

# THE LYCEUM BANNER.

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No. 103.

## THE SISTERHOOD OF THE MYSTIC DEAD.

By LADY BOWYER.

SEE how there gleams a torch in each right hand,  
The feet swift-winged, and nearer to the gods,  
The eye so bright with Heaven's own light  
The Walkers sleep; foreshadows of the dead,  
Wrought with a charm the earthly nature never wins,  
Grasping a power the mortal sinews never know.  
Below they sought the perfect and the true,  
Their dream of life was—Mystic Death,  
Die, if thou would'st live, is the music of their song,  
Die, ere thou hast claim to know the World Beyond.  
Our Brothers, they are loath to die,  
They more of earth absorb, to earth  
Their wills are more enchained,  
Yet they will die through us, and vanish from the power of  
flesh.

They murmur each to each—Thy mortal breath  
Is cold, strange Sisters of the Night,  
Thy hand doth never clasp our own  
With warmth of earthly love;  
Thy shadowy voice comes stealing  
From out the darkness and the shade;  
In pleasure's bloom thy lips are white,  
Thy smile as holy dream afar;  
Still in that upward gaze the spell is o'er us,  
Thy pulses speed us to celestial air.

O Brothers dear! we live in double worlds  
While others live in one;  
We see as if we saw not earth,  
We touch as if we felt not life;  
This world a type to us of realities unseen,  
A veil transparent through which  
We look upon the Brighter Land of Light.

The silent frontier passed, we meet another clime,  
We commune with the souls above  
In language mystic, deep; in bond  
Of Love, and Truth, and Power Divine,  
Come, Brothers, Come! Softly, gently, die with us.

[Specially contributed to the Lyceum Banner.]

## LORD OF HIMSELF.

By ANNIE E. FITTON.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"WELL, if they are, I know I should be fit to send Lady Coventry to Coventry, if I were the governor."

"And offend one of our best customers? is that all you know of business, Fred Edge?"

"Perhaps I know as much about business as you do, so mind your own and don't try to teach me," was the snarling response.

Ralph shrugged his shoulders. "I beg pardon, appearances are deceptive sometimes."

"What do you mean by that bit of insolence?" retorted the other hotly.

"Oh nothing, I hate explaining myself, or being my own commentary. For synonymous terms consult the dictionary."

This was so much Greek to young Edge, and white with passion at the assumed indifference of his companion and irritated by his coolness, he was about to retort with some wide of the mark accusation, when the office door opened and Lady Coventry appeared, accompanied by the banker, who saw her into her carriage, and on his return said in passing to his son, "I want you in my room, Ralph."

Ralph was detained some time receiving various instructions, and finally left the room bearing Lady Coventry's casket and a huge bunch of keys.

The strong room where all valuables intrusted to the bank were deposited, was a small chamber in the basement of the building, having no communication with the outer air save by a small grating in an upper corner through which a dim light made its way.

The heavily barred door opened slowly and noiselessly as Ralph turned the key and entered the dungeon-like apartment. The walls were fitted with safes and receptacles of all shapes and sizes, to some of which the names of the owners of the contents were affixed. Pressing a small iron button in one of the safes, the door flew open and Ralph deposited the casket within and then proceeded to open two other cupboards and remove sundry documents and packages therefrom. With these he quitted the room and once more turning the outer lock with a sign of relief, for the gloom and stifling atmosphere always affected him unpleasantly, he ascended to the upper rooms and finding his father engaged with some gentlemen who had arrived during his absence below, he passed on to his desk, on the front of which he laid the packages he had brought up, and with them the keys, which rattled noisily as they fell upon the wooden ledge or shelf which overhung the sloping desk.

Fred glanced up at the noise, and as his eye fell upon the keys a sudden thought flashed with lightning swiftness into his mind, sending the warm blood into his sallow cheeks, and then withdrawing it leaving a strange pallor in its place.

If he could only have those keys, possess himself of Lady Coventry's casket and abstract a small portion of its contents, how easily this would free him from his debts and leave a liberal margin for future experiments. But this was easier said than done. The keys must first be obtained, an opportunity found for a stealthy visit to the basement and then there was the possibility of not being able to open the case and the subsequent difficulty of restoring the keys to their rightful custodian.

