his little party approached the foot of the very largest tree which, the Arope declared, contained the house of the Tarube chief. The sailors held the canoe slantwise against the trunk so as to shelter their bodies and the carpenter began boring a hole in the tree trunk, while the Tarube, who had no idea of the captain's design, howled derisively and hurled down stones and offal.

The captain and the carpenter continued to ply the auger until they had made a hole two or three feet in depth. Into this they put a pound or more of gunpowder, and then a stout, long plug with a groove cut in it to carry priming. A little fire of whittlings from the plug was then lighted, so placed that it would, as it burned, communicate fire to the priming powder.

Then the attacking party beat a retreat with their canoe over their heads. The priming failed for the time to ignite, however, and they were obliged to return with a larger stock of whittlings. Meantime the natives in a tree tops, who were watching the apparently futile attempts to burn down the big tree, hooted anew with great scorn and laughter.

This time the priming ignited as the party retreated. Instantly the tree trunk was rent asunder in the middle with a loud crash, and so shattered at the butt that the tree toppled slowly over against another, off which it gradually rolled sidewise, and fell ponderously to the ground.

Its fall, Captain Starbird declares, was an impressive spectacle; for as the mighty mass of branches rolled off the

other tree, the tree house and platform were shattered to pieces and fell out. But the chief and his entire household had contrived to save themselves by climbing out of the falling tree into that against which it had toppled.

Sheets of bark, poles, boughs, all came whirling down together. It is likely that the fall from so great a height would have killed most of the inhabitants had they not escaped with agility. Now they wept and wailed in this other tree. Indeed, lamentation came from the entire grove, while Boè and his Arope eagerly besought Captain Titus to proceed with their novel warfare. The captain and his carpenter therefore moved forward under their canoe, to bore and mine a second tree. But now a most lugubrious outcry, like the howling of scores of whipped dogs,

With this gentle admonition the whites went away, leaving the Tarube still bewailing their punishment.

*The Youth's Companion.*

—\*—

### Defender Saved his New Born Offspring at the Fire.

He is only a yellow dog, of most obscure ancestry, yet he has attained an eminence rare in the annals of dogology. He is a self made dog, is Defender, once the mascot of the famous Yankee yacht that defeated the Valkyrie. Fated by the conduct of Lord Dunraven to retire from a seafaring life as a mascot, Defender has overcome all the obstacles of prosaic environment, and is now once more in the public eye.

After the international races Oliver Iselin complimented Commodore John McGinnis, late of the American navy, by presenting to him the yellow dog Defender. It was on the very day that McGinnis opened his Defender saloon at 205 Greenwich street, New York. Soon after the Valkyrie's bo's'n gave McGinnis a lady dog, which was christened after the English yacht. She and the yellow mascot became great friends, and eventually she became Mrs. Defender.

The Charles A. O'Connor Club holds Raines law meetings near the Defender saloon. Its members were having a jolly time at 3 a.m. on Sunday, October 4th, when Yellow Defender set up such a barking that one of the members was sent out to see what the trouble was.

The saloon was on fire, and the fire engines were summoned. When the door was opened Defender was barking wildly in front of a cabinet that held Mrs. Defender and a litter of tiny puppies. The mother and six puppies were quickly removed to safety, but still the dog remained in the thick smoke barking.

"We must have left a pup," said one, and so they had. When the seventh small fellow was removed Defender ran outside, too, with an air of duty well performed.

The saloon and fifty tenails above were saved, for the engines soon put out the fire.

—\*—

Geographical Examination—"What changes do you observe in the map of Europe during the last ten years?"

Pupil—"It has been twice newly vanished."

Defender Saved His New Born Offspring at the Fire.



descended. Looking up, the whites saw the Tarube, men and women, extending their hands imploringly down from the margins of the platforms begging for mercy. The fate of their chief and his family had struck terror to their souls.

Of course the hearts of the Americans were touched, and they were glad to escape bloodshed. But Boè and his fellows would have blasted down every tree, and slaughtered the Tarube to the last piccaninny.

"No," said Captain Starbird, "we've larned 'em enough for one time, I calculate."

Then he bade Boè call out to the Tarube, and say that if ever, in future, they should presume to molest the Arope, the white shipmen would return with "thunder" and blow down every house tree of the village.

## A Sleigh Ride in Fairyland.

BY DAVID H. WALKER.

GOLDILOCKS had the strangest sleigh ride that ever took place—even in Fairyland. We had drifted into Fairyland in a boat, through a river that runs under Tamalpais Mountain—Goldilocks and I.

We landed on a great plain that was carpeted deep from end to end with white clover blossoms. This plain reaches from the Valley of Crippled Dolls to the Ice Cream Glaciers among the Rainbow Mountains.

The crippled dolls are those who have been pulled to pieces by little girls and have been taken by kind fairies into Fairyland. Some have no heads, some no legs or arms, but they have a beautiful French doll for a queen, and they live on honey dew. The French doll has taught them all to speak French, and a Spanish cavalier doll taught them how to walk Spanish.

Well, right before us, on the edge of the white clover plain, with their runners hidden in the blossoms, there were sleighs and sleighs, fairly crammed full of laughing, jolly fairies.

In one sleigh there was room for Goldilocks, that being the sleigh of the Fairy Queen, who is a little mite of a thing, with eyes as blue as the summer sky. The Queen waved her hand and called Goldilocks by name. While the little girl was surprised that the Fairy Queen knew her, she was not one bit afraid, but ran up and sat by the Queen and looked with wonder at what she saw.

For me they brought up a funny little animal to ride, because I was altogether too big for any fairy sleigh. Such a tinkle of merry laughter went up from all the fairies when I mounted the queer creature. It was not exactly a horse, but it looked something like one. It seemed to me to be covered with yarn, and for eyes it had black shoe buttons. Along its sides from its nose to its tail were the figures, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. When I was fairly settled on its back and gave it a squeeze with my knees it opened its mouth and said: "Oh, mamma." Then even the reindeers that were fastened to the sleighs laughed—they laughed until the tears trickled down their pointed little noses. Sure enough it was funny; for it was not a real animal at all, but a great toy which Santa Claus had made on a rainy day, and it went by clockwork.

You ought to have seen the reindeers. There were ten to each sleigh, while the Fairy Queen had fifty to hers. They were not taller than fox terrier dogs, but were perfectly formed and had snowy white antlers. Each reindeer had on its back a fairy rider or postillion, who was dressed in white furs, and what a lot of bells there were. Each reindeer had a string of them across its chest and there were bells on the fur caps and fur robes

of the postillions; and all the bells were tuned.

"We are ready to start," said the Fairy Queen.

She was mistaken, as even Fairy Queens may be. The Chief Mechanic had first to wind up with a big key the animal that I was riding. Then the Chief Musician tuned the feet of the reindeer, tapping them from time to time with a tuning fork and listening. Then the Queen's Enchanter chilled the air so that the wind would whistle in the right pitch. This was done by the Enchanter with a wand made of an icicle, pierced with holes like a flute, that played a tune by itself when the wind blew through it. One wave of the Enchanter's wand made the air colder. Suddenly the Queen's nose grew blue.

"Blue," groaned the Chief Chamberlain, "ho, there! A muff for the Queen's blue nose."

"Blue," echoed the Queen's Chief Maid, "ho, there! A foot stove for the Queen's blue toes."

But the Queen laughed just like a good-natured and rosy-cheeked little girl and said that she wanted neither muff for her nose nor stove for her toes, and that she liked the cold.

While this was going on I spied a boy fairy, who had the biggest kite I have laid eyes on. He held this kite in one hand and a pair of scissors in the other. Before I could stop him he had fastened that kite to my animal's knitted tail.

"We're off," said the Fairy Queen.

Off! That bad boy fairy had hardly time to climb back into his sleigh and to point out the kite which was flying above the upraised tail of my animal to the other laughing boy fairies when we were off like the wind; and with such wonderful music! It was not much of a trick of magic to make all the bells play tunes for the songs which all the fairies and the reindeers sang,

Yes, indeed; all the animals in Fairyland sing and talk. While the fairies in the sleighs sang alto and contralto and the reindeers all sang bass, the postillions sang tenor. The old woman "with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes" never heard anything like it.

Pretty soon we reached the Ice Cream Glacier of lemon and vanilla and strawberry and chocolate ice creams, all of them frozen as hard as a floor, the sleigh runners became like fiddle bows and the glaciers gave out music as fine as fiddle strings. The bells played like a band; the reindeers' feet drummed out melody; the fairies sang it; the reindeers sang it, too, in a very rollicking way. Goldilocks shouted with glee and the wind whistled like a big boy with his cheeks puffed out and the song was: "Clear the track for we are coming."

The wind! How it blew as we sped along. I wondered how it was that the kite did not hold my animal back. I looked for the kite and was alarmed. It

was nowhere to be seen, but from the tail of my animal a single string led upward into the sky. At the other end of that string was the kite and my animal was raveling out to furnish kite string! Its tail was just about gone. We were going so fast that soon the hind legs were bare of covering; then the back and sides of the animal raveled. Finally I saw the raveling creeping along from the figures 10 until it was two-thirds the length of the horse toward the nose (clear up to figure 4) and I could see the bare joints of the animal, and began to fear that they would pull apart and leave me on the glacier. I was saved by the machinery running down. The kite pulled all the covering from the beast and then flew away, to the moon I guess.

Then my animal slid like a toboggan into the month of a dark cave that I had not noticed before. When he came out at the other end—there was the boat in which we had reached Fairyland, and there, sure enough, was Goldilocks.

She told me that she had ended her sleigh ride in the court yard of a palace made of blocks of different colored ice cream. They were a jolly party and were having lots of fun, but they woke up the fairy who shovels coal into the sun and keeps the fire going.

"Burr!" he said, and shoveled so much coal that the sun melted the ice cream palace and the ice cream glacier away. Goldilocks stooped to fasten her shoe and when she looked up again all the fairies, all the sleighs and all the reindeers had disappeared, and only the boat at the very spot where she landed in Fairyland was in sight.

Just as she was wondering what to do I arrived. We got into the boat and sailed away. As we sailed, the river dried up behind us until it was all gone and when we stepped out of the boat it turned into a white swan and flew away.

—\*—

### The Fairy Sleep.

A little fairy lay asleep  
Within a tiny shell.

A butterfly did o'er her keep  
His vigils long and well.

He fanned her with his gauzy wing  
Until she dreamed of heaven,  
Where loving angels sweetly sing,  
And light is freely given.

She was a pretty little thing,  
All dimpled, sweet, and fair,  
With spangles on her snowy wing  
And sunlight in her hair.

She lay and dreamed of roses sweet,  
Of spice and nectar too,  
'Till morning came her eyes to greet  
All wet with pearly dew.

When she awoke, the butterfly  
Bowed low his courtly head,  
'I leave you now, with many a sigh,  
Oh Fairy Queen," he said.

*Light of Truth.*

## Goldilock's Sunday Walk.

BY DAVID H. WALKER.

When Goldilocks and I started out for our Sunday walk we didn't stop at the front gate and make up our minds, as usual, which path we would take. Instead we avoided looking at each other and talked about the weather, but all the time we kept our noses pointed straight for Mount Tamalpais.

Although we were careful not to mention it to each other, we were both thinking of the Fairyland under the mountain and wishing and wishing we could get a peep into it. All of a sudden Goldilocks gave my finger a quick squeeze and I took a tight grip of her hand—for there right before us, where a minute before was only a scraggy wood, was the edge of Fairyland. Things in Fairyland keep changing so rapidly that you wonder if you're awake or dreaming.

Goldilocks and I were looking at a waterfall of pure honey, with honeycomb tumbling over it in big, sticky masses. The next minute there was a high mountain of glass at that place and no waterfall. Then the mountain moved off without noise, and in its place was a big hole that seemed to be always tumbling into itself.

The sides of the hole were all steep. The east and south sides kept sliding down with such force that all the dirt and stones bounded across to the north and west sides and filled the hole up level to the ground on those sides. So the hole, as it was always falling in on two sides and filling up on the other two, was really a great travelling hole.

"Suppose the hole should turn inside out," whispered Goldilocks.

The hole went away from us and out of sight. We were glad that it did not chase us, as the vegetable boa constrictor had done. We rubbed our eyes a little and then looked again. In the side of a hill something glittered. A guidepost, which we had not seen before that, brought itself up so that we could look at it and upon it were these words: "To the Queen's Garden."

Once more we looked back at the lovely meadows and went on toward the thing that glittered, which turned out to be a gate of pure and solid gold.

"Heads on or heads off?"

Goldilocks and I both heard this question, but could not see any speaker. From a weeping willow tree a trumpet vine was hanging. This vine was covered with lovely blue and gold flowers, the colors of the State University at Berkeley. Goldilocks ran to pick these flowers and again heard the question, which seemed to be whispered to her by a flower:

"Heads on or heads off?"

In fact the trumpet vine was used as a telephone and the other end of it was in a watch tower, just outside of the Gate

of the Fairy Queen's palace. The voice asking us whether we would have our heads on or our heads off, came from a Royal Guard, who wore a suit of spun silver, and who stood in the watch-tower. Of course we did not see him at the time, but we found out afterward all about him.

Goldilocks, just for fun, put one of the trumpet flowers to her mouth and spoke through it.

"Hello!" she said.

"Ring the Queen's telephone bell," came back the voice over the trumpet vine.

Goldilocks looked puzzled. Her dress brushed against a plant covered with blossoms of the lily of the valley and every blossom rang like a little silver bell.

At this the solid gate of gold began to turn on its hinges, and as it moved it played a tune, just like a big music box. There was no one to open the gate that we could see, so that it was all magic. Goldilocks is always polite and she thanked the voice at the other end of the trumpet vine for opening the gate.

"The gate? Oh, yes; who are you? Oh, well, I recollect now; you are the two who are to come in with your heads on."

So it happened that we went into the Queen's Gardens with our heads on and saw for the first time the Wonderful Forest.

The trees in this forest grew so fast that they pulled themselves up by the roots and they kept a small army of fairy gardeners busy setting them back in the ground. The noise made by the breaking of the roots, as the trees pulled themselves up, furnished a sort of never-ending Fourth of July celebration. It was as if whole packs of "readhead" fire crackers were going off all the time. The sap of the trees, no matter what kind of trees were there, was all maple sugar. This ran up and flowed all over the limbs and down the trunks of the trees, so that the gardeners were licking their fingers half the time as they worked.

The Fairy Queen knew all about this and kept twice as many gardeners busy as she would have needed if the tree sap had been vinegar, for instance, instead of maple sugar; for when one-half the gardeners were licking their fingers the other half were working.

Not all the overflowing tree sap ran down upon the fingers of the gardeners. Some of it spouted up from the trees in little fountains and fell back, like showers of sugar maple bonbons upon the fairies as they toiled. Goldilocks was most pleased to see some little baby fairies, who were rolling and playing in the red grass near one big tree that had grown so old that it could not pull itself up.

But one could see this tree heave and strain at its roots, and it really groaned, like an old man trying to lift a heavy weight. It moved its bark in creases, like wrinkles on an old man's face, and

as there were two round knot holes close together the moving of the bark back and forth over the holes made it seem that the tree was opening and shutting its eyes and winking at Goldilocks.

What made her laugh and clap her hands most was a windmill fastened to the trunk of this old tree. The sap fell upon the windmill and coated it with maple sugar when the wheel was still. Then a gust of wind would come, the wheel would start with a jerk and spin dizzily and the maple sugar coating would be thrown off in rings, like the rings of Saturn, and would fall among the baby fairies in the grass. One baby fairy ate so much maple sugar that he swelled, and the other babies took the sugar rings as they fell and put them over him, so that he was hooped like a barrel. Really he was then a sweeter baby than you have ever seen.

The gardeners did not have to go far to get their lunch. Just outside of the Wonderful Forest were bread-fruit trees, on which grew pancakes, already cooked and buttered. These pancakes, served on plantain leaves and covered with the maple sugar, were better than any that ever came out of any kitchen into any breakfast-room in California. Every one of the pancakes had this word on it in large letters: INEXHAUSTIBLE.

This was to let every one in Fairyland know that no matter how many pancakes were picked from the bread-fruit trees there would still be pancakes in Fairyland.

The fairy gardeners and the baby fairies sat in a circle around twelve flower beds of many colors to eat their pancakes.

Those flower beds made the fairies' clock. First there was a large circle of blue flowers, and within this circle the twelve beds of different colored flowers, there being one bed for each hour. For every hour a different bed was in bloom, while the flowers in all the other beds slept. The gardener hurried up the 12-o'clock or lunch-hour flower bed and made it bloom earlier by having the biggest glutton among them begin watering it half an hour too early. And, oh! how they did smack their lips when the lunch-hour flowers opened their eyes.