It was not until the outlines of the scheme flashed through his mind that its baseness loomed up darkly before him. To become a common thief, to risk exposure and the ruin and disgrace which would surely follow, and all for what? For a few paltry hundreds, one of which would more than cover his deficiencies. But money he must have somehow. His friendly creditors were becoming unpleasantly importunate, and were even threatening to appeal to his father. He thought of his father's amazement at his son's duplicity, of

his just anger at the revelations which must follow. How could he meet these and how endure the espionage that would be set upon his doings, his amusements, and his friendships? If the thought of it was so intolerable what would the reality be! No, he must avoid this if possible; besides, what harm would it be? The subtraction of a few diamonds from one who possessed more jewels than she could wear. If he managed the matter neatly the loss might never be discovered, and if it were, the box had been entrusted to Ralph, the keys were in his possession, he was responsible for the time being for its safety, and in case of discovery upon him the onus would rest.

Glancing from the keys to their temporary guardian, a flash of hate distorted the youth's face and if a glance could have annihilated him poor Ralph would that moment have suffered extinction. But he wrote on serenely unconscious of his companion's base plotting, his thoughts every now and then flitting away from the long array of figures he was supposed to be balancing, to the more seductive score of a sonata he had been trying to compose and whose strains haunted him to the disturbance of his ideas and I fear to the disadvantage of his calculations.

Presently the door of the private room opened and his father, accompanied by the gentlemen with whom he had been engaged, passed through the public room. Ralph raised his head as they approached, and Mr. Cardwell's eye falling upon the keys and documents lying upon his son's desk he paused to say:

"Leave those with your uncle, I shall not return" To Ralph, the order possessed no particular significance, it being the custom for one or other of the partners to take charge of the keys until the morning, when the head clerk called for them. But to Fred this arrangement meant an easier facility for the accomplishment of his designs, and his heart bounded with a curious mixture of exultation and of dread.

The keys in his father's possession for the night, what was to prevent him from abstracting them,—his father was a heavy sleeper,—entering the bank and helping himself to the coveted jewels, or as many as he might think necessary for his purpose?

There were certainly difficulties in the way still, and risks to run, but what of that, nothing venture, nothing have, and wiping his damp brow he glanced at the clock which would soon mark the hour of closing. And the sooner the better, for he was feverishly anxious to get away where he could arrange his plans and settle the details of his dishonourable schemes.

One hour after midnight a slender figure might be seen fitting stealthily along the quiet street in which the Bank was located. The night was a dark one, a fact upon which Fred congratulated himself. He had so timed his approach as to avoid a meeting with the night watchman whose measured tread might be heard gradually retreating in the distance. Calculating that a quarter of an hour would elapse before his return, Fred entered the portico and groping for the key-hole, his hands trembling with fear and excitement, succeeded at last in effecting an entrance.

How hideously dark the place seemed, and drawing matches from his pocket he lit a small lantern he had brought with him, and thus equipped he descended to the basement and entering the strong room, was soon in possession of the coveted casket. The lock proved to be of an ordinary type and was easily opened by one of the keys with which the amateur burglar had provided himself.

There on their crimson cushions lay the diamonds, even in the dim light of a sixpenny lantern gleaming and sparkling in all their natural brilliancy. A necklace and pendant in their lovely settings were first disclosed, while in the under compartment were bracelets and other valuable ornaments. With a hasty glance at the jewels and a moment's pause as the full meaning of what he was about to do rose grimly before him, and conscience spoke loudly to his inner ear, he hastily, with shaking hand and wildly throbbing heart selected a bracelet and one of the flashing stars which had gleamed in Lady Coventry's dusky coils as she threaded a stately measure in the last County ball and at more than one gay assembly during the London season, and closing and locking the casket he replaced it in its receptacle and groped his way to the upper regions.

Bathed in perspiration and almost breathless, he sank upon a bench which fitted into a little recess near the doorway and tried to listen for the watchman's tramp, but his heart beat so convulsively that for a few minutes he could hear nothing but its wild throbings. But by degrees his composure in some measure returned and placing his ear to the key-hole he waited for what seemed an age, though really but a few minutes until the watchman's tread again echoed up the silent street, passed at the top and returning, again passed the dark building wherein crouched the trembling and guilty youth.

Now was his opportunity, and fitting the key to the lock he was soon released and with light step was scudding through the familiar streets and reaching home with his stolen prize, he restored the keys to the pocket of their sleeping guardian, and when once more in his own room congratulated himself upon the cleverness with which he had conducted his perilous enterprise.

How to dispose of the jewels was his next difficulty, and it was some days before he had arranged a mode of procedure by which he hoped to exchange the diamonds without exciting suspicion. He succeeded in this in a neighbouring town, explaining the transaction by saying that he was acting for a relative who was in immediate need of money and had entrusted her ornaments to him for sale.

After some bargaining he parted with his treasures for considerably less than their value, but he was too anxious to get them off his hands and possess himself of the much needed cash to refuse the jeweller's offer, and with the coveted notes secured in his breast pocket he returned to Milhampton, to be haunted by a grim fear of detection, a very different thing from remorse, of which Fred was not as yet capable.

Being unconscious of the real depth to which he had sunk the humiliation of the deed did not oppress him, and so that he escaped consequences and relieved his own embarrassments he was indifferent to the shame in which he had involved himself.

#### CHAPTER VII.

On a dull autumnal afternoon late in October, Mr. Drummond might be seen turning briskly out of the grounds of Firdene from one of his frequent visits, more frequent than an hour or two ago he might have found it easy to account for, so complex are the motives which govern men's actions, and so reluctant is the mind to analyse its own sensations. Certainly Mr. Drummond had made no attempt to define the pleasure which his visits to the banker's family afforded him. His interest in the two brothers was a warm and an affectionate one. To Ralph he had felt drawn from the first, and his further insight into his character and aspirations

only served to deepen that attraction. And Guy was such an affectionate little fellow that it was no wonder he won a place in the young clergyman's heart, which the boy's sufferings, so patiently borne, would alone have secured.

But there was a third individual, whose attractions drew him as the magnet draws the needle, and in Doris, Oliver Drummond had found the one who seemed to him the ideal of womanly grace and nobility of character. That he was in love with her had not occurred to him until a chance word on this particular afternoon had drawn aside the veil and shown him his position in regard to her.

And now he was hastening home in the misty Autumnal twilight, so suggestive of decay and coming desolation, with a delicious sense of happiness throbbing at his heart, warming him through and through, and setting at defiance all atmospheric depressions. What to him were a vanished Summer and the sure approach of a dreary Winter when love held the ground and had taken firm possession? Of his own sentiments he had not a shadow of doubt, the illumination which had flashed into his mind was too vivid and too real for that. Of Doris he was less sure. Frank and cordial she was to him as to all, with a sweet graciousness which made one of her greatest attractions. But he might not presume on this, only, she was a woman, therefore to be won, and he would do his best to win her, and being a somewhat resolute individual, he need not be accused of undue conceit if his chances of success seemed as promising as they were alluring.

And so through the long winter months Oliver Drummond went a-wooing, and though this was but one phase of his busy and many-sided life, it was the spice of the whole, the one element of romance in an otherwise somewhat prosaic round of duties. It was a romance too on whose termination there rested, in spite of his confidence in his own success, a tinge of uncertainty. Doris was not to be too easily won. A certain reserve and dignity about her kept her would-be lover at a distance, which seemed rather to increase than diminish, to the young clergyman's dismay. Could it be that she understood his attentions and was trying to discourage him from any further and useless advances? The mere suspicion of this chilled him with an intolerable sense of loss and disappointment. But not for long. The wistful longing with which his eyes followed her would be replaced by a sudden flash of resolution that refused to accept defeat, and in the firm pressure of his hand, and in the quiet power and respectful homage which shone in the thoughtful and keenly observant eyes, Doris read his meaning.