Just as these lunch-hour flowers were drooping off to sleep again and we felt as if we could not eat another pancake—no, not another bite—there came such a cracking and creaking and rumbling from the Wonderful Forest that it seemed as if all the trees were pulling themselves up by the roots at once.

Goldilocks and I put our thumbs in our ears. Everything grew dark as midnight for an instant, and when we opened our eyes again we found ourselves sitting side by side out in the scraggy wood, where we first saw the Honey Waterfall.

"Oh-h!" softly said Goldilocks.

"Oh ho!" said I.

And we went home as fast as ever we could.

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## IN PARIS.



II.

School once over, they all come to play  
In the Luxembourg garden, the rest of the day.  
All over, everywhere, out in the sun  
The children are having the best of fun.



III.

The baby who leans o'er the fountain's rim  
Is watching what seems like a boat to him,



IV.

While here by this bench some girls and boys  
Are engaged in purely domestic joys.  
They carefully measure and mix and bake  
In this model kitchen, every cake.

I.

In the city of Paris one sees with surprise  
Boys who are rather advanced in size  
Being meekly led by the hand to school  
By a *bonne*, who carries their books, as a rule.



V.

There's always the sand-pile, yellow and big,  
Where the children love to shovel and dig.  
And those of an architectural mind  
May houses build, if they feel inclined.



VI.

Little girls play *Sur le Pont d'Avignon*  
Each in a net, with a straight black gown,  
While the stately Queens of France look down  
From their pedestals high, all carved in stone.



VII.

Just for happiness, one would rather be  
A girl like this, so merry and free,  
Than one of the maidens we saw one day  
In a decorous group on the Champs Elysees,  
Who with their governess sat in the shade  
And doubtless charming embroideries made,



VIII.

Where the children were held by the nurses  
strange,  
Whose caps from the tiniest things would range  
To structures peculiar and odd in shape,  
Stiffened with starch and secured by tape,  
Denoting the land of the nurse's home,  
The great bow from *Alsace*, while many had  
come  
From parts of France, where the women still  
wore  
Caps like their grandmothers had, of yore.



IX.

But rich or poor, in the Champs Elysees  
With a nurse in all her fine array,  
Or playing alone in the sand and sun,  
The children in this were all at one:  
When shut were the gates, and the hour had  
come,  
Each one was sorry 'twas time to go home.

CAROLINE S. KING.

## Mysterious Visitations from the Unseen World.

CARL SEXTUS.

The royal family of Denmark is highly interested in science, not only the material, but the *spiritual*; they are fond of animals, generous to the poor, and lovers of Nature, ever looking for its greatness and beauty. The powerful Russian Czar, The late Alexander III, who was well-known for his clear brain, unshaken, calm and sound judgment, was often seen in the company of Prince Christian. This proves to the world that the Prince is a man of knowledge and distinguished in more than one direction. The princes Christian and Valdemar were especially the favorites of the Czar. Prince Valdemar is a captain in the Danish Navy, and is a brother to the Danish crown prince (the father of Christian and Carl), who is, as previously mentioned, married to the Swedish princess Louise, daughter of Carl XVI.

The deceased Swedish King Carl XV was an elder brother to the present Swedish King Oscar II, both are the sons of Oscar I, who was a son of Bernadotte (Prince of Ponte Corvo). Bernadotte was, as is well-known, made King of Sweden through the aid of Napoleon I, and ascended the throne under name of Carl Johan XIV.

The last representatives of the original royal Swedish race, the Vasa race (before the time of Bernadotte) were Gustaf III who was succeeded by Gustaf Adolph IV, which latter was dethroned and followed by his uncle Carl XIII; after his reign, a lawyer's son Bernadotte, from Pau, France, was pronounced king. I premise these remarks that the reader may therefrom see that these so *widely different Swedish royal families*, the present and the past, have both beheld apparitions apparently from the other world.

The mysterious visitations seen by the members of the Bernadotte family appear more remarkable as they are similar to those which occurred in Sweden long before their arrival and consequently were nothing in which they could have been interested, and do not refer to *individuals with whom they are related*. Periodically the strangest things may be seen at the Swedish palace, either by royal personages or plebeians.

Thus far nobody has been able to banish the peculiar intruders. If we were to believe the old adage, that "there can be no smoke unless there is some fire," how are we to regard these spectres which are seen, either by one or another, seen by people of pronounced intellect, as well as by those in the extreme and different spheres of life, and often by several persons at the same time, which precludes the idea of hallucination. Undoubtedly it looks to be reality and not a freak of imagination.

The present ruler of Sweden, King Oscar II. it is claimed, also believes in communications from the invisible world, and he is regarded in Europe and throughout the universe as being a highly intellectual man. The Bernadottes have always been fully awake to the realities of this world and alert as to what passes therein. The Queen of Sweden, Oscar's spouse, has always witnessed strange sights.

The apparitions of last year have once more recalled a number of these old traditions. One of them treats of the Queen of Carl V, a sister to the Danish King, Christian V, and occurred at Colberg castle, which is now used as a military academy. On 26th July, 1674, the spouse of King Carl XI, Ulrika Eleonora, died at Colberg castle. She was especially attached to her governess, Marie Elizabeth Stenbock, a sister to the Ambassador John Gabriel Stenbock. It was seldom that the Queen undertook anything of importance without obtaining her advice, and it was said that she loved and treated the governess as a sister.

The greatest grievance to the Queen during her last hours was, that her beloved governess, her most devoted friend, could not be present at her bedside. The Countess Stenbock was herself dangerously ill at Stockholm, and her brother would under no circumstances allow her removal to Colberg Castle, although the King as well as the countess herself, continually requested it to be done. Every hour, pages and halberdiers were riding between Colberg castle and the Stenbock mansion, in Stockholm, and the king himself almost every day visited the governess and carried to the Queen messages from her. Meanwhile the Queen would not be comforted, and just before dying, it is said that she with a loud voice exclaimed: "Marie, come, I must speak with you!" Her deceased Royal Highness was lying in state in the knight's hall. As a result thereof, the usual guard, while in those days was in command of his Majesty King Carl XI's royal lifeguardsman and cornet in the royal life-regiment, baron Axel Posse, was reinforced with a detachment from the royal guard under command of Captain Stormkrantz.

It was very late in the night, one of those light, charming summer evenings in which that season of the year is so rich. The two officers had been walking to and fro in the castle court for a while when Captain Stormkrantz said: "A storm is coming on, see how dark it turns, and the clouds are gathering towards the south." "Yes, in fact" answered the baron, "I believe we will have a thunder shower and heavy storm too, the sky is rapidly becoming obscured." It was overcast with ominous black clouds and few flashes of lightning on the southern horizon seemed to verify Posse's assumption. "It is growing exceedingly dark, let us inspect the guard and walk up" the

Captain said. A moment later both gentlemen were in the officer's room, and as the captain had the guard, young Posse threw himself on the sofa. Suddenly the entire room was illuminated with a clear, glaring light, which did not, like the lightning, disappear, but on the contrary, increased in brightness. The guard was called to arms and as Stormkrantz looked out through the window he said hurriedly to Posse while he grasped his cap: "Outriders with torches.....perhaps the King"—whereupon he hurried down the stairs followed by the cornet. At the foot of the stairway a carriage stopped, and captain Stormkrantz arrived just in time to proffer the governess, Countess Marie Elizabeth Stenbock, his hand in assisting her to alight, and offer his arm while accompanying her up the steps. The countess carried on the right arm her little dog Camillo, to which every one was attached, as being a great favorite of the deceased queen. At a signal from the governess the Captain led the guest, who with a graceful bow saluted the cornet and the guard, up to the Knight's hall. At a silent command from the countess the captain opened the door for her and closed it again, awaiting outside her further orders.

When the strange visit had lasted more than half an hour Captain Stormkrantz came hurrying into the officer's room, where he, *pale as a corpse, fell into the arms of the horrified baron Posse*. "Great God, what is the matter?" exclaimed the latter as his superior officer sank upon the sofa, but the only response was a violent hemorrhage. It was some time before Stormkrantz was able to answer his friend's questions. At last he explained, that he, after long waiting, looked through the keyhole into the hall, and to his horror had seen the blessed queen and the countess Stenbock standing at the window, engaged in deep conversation. As he knew that *the queen had been dead more than eight days* this sight had shocked him so greatly that a hemorrhage was the result, and only with the utmost difficulty had he found his way back to the guard-room. Baron Posse wished to call a couple of men of the guard, but the captain said "No, let us rather walk down and look at her driving away."

Leaning upon the arm of the Baron the captain walked down the stairs which were brilliantly lighted from the outriders' torches, but as they reached the lower steps the light vanished and they found themselves in total darkness. A lively murmur was heard from below, they hurried on and found that it was *the guard who was eagerly discussing* as to where horses, carriage and outriders had gone the very moment the officers came out through the door.

After commanding the soldiers to retire to the guard room, the captain said: "Tell me my best baron, what do you think of

this?" After a moment's silence the baron said: "Yes, it is not easy to deny what one has seen with his own eyes, and I believe that the captain as soon as the day dawns, ought to ride to his majesty and to him report this strange occurrence." At six o'clock captain Stormkrantz had mounted his black steed and before long his arrival was announced to King Carl XI. He was immediately admitted, as the King was not a heavy sleeper. Amazed and horrified, the King listened to this strange occurrence, and then with a stern fixed look at Stormkrantz, sharply said: "If that which you here relate is not a dream, then *Captain Stormkrantz dare you give your oath thereto as a soldier and a nobleman?*" "Yes, your Grace, *by God and my honor,*" "Baron Posse has also seen the guard called to arms for a royal carriage with torchbearers which arrived during the night?" "Yes your Grace."

With a silver hammer the King sounded a bell. A halberdier and a page appeared. "Order my horse and usual suite" the King said to the halberdier, who turned round and disappeared. "Bring the master of the horse my order, Count Niels, I must speak with him." King Carl said to the page who knew that the best answer to the King's instructions was to see them quickly performed and therefore hurried to do his bidding. A moment later Count Neils Gylleustjerna entered. "Were any of the royal carriages out with torchbearers last night?" the King asked. "No, your Grace," answered Count Niels. "Are you perfectly sure thereof Count Niels?" "Yes your Grace, perfectly." The King nodded to the count who thereupon retired with a bow.

The King walked down the court-yard, where his horse and two halberdiers were awaiting him. Carl threw himself into the saddle and rode escorted by the captain and the two halberdiers, to Colberg. Here the King called before him Baron Posse and then one by one the soldiers who were called into arms, claiming to have seen the torch-bearers accompanying the carriage, and cross-examined them. Every one affirmed by oath that he had seen the carriage, the countess with her little pet dog and the torch-bearers.

The King was evidently extremely surprised, but recovering his self-possession, rode rapidly to Stockholm followed by his officers. He went directly to the Stenbock mansion. The count was greatly astonished at the visit, but grew still more so, when the King asked whether his sister had been out driving on the previous night. "My sister out driving!" he exclaimed. "Your Majesty knows yourself that she is so feeble and sick that she can hardly move in bed." I know it perfectly well, my good Stenbock, answered the King, "but an extremely remarkable case has made it necessary to have it confirmed. You are then perfectly certain that she has

not been out?" "As certain as I am that I live, your Majesty" answered the count. The King shook his head and went away. Three days later Captain Stormkrantz died, and six weeks later followed the Countess Maria Stenbock.—*Philosophical Journal.*

\*—

### Angell Prize Contest Recitations.

Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle, of Berlin Heights, Ohio, is the originator of a plan of having in schools, Sunday-schools and before general audiences prize contests in speaking and recitations on *humane subjects*, somewhat similar to the Demorest medal contests in prize speaking and recitations on the subject of temperance.

She has already tested her plan with eminent success and has now published a book of 192 pages giving a full description and 74 choice selections to be used in such prize contests.

She has kindly named it "*Angell Prize Contest Recitations,*" and we have received 400 copies.

Dear Lyceum Banner,—I clip from Mr. Geo. T. Angell's paper, Boston, Mass., the above notice of my book of recitations for the use of the young, to promote Humane Education, which is the corner stone of ethical character building; its scope being so wide it includes all races of beings, both human and dumb. It is especially adapted to Lyceum work and the Lyceum directors are quickest to recognize the needs of the hour. In speaking of them, Mr. George T. Angell, who has a world-wide reputation, and is as well known in England as in America, says,—

"Great and dangerous conflicts between capital and labour are threatened. Crimes of violence and a spirit of lawlessness have grown alarmingly in the past two decades.

"The coming conflicts must be fought in one of two ways: Either mercifully with ballots or other humane measures, or brutally with bullets, incendiary fires, and all those destructive appliances which modern science has put into the hands of those who are being educated to use them.

"Those who are to fight these battles, on one side or the other, are in our schools to-day, and we are educating them.

"The quickest and most hopeful way of reaching the masses and leading them to settle political and social questions in merciful ways, is through immediate and widespread humane education."

The Angell Prize Contests suit the public taste, as there is great predilection for competitive work, and the excitement of witnessing the tournament, and the award, is quite irresistible, always calling out a large audience, ready to receive the ideas advanced by the various speakers and, it is hoped, put them into practice afterwards.

All churches, societies, Lyceums and Sunday-schools must, if successful, furnish work for the young people to do. Then Angel Prize Contests are most engaging, and beneficent in their results. They are easily managed and exert a lasting influence for good.

Knowing that your noble-souled Queen has for sixty-five years been a patron of the parent Humane Society of England, and that her personal influence has ever been to aid the dumb and the helpless, I feel that I cannot do better than to call the attention of English Lyceum children to my plan of putting this work before the general public. I have found it to be, not only a light-bringer but a money-bringer, and no entertainments which I have tried have awakened as lively an interest or called as large audiences as Angell Prize Contests.

We have new sterling silver medals, of great beauty, to be awarded as prizes. They are engraved especially for our use, and are indeed a decoration to be worn with pride and honour.

I mail to-day to Mr. Todd a copy of the book for inspection, and trust every English Lyceum will do me the honour to hold one of these educational contests. I can furnish books, medals, and marking cards for judges if applied to.

With entire admiration for the competent enthusiasm with which the Lyceum movement is pushed ahead by our English friends.—I am yours faithfully,

EMMA ROOD TUTTLE,

Berlin Heights, Ohio, U.S.A.

[Our thanks are due to Mrs. Tuttle for the book above referred to, we hope to refer to the subject in another issue.]

\*—

A PROPER MESSENGER.—M. Calino recently sent a new servant girl on an errand. Green to city ways she lost her way and did everything wrong. "You've no sense at all!" M. Calino stormed, when she returned. "The next time I want an idiot to do an errand for me I'll—I'll go myself!"

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## Madam Elvira.

Amongst the numerous friendships created during the few months of our management of the *Banner*, we are pleased to enumerate the lady whose portrait we take from the advertising page and insert amongst our other lady co-workers.

It was a great pleasure, some few weeks ago, to receive a visit from our friend, and at our request, a number of life-incidents were related, in order that we might give our readers a brief sketch of one whose name has become quite familiar to them.

Childhood days are generally looked back upon as being a time of bright and happy memory, but in Madam Elvira's case it is not so, for at the age of seven years she lost her best earthly friend—her mother—and for several years afterwards her days were clouded with darkness. Her father, however, was of a kind disposition, but very independent. His daughter being a good reciter, his great ambition was to see her gain the first prize every year for reciting, and his pains and patience in teaching her seldom failed.

At twelve years of age she left home to join a sister who had for some time been a public lecturer, and with whom she travelled about for six years. During this time, her sympathies were strongly enlisted in favour of Temperance work, and before she had reached the age of eighteen, she had given over three hundred lectures on her favourite subject.

The broadening out of her mind at this period, proved too strong to restrict itself to the earlier training she had received as a Baptist. She had often heard of Spiritualism, but not in such a way as to arouse any enquiry.

Visiting Oldham to give a course of lectures, in 1883, she chanced to take up her abode with Spiritualists, who occasionally held sèances. When opportunity afforded, she visited these circles, and soon became conscious that she possessed, and in a limited way had exercised, mediumistic gifts of a very useful order. To her, this was a solution of the problem which had often come to her mind—as well as to her friends—whence came this wonderful fluency when speaking on social and reformatory subjects.

From this time forward, no opportunity was lost to attend circles and to develop those gifts which would be most useful in her work to humanity.

On her removal to Aberdeen, she interested herself in a Mission School for ragged children, not only on the Sunday, but during her spare time through the week.