It was a mild morning in February. A long spell of frost and fog had at last yielded to the milder forces which nature sandwiches as it were, between her more uncongenial outbursts. The sun, every now and then was making fitful attempts to force his rays through the grey cloudland which overhung the awakening earth, already giving forth that subtle aroma which suggests though ever so faintly the approach of Spring.

Doris was flitting about the house with light step, her face in its subdued brightness suggesting an undertone of happiness which responded to the outward change on Mother Earth's sombre exterior. Her time was fully occupied in various household duties, varied by flying visits to Guy, who was recovering from one of his many relapses, and with the irritability of weakness was rather exacting in his demands. But with a patience and serenity that were untiring, Doris bore with his little perversities.

(To be continued.)



## Our Daisies' Page.

Edited by Daisy Dimple.

**M**Y DEAR DAISIES,—Oh! is it not warm weather? just the kind to make one wish for holidays, and pic-nics, and Lyceum trips, and all those delightful things. Before next month comes we will all have got our holidays, and be spending all the spare time we can get at the sea-side, or in the country, on the hill-tops and in the fields and woods. Then for a few weeks we can forget all about school books and slates.

Not long ago I had a most delightful day in the country. Mother had received an invitation to visit some friends, and Bob said that if mother was going and wished to take me with her, he would make his own tea when he came home, and thus we need not hurry back. I thought it very kind of him, and was delighted when mother said I might go.

I am not going to tell you all about going into the country, because it would not interest you, but some of the things that occurred will amuse you. Before going away I set all the tea things for Bob, and put the kettle on the gas stove, so that he would not have much to do when he came home for tea. We spent a very pleasant afternoon visiting the lady who had invited us, and on the way home again mother thought she would call upon another lady whom she had not seen for a considerable time. When we reached the house we saw a boy playing at the door, his face was very dirty, but he seemed to be enjoying himself.

This lady was quite pleased to see us, and after talking a while said she would fetch her little boy to see us, as, like most mothers she seemed quite proud of her boy. She went to the door and called out "Harry, Harry" and then when the door closed we heard a sound as of shuffling and struggling, as though Harry was being dragged along the passage against his will, there was silence for a few seconds, and then his squeaky voice cried out "I don't care—if—there—is—company.—I'll—not—have—my—face—washed with spit."

When we got home at night Bob did not seem to be in the best of moods. "Did you get your tea all right?" said mother.

"Not quite," said Bob.

"How was that?"

"Well, next time you send Daisy to buy Tea, see that she gets Tea, not rubbish."

"I am sure it is good Tea," said mother.

"That could not possibly be," said Bob, "It was so weak it had not strength to run out of the teapot."

"Oh, mother," said I, "I forgot to put the tea in the teapot and Bob has been trying to make tea with water only."

"No, said Bob, "I went to the pantry and got the tea box, and put two spoonfuls in the tea-pot, that was so poor I put two more; that was no better so I put two more. In fact I used twelve spoonfuls in all, but still it was poor stuff, and not fit to drink." "Nonsense, there must be something

wrong with your way of making tea," said mother, as she poured out some into a cup and tasted it. Mother's face, looked strange and puzzled; "This is not tea," she said, "Where did you get it from?"

"Out of this box," said Bob, at which we both screamed with laughter.

"What's the matter with you both," said he, beginning to get angry, but it was some time before we could calm ourselves sufficiently to tell him that he had used caraway seeds instead of tea.

"Never mind," said mother, "Caraway seed tea is a capital remedy for heartburn."

"Is it," said Bob, "possibly it is under certain circumstances, but in the present instance it caused one."

Mother soon made him some fresh tea, and to improve the flavour put a slice of lemon into his cup, which Bob said was "champion," and whilst he got his tea, I sat at the piano and sang him some pieces, and did not omit to sing the song "There's nothing like pure water."