She used to visit the rich homes and beg for the poor. She was sometimes

repulsed, but generally received kindly, and was always well paid for her trouble by the pleasure experienced in clothing the little naked shoulders of the poor waifs and strays. She had to earn her own living, but sometimes had the pleasure of seeing 20 or 30 little hungry faces round her table, and occasionally had a pic-nic. At this time she was about twenty-two, and had heard of Prof. Morgan visiting the town. Being an instinctive character reader and rather inquisitive, she was anxious to have his opinion with regard to her talents. Acting upon his advice she at once commenced her studies in mental science; she loved the work, and in less than two years had examined over a hundred people, and in this way, by her ability to understand people's temperaments she found it much easier to do good,



a desire which is more than ever a pleasure to her. Her delineations in the *Banner*, during the past year, have been given without fee or charge to either the *Banner* or its readers, and it is only because we wish to do justice to Madam Elvira that we add, that she insists upon paying for her advertisement as though we were under no obligation to her.

Many of our readers have expressed their satisfaction at the vivid reality of her brief delineations, many of these have been given to our friends, and in every case they have been most faithful.

With the Editor's permission, Madam Elvira will continue to give the delineations during the current year, and we most respectfully ask our readers not to take advantage of her good nature by sending a photo. a second time.

Madam Elvira is not a stranger to our Spiritual platforms, and wherever she

goes, satisfaction is expressed at her abilities to deal with the special subjects which interest Spiritualist audiences. We trust that many years of active career are still in store for Madam Elvira.

T.O.T.

## A Donald Story.

I suppose you have all heard the wise saying, "Do not try to kill two birds with one stone." A little boy named Donald, whom most of you feel quite well acquainted with, had his attention called to it in some way a short time ago and was quite anxious to understand its exact meaning. His auntie very carefully explained it to him, and the cute little fellow, feeling very important, stored it away in his memory-box for future use.

But alas! alas! the mischevous Brownie who has charge of that box plays sad pranks with its contents sometimes and mixes things up pretty badly, as he did in Donald's case.

A few evenings after the above conversation, when it was time for wee boys to go to Slumberland, Donald's mamma said to him, "Begin to undress now, dear, and when mamma has your soft little nest all ready she'll do the finishing-up part."

"All right," answered the lad, as he took his favourite picture-book, opened it and placed it on his mamma's bed. Then he began slowly to unbutton his coat, standing in front of the book, and looking at the pictures the while. Mamma left the room on some errand without glancing in Donald's direction. On her return she found him gazing with delight at a picture of a monkey pulling a dog's tail, and still slowly working away at the first button!

"Oh, dear!" she cried, "when shall I ever succeed in teaching my boy to do one thing at a time!"

"But, mamma," quickly answered Donald, as he went to work with a will, "don't you see, I was killing one bird with two stones!"

M.W.R.

Years ago a young woman told Barnum the famous showman, that she had a cherry-coloured cat. He told her to bring it and he would give her a hundred dollars for it.

The next day she appeared at the office with a covered basket. Barnum lifted the lid and found a black cat inside.

"Where's the cherry cat?" said he.

"Why, that's the one," said the woman; "a black cherry cat."

Barnum, fairly caught, handed her the hundred dollars, told her to leave, and gave orders that she was never to be admitted again.



## Our Daisy Page

Edited by Daisy Dimple



Y DEAR DAISIES,

When you get your New Year *Banner*, Christmas, New Year, holidays, dinners, tea parties and frolics will be over and school-days and work-days be only happy because of the recollections of the past and the hope of the future.

I really would like to know all about Santa Claus, how he gets all the toys, and how he can go to so many homes in one night, it's a good thing for Santa Claus that our houses don't have chimnies like those we see at the factories and mills, because he would never be able to go down so many in one night, and I think he would want a balloon to get to the top of some of them. Well! I like to know all about everything, so I thought I would sit up on Christmas Eve until Santa Claus came, and if he had a minute or two to spare I would ask him to tell me something about himself which all little boys and girls like myself want to know.

When we sat down to supper I was not able to eat much, because I was thinking so much about seeing Santa Claus and having a nice talk with him, for I felt sure he would tell me all I wanted to

know, if I told him I wanted it for our "Daisy Page."

I asked Jessie what time Santa Claus, would come, but she didn't seem to know; she thought perhaps eleven or twelve, or perhaps one or two o'clock, but she said he certainly would not come until everybody had gone to bed, and the carol singers had been round. So I thought if I wakened to hear the carol singers I would stay awake and see Santa Claus. Jessie promised that when the singers came into our street she would waken me so as to let me hear them, so I went to bed and was soon asleep, and dreaming. In my dream I was invited to a grand banquet, where a great number of ladies and gentlemen were present. The beautiful and lofty hall was most elegantly decorated with flags, banners, pictures, flowers, and plants. On the tables were the richest fruits, cakes and sweets that ever I had seen, and on the platform at the end was a splendid band to give us music during the feast.

Just as the feast began the band struck up some most enchanting music, and I was just being helped to some luscious fruits and creams when I felt someone take hold of my hand and pull me away from the table. "Come—wake up," said Jessie, "here's the waits and carol singers—ain't they just splendid?" Then everything in my dream vanished. The music outside was very nice, but not near so nice as that I had been dreaming about. but, oh! I did feel hungry.

Jessie went to her own room, and when the carols were finished and all was quiet I rolled myself in a quilt and crept quietly down stairs. All was dark; I went into the kitchen, felt the stockings, but there was nothing in them;

and I was so glad, because I could now get a chance to talk to Santa Claus if he came.

I went to the pantry and got a big mince pie and a piece of cheese, lit the gas, and sat in the arm chair beside the warm fire to wait for his coming. And I did not have to wait very long, for very soon he was standing in front of me with a radiant smile on his face. I knew it was him, for on his broad shoulders was a great number of toys and presents of all kinds, his long white beard was sparkling with the frost, and his long coat and thick boots seemed just right for keeping him warm and comfortable.

I was so surprised and delighted that I could scarce speak.

"So you want to talk to me, Daisy" said he.

"Oh, yes, I would like to, so very much—so as to tell the daises you know," said I.

"But there are no daises at Christmas time" said Santa Claus.

But I mean the Lyceum daises, and I can talk to them all in the *Lyceum Banner*.

"All right," said he, "you must be quick because I have to go to lots of places yet. I want to take a present to Mr. Morse, you know, he was away from home last year."

"And what will you take him?"

"Oh, I'll take him only a message—a message which I found written on the hearts of all the Lyceum boys and girls in every town where I have been to-night. It is only two words "Welcome Home."

"Where else are you going?"

"To see Miss Florence Morse, Uncle Harry, Aunt Editha, and Johnny, to give them a message of kindest love and ask them to write oftener to the *Banner*."

"And will you take anything to the Acting-Editor?"

"Oh, certainly," said Santa Claus, "I am taking Mr. Todd the best wishes of not only Mr. Morse and all the writers for the *Banner* but also all the readers, the boys and girls, and all the fathers and mothers; and when he gets the message, won't he be proud?"

"Now, look here," said Santa Claus, "you have been so busy asking about where I was going, that you have forgotten to put the questions about where I came from and where I get the toys and presents, but I will tell you that another time. It is time for me to be going, but there is another present which Santa Claus has to deliver, and that is "Sweetest love, and warmest kisses from all the Lyceum boys and girls'"

"What! over five thousand of them?"

"No," said Santa Claus, laughing, "I have not time for that. Just one for the lot."

I stood up to let him give me a kiss, and, as I was sitting down again, my foot caught in the quilt and I fell sideways off the chair onto the floor. The stumble caused me to waken up, and I found I had been dreaming. Someone had turned the gas out, and I fancy I heard someone laughing on the top of the stairs, but I am not sure. Anyway I got another match to light the gas, and, when I looked in my stocking, sure enough, Santa Claus had been and left me a pretty silver brooch and half-a-crown, so that his visit was not altogether a dream, but whether I had talked to Santa Claus or only dreamed about it I really cannot tell, but I put the brooch and money under my pillow and was soon again in the land of dream life.

One of the letters I received at Christmas was the following, and

with it a very pretty Christmas Card as well as the story, which is mentioned in the letter. I hope that my Stockport friend will send the name and address.

DEAR DAISY,—This is the first time I have written to you. I like your page very much, and I liked Dewdrop's story. A short time ago my guides told me a story and said I must send it to you, and they will not let me rest till I do. When they told me this story I wrote it down on little bits of paper: so now I will send it to you as I got it.

#### WHAT KIND WORDS CAN DO.

In a small village near London there lived a man named Thomas Lee, with his wife and only child, named Rose. Never did a man love his wife and child more than he did, and never could you find a happier home than theirs. But one day his wife took ill, and in three days she had gone to the spirit world. On her death-bed she said to her husband, "Take care of Rose, and be father and mother both." "I will," said Tom, "for she has no one to care for her but me," and she passed away comforted. They had always attended church, and therefore they thought their loved one was far away above the skies, singing praises, and playing a golden harp, and would not see her till the resurrection day, as they had been taught by the clergyman. Rose was only nine years old then, but she did her best to make her father comfortable.

On the Saturday after his wife's funeral. Tom was walking home with a sad-looking face, when an old friend stopped him and persuaded him to go into a public house close by. "We wont be many minutes," he said, and from that day Tom was often persuaded to join his friends in the public-house, staying longer every time. He came home late in the evening and sometimes it was nearly midnight when he came. This went on for about three years, and Rose was left almost alone. One of her playmates, named Lily Hill, had often noticed how sad Rose looked, and one day said to her, "Rose dear, what makes you always look so sad, you should always be happy like other children." "It is always late when father comes home, and I have no kind mother as you have," replied Rose. "I will come and stay with you as long as I can," said Lily, and together they walked to the home of Rose Lee. It was winter time, and they sat near the fire talking. Lily wanted to cheer her up a little and said

to her, "Rose, will you come to school with me in the morning," (meaning the Lyceum), for it was Saturday night, "it is so nice, and we have marching and calisthenies, or what you would call drilling, and they tell us about angels." "Yes, I will come," said Rose, "father will not miss me." So Lily said she would call for her at ten o'clock, so that they would not be late. Morning came and Rose Lee and Lily Hill went hand in hand to the Lyceum. Rose was delighted, she had never seen anything so nice before, and told Lily she would like to go every week. "Come home with me," said Lily, "and tell my mother how well you like our school." Mrs. Hill would not let her go till she had had a good dinner, which Rose seldom got. While at dinner Mrs. Hill's guides told her that Thomas Lee would go to the meeting at night if Rose would ask him. So she told her to ask him. When Rose went home, to her surprise, she found her father sitting on a chair near the fire. Running up to him, she put her arms round his neck and said to him, "Father, I have been to school with Lily Hill, and it is so nice, they told us about angels, and said they were people who had died, and that they watched over us and guided us who tried to do right. Do you think my mother is an angel?" Tears came into his eyes as he thought of his promise to his dying wife. "Yes," he said, "she was an angel upon earth." "Then she sees all we do," said Rose, "and I will try to be a good good girl, because I know she was good and I want to be an angel like my mother. Will you come to-night, father?" He went and enjoyed the service very much, and he felt a different man. The speaker who had come some twelve miles described to him his wife, and the clothes she used to wear, which proved to him she was always near and watched over him. So he determined to be a better man, and made up his mind never to go in a public-house again for his child's sake. He went often to the meetings and always felt the better for it. Shortly afterwards Mrs. Hill invited them to a circle at her own home, and Rose was found to be an excellent medium, and soon she was developing her gifts. One of her guides was her dear mother, to whom Thomas Lee was never tired of talking. Once more Lee's home was happy, knowing that the angels always watched over them and helped them to do right. Thomas Lee persuaded many of his friends whom he had joined in the public-house to join the Spiritualists' So-

ciety. Thus Lily Hill's kind words brought many souls to the great light and truth of Spiritualism.

With love, from

A STOCKPORT FRIEND.

This is a really nice story, and I hope some of my friends will send me more.

Daisy is very much obliged to all the kind friends who sent Christmas and New Year Cards, some of them were very pretty indeed, and all of them will be treasured in remembrance of the senders. Daisy only hopes that she will be able to meet all her friends at some time or other.

Good bye, and God bless us every one.

Your loving friend,

DAISY DIMPLE.

—\*—

### A Life's Experience.

BY J. B. LONGSTAFF.

Stretched on a couch one evening I seemed to forget for awhile the world around me and revisit a well-remembered incident of my life. In November, 1880, I was out of work, and left my native town, Richmond, Yorkshire, by the first train at 6:30 a.m. for York, where I used to work at that period of the year on some special work when not otherwise engaged. It was a bitterly cold morning and freezing hard, the floor of the railway carriage that I entered was at least 2 inches thick of ice which made it very uncomfortable to sit with your feet on this bed of ice for a distance of 49 miles. To keep warm one or two of the passengers got up and danced but it was a failure. We next changed trains at Dalton Junction on the main line of the North Eastern Railway, and entered into one for York with foot-warmers in the carriage, but they were soon frozen also, and we had to sit until after 9 a.m. before we arrived in York. We got out as quickly as we could with cold feet and cramped legs, and I at once proceeded to the works, which was situated not far from the station. I saw the Manager who informed me that he was very sorry but that he would not be able to engage me for a fortnight. I had a look round the town but failed to obtain employment. I next went on to the river Ouse which was frozen over and hundreds were enjoying themselves in skating, sleighing, hockey, and other

games, but I wanted work and so I left them and went and had some refreshment at the house of some friends. I told them that I intended to walk to Ripon, a distance of about 24 miles. They said it would be impossible, as the snow had drifted in some places 10 feet deep and I should get lost. I thought if I started at once I should get there before it was quite dark. Bidding my friends good morning I started at 11 o'clock, when it was snowing heavily, in large flakes. After walking a few miles I met the York and Ainsty pack of foxhounds out exercising with the huntsmen, all looking beautifully clean and healthy. When I reached Green-Hammerton, about 8 miles from York, the snow was so deep it had to be cut through with a snow sleigh to allow the mail cart to pass through, for a distance of about 300 yards it had drifted level with the hedges on each side of the road. On leaving this village I travelled mile after mile without seeing a human being and scarcely a house, and to mend matters the stiffeners of my boots at the heels worked loose with the snow, and I travelled in pain at every step, the blood from my feet coming through my lace holes where it immediately became frozen. I managed to crawl to Boroughbridge, 6 miles from Ripon, but did not stop as I desired to get to Ripon before dark. After a couple of miles I became very much fatigued, but kept walking on until I came to four cross roads, when I stopped. Now which road shall I take? not a sound could be heard, how beautiful and grand, nothing to be seen but white, white snow. I do feel so sleepy and should like to lie down and rest my weary body,—what a relief it would be to have a little rest. Then I remembered persons having been frozen to death, and I looked round, and saw a large white post which I thought perhaps might direct me which road to turn, so I climbed up as well as my cramped limbs would allow me and tried to read what was on it, but I could not, and I fell down exhausted to the bottom. What shall I do? I thought of home and my wife and child. If I lay here they will perhaps never know what became of me. Oh, what an easy death, five minutes peaceful sleep and all is over. I thought I heard "get up, get up," but it was only a bird. Yes, I must get up, I will not be a coward and die without at least making an attempt on one road right or wrong. I staggered to my feet and listened and thought I heard a slight noise in the distance to my left, this road I decided to take, and the opposite I am that I took it, because the opposite road would have led me on to Marston Moor, where I should have been lost entirely. I managed to crawl on to Ripon about 7 p.m. where I obtained work to start in the morning at the first office I entered, and when I stated I had walked from York they seemed astounded as the roads were impassable, and that I was lucky indeed that I had not been frozen to death.

### Poppy's Mistake.

My poppy knows a yot of fings,  
An' genyally he det's 'em wight—  
How guns is made, an' why is kings,  
An' why it isn't dood to fight.

Why dollies all has yellor hair,  
An' what's the bess name for a cat,  
An' nothin's nicer dan a pear,  
An' yots of ovver fings yike dat.

But sometimes poppy makes mistakes,  
An' I've found out one jess to-day,  
He said 'at I was sweeter'n cakes ;  
He did jess as he went away.

An' I've been suckin' on my fumb,  
For pretty nearly ever since,  
An' I don't find no sweetness come—  
Ain't even sweet's a pickled quince.

An' when he comes up home to-night,  
I'll climb wight up upon his knee,  
An' show him dat he wasn't wight,  
An' how cake's sweeter far dan me.

Harper's Bazar.

—\*—

The children of one of our most talented and delightful actors, whose name I have not asked permission to mention, were overheard consulting together as to a difficulty which had arisen in their minds after a study of a picture of Jacob's dream, where the angels were represented in the orthodox manner. Flowing robes, magnificent wings, and all the conventional accessories were carefully portrayed as in the exquisite "Hansel and Gretel" *tableau*, which, perchance, the little ones may have seen; but the infant mind was troubled and the smooth brow puckered by a perplexed frown. "They's dot big wings; why doesn't they fly?" one of the small critics was heard asking, "Why *does* they walk upon the ladder?" After a moment's puzzled silence, the only possible (?) explanation flashed across the mind of the elder child. "I knows," triumphantly. "I expect they's *moulting*!"—a perfectly rational inference drawn from observing the phenomena of natural life by which the little logician was surrounded.