I was late in reaching the Lyceum last Sunday afternoon, and my teacher seemed quite surprised, and asked me why I was late, because I am always there in time. So I told her that on my way to the Lyceum I met a Brass band belonging to the young men at the Mission. The band was marching down the middle of the road, and was playing "Shall we gather at the river?" There was a young man walking on the side path giving tracts away and he offered me one. I asked him if the band was playing music. "Of course it is," he said, "are you deaf?"

"No, I am not deaf, only the band is so different to anything I have ever heard before, that I was not sure about the music; what are they playing?"

"They are playing, 'Shall we gather at the River?'"

"Gather what?" "Brass Bands?"

"No, my dear child of ignorance, I perceive that your Religious education has been sadly neglected, more shame to your parents. The question of the hymn is a very important one and requires to be answered even by a child like yourself."

"If I follow the band will I reach the river?"

"Yes, my dear young sinner, but not the river mentioned in the hymn, you are going to the river of destruction."

"Is there a river that won't destroy?" I asked.

"Yes, my young inquirer, a river where the saved shall be safe for ever, and never part again, never know care, and never shed another tear."

"Is there any water in the river?" I asked.

"Of course there is," he said, "it is pure, deep, and clear as crystal," and then he mentioned some texts.

Then I said, "If we never part again, never shed another tear, never know care or fear, and are saved for ever and ever, what will happen if I fall into the river in a deep place?"

Then he said something about "wicked and perverse generation," and darted off to overtake the band which had turned down a side-street, called Blind Alley.

The next time we have a Speaker who wants questions from the audience, I'll send one about that river

Talking about Bands reminds me of the report about the Conference at Nottingham which we read in last month's "BANNER." Would it not have been jolly to be there and see and hear all that was going on. They had some bands, and processions. The teacher of my group was there; I asked her if she was in the processions but she said "No, I went without my bonnet and tambourine," but as she was laughing all the time I think it was only her fun

DAISY DIMPLE.

## THE WHITE DOVE.

[FOUNDED ON FACT.]

'T WAS when I was low in my spirits  
And ill with too much overwork,  
I went for a voyage on board of  
An ocean tramp bound for New York;  
She was one of the W. line,  
Built at a famed yard on the Wear,  
Could steam her ten knots in fine weather,  
But less when the waves would appear.  
I always was fond of steam engines  
And soon made a friend of the man,  
Jack Rankin, the chief engineer, who  
Kept all going well 'neath his scan;  
When he was on watch I delighted  
To be with him down in the place  
Where the rods and the cranks were swinging,  
And the shaft revolving apace.

Somehow I thought Jack had a sorrow  
Which flung a dark cloud o'er his years,  
His voice was so low and so sad-like,  
His eyes seemed to tell of lone tears;  
Still, watchful and wary on duty,  
He kept his charge doing their best,  
All running like some bit of clockwork  
With steam at blow-off limit pressed.

One night when off watch I was sitting  
With Jack in his snug, cosy berth,  
He seemed more depressed in his manner,  
And his words more slowly came forth,  
While his eyes had a far-away look  
As if on a something they gazed,  
Still fresh on his memory's portals,  
Not yet by Time's healing erased.

I asked him to tell me what grieved him,  
I vowed he would find me a friend,  
And on the true bond of my friendship  
He could safely and surely depend;  
He looked in my face for a moment,  
Then clasping my hand in his own,  
He heaved a great sigh and looked upwards,  
Then spake in a lowlier tone.

"I loved from my childhood a maiden  
Who loved me with all her young heart,  
We felt we were meant for each other  
And vowed that we never would part;  
I pictured our future of brightness  
And longed for the years of a man,  
To realise youth's golden dreamings  
And carry out every love-plan.

I worked for my only ideal  
Until my apprenticeship passed,  
Then felt I must enter life's battle  
Determined to conquer at last;  
She gave me my Manhood's bright armour,  
She gave me sweet words of good cheer,  
So I, to win for her a cottage,  
Went to sea as a third engineer.

Wherever I sailed she was with me,  
I mean in the eyes of my heart,  
And when every voyage was ended  
We found it more painful to part;  
But she was contented and happy,  
And prouder than ever of me  
When I had attained to a chiefship,  
By years of hard study at sea.

Well, well, I had saved a bit money,  
And Love's years are weary and drear,  
The more when one sails on the ocean  
Away from the heart he holds dear;  
So in the sweet village of Whitburn  
I purchased a wee cottage nest,  
And fitted it up with the comforts  
Which tend to make married life blest.

We married! and O! we were happy,  
It seemed that to me were given  
A wife and a home that had on them  
The genuine trade-mark of heaven;

Ashore for three months I had tarried,  
 But money you know must be found  
 To keep the domestic wheels going  
 Without any friction or sound,  
 I never felt time hang so heavy,  
 I never felt home-sick before.  
 As when from my darling I parted  
 The ocean again to sail o'er;  
 The beat of the engines seemed ever  
 An echo that whispered her name,  
 The swish of the sea and the wind-song  
 Kept sighing and sounding the same.  
 The voyage was longer than reckoned,  
 Eight months we were nigh on the round,  
 E're we gazed on the Cornish headlands,  
 Which give joy to the homeward bound;  
 No voice on the ship was so cheery,  
 And none had a happier soul,  
 As I made the engines go faster  
 And the firemen put on the coal.  
 We had made the Lizard and steering  
 The up-channel course for the Wight,  
 The sun in the far west was setting  
 'Mid golden clouds gleaming and bright:  
 The gloaming came stealing down softly,  
 And spread o'er the waters its hue,  
 Deep silence fell o'er us more holy  
 Than ever on shipboard I knew.  
 'Twas then we saw over the masthead  
 A weary-winged, spotless white dove  
 That timidly hovered around us  
 In lessening circles above;  
 I cannot tell how, when I watched it,  
 Methought it was bearing to me  
 A message of love and of welcome  
 From her I was longing to see.  
 I held out my hands to the wanderer,  
 And whispered, "Come down weary bird,"  
 It fluttered awhile, then descended,  
 As 'twere only my voice it had heard;  
 I tenderly clasped it and stroked it,  
 It made me its refuge and rest,  
 And its eyes looked pitieously on me  
 When I hugged it close to my breast.  
 The captain and mates stood around me,  
 All laughing and jeering to mark,  
 Old Noah, they called me, receiving  
 The bird he despatched from his ark;  
 I cared not for all their rude joking,  
 But kissed the poor, beautiful thing,  
 Which gazed in my face for a moment  
 Then away to the sky took wing!  
 That night I was sleepless and restless,  
 That night my soul sank into gloom,  
 The eyes of the dove seemed to haunt me  
 When on watch in the engine-room;  
 I longed for the hour when at London  
 The ship would be docked and I free,  
 Then! then! by the swiftest of mail trains  
 Away to my love I would flee.  
 Again! once again in old England,  
 Then away to the North I sped,  
 Anxiety's demons were weaving  
 A shadow around me of dread;  
 Home! home! and I hurried to Whitburn,  
 And neared my wee cot in the town,  
 Oh! my heart ceased to beat when my eyes  
 Saw the blinds of the windows were down.  
 I reeled like a man who was drunken!  
 I groped till I opened the door!  
 I staggered in agony forward!  
 I stood on the wee kitchen floor!  
 A woman sat there by the fireside,  
 And something she held on her knee,  
 Which gave a low wail as of welcome,  
 Or rather of pity for me.  
 "Oh! where is my darling! my darling?"  
 I cried, almost mad with despair;  
 "Hush! hush!" said the woman, and weeping  
 She tremblingly rose from the chair;

"Hush! hush! You have come! She is sleeping!  
 Three days since she passed to her rest,  
 Where the sun in the west was setting,  
 Her soul fled away to the blest!"

I have told you now of my sorrow,  
 And the Light which from me was reft,  
 I go to sea still for the daughter—  
 The joy she behind her had left;  
 I cannot account for the reason  
 The white dove came down to my hand,  
 Unless 'twas the soul of my darling  
 In its flight to the heavenly land.

WM. ALLAN.

[This poem appeared recently in *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, and the Author is M.P. for Gateshead; he is a politician, engineer, and poet all in one.—H.A.K.]