As an example of the same acute power of reasoning may be quoted the remark of a small son of mine. He had been taken to the seaside, and was possibly a little tired of being told how sunburnt he was getting. Seeing a brown horse, he said to his mother, "Is that horse tanned by the sun, mother, too?" "No," said his mother, "the horse was born brown, just as you were born white." The boy reflected—then, "I suppose God painted my cheeks red afterwards," he said, with the air of one who has just hit upon an obvious and undeniable truth.—*Hearth and Home*.

"A charming book."—Life in Two Spheres, 1/6 and 2/6.



## THE GOLDEN GROUP

CONDUCTED BY AUNT EDITHA.

MOTTO :

KINDNESS TEMPERANCE PURITY.

MEMBERSHIP :

Membership in the Golden Group is open to all children and young people, throughout the world, who are Spiritualists, whether belonging to a Children's Lyceum or not. All that is required is that they assent to its rules, and send their names to Aunt Editha, care of the Editor of the LYCEUM BANNER.

RULES :

All Members are required to promise: I. That they will endeavour to be kind and loving towards all, including their various pets. II. That they will try to be temperate in all things, and try to abstain from using intoxicants and tobacco. III. That they will not bet or use profane or vulgar language.

CERTIFICATES.

Every Member upon joining must apply for a Certificate of Membership. To obtain this you must either send direct to Aunt Editha, or hand to your Secretary, if you belong to a Lyceum, One Half-penny to cover the cost and carriage of certificate. Names are not published, or entered upon the Roll, until the above rule is complied with. All names of Members will be published in the LYCEUM BANNER every month.

SPECIAL NOTICES :

Aunt Editha will be glad to receive short letters from Members of the Golden Group upon anything they think would interest the Group. Please give the name of your Lyceum, if you belong to one, and your number in the group.

### AUNT EDITHA TO HER NEPHEWS AND NEICES.

GREETINGS and good wishes to all my young friends in all parts of the world, and a happy new year to you all. It was Auntie's intention to write you quite a long letter this time, but just as she was about doing so, a letter came from Mr. Todd, our Acting-Editor, saying that Mr. Morse had sent him so much material for our New Year's number that, if Auntie would not mind, he would be very glad if I would only send him a short letter this month, otherwise he would be compelled to leave out some of the pictures and stories that he had received from our dear Editor.

Now, Auntie knows you all like pictures and stories, therefore, so as not to deprive you of the pleasures in store, she will be very brief. Next month she will write at greater length, and tell you some interesting things, besides, there are some letters too, that Auntie has received, but these must wait until next month also. There are some more names for our roll waiting as well, and if you will send some more this month, and a few more letters, she will put them all in our February paper.

Auntie, like the rest of you, is very glad to know that our dear Editor has returned, safe and sound, from his work in far-away California, after an absence of nearly fourteen months. His interesting letters have told us some of his experiences while away from us.

[Auntie will be pleased to see what he says this month about his visit to the Lyceum in Boston, and his reception by the Liverpool Lyceum.—Editor, L.B.]

Auntie joins you in wishing each of our Editors a happy and prosperous new year, with every hope that they may be long spared to work for us all.

Master Johnnie, who is at home again, says he wants to wish the same. He is not able to write a letter this time, as he is in bed with a terrible cold. The young man does not like mustard poultices,

bandages, and medicines, and says he thinks it too bad he is wasting his holidays in bed. But he will soon be out and about again, for which we shall be thankful. A lively boy who has to be kept in bed, is no small joke in a family, as many a parent will know.

Well, my dear ones, I must close now, so, with much love to you all, no more at present.

AUNT EDITHA.

P.S.—The Editor has sent Auntie a proof of the Bicycle story, and she has read it to Master Johnnie, who thinks it is first-rate!

—\*—

### Our Editor at the Boston Spiritual Lyceum.

On Dec. 6, 1896, the large hall wherein this Lyceum meets was crowded, no less than seven hundred people meeting there to do honour to the Editor of the "Lyceum Banner." On this occasion we extended, in the name of the Boston Spiritual Lyceum, a warm and fraternal greeting to our brother J. J. Morse, as a worker in the grandest work in the ranks of Spiritualists—that of the Children's Progressive Lyceums, and in teaching the young lessons free from superstition, bigotry, and error.

The time had come, and we had assembled to do honour to one who had carried the standard of our children's cause, and that having borne the cross we rejoiced with him that he had done his work so well and so effectually.

We were glad of this event, so glad that through all the years that he had been sowing the truths of Spiritualism and showing the necessity of Children's Lyceums, that he should live to this hour, to see the movement alive and its workers and well-wishers continuing their labours therein. He and many others have been

waiting and working these many years for a recognition of the benefits which must arise in the years to come if our children are being taught the truths of Spiritualism. Spiritualists and Liberals owe a debt of gratitude to those who have laboured so hard and so long in the Lyceum movement.

More than a score of years roll their memories to this hour, when the old workers in the Lyceum cause stepped from Society circles to implant in the minds of children, and weave into their everyday life, the thoughts and truths of Spiritualism and the teachings of progressive thought.

May this occasion have its meaning; may it strengthen our resolutions, expand our love, cultivate our intellect, and give our cause a long lease of usefulness, and may all Lyceums be called the infant saviours of the world. On their divine labours rest the hope of Spiritualists.

We appeal to all to view the Lyceum as the starting point of our children's education, as Children's Lyceums are the hope of Spiritualism, and should be the pride of Spiritualists.

ALONZO DANFORTH.

Boston,  
Dec. 9, 1896.

—\*—

"How did the critics treat Jingoll's music?" "Um. Well, the kindest thing they said about it was that it was not original."

"Papa, did you have a fadder when you was a little boy?"

His father said "Yes."

"Did your fadder ever whip you when you was a little boy?"

The father said: "Yes, when I was bad."

The boy said: "Did you love your fadder when he whipped you?"

The father said he did not remember.

The boy asked: "Don't you think your fadder was a bad boy?"

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## The Lyceum Banner,

JANUARY, 1897.

### OUR MONTHLY CHAT.

*A Happy New Year to you all.* Once more it is the Editor's privilege to send you all the customary greetings of the season, and to wish all his friends and readers a Happy New Year! with the hope that in all things—spiritual and temporal—it may be one of progress, happiness, and prosperity. A year ago these greetings were sent you from the sunny land of flowers, the far-famed "Golden State," as California is fondly described by its inhabitants. This time they come from London, which, as these lines are written, is enveloped in one of the choicest productions in the way of fogs. The contrast is as vivid as it is disagreeable, and causes one to sigh for the sunny Pacific slope. But let us be philosophers enough to ignore the fog outside, in realizing the sunshine in our hearts. Let us try, as well, to impart some of that sunshine to the lives of others. Let us, by kind deeds as well as kind words, do all we can to make it a happy year for all who are in sorrow, distress, sickness or trouble of any kind, and, above all, let us each do our best to spread abroad the knowledge of that secret communion between the two worlds, that not only comforts the bereaved, but also gives the proof of that immortality we have been taught to believe in, but of which we hitherto had so slight a foundation for accepting as a proven fact.

To Lyceum Workers  
everywhere.

workers for our children and young people, heartiest greetings to you. Your labours are the backbone, as well as the foundation, of all the growth and success of the Lyceum work. To your unselfish efforts, all Spiritualists and Liberals, all parents and guardians of children, owe a debt of gratitude that can never be fully repaid in this life. While thousands of those who are children to-day will, when they have become men and women, literally "rise up and call men blessed," for the good done to them in the days of their youth. May your labours for this year be as abundantly blessed as in the years that have passed. May the bonds between you and the members of your Lyceum grow closer and stronger each month, and at the close of the year may you all realise that it has been the happiest year you have ever had.

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The  
New Departure.

What do you think of our new arrangements this month? First you will notice that the pages are now larger. This will give more room each month. Then you will see that we do not print the Lesson Plan in the paper any more. So that will give you three more pages of reading each month. The Plan is now printed separately, and copies are sent to the Conductor only. If more are required for the use of the Leaders, more will be sent if word is forwarded to this office, free, of course. We are now dispensing with the cover. It was found to be largely a useless expense, for the general advertisers will not patronise the Spiritual papers. This month we give you a double number, and a quantity of illustrations as well. In fact this issue of the *Banner* is the equal of any previously published. In it will be found something for old and young alike. All the Editors ask in return is, that you will all sell as many copies as possible, so as to repay them for the heavy outlay the present issue has involved.

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A  
Word of Warning. The Editors dislike to indulge in grumbling, but they must raise a warning voice. As you all know, the *Banner* has never yet paid its expenses, as the circulation has never reached the paying point. The Editors, during the entire six years the paper has existed, and the good-hearted Acting-Editor during the past fourteen months, have never received one penny for all their labours. Not that they desire it, but when they have to put their hands into their pockets as well, to pay the loss that could easily be avoided if our friends would all increase their orders by one-half, it is time to say, that unless our circulation is increased another 1,000 copies, the Editors will seriously consider

their position. If all Lyceums would adopt the free distribution system, there would be no difficulty in the matter at all. In a word, Lyceum officers, members, parents, and Spiritualists, if you want the only children's paper in the world devoted to teaching the young the truths of our glorious philosophy, it lies in your hands. While appreciating all the help received in the past, we most earnestly ask each and all to increase their efforts to help us, or otherwise we shall conclude that this journal is not wanted.

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## The Need of the Age.

BY JOHN RUTHERFORD, ROKER-BY-THE-SEA.

I now affirm of Nature and of Truth,  
Whom I have served, that their Divinity  
Revolts, offended at the ways of men.  
Philosophers, who, though human soul  
Be of a thousand faculties composed,  
And twice ten thousand interest, do yet prize  
This soul, and the transcendent universe,  
No more than as a mirror that reflects  
To proud Self-love her own intelligence.

Wordsworth.

Thought in its proper nature is uncontrollable, unlimited. It is free to investigate and to rise into lofty aspirations. And the only hope for the amelioration of the world is free thought and unrestricted inquiry. Anything which opposes or tends to obstruct this lofty principle is wrong.—A. J. Davis.

We have entered upon a new year—a year which we trust will be one of prosperity to us all, and one which will lead, in humanity at large, to an increase of intelligence, a victory of purity, truth and beauty. How much these qualities cost! What a price is set upon everything really worth having! Upon moderation, wisdom, temperance, self-restraint! How self-love wraps the soul! The truly spiritual mind sees that it is not self-gratification that gives value to our days, but only the actual work done for the progress of our race. We eagerly hope for the time when people will be masters of life; will understand the conditions of right living; will measure and weigh the ends and aims that are alone worthy a human being's existence.

How much value Providence attaches to the best things, when it makes us pay so heavily for them! So many lives before men will learn to obey sanitary law; so many before they will learn the evils of consuming alcoholic drinks; and how many before men and women will acquire self-control over their nerves and not become panic-stricken on any slight alarm. We may ask what would it avail to have our lives preserved for us? The qualities of wisdom, intelligence, self-command, nobleness, are human qualities. They are not dried leaves that the Supreme can attach to us; they cannot be poured into us by "spirits"; they are part of ourselves—they are ourselves. There is but one way of acquiring these great gifts—the way of learning, of experience, of progress.

Mental and moral faculties are built up slowly. The aspiration for development must originate from within. There must be increasing efforts for advancement. It is only by constant struggle that we progress to loftier heights on the infinite path of great possibilities.

It is established beyond a doubt that the ascent of the soul is accelerated when it has acquired freedom of thought. Many people have been so long enslaved by tradition and creedal churches that they fear some evil will befall them if they cast aside the old dogmas, open their minds to new thought, and become afloat in the great ocean of Truth. It is a glorious thing to be a free and untrammelled thinker, but it does not follow that those who have discarded tradition and adopted Secularism, or Spiritualism or any other "ism" are free thinkers in the true meaning of the term. I have come in contact with many spiritists who were not free thinkers in any sense, nay, not thinkers at all. Their stupidity had simply taken on a new phase. But the genuine free thinker is a truth lover; he believes that progress in knowledge is unending, and is prepared to follow Truth wherever it may lead.

It is the mission of unfettered thought to advocate the claims of Reason, and the "Inner Light" within the soul. The Reformation was essentially a revolt against Authority. It presented the aspect of Reason and Humanity asserting their right and protesting being any longer held in unlawful bondage. That the first reformers should comprehend the question of religious liberty in all its length and breadth was not to be expected. They had seen the spirit of man crushed under the domination of a pretended outward infallibility; they had seen the Church assuming the part of a mediator between heaven and earth; and they had seen the devastation which was thus made of the noblest energies of mankind.

Theology is not religion, but the theoretical system men erect over and about religion. "The aspiring song of the spirit is one thing, the attempt to write its score, define its nature and explain its methods and its significance, quite another thing." There are many theologies, and each theology has many dogmas. Religion is an essence which was before all, which gave to all their original life, but remains identical with none. Neither is religion based on nor bound up with any one book. The attempt of the Roman Catholic Church to unite mankind in one spiritual brotherhood, failed, because, forgetting the *individuality* of men, she set up one standard of authority whereto *all* should bow. All Protestant attempts, all attempts whatever that do not fully recognise this principle, have failed, or will fail, in like manner.

The unanimity of the coming time must, I believe, be no longer of Authority, but

of Conviction; not of Ignorance, but of Knowledge; not that of indifference or pale mutual distrust, but that which is warm and hearty with mutual confidence and faith. It shall not be a blind assent to a set of propositions laid down by others, but an unanimity arrived at by every individual striving in the same spirit towards Truth. "Though we cannot know all, though we cannot know anything perhaps with absolute certainty, yet we can know something with strong probability—probability equal to that which men are satisfied in the realm of science. Human intellect cannot, of course, fathom to the bottom the depths of spirit. It cannot comprehend all the mysteries of the Divine. But it can drop the plummet of thought deep enough to know whether that which it is dealing with is matter, such as we know, or something else. It can trace out a section of the Infinite hyperbola sufficient to show whether the curve runs by chance or by law, whether its course is towards the irrational or the rational, towards the evil or the good, towards matter or towards spirit."—(J. T. Birby.)

The great need of the age then, I believe, is complete emancipation from all thralldom. We must have the perfect play and balance of all faculties; and this will allow of the most perfect freedom of thought and expression.

### \* Home Again!

After nearly eight thousand miles of travel over land and sea, the Editor is once more at home from his year's work in far away California. Once more he girds on the armour and takes up his duties connected with the "Banner" and hereafter will be at the service of the great Lyceum work.

First let me wish you A Happy New Year, adding thereto the hope that you will all do your best to make it so for your fellows as well as yourselves. That you will each feel it a duty and a pleasure to do everything you can to promote the success of your Lyceum during 1897.

Suppose now I give you a short account of my journey home? It may interest you a little. I left the city of San Francisco on Saturday, November 22nd, and the following evening arrived at San Diego, some 330 miles away. For several days I was the guest of Dr. J. M. Peebles, whom some of the older Lyceum workers will quite well remember. He lives in a very pretty house on the edge of the city, and has of late years been devoting his time to the practice of medicine, and most successfully too. Shortly after my leaving him he departed on his third tour around the world, and in about eighteen months we may expect to see him again in this country. I was also the guest of Mr. Thomas G. Newman, the Editor of the "Philosophical Journal," spending a most

enjoyable "Thanksgiving" day with him and his estimable family. The above-mentioned day is very much like our Christmas day, and is held on the third Thursday in November in every year. The final days of my stay I was entertained by the Rev. Dr. N. F. Ravlin and wife, having an exceedingly pleasant time with them. The Dr. was formerly a Presbyterian Divine in Chicago, Pastor of a large and fashionable church there. Becoming convinced of the truth of Spiritualism he resigned his position and is now one of our most forcible and able lecturers.

During my stay in San Diego the Society tendered me a reception, which was well attended in spite of the terrific rain storm that prevailed. We also had two lectures, and excellent audiences assembled each evening thereat. I quite reluctantly took my leave of the friends, who had treated me with exceptional kindness, and they were as sorry to part with me, as I with them.

My next point of call was Los Angeles, a lovely little city of 100,000 inhabitants, and as full of life and business as could be. The First Society of Spiritualists were anxious I should fill their platform before I left California, so on Sunday, November 29th, I shared it with Mrs. R. S. Lillie, afternoon and evening. The audiences were excellent on each occasion, and eventually the controls thoroughly pleased them. I had the good fortune to be the guest of Dr. E. A. Clarke, a leading Homœopathic practitioner, who, in conjunction with his excellent wife made my brief visit a pleasure all through. At 8-30 the next morning I really commenced my journey homewards, by starting for New York, *via* New Orleans. For nearly three and a half days the train travelled across a continuous desert. The level surface was on y broken by here and there a few low lying hills, and the only vegetation was the interminable "sage brush," as uninteresting a kind of vegetation as can be imagined. We traversed the States of California, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Alabama and Louisiana, in which latter is New Orleans. Some idea of the size of some of these States may be obtained when I say it took us one and a half days to cross Texas! Missing our connecting train compelled me to wait in New Orleans for twelve hours, consequently I had a capital opportunity for seeing one of the most interesting cities in the United States, with its American, French and Colored population. I also crossed the Mississippi river, and took photographs of a river steamboat, as well as various public buildings, etc.

On Saturday, December 5th, I reached New York, and from there went on to Boston, arriving at 9 p.m., being the guest of Mrs. Carrie P. Pratt, who paid a visit to this country some two years since. The following afternoon the Boston Spiritualist Lyceum, connected with the Berkeley Hall Spiritual Temperance Society,

gave me a public reception. The large and handsome hall was completely filled, as were the annex hall, and both galleries, there being some seven hundred persons present, adults and Lyceum members included. The platform was occupied by most of the Past Conductors of Boston Lyceums, the entire Board of Directors of the Temple Society, and the usual officers of the Lyceum. Mr. J. B. Hatch, senr., the oldest Conductor in Boston, who was one of those to welcome me on my first visit to the Lyceum twenty-one years ago, was on the platform, while his son is now the present Conductor; Mrs. Hatch, junr., being the Guardian. I cannot begin to give you an account of the proceedings of that memorable afternoon, which from first to last was a truly magnificent affair. The entire Lyceum and the vast company, all rose to their feet when I was introduced, and the cheering was simply deafening. So many kind things were said about our Lyceum workers, our Union, the "Banner" and its Editors, and myself, that I was quite overcome, and felt entirely unequal to respond in the manner such generous expressions of esteem and affection as were so freely lavished upon us all called for. It was, in no mere words, the proudest moment of my life, in my labours for our Lyceum work.

At night I shared the platform with Professor Lockwood, of Chicago, and judging from the chorus of congratulations at the close of the meeting, the results were very satisfactory.

On the Wednesday evening, the "Helping Hand" Society,—a branch of the Temple Society,—gave me another public Reception in their hall. A very large attendance was present, and a number of complimentary, not to say flattering, speeches were made over the visitor. The American and British Flags were draped side by side on the platform, and the hall itself was most tastefully decorated. On rising to respond to the welcome the audience cheered again and again, and finally expended its cordiality in a regular British, "three times three, and a 'tiger'!" Indeed my visit to Boston was literally a series of fetes and ovations, public and private. At the close of the above named reception I left on the midnight train for New York, where, after a sound night's sleep, I duly arrived the next morning, making my way to my last resting place in the States, the hospitable home of the Hon. Judge Dailey, at Brooklyn.

But even here the flattering expressions of affection and good will that had come to me elsewhere were fated to be repeated! For the Judge had, he said, "invited a few people in to say good-bye" to me. On entering the spacious drawing-rooms I found that the 'few' people numbered over sixty! Among them was Mr. Grimshaw, of Burnley, and the leading officers of the Society he was lecturing for that month. Once again we had a most happy

time, and many most kind things were said of me, far more, I fear than I deserve.

The next morning the judge drove me to the Steamer in his carriage, and after a tender adieu he returned to the busy city, and I awaited the time of the steamer's departure. The time was beguiled by the presence of Bros. Grimshaw, Moorey and Freedman, who came to "see me off" and to introduce me to two of the ship's officers who are Spiritualists. At 11:20 a.m. we started on the homeward trip, and after a particularly calm and pleasant voyage, save for one incident.—i.e., that of nearly running into an iceberg,—we arrived in Liverpool at 2 p.m. of the following Saturday. On the Landing-stage were ever faithful and good John Lamont, Miss Hodge and Mr. George Wharmby, but as the Umbria arrived three quarters of an hour before the London train, the other, and better half, was deprived of the pleasure of meeting the steamer, but under the safe pilotage of our dear friend, Mr. S. S. Chiswell, the two met once more, after the long separation. Shortly after the re-united ones came to rest at the Chiswellian Mansion, and it is with unbounded pleasure I here record our thanks for the limitless hospitality accorded me and mine during the time we remained at Merseyopolis. The receptions in Manchester and Liverpool are matters of history now, so nothing needs be said more about them. This, then, readers and friends of the "Lyceum Banner," is a brief chronicle of the Editor's home-coming, and some of the incidents associated therewith. He is more than glad to be with you all again, and trusts we may all have many more pleasant times together as Editor and readers, or, better still, as friends and co-workers, for the welfare of the children of to-day, who will become the men and women of the future.

## Lyceum Notes and Comments

BY ALFRED KITSON.

A Lyceum has been opened by the Pendle Street Spiritualists' Society, Nelson. They are also contemplating joining the B.S.L Union. We extend the hand of fellowship to them.

The Northampton Spiritualists' Society, has finally decided to open a Children's Progressive Lyceum, on the first Sunday in January.

The Halifax and Huddersfield District Council has been successfully formed, and will commence operation with the New Year.

Bacup Lyceum celebrated its 11th Anniversary on December 13th. Very strong counter attractions in the town somewhat militated against its success. We hope to hear of them gaining membership during the New Year.

A Reformer's Approval of the Lyceum System.—Mr. Brian Hodgson of Birmingham in a letter says: "I have just returned from a lecturing visit to Derby, where I have had the pleasure of witnessing the evolutions of a Lyceum under your system. I have already started what I for certain reasons called an Experimental School at the Odd-fellows Hall, Bloomsbury, upon lines of my own. I like yours so much, however, that I want to adopt it in a great measure, and as far as I could tell by a rapid perusal of the Lyceum Manual, can accept your constitution consistently with the working of my own plan." I find that Mr. Hodgson's plan is on the same lines we were working over twenty years ago at Gawthorpe and Ossett, and from it the present system evolved. It is pleasing to learn that Mr. Hodgson has ordered a supply of Lyceum Manuals, we wish him every success in his enterprise.

Last month I referred with pleasure to the interest that is being awakened in the Lyceum cause in America, I now wish to add that the Philosophical Journal for October 17th. 1896, has a stirring leaderette on the subject in which reference is made to the 1895 Convention, in which the evil habit of Spiritualists sending their children to the orthodox Sunday School because it is respectable, and in the hope no evil results will follow, is strongly and forcibly put in the following case. "A young man who had been permitted by his parents to grow up in the influence of the Sunday School was heard to say, 'I would rather see my father and mother in their graves, than to have them disgrace me by going upon the Spiritualistic platform.'" Spiritualists who act similarly and cherish the delusive hope that their children will not fall a victim to orthodox bigotry and intolerance, should take warning from the above. "As we sow, so we reap."

President Barrett made some pertinent remarks which are well worth quoting, "In all my travels," he said, "during the past year I have not found a dozen C.P. Lyceums. From the most reliable sources I can only learn of less than thirty of them in the United States. This deplorable condition of things should be carefully considered by your honourable body. Prompt action should be taken by this Convention, and the equipment of a Lyceum Organizer at once authorized, and means provided to set him at work. Sinews of war are necessary, and something must be done for the children. It is a standing disgrace to find so many children from Spiritualistic families in the Orthodox and Unitarian Sunday Schools. I referred to this question in strong terms in my report last year. I cannot but feel a deep regret that so little has been accomplished in the way of reform. Several of our most prominent workers are educating their children for the ministry in

some church, upon money earned by their parents upon our platforms, and contributed by Spiritualists. This is one of the strongest arguments in favour of schools of our own that can be advanced, and cannot be contradicted."—*Banner of Light*, Nov. 28th, 1896. All true Spiritualists will deplore such a state of things as is here revealed, and will unite in wishing the efforts of the late Convention to remedy it every success.

I am very pleased to see the able paper on the status of Lyceum work in England by our esteemed Editor, Mr. J. J. Morse, inserted in the *Philosophical Journal* for November 14th, 1896, which is prefaced with three and a half columns of matter pertinent to the cause in America, from which I quote the following interesting facts:—"As contrasting the present and the past in this land and in Great Britain, it may be noted, so far as America is concerned that in a paper issued in Chicago in 1868, there is given a list of 58 Lyceums then existing. I give a list of the States with the number of Lyceums in each: Connecticut, 3; Illinois, 5; Iowa, 2; Indiana, 4; Massachusetts, 11; Maine, 3; Michigan, 5; New York, 6; Ohio, 6; Wisconsin, 6; Pennsylvania, 2; New Jersey, 2; Rhode Island, 1; Missouri, 1; Washington D.C., 1; New York City, 1." We hope to see the cause in a more flourishing condition in 1898 than it was in 1868. Wishing all a Happy and Prosperous New Year.



Drawn by Mabel Wolfe.

NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.

### Lyceum Reports.

**MORLEY.**—Our Lyceum is as vigorous as ever, and likely to continue so, for we have an excellent staff of officers, including conductors. Everybody connected with our Lyceum shows great interest in the work, and we hope to be able to send glowing but faithful reports during 1897.

**MIDDLESBRO'**—Our Lyceum Anniversary was held Sunday, 13th Dec., and a pleasant day was spent by all. The recitations and singing were appreciated by all who heard them, and we had a good assemblage. Thirty prizes were given to the scholars; also a tea, at which the children enjoyed themselves.

**BRADFORD.**—Re-opening of St. James' Spiritual Church Progressive Lyceum, on Sunday, January 10th, 1897, to be opened by Mr. Alfred Kitson, of Batley. Other old Lyceumists will take part; Mr. Kitson will also give Addresses Afternoon and Evening, at 2-30 and 6 p.m., a hearty invitation given to all.

**STOCKPORT.**—The Charming Operetta "Bold Robin Hood," was produced on December 25th & 26th, some 50 Lyceumists taking part. The sparkling music was well rendered, the scenery appropriate, the costumes rich and tasteful in colour, the fairy dances pretty, the group-acting striking, the burlesque and general acting well sustained, the Magnesium light throwing a brilliant effect on the stage at intervals, daintly dressed boys and maidens did the "Lancers" nicely under Mr. J. Hurdfield, large audiences, hearty applause, financial result good. Messrs. Halsall & Wych, Musical Directors, did their part most creditably.

**LANCASHIRE LYCEUM DEMONSTRATION.**—The next meeting of Delegates will take place at the Spiritual Hall, Church Street, Ashton-under-Lyne, on Saturday, January 23rd, 1897. Tea at 4-30; Meeting afterwards. It was decided at the last meeting that the demonstration should take place at Ashton in July next; a large attendance of delegates expected. Lyceums desirous of taking part are requested to send the names of two delegates they wish to represent them. Concert will also be given by the Ashton Lyceum. Admission, Adults, 2d; Children, 1d.

**NORTH-EAST LANCASHIRE LYCEUM DISTRICT COUNCIL.**—The Quarterly Council Meeting was held at Blackpool, on Nov. 28th. Mr. M. Brindle, President, ably occupied the chair. A full muster of delegates attended. Amongst other business, it was decided to hold a United Demonstration at Blackburn, about June next year. A sub-committee was appointed to select some form of exercises, so that all the Lyceums could join in them with

uniformity. It was also decided to recommend to the various Lyceums in the district, the desirability of the visitor being also a delegate to the Council. It was unanimously decided to accept the hearty invitation of Blackburn Lyceum for next Council Meeting. After business, a very enjoyable tea and social followed, which was well attended. The Council rendered a hearty vote of thanks to all Blackpool friends for their kindness in entertaining the delegates.

**OPENSHAW.**—The Lyceum Open Sessions were held on Sunday, December 13th. Miss A. Barrow, of Salford, gave good Clairvoyance, and Mr. J. Duffy, late of Birkenhead, gave a good Address, and they also assisted through the day. In the Afternoon, the whole Lyceum (110) rendered a short Song Service "Spirit Return," written by Miss L. A. Griffin, of Burnley. The Reader was Miss J. A. Owen, a Lyceumist. Mus. Dir., Harry Booth. Afterwards a dozen Lyceum Children recited, several under the age of seven, thus showing the keen interest with even the children. At 6-30, an augmented Choir rendered a Service of Song entitled, "For Ever True," written by Walter Booth, member of the above Society and Lyceum. Reader, Mrs. Booth, a Lyceumist, who did her work well. Congratulations crowded in from all sides to the Author on his admirable work, it being a true Spiritualist story.

### BRITISH SPIRITUALISTS LYCEUM UNION.

List of Contributions due for 1896-7. which remain unpaid

	s.	d.
Accrington, The Temple ...	6	2
Armsley ...	6	11
Barrow-in-Furness ...	no returns	
Batley ...	4	5
Blackburn ...	10	0
Bradford, Rebecca-street ...	5	8
Bradford, Temperance Hall ...	8	5
Burnley, North-street ...	9	2
Cardiff, Swiss Hall ...	4	0
Cleckheaton ...	1	9
Darwen ...	12	4
Dewsbury ...	6	8
Elland ...	5	3
Heckmondwike ...	4	2
Heaton and Byker ...	2	3
Heywood ...	3	4
Hollinwood ...	3	5
Huddersfield, Brook-street ...	6	4
Liverpool ...	9	2
Liversedge ...	3	11
Manchester, Temperance Hall ...	5	9
Manchester, Psychological Hall ...	10	10
Manchester, West Gorton ...	3	0
Millom ...	3	3
Nelson ...	7	5
Oldham, Bartlem-place ...	5	10
Patricroft ...	3	2
Pendleton ...	8	0
Rawtenstall ...	5	11
Rochdale, Bailey-street ...	4	1
Royton ...	4	7
Sheffield ...	3	4
Walsall ...	7	6
Yeadon ...	no returns	

ALFRED KITSON, GEN. SEC.

2 Royd-street, Bromley-road, Hanging Heaton, near Dewsbury.

## Our Playtime Page.

CONDUCTED BY "UNCLE HARRY."

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

After such a long absence I must be like the clown at the pantomime and say "Here we are again."

And I think you will all be glad to have Uncle Harry fill a page of *The Banner* once again. Well! the Acting-Editor said "just a page, mind you," so if I want to use the page to the best advantage I must give you plenty of amusement and very little talk.

Boys are very fond of doing tricks which are puzzling or mysterious, and any of the following can be easily done because they cost nothing for apparatus.

### NO ONE COULD DO IT.

A few years ago, whilst in company with a few friends, a discussion arose about the difficulties experienced in doing things apparently very simple, when one of the party offered to wager that he would place a glass of water on the table in such a position that no one could remove it without upsetting it.

He won.

What he did was as follows: Fill a glass with water, and lay over it a piece of paper, which covers the water and the edges of the glass, place the palm of the hand on the paper, and, with the other hand, turn it upside down very quickly, and place it on a perfectly flat part of the table. Gently withdraw the paper—the water in the glass will remain in it, since the air cannot enter—and no one can move it without letting the air in, and consequently spilling the water.

It is easily done. The glass must be full to the brim. When turned upside down, you can remove the hand on the paper. It will hold on.

### WOULD BAFLE A WIND BAG.

Take a small piece of cardboard, about an inch or an inch and half square, put a pin through its centre; then place it with the pin through the hole in an ordinary cotton reel.

On blowing through the other end of the reel one naturally expects the cardboard to fall off; but, provided the blowing is fairly vigorous, it stays on, and the harder the blowing the more tightly does it cling to the end, and will even support very light articles in this position.

### THE MARVELLOUS PIP.

Place a raisin-pip in a glass of champagne or soda water.

The pip will sink, but the bubbles which form upon it will float it again to the surface, where the bubbles break, and the pip again sinks; and then the pip alternately rises and sinks.

### WHERE DOES IT GET TO?

Fill a glass with sawdust (don't press it down), measure a pint of water, and

slowly pour about half into the centre of the sawdust. Let that soak for a few seconds, then pour in half remainder, allowing same amount of time for that to soak, and so on, pressing the sawdust down occasionally with something flat. When it is finished after standing for some minutes, you will find you still have room for more water.

### TEST YOUR LUNGS WITH THIS.

Place an empty and perfectly dry bottle on the edge of the table (an empty soda water bottle will do). Now place a small piece of cork, about the size of a pea, just inside the mouth of the bottle. Stand with your mouth level with the mouth of the bottle. Now blow. Oh, yes! you may blow hard or blow gently; but you will not get that piece of cork inside the bottle with all your blowing.

### THEY PUFF, BUT DON'T SUCCEED.

Get an empty matchbox without a case, and cut one end of it off, leaving the two sides and other end on. Place it on a table (away from the edge) bottom upwards, with the end that's off towards you, and try to turn it right over, so that the inside is up, without touching it.

People trying this generally blow under it; and it's amusing to see the box moving all over the table, but not turning over.

The way to do it is to clap your hands in front and near the end that's off the box, keeping the little finger of each hand touching the table while clapping. If done properly you will never miss.

### EATING AND DRINKING RACE.

Take an ordinary half-pint glass of water, and ask a friend to eat a penny sponge cake while you are sipping the half-pint of water with a teaspoon.

You can drink the water spoonful by spoonful quicker than he can eat the sponge cake.

When I first told this to my nephews, one of the youngest replied "I'd rather eat the sponge cake and let the other chap drink the water."

### WHERE HAS IT GONE TO?

The following curious puzzle beats the celebrated "13-15-14" enigma of a few years ago, and is well worth investigation.

Take a strip of cardboard or paper 13in. long and 5in. wide, thus giving a surface of 65 square inches. Now cut this strip diagonally, as true as you can, the result being, two pieces in shape of triangles. Now measure exactly 5in. from the larger end of each strip, and cut each in two pieces.

Take your four pieces and put them in the shape of an exact square, and it will appear to be just 8in. each way, or 64 square inches—a loss of 1 square inch of superficial measurement—with no diminution of surface.

The question is, what becomes of that inch?

For those who like puzzles, which are good for young folks, because they help

to sharpen the perceptions, Uncle Harry gives the following:—

### No. 1.

My first is J.

My second is May,

My third is K.

On the whole you will say,

"Well, come!

That's rum."

### No. 2.

Why, if a man a canvas frame

Should rent for farthings four,

Would house and he be both the same,

Should he his act deplore,

And grudge the money he had spent?

And therefore be a . . . . .

### No. 3.

If you your hair,—just for a change—

Should with a kitten's claws arrange,

Why is kit like a place at Rome?

Because it is a . . . . .

### No. 4.

My first's a recess in the land,

My next is nothing, understand,

My third will bring the fish to land,

My whole is fixed by word of command

Here is a round game which caused Uncle Harry a lot of fun when he first heard it. It shows the wonderful capacity of the memory to retain even difficult sentences. At first sight this game will appear ridiculous, but it will afford much merriment. It can be played with or without forfeits.

### ONE TO TEN.

You are sitting in a circle, or around a table, the leader gives out the first line of nonsense.

"ONE old ox opening oysters."

The next person on the left repeats this line until all in the circle have repeated it.

The leader then gives out the second line and adds the first one to it.

"Two tigers taking tea together,"

One old ox opening oysters.

After all have repeated the two lines he gives out the third line and adds number two and number one to it, thus:—

"THREE toads, totally tired trying to trot to Tutbury,"

Two tigers taking tea together,

One old ox opening oyster.

A new line is added every time that it comes round to the turn of the leader. The whole of the lines are these:—

TEN tipsy tongue tied tailors twisting three-fold twine,

NINE nimble noblemen nibbling nice new nuts,

EIGHT European elephants elegantly equipped.

SEVEN Syrian salmon swallowing salty shrimps.

SIX Sicillian sailors singing silly songs.

FIVE famished friars fishing for fifty flukes.

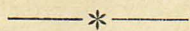
FOUR flipperty-flapperty Frenchmen feasting on fat fed frogs.

THREE toads, &c. &c.

**Mrs. S. S. Chiswell.**

The accompanying picture is an excellent portrait of one of the most indefatigable workers connected with the Lyceum movement in Great Britain. Aimable, cultured and naturally talented, Mrs. Chiswell has been a tower of strength to the Liverpool Lyceum, and the singing on Sundays, and the various musical entertainments given by the children, largely owe their sterling success to her careful training and watchful supervision. In everything that serves the interest and welfare of the Lyceum Mrs. Chiswell is ever a foremost worker, and her genial disposition and

kindly manner have deeply endeared her to all the members of the Liverpool Lyceum, and, in conjunction with her excellent husband, Mr. S. S. Chiswell, has brought the above Lyceum to a point of excellence equalled by few and excelled by none in the United Kingdom.



**Miss Florence Morse.**

Miss Florence Morse is quite well known to the readers of *The Lyceum Banner*, and, without doubt, they will be pleased to see the latest and best portrait of one who has so often amused them by the work of her pen, as she has served the Lyceum

work in other directions. She has taken an active and practical interest in this paper from its commencement, has contributed articles upon Lyceum work and other subjects to various English and American journals, besides numerous other articles and stories. She also took active part in the Institution of the Liverpool Lyceum. The portrait is now printed in response to the wishes of her many friends on both sides of the Atlantic.



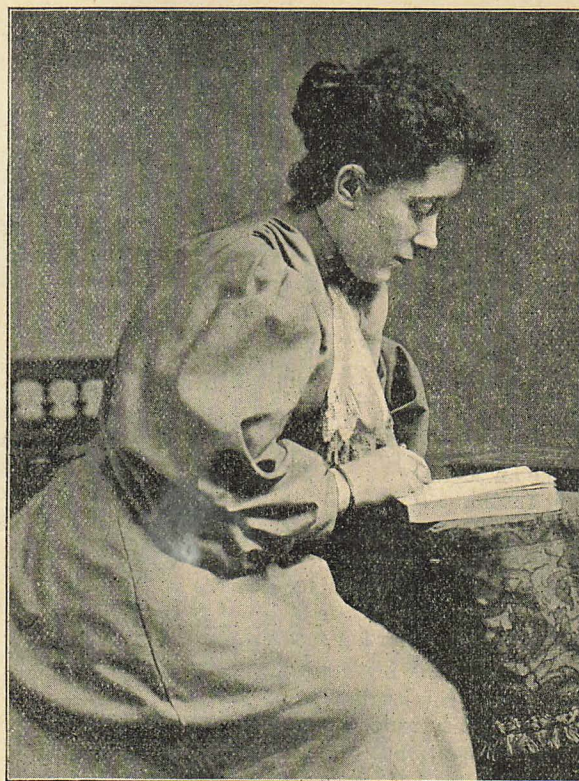
**Mrs. Kate Taylor-Robinson.**

*A personal reminiscence and brief sketch.*

When the writer of these lines was lecturing to an assembly in a small West



MRS. CHISWELL.



MISS MORSE.

of England town, on the subject of "Poetry and Spiritualism," his attention was constantly being drawn to a lady who was deeply interested in his comments, and whose appreciation of the speaker's efforts was strongly evinced by her constant pencilling into a small note book. To his mind the lady evidently appreciated poetry as well as Spiritualism, and his curiosity was constantly forcing its way to the front of his ideas. At the close of the lecture, and to the extreme delight of the speaker, the lady introduced herself as Mrs. Kate Taylor-Robinson, the subject of our present sketch and accompanying portrait.

To say to our readers that Mrs. Taylor-Robinson is looked upon as the Poetess

of our movement would appear superfluous, but we must readily admit that amongst the manifold effusions of poetic inspiration, which are constantly being put before us, there are none which can compare with those which come from her pen, whether it be to increase the joys which already abound or to throw a gleam of sunshine where the clouds of darkness have gathered.

Like many of our most noted workers and writers, she was cradled in dissent, her ancestors being amongst the first protestant dissenters in Manchester. Her father, the late Rev. James Taylor, was a Unitarian Minister, for 15 years he served the Rivington Church, and for 17 years the Dob Lane Chapel, Failsworth.

The childhood years of her life were spent in stirring times. Her father's home being a "Welcome Hall" to all the leaders of liberty of mind and action, she was frequently brought into the company of many of the foremost men of Radical tendencies in both political and religious circles.

No doubt these early environments had much to do with the early unfolding of the mind in the manner which was soon to manifest itself. The love of liberty, let alone the presence of love and of liberty, are essential qualifications in the subject of true inspiration, and in this lady they were found in their strongest form. Her love of home—Manchester—found expression in the lines



MRS. KATE TAYLOR ROBINSON.

Keep all you boasted charms, Paris and Rome.

Give me dear Manchester for *that is home*.

The book of nature was a constant source of inspiration, and the lessons of the garden ever received the most patient attention of their student. Every flower became an identity as real as that of any living friend.

We see the golden daffodils each spring in the same place;  
We know each nook in which to seek each flower's beloved face:  
Methinks this gives our garden most its quaint old-fashioned grace.

The revelation of Spiritualism came as a great surprise but as welcome news to Mrs. Taylor-Robinson, and, as in many other cases, shed a new light on her surroundings, and created for her a wider channel for the flow of poetic imagery.

Before her knowledge of Spiritualism came, a friend passed away who had spent many hours of sweet friendship with Mrs. Taylor-Robinson in the latter lady's garden, her grief at the loss of her friend was great, and her absence from the garden was expressed in the verse.

In May, when dainty Lilies of the Vale,  
Unfold their scented bells, serene and pale,  
Tears 'dew their beauty fair—  
*Thou art no longer there.*

This was but the expression of a sentiment, Spiritualism brought the knowledge of a fact, hence we find her writing the following verse amongst others.

I know that when Vale Lilies blossom fair,  
Often thy gentle presence lingers there,

Delighting in their bloom  
And exquisite perfume.

Mrs. Robinson published a book of her poems in May, 1880, which was very well received, and we are only expressing a general desire when we say that a second volume is awaited by her numerous friends.

The space at our command forbids further comment at present, suffice it to say that our cause has in Mrs. Taylor-Robinson a warm hearted worker and friend, and that amongst her numerous duties, not the least pleasant to her is that of reading the *Banner* to her son, her only child living, her daughter having passed away to Spirit life, a few years ago.

We trust that many years yet remain for our friend to continue to charm her readers with those gems of poetry which are always acceptable.

Just as we conclude this article the postman brings

the following from our friend:—

## GOOD WISHES FOR THE NEW YEAR

TO EDNOR.

I wish you dear,  
This glad New Year  
A future bright and pleasant;  
I wish you health,  
I wish you wealth,

To beautify your present.

May sweet hope cheer  
This glad New Year—  
May Spirit friends be near you  
To guide and bless  
With tenderness

And evermore to cheer you.

May all griefs cease  
And dove-eyed peace  
Fold her white wings around  
you,

And spirit guides  
Whate'er betides  
With guardian care surround  
you.

May all things good,  
Well understood,  
Brighten each cloud above  
you;

And faithful friends,  
Until life ends,  
Be near to bless and love you.

\*—

"Did you notice what a lot of applause I got?" asked the young orator, proudly. "I did," answered the old stager. "And did you notice that the applause only came in when you quoted Lincoln or Jefferson, or some of the rest of them?"

## Mrs. Ellen Green.

One of the most amiable and gentle-natured of our public workers, is Mrs. Ellen Green, whose genial features look at you from the excellent portrait. Her sympathies are ever warm towards the children, and her interests are always in sympathy with our Lyceum workers and their work. She is ever ready to assist in the Lyceum, and whenever she visits one, a hearty welcome is always accorded her. Indeed, her name is a "household word" in all parts of the country, and hundreds of Lyceum members and officers will hail with delight the appearance of her portrait in this issue of the *Banner*.

[The Editors are obliged to Mr. E. D. Rogers for the loan of portrait block of Mrs. Green, and to Mr. E. W. Wallis for that of Mrs. Chiswell.]

\*—

## Mrs. Greenwood.

(Sowerby Bridge).

The Ladies' number of the *Banner* would certainly be incomplete without a portrait and brief sketch of Mrs. Greenwood, the able and most amiable leader of one of the best Lyceums in our Union, namely, Sowerby Bridge. Cradled in Wesleyanism at her home in Lincolnshire, she was in early life brought into those conditions of life which tend to create a deep and lasting respect for spiritual things.



MRS. ELLEN GREEN.



MRS. GREENWOOD.

The teachings of orthodoxy, however, were never so satisfactory to her own mind as they appeared to be to her teachers and friends, and it was not until after her marriage and removal to Sowerby Bridge, that, some twelve years ago, when brought into contact with the philosophy of Spiritualism, that she discovered the elements of truth for which she had long sought. Like all true students, she was soon anxious to impart her knowledge to others, and therefore entered heartily into the work of the local Lyceum and Society.

Her training as an elementary school teacher, especially fitted her for Lyceum work, in which capacity she found the widest scope for the exercise of her powers. Some people wonder how she makes her work bear so much success, for all is done so quietly and so gently that there seems scarce an effort put forth, but this, we believe, is the true secret of the success. An engineer will tell you that good oil makes no noise, but on the contrary, reduces all friction and destroys the cause of the noise. So it is in the case under consideration, for Mrs. Greenwood's excellent manner of conducting Lyceum work is certainly most agreeable to all concerned.

In the recent formation of the "Halifax and Huddersfield District Council," she took an active part, and has been elected as its first Secretary, her anxiety for its success being apparent from the thoroughness, ability, and never-failing energy which is infused into the duties of the office.

At our request, Madam Elvira sends the following brief delineation from a photo. kindly lent us by a friend for the

purpose. Madam Elvira has never seen Mrs. Greenwood, and those who know the latter lady as well as the writer does, will admit that the delineation is a token of the examiner's ability.

"Is impressionable and intense in feeling, very lenient and merciful, your heart will beat instinctively with the interests of humanity. You are imbued with sincere adoration of the Supreme and will always delight to converse on the immortality of the Soul, and have a strong desire to work in the cause of Spiritual enlightenment, having strong psychic powers will be impressed by approaching scenes and occurrences; will be social in selected company and try to be impartial, but in this respect your sympathy will lead you astray; have persistent determination but not sufficient vitality to last long without leaving serious effects upon the constitution; you have a natural love for transparency of character, you cannot appreciate those who are ambiguous, would value honour and distinction, and interest yourself in the welfare of the young and the progression of any work that would benefit their future state in life."

Mrs. Greenwood's presence at the Annual Lyceum Conferences, betokens in another way how far her sympathies extend towards our movement, and in recognition of her own work in the cause, as well as to recognise the status of the ladies in our Councils, she has several times been appointed on its Committees, and at the present time is a member of the Publishing Committee.

—\*—

### Mr. Thomas G. Newman.

—

Mr. Thomas G Newman is the Editor of the *Philosophical Journal*, published at San Diego, California. He is an Englishman, a devoted Spiritualist, a high Freemason, and an able and cultivated gentleman. He is greatly interested in Lyceum work, and is trying to awaken interest therein by devoting space in his paper to lessons for our young folks. He is also anxious to start a Children's paper, somewhat on the lines of our *Banner*, but finds it difficult to arouse the interest and support needful. The Editor was his guest when visiting the above-named city. The portrait which was intended to accompany this paragraph, having happened an accident, the printer has had to remove it.

—\*—

A NEW SERVICE OF SONG—We are obliged to Mr. Walter Booth for a copy of his new Service of Song: "For Ever True." It is a capital story based on Spiritualism, whilst the music, selected from the "Spiritual Songster," and other well-known music books, is of a popular character and easy to render.

### Marching Song.

Respectfully dedicated by the author to Mr. Morse and our Lyceum workers in dear Old England. Hoping they will adopt it and use it in their Banner Marches, and thus may a grand union of song from all the Lyceums on both sides of the Atlantic be raised to the spirit world.

#### CHILDREN OF THE LYCEUM.

Tune—"Onward Christian Soldiers."

Words by J. Southcote Mansergh,  
Music Air by Frederic H. Watson.

Children of the Lyceum,  
Marching proudly on,  
With our Banner waving,  
Held by every one.  
Emblem of our freedom,  
Starry Banner bright,  
With thee, marching onward,  
In the cause of right.

Chorus—

Ever marching onward,  
Let our watchwords be—  
Education, knowledge,  
Truth and liberty.

Like a mighty army,  
Moves the spirit band,  
Brothers, we are marching  
In a holy land.  
We are not divided,  
Knowledge ours, not faith,  
The grave has lost its victory,  
There is no sting in death.—Chorus

Dear old union waving  
O'er your children's head,  
For whose glorious colors,  
Our forefathers bled.  
Lead us on to victory,  
For our cause unfurled,  
We, who combat ignorance,  
For the spirit world.—Chorus.

—\*—

### A Little Birdie on the Wing.

—

A little birdie on the wing  
Sang sweet a pretty song.  
I heard the little songster sing  
Just as he flew along.

His wings were white as spotless snow  
And flecked with specks of gold.  
He soared to heaven from earth below,  
Away from storm and cold.

I heard him sing his pretty song  
As far away he flew,—  
Far from the curious, eager throng  
Up to the heavenly blue.

He soared away, far out of sight,  
And then was lost to view.  
His song fell like a gleam of light  
Down from the heavenly blue.

## A Piute Papoose.

If all the strange things that the different races of the earth—the black, the white, the brown and the yellow, the big and the little—do to their babies were put in a book, it would read more wonderful than a fairy tale.

Now, here is little Sam Johns, for example.

He lives near Reno, Nevada, and is a roly-poly Piute papoose.

Very different are his baby days to those of your little brothers and sisters and of your own.

He has to stand up to sleep, is kept fastened tight in a basket, like a pencil in its case, and travels on his mother's back instead of in her arms.

And his name? That funny name of his—Sam Johns. Do you know how he got it? Not by being christened, wearing a pretty frock, with a godfather and godmother standing by, and having a silver mug presented to him afterwards. Indians don't do things that way. He was named pretty much in the same fashion as you name your pet pup or kitten.

Indian papas and mammas never tell to white people what name they give a baby, because they think it will bring bad luck to the baby, but they let white folks name them what they please.

When Sam Johns was three or four days old his mother laced him into his basket, put the strap over her head and trotted off with him on her back to show him to a lady who had been kind to her.

Sam Johns was a funny looking little object then, with a broad, fat face about the colour of coffee, and black fuzz growing on it that looked as if he wouldn't need to wait till he was grown up for whiskers. But he will have to just the same, for the fuzz rubbed off when he had been in the world a few weeks.

The lady admired him as much as she could, and asked: "Well, Susan, what are you going to call the baby?"

"We don't know," said Susan; "hain't got no name yit. You name it."

The white friend said, "Call him Sam." So Sam he is, and because his father, who is a big solemn-looking Indian, with coarse black hair like a horse's tail, is called John by the white folks, he is called Sam Johns to distinguish him from the Sams of other families.

In this way some queer names are given to papooses—names of the great and well-known people of the country, and very often names of the wicked and criminals.

Sam doesn't have much in the way of clothes—no soft flannels, embroidered petticoats and dainty lace-trimmed little dresses. One little garment makes up

his wardrobe, and that is usually one a more fortunate baby has cast off. No soft lace-trimmed, beribbed cradle, no cushioned springy perambulator are his. Until he can toddle about and take care of himself a basket is his home. It is made of wicker, with a narrow, little foot rest and a sort of hood. To the wicker sides are fastened pieces of buckskin, and when Mr. Papoose is laid in the basket the buckskin is so tightly laced together with thongs that it is as much as he can do to even wriggle his toes.

Sam doesn't like his straight-jacket cradle one bit, and kicks and struggles with all his little might to get free sometimes, yelling like the little Indian he is. But that does no good. His patient mother lets him yell till he gets tired. If she wants to put him to sleep she

of his basket to amuse him when his mother takes a long tramp.

Now and then he is taken out of his basket for air and to stretch his chubby legs.

When he gets older he will have pet cats and dogs, every Indian has a dog, and later on he is given a pony. When he can he plays with white boys at their games, and learns all their naughty ways as well as his own, and can swear and smoke cigarettes as well as the worst of them. He makes a fierce little fighter, and can hold his own with much bigger boys when they tease him and make him angry.

If he lives on a reservation he goes to the reservation school for Indians and sometimes takes great delight in his lessons. If he lives near a town and his father and mother want him to get a little education, or he has white friends to help him, he is sometimes allowed to go to the public school with civilized boys and girls.

—\*—

## Honour the Dear Old Mother.

Honour the dear old mother. Time has scattered snowy flakes on her brow, ploughed deep furrows on her cheeks, but is she not sweet and beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken; but those are the lips which have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest lips in the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance that can never fade. Ah! yes, she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but, feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you than any other upon earth. You cannot enter a prison whose bars can keep her out; you cannot mount a scaffold too high for her to reach that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When

the world shall despise and forsake you; when it leaves you by the wayside to perish unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her arms and tell you all your virtues, until you almost forget that your soul is disfigured with vices. Love her tenderly, and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.

—\*—

## Light!

The night has a thousand eyes,  
And the day but one;  
Yet the light of the bright world dies  
With the dying sun.  
The mind has a thousand eyes,  
And the heart but one;  
Yet the light of a whole life dies  
When love is done.



Papoose Sam John's.  
From a photograph by Samuel B. Doten, Reno, Nev.

doesn't leave off her work and sit down to rock him. Instead she takes him up, basket and all, puts the strap on her forehead and lets him hang down her back. Then she goes on with her work—washing for white folks. Rub, rub, rub, she goes, and basket, baby and all bob up and down over the tub, keeping time with the rubbing. Baby squalls and squalls, and gets tired, tired, tired, and pretty soon drops off to sleep in spite of himself.

Then Susan props him up in any handy place, as you see him in the picture, to let him have his nap out.

When he wakes up some older brother or sister plays with him. His playthings are any old thing that can be picked up—sometimes he is given a rag baby made with a stick for a body. Very often some of his playthings are fastened to the hood

## How a Six-shooter Won the Race.

BY EDMOND R. NOBLE.

As far back as I can remember there has always been a great rivalry existing between Montana's two leading cities, Butte and Helena, and at the present time this rivalry had manifested itself amongst the wheelmen of the two cities in question. Helena had unquestionably proved her superiority in the cycling line and all due to the speedy qualities of one man, Harry Evans, the Helena crackajack. We Butteites were forced to admit, very reluctantly, however, that there was no one in the entire state who could hold a candle to Evans, not even our crack, Charlie Williams. The latter we had considered invincible until Evans had shown him the way over the tape in the several match races, the last one of which had just been held, and as a consequence Butte had to occupy second position to her hated rival.

At the time this story opens quite a crowd of us were congregated at the club house, lamenting over Evans' last and decisive victory, and wondering by what means we could offset the great prestige Helena had acquired. We were plainly out of it in the racing line; some suggested giving a mammoth smoker, others, a bicycle parade, centuries, hill-climbing contests, bloomer balls, but apparently not one of the suggestions made could overcome the great disgrace we had just met with on the track.

When apparently at our wits end, in rushed Fairchilds, our energetic Captain. His very appearance told us that something was up, and we all crowded around to hear what he had to say. Fairchilds was always springing sensations upon us, consequently we expected something of the sort and were not in the least disappointed. "Fellows," said he, as soon as recovering his breath, "I have found him." "Who?" we all asked, breathlessly. "Why, the man who can fairly wipe the earth with Evans. He's a phenom, that's what he is; a jim dandy, I am telling you, has more speed to the square inch than any man I ever set my two eyes upon. Why, Evans might just as well try to beat Bald or Cooper as to get away with this fellow."

"Well, for goodness sake, who is your newly discovered world beater?" inquired Hawkes, the President of the club. "Are you running in a Zimmerman upon us unawares?"

"Nothing of the kind, although he's fast enough to win back our lost laurels and that is all we want just at present. He is the new bookkeeper at the Jones and Travis Mills, and seems like a pretty white sort of a fellow. I have met him occasionally since his arrival here, and we have done considerable riding together. Yesterday was the first time we

met since the last match race and of course we naturally discussed that event. He asked me what was Evans' fastest time and when I told him, he didn't seem to think so much of it at all, said it was dead easy, could beat that time himself with a little training. We stopped right there and didn't go a step farther until I had found out all about him, with the result that I agreed to go out to the track to-night and time him for a mile. Well, I have just come from there and I tell you, fellows, he's a wonder. Without any training whatever he rode the prettiest of anyone I have ever seen, didn't seem to make any effort whatever; after he finished and when I glanced at the watch, you could have knocked me down with a feather, so dumbfounded was I at the figures before me, 2:32 for the mile, and the best that Evans ever did was 2:39, that with pacing. What do you think of that, did you ever hear the like before? Well, the best part of the whole thing is, he's going to join the club, have his application and entrance fee in my pocket, and I'm to issue a challenge to Evans." As Fairchilds finished, pandemonium reigned supreme and it was away into the wee small hours that any of us reached our downy couches that night.

Some way or another, the whole business came out in the morning papers the next day, and by noon it was the talk of the entire town. That a man had been found who could beat Evans caused more excitement in Butte that day than if the President of the United States had arrived or that free silver had won the day. Merchants talked it over with their customers; it was discussed on the street corners; those who were personally acquainted with or knew Griffin by sight took much pleasure in pointing him out to their less fortunate friends as he passed along the street, so that all in all, Griffin was about the most distinguished man in the whole town that day. It was noised about that he would make another trial that night at the track, and when the time finally arrived, apparently half the population had collected to witness the performance. Griffin was undoubtedly very much pleased at the attention shown him, for he rode that night like a veritable demon. He told the boys he would like to make a fast showing if possible; you see he wasn't a bit conceited and said he really thought they expected too much from him and would be disappointed. At his request several of us agreed to pace him for the mile, each one taking him a quarter of a mile. Harris took him the first quarter with a flying start, and although it was a regular sprint the whole quarter, Griffin was right there when the change was made, and was, in fact, too quick for the second man entirely. In consequence of this he had to ride the second quarter unpaced, but much to everyone's surprise, it didn't seem to make a particle of difference, the speed

never diminished for an instant. A neat pick-up was made on the third quarter, and on they came with another sprint, sweeping around the turn into the home stretch, where Williams was in waiting. The latter was already in motion and when Griffin swung onto his rear wheel, the two struck out like a steam engine. Half way down the stretch Griffin thought things were too easy; he jumped out into the centre of the track, and sailed by Butte's crackajack, as if the latter were standing still. People were simply paralyzed at such a display of speed, and when the time was announced, 2:12 for the mile, they were still more so. There was great rejoicing that night among the Butteites over the prospect of Helena's speedy downfall.

There was one individual, in particular, who manifested more than a passing interest in Griffin's performance, who watched every move in that ride like a vulture watches his prey; timed every eighth and quarter, and even the last hundred yards. It was Sol Smith, a noted saloon keeper and gambler of Butte, who was pretty well fixed in the way of this earth's possessions. He had one of the best paying places in town, and also possessed considerable real estate, but not an over-abundance of ready cash. After the conclusion of the ride, Smith called Fairchilds to one side and said he wished to have a little talk with him. The latter told us about it later that night, to the effect that Smith had sized Griffin up as a world beater and wished to act as his backer; that he had decided to put up every cent he could rake and scrape together, on Griffin, if Evans accepted the challenge, but if he took this responsibility he desired to be allowed to look after Griffin, to furnish him with a trainer and keep a watchful eye over him until after the race should have taken place. We all thought this was a pretty good thing, and Griffin being there, we submitted the proposition to him for his decision. He agreed to it immediately and seemed mightily tickled to have the chance. Smith was likewise tickled and everything was working like a charm.

Helena accepted that challenge with an alacrity that surprised us, and as Hawkins said, "they must have been looking for the chance." Following the acceptance came Evans' backer, and the details were soon fixed, Smith putting up the money for our side. According to the agreement, the race was to take place three weeks later, upon our mile horse track, the race was to be of one mile, the winner to take everything, each side putting up 500 dollars.

Griffin, under the watchful eye of Smith, trained hard and faithfully, an experienced trainer was brought out from Chicago, and between the two a new born babe could not have been more tenderly cared for. Even old Travis, Griffin's employer, took an interest in the affair, the first time he had manifested

such inclinations for anything outside of his mill, since the town had known him. He told Griffin he could have a three weeks' vacation until after the race was over and that his pay would go on just the same, so the boy had nothing to do but train. At the end of two weeks, he was riding like a streak, doing unpaced miles in 2:25, sprinting quarters in thirty-one, thirty-two and thereabouts. He was certainly a phenomenal rider and all Butte was backing him to a man.

During the last week, Helena money came pouring in, only to be covered immediately upon its arrival, every man, woman and child, apparently, who could lay hands on a dollar or so, were betting on the race, so that if Griffin shouldn't win, the town would have to sell itself out to pay its debts. Sol Smith was in it up to his eyes, he mortgaged his saloon, all of his real estate, and in fact, put up everything he had in the world on the race. It was a case of life or death with him, and to lose that race meant ruin completely. There was scarcely a minute in the day but what he was with Griffin, from early morning until he saw him safely in bed at nine o'clock every night, he was watching over him.

The eventful day drew slowly near and finally the last night before the race arrived. With it came the Helena contingent, strong in numbers and with an air of confidence, that was simply galling to us. They had the bearing of conquerors from the moment they set foot in town, but we consoled ourselves with the belief that our Helena friends would feel somewhat different after the race. That night, a crowd of us while returning from the club, received a shock which nearly proved fatal. In one of the down town resorts where we stepped in to take a night-cap, who should we find, surrounded by a lot of the Helena fellows, but Griffin, the man upon whom Butte had staked every dollar she could raise. Up at this time of the night when nearly every one was asleep and the night before the big race. As Griffin hadn't seen us we beat a hasty retreat to consult upon the matter out-

side. Something was evidently in the wind. Griffin after being in bed night after night at nine o'clock for three weeks, wasn't up on this most particular night at one o'clock and in a crowd of our rivals, for nothing. Looking at it from this point, we naturally came to the conclusion that a job was being put up on the race. There was but one thing to do and that was to find Smith, so we all chased up to his house, only to meet with a still greater surprise. Smith told us he knew all about it, was well aware

We moved down the street just out of sight of the house and patiently took up our vigil. An hour, it seemed like several, and we were rewarded by the reappearance of the captain. In the dim light we could see that he was pale, and, in a voice which trembled from the result of his agitation, he said: "Boys, we have been thrown down, that man Griffin is a fraud, and came here with the express purpose of doing us up. He is one of the Helena crowd, which accounts for you seeing him with them to-night. We

have positive information that he is to throw the race; he has beaten Evans several times before, but never in Montana, which accounts for his being able to work himself into our good graces without disclosing his real identity. Butte has always been a good thing for Helena, and, with the final defeat of Williams, they knew there was no one else here whom we would put up against Evans, so what do they do but send for Griffin, and bring him over from Portland. The next thing they did was to get him a position with Jones and Travis here, and left the rest for him. He was to surprise us with his speed, which unfortunately he did. They were to back Evans heavily against him, with the understanding that the latter is to win at all odds. They worked their game well, and we are the dupes, but old Smith will spoil their little time yet. Say, fellows, please keep this to yourselves, as we want everything to go on as if we hadn't discovered a thing." With this Fairchilds bade us good night and strode away in the darkness, while we pursued the other direction, deciding to spend the balance of the night at the club house, as sleep was now entirely out of the question. Our natural impulse was to find Griffin, and tie him up to the nearest telegraph pole, but calmer judgement prevailed and his life was spared.

Morning finally arrived, and with it more Helena people and more money. To us it was really pitiable to see the Butteites made further dupes of, but we were powerless to do anything, save to keep out of it ourselves. Old Smith

## Going to Sea in a Tub.

Somewhere back in the nursery rhymes,  
Filled to the brim with cheery chimes

Was a tub that went to sea

But many's the craft,

Decked fore-and-aft,

Launched joyously,

Mid wild hub-bub

That goes to sea in a tub.



With a stick to stir up a choppy sea

She leans to windward and then to lee,

Trimmiest ship under the sun!

With a rag for a sail,

And a pff! for a gale

And a cargo of fun,

In a tubful of sea-

Could a truly sailor blyther be?



Mary Mary,

where Griffin was and whom he was with, but for us to keep it dark, not to say a word to any one about it, and trust to him. He evidently knew more than we did, and so we waited for results. As we turned to go, Fairchilds came rushing up the steps and was hastily admitted by Smith. Here was more mystery. Fairchilds was perhaps more interested in the result of that race than any one in the town, with the exception of Smith, and in view of this, we determined to wait for him and find out what was up.

appeared to be the jolliest man in the whole town, when we met him after breakfast, and had Griffin in tow sticking to him closer than a brother. Not for a single instant was the latter out of his sight until after the race.

Noon came, and people commenced to migrate trackward, every mode of conveyance in town being pressed into service. Long before the time for the race to be called every available point of observation was filled with excited humanity, hundreds overflowed on to the track; in fact, never had such a crowd been known in Butte before. In the meantime, Smith, Griffin and the trainer had been driven up to the training quarters. Griffin was soon stretched out on one of the cots undergoing his final rub down. This finished, he put on his racing suit, and everything was in readiness for the call to the track. At this point, Smith, who had been watching these preparations in calm silence, now arose and went over to where Griffin was reclining. "Griffin," said he, "since we have been associating together in this race scheme I have grown to think a great deal of you; have always placed the greatest confidence in you as a man, and in your ability as a rider. Everything I have in the world has been put upon you to win this race. Now, before you go on to the track, I would like to find out a few things. You have ridden against this man Evans before, haven't you?"

"Yes," responded Griffin, evidently taken very much by surprise.

"You have ridden against him several times, and defeated him in every instance, haven't you?"

"Yes," came the answer, Griffin's surprise increasing.

"The difference has always been so great between the two, you don't think he could have improved to such an extent as to be able to defeat you to-day?"

"No."

"You, yourself, are now in better condition than at any time you have ridden against him, are you not?"

"Yes," thank you, I feel easier now," and Smith braced himself for the final effort.

"Now, young man, I have discovered a few more things about you, and I'll tell you right now, before we proceed any further, your game is up. The mere fact that you were with the Helena crowd last night after midnight, is enough to tell me that everything is not right. This race means life or death to me, and there is to be no trifling. I am desperate and you must win. You have just acknowledged that you can, and I am determined that you will." At this juncture, the old man pulled an ugly-looking six shooter from his pocket, and continuing, said, "If you lose, I am going to kill you. Now, understand this is no idle threat. I will be on the tape when you finish, and if Evans wins, I'll

shoot you on the spot, and then shoot myself. If you lose, I lose every single thing I possess, and at my age, it will be no use trying to make another start; therefore life wouldn't be worth living. Remember, boy, if you're last in this race, it will be your last time on earth." Griffin was plainly scared, and when old Sol ceased speaking, the cold beads of perspiration stood out all over his forehead. The summons came, and the little group marched out to the track, as if to a hanging. At the sight of Griffin, the immense crowd broke loose into a regular ovation, all of which was apparently unnoticed by the recipient. Evans followed immediately, and was enthusiastically greeted by the Helena contingent. The toss for position resulted in giving the Bute man the pole, and the men were ordered to mount. All this time, Smith prevented all possibility of Griffin communicating in any way with the Helena fellows on the track and allowed no one to speak a word to him. The starter asked if all was ready and everyone stepped back to leave a clear place for the start. Smith was standing at the edge of the pole, directly in front of Griffin. As everything was in readiness, he again drew forth his six-shooter and laid it across his arm in plain view of the latter, at the same time remarking significantly, "Remember, boy, I'll be right here when you finish."

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Old Smith was perhaps the only exception, he apparently knew more about Griffin's whereabouts than he cared to tell, but the only thing he would say was that Griffin was safe from all harm so far as the Helena people were concerned. To this day I firmly believe that the latter is now one of the cracks of the country, but riding under an assumed name.—*The Olympic*, San Francisco.

—\*—

## The Boy Who Wasn't Afraid.

I ain't afeard uv snakes, or toads, or  
bugs or worms, or mice,  
An' things at girls are skeered uv I think  
are awful nice!  
I'm pretty brave, I guess, an' yet I hate  
to go to bed,  
For, when I am tucked up snug and  
warm, an' when my prayer are said,  
Mother tells me "Happy dreams!" an'  
takes away the light,  
An' leaves me lyin' all alone an' seein'  
things at night

Sometimes they're in the corner, some-  
times they're by the door,  
Sometimes they're all a-standin' in the  
middle uv the floor;  
Sometimes they are a-sittin' down, some-  
times they're walkin' round  
So softly an' creepy-like they never make  
a sound;  
Sometimes they are black as ink, an'  
other times they're white—  
But the color ain't no difference when  
you see things at night.

Once, when I licked a fellar 'at had just  
moved on our street,  
An' father sent me up to bed without a  
bite to eat,  
I woke up in the dark an' saw things  
standin' in a row,  
A-lookin' at me cross-eyed an' p'intin' at  
me—so!  
Oh, my! I wuz so skeered that time I  
never slept a mite—  
It's almost alluz when I'm bad I see  
things in the night.

Lucky thing I ain't a girl, or I'd be  
skeered to death!  
Bein' I'm a boy, I duck my head an' hold  
my breath;  
An, I am, oh, so sorry I'm a naughty  
boy, an' then  
I promise to be better an' I say my  
prayers again.  
Gran'ma tells me that's the only way to  
make it right  
When a feller has been wicked and sees  
things in the night!

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Sometimes they're in the corner, some-  
times they're by the door,  
Sometimes they're all a-standin' in the  
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Sometimes they are a-sittin' down, some-  
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I promise to be better an' I say my  
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W. MEDCALF, *Stockport*.—This child is both mentally and physically weak; and it depends very much upon care and training in future as to what direction he will take. I am afraid you will find some difficulty in making a scholar of him; he will not naturally take to school. He has plenty of language, and will always find something to talk about, and his conversation will be based on what he has seen, is kind hearted, too open minded, is reverential and very morally inclined. I should advise you to study his health very particularly.

K.L.W.—A gentle confiding disposition, inclined to be a little despondent; clear mental judgment, but not sufficient confidence and combativeness to hold your own. Prudent and guarded, fond of variety and persuasive in your manners, would be an affectionate and jealous wife, and an indulgent mother.

E. MEDCALF.—Is very sanguine and cheerful and too fond of society. Friendship is liable to lead her astray unless firmness of purpose is rapidly cultivated, is sympathetic and a little too free with her money, will be a good scholar, and shew a distinct desire to investigate into spiritual condition as she gets older. A very good character reader, but has no faith in her own judgment, and therefore does not assert herself; has a rather delicate constitution that will, to a great extent, impede her progress.

FREELANCE.—Have a very energetic nature, full of life and anxious to be up-to-date and to the front in all things. A little more patience in carrying out your plans, with your clear keen comprehension would enable you to give more satisfaction in what you take in hand, you act too impulsively from theory rather than from observation. Have good taste, but you are not always particular in your arrangements, pretty clever in expressing yourself, an excitable temper, and a desire to acquire and conceal.

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NANCE.—Is influenced a little too much by other people, and gets rather excited at times; is thoughtful generally, but lack application; susceptible to poetic sentiment, refinement, and gentility, and very systematic in her arrangements; strong sense of morality and spiritual guidance, with aspirations towards the sacred. Would take an interest in trying to improve and reform others. Is easily repulsed and could not readily forget; a very faithful wife and good manager of home.

BARBARA.—Shows more depth than her sister. Will always be on the alert and look-out after number one, self-preservation will be her first consideration; is easily stimulated by praise, and cannot bear censure. If properly trained will be clever and will excel in practical work; good verbal memory and will seldom forget a face. Plenty of language and a great entertainer, with strong social ties, love of home especially.

OLIVE.—Has got very good reasoning powers, but is a natural imitator; there is little that she would observe and not be able to copy. Very mirthful and fond of being petted, rather stubborn at times but it would not be of long duration as her better nature will assert itself; is sympathetic and will distribute her benevolence with fairly good judgment. Very good moral principles, and promises to be very useful member of society.

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Instituted at Oldham, May, 1890.

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The objects of this Lyceum Union are to promote the welfare of the Lyceum Movement, by (A) An Annual Movable Conference; (B) District Assemblages, when and where necessary; (C) Extending the work in new directions; (D) Bringing Lyceums into closer sympathy, and promoting greater uniformity in the manner of working them; (E) Encouraging the publication of suitable literature; (F) Such other methods as may be found desirable.

## List of Lyceums and Lyceum Secretaries in the British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union.

- ACCRINGTON—China street, at 10.30. Mr. W. Fish, 7 Lodge terrace, Oswaldtwistle.
- ACCRINGTON—Whalley road, 10 & 2.30. Miss A. Williams, 45 Pendle st.
- ACCRINGTON—The Temple, 10.30 & 2.30. Miss Barnes, 17 Fredrick street
- ARMLEY—Mistress lane. (No advice)
- BACUP—Meeting Room, Princess st. Miss Hurst, 16 Pembroke street
- BARROW-IN-FURNESS—Lyceum Hall, Mr. Jas. Holden, 12 Dalkeith st
- BATLEY CARR—Town street, 10 and 2. Miss M. Carver, co Mrs Kitson, Bromley road, Hanging Heaton, near Dewsbury
- BATLEY—Wellington street, at 10 and 1.45. Mr. Jos. Collbeck Wood street.
- BELPER—Jubilee Hall, at 10 and 2. Mr. Alfred Bodell, Brook Cottage
- BIRMINGHAM—Smethwick, Central Hall, 3 p.m., Mr. C. H. Smith, Greenfield House, Thimblemill lane, Smethwick
- BLACKBURN—Spiritualists' Hall, Freckleton Street. at 9.30. Mr. J. W. Moss, 288 South view, Wensley street
- BLACKPOOL—Liberal Club, Church street, 9.30 a.m. Mr. Thomas Kigby, 43 Cookson street
- BOLTON—Bradford Street, 10 a.m. Fred. Jackson, 4 Waldecks street.
- BRADFORD—Rebecca street, 10 a.m. Mr. Fred Naylor, 83 Preston street, Listerhills roads
- BRADFORD—Otley road, at 10. J. E. M. Cochrane, 50 Chatham-st., Otley rd
- BRADFORD—Boynton street, at 10. (No advice)
- BRADFORD—Temperance Hall, 10 a.m. Mr. Ashworth, 11 Ripon street, Otley road
- BRADFORD—Walton street, Hall lane, 9.45. Mr. J. Seaton, 34 Holling terrace, Halling lane
- BRIGHOUSE—Martin st., at 10. Mr. George Crowther, 45 Rogerson square, Waring Green
- BURNLEY—Hammerton street, at 9.30. Mr. W. Mason, 33 Merton street
- BURNLEY—Spiritual Hall, North street, 9.30. Mr. J. Banks, 12 Bush st.
- BURY—At 10 a.m. Mr. P. Birkett, 93 Walshaw road, Elton, Bury
- CLECKHEATON—Walker street, Northgate, at 9.45. Mr. Ernest Nuttall, 2 Alfred street, Moor End
- CLITHEROE—Liberal Club, Wellgate, 9.30. Mr. G. W. Alder, 81 Peel street
- COLNE—Cloth Hall, at 10. Mr. Herbert Fitton, 10 Midgley street.
- DARWEN—Church Bank st, at 9.30. Mr. Jas. Harwood, 28 Hindle street
- DEWSBURY—Bond street, at 10 and 1.45. Mr. R. Wimpenny, 6 Stapleton buildings, Vulcan road
- ELLAND—10 a.m. Mr. Fred Smith, 28 Catherine street
- HALIFAX—Winding road. Mr. F. Townsend, 27 Heywood place
- HECKMONDWIKE—Assembly Room, Thomas street, at 10. Mr. Sam Crowther, Norrithorpe, Liversedge
- HEATON AND BYKER—Progressive Lyceum, 3 Addison road, at 2.30. Mr. J. E. Smith, 19 Fourth avenue, Heaton, near Newcastle-on-Tyne
- HEYWOOD—Moss Fold, at 10. Mr. J. Entwistle, 34 Bedford street
- HOLLINGWOOD—At 10.15 a.m. Mr. Alex. Porteous, 35 Drury lane
- HUDDERSFIELD—Brook street. Mr. H. L. Westerby, 7 Manchester road
- HUDDERSFIELD—Peter street. Mr. Arthur Fernley, 93 Lockwood road
- HYDE—Mount street, 10 a.m. Miss Lydia Meakin, 17 Church street
- KEIGHLEY—Heber street Spiritual Temple, at 10 and 1.30. Mr. Shackleton, 11 Acre street, Knowle Park
- LEEDS—Psychological Hall, 10 a.m. Mr. Alex. McDonald, 4 Newton court, Reuben street.
- LIVERPOOL—Daulby Hall, Daulby street, London road, at 11. Mr. E. A. Keeling, 7 Wesley street.
- LIVERSEDGE—10 a.m. Mr. R. Hodgson, 3 Birkett street, Cleckheaton
- LONDON—35 Station road, S.E., at 3. Mr. W. T. Coleman, 81 Talfourd road, Peckham, S.E.
- MACCLESFIELD—Cumberland street, at 10 and 2.30. Mr. G. Challinor, 43 Peel street
- MANCHESTER—Temperance Hall, Tipping street, Ardwick, at 10.30. Mr. J. Simkins, 46 Chancery lane, Ardwick, Manchester
- MANCHESTER—Psychological Hall, Collyhurst road, at 10.30. Mr. T. Taylor, 13 Belper street
- MANCHESTER—West Gorton, Labour Hall, 24 Grey street, Longsight, 10.30 a.m. (No advice)
- MIDDLESBORO—Newport road. C. H. Roeder, 51 Russel street
- MILLOM—At 10 and 2. Mr. B. Tyson, 1 Moor end
- MORLEY—Church street, at 10 and 1.45. Miss Emma Taylor, 65 Clarence street, Albert road.
- NELSON—Bradley Fold, at 10 a.m. Mr. J. Worswick, 55, Regent street.
- NELSON—Pendle street, at 10.30. Mr. L. J. Dawson, 48 Holme terrace, Longshaye
- NEWCASTLE—Good Templars' Hall, Clayton street, 2.30. Mr. Gerald Martin, 205 High Clara street, New Benwell
- NORMANTON—Queen street, at 10. Miss L. A. Holmes
- NOTTINGHAM—Morley House, Shakespeare street, at 2.30. Mr. L. Shipley 45 Hunger Hill road
- OLDHAM—Bartlam place, Horsedge street, at 10 a.m. Mr. Charles Shaw, 64 Hanson street, Green Acres
- OSSETT GREEN—10 a.m., Miss Emma Oliffe, The Green, Ossett
- PARKGATE—Spiritual Temple, Ashwood road, 10 a.m. Mr. John Drower, 21 Loyd street, Parkgate, near Rotherham
- PATRICROFT—New lane, Winton, 10 a.m. and 1.30 p.m. Mr. Edwards, 17 Hampson street, Winton
- PENDLETON—Hall of Progress, Cobden street, at 10.30 and 1.30. Mr. James Jackson, 6 Devonshire street
- PRESTON—9.45 a.m. Miss M. J. Sherwood, 132 Brackenbury street
- RAWTENSTALL 12 Back lane, 10.30. Mr. Charles Ed. Riding, 73 Cawl terrace, Cloughfold
- ROCHDALE—Bailey street, at 10. Mr. R. Lawson, 8 Meanwood road
- ROCHDALE—Penn street, 10. Mr. A. E. Platt, 6 Swan place.
- ROYTON—10 a.m. Mr. Wm. Chisnall, 15 Crossley street, Longsight, Royton
- SHEFFIELD—Hollis Hall, Bridge st. Mrs. H. E. Wright, 78 Andover street
- SHIPLEY—10 a.m. Mr. Luther Tillotson, 28 Fair Bank, Cragg rd. Windhill
- SLAITHWAITE—Laith Lane, at 10.15. Mr. Thos. Hy. Bassindale, 17 Waterside, Slaithwaite, near Huddersfield
- SOWERBY BRIDGE—Hollins lane, at 10.30 and 2.15. Miss E. J. Sutcliffe, 18 Sowerby street
- STOCKPORT—Spiritualist Hall, Wellington road. Mr. W. G. Fieldsend, Athen street, Hall street
- SUNDERLAND—27 Ann street, 11 a.m. Mr. T. O. Todd, 7 Winifred terrace
- WALSALI—Central Hall, 10.30 & 2.30. Mr. W. H. Brecknell, 128, Victoria st.
- WEST VALE—Green lane, at 10. Mr. F. C. Ingram, Green lane, West Vale, near Halifax
- WHITWORTH—Market street, 10 a.m. Miss Maria Hays, 4 Elm street, Underbank, Facit, near Rochdale
- WISBECH—Lecture Room, Public Hall, 2.15. Mr. Wm. Hill, junr., 31 Albert street.
- YEADON—Town Side, 9.30. Mr. J. Green, Lombard street, Little London, Rawdon, near Leeds

## —: OTHER LYCEUMS. :—

- ASHINGTON COLLIERY, Northumberland—At 10.30. Mr. H. Elliot, 60 Fourth Row, Ashington, Morpeth, Northumberland
- BEDWORTH—10 a.m. Mr. J. T. Taylor, Grove villa, Hoblane, Bedworth, near Nuneaton
- BISHOP AUCKLAND—10 a.m. Mr. Borlace, 98 Gurney Villa
- GLASGOW—4 Carlton place, at 5 p.m. Sec., Mr. Jas. McIvor, c/o Mrs. Johnson, 370 North Woodside road, Glasgow.
- LONDON—Beech Hall, Hyde lane, Edmonton. Mrs. Durant, 6 Carolina cottages, Town road, Lower Edmonton.
- MANCHESTER—Gorton I.L.P. Rooms, Ainsworth street, Clowes street, 2.30
- MANCHESTER—Oldham road, 2.15. (No advice)
- MIDDLESBOROUGH—77 Grange road West, 10.30 and 2.30. Mr. Naylor, 77 Grange road West
- MORTHAMPTON—St. Michael Road, at 2 p.m. Mr. A. Ward, 42 St. Giles st.
- OPENSRAW—Granville Hall, at 2. Miss J. A. Owen, 15 Whitworth street, Openshaw
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