## NOTES AND COMMENTS.—No. LXIV.

BY ALFRED KITSON, SECY., B.S.L.U.

It will have been noticed by all lovers of the children that the question of the Lyceums' relationship to Societies is down for discussion at the S.N.F. Conference, to be held at Blackpool, on Sunday, July 2nd. The question is a most important one, affecting, as it does, the well-being of both Societies and Lyceums. Many discordant proceedings owe their origin to the lack of a proper understanding when the Lyceum has been commenced. If the discussion of the question leads to a remedy for the difficulties that arise, we shall have great cause to rejoice. "Come, let us reason together," is an appropriate motto for the occasion.

The new Executive held its first meeting at Stockport, on June 17th, under the genial presidency of Mr. J. J. Morse. The members were pleased to find refreshments awaiting them in the Hall of Progress—Mrs. Richardson making an excellent hostess—a kindness deeply appreciated after the long and tedious journeys. All were delighted to meet Bro. Thomas O. Todd once more, who is looking decidedly better again. The Executive sat until a late hour, but was unable to finish the business, some of which had to be postponed until the next meeting.

The Open Session was good, friends from Manchester, Hyde, and Bury being present. The children did well. Look out for a dialogue, composed by one of the leaders, and well rendered by the Misses Pickthall. The audience was more select than numerous. The Executive pleaded the children's cause most eloquently. Mrs. M. H. Naylor surprised all by her splendid powers of clairvoyance. The beautiful groups of spirit-children were indescribable. The Executive will visit Wisbech on August 5th, Bloomsbury and Birmingham in October, and Keighley in December. Applications for visits in 1900 should be sent to the Secretary as early as possible so as to be considered at the next meeting. The conditions for these visits are that the Union receives the collections towards the travelling expenses.

It is with regret I learn the Lyceums at Bedworth, Bishop Auckland, Clitheroe, Newport Road, Middlesborough, Northampton, and Ossett, have had to close for lack of workers, with the exception of Clitheroe, where the Society's Hall is closed. As a set-off to the above I have to announce that the Lyceums at Barnoldswick, and Pendle Street, Nelson, have been re-opened, while the Lyceums at Barry Dock and Masonic Hall, Birmingham, have joined the Union.

The Executive decided that the price of the new *Physical Exercises*, illustrated, shall be as follows: to Lyceums in the Union, limp cloth, 1/8 per doz., paper covers, 10d. per doz. To all other Lyceums, limp cloth, 2/-, paper covers, 1/- per doz., post free in all cases.

We cordially invite Secretaries of Lyceums to send us a list of announcements or reports of all Anniversaries, Special Services, Picnics, Trips, Entertainments, Parties, etc., for insertion. The same will be printed free, and must reach us NOT LATER THAN THE 23RD OF EACH MONTH.

FOUNDED NOVEMBER, 1890.

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## The Lyceum Banner.

JULY, 1899.

### OUR MONTHLY CHAT.

**The Outside** ON looking over the Official List of Lyceums **Twenty-one.** published in the LYCEUM BANNER for June it will be noticed that there are twenty-one Lyceums outside the Union. This state of affairs may arise from the Union being either not understood, or misunderstood. Or, possibly, because it is not considered necessary to affiliate therewith, or because it is considered there are no advantages to be gained from association therewith? If the latter case then the reports in this journal are not read with the care they deserve, for if they were, the benefits of co-operation would be no little inducement to join in with the rest of the Lyceums in the country. There is always room for honest differences of opinion, both as regards to national organisation as a question, or the Union as a body, but to hold aloof entirely is not the way to arrive at an understanding as to either matter. Cannot some, at least, of the gallant twenty-one 'Uitlanders' see their way to join their brethren, and so obtain some advantages for themselves, and further unite our forces, during the present year? Union is strength. We are all brothers and sisters in the grand work of educating the young, therefore, let us be of one household, in combining and utilizing the forces of our disposal.

**The Inside** ON the other side there are One Hundred and **102.** Two Lyceums in the Union, and it is safe to say they fully realise the benefits of their relation to that body. They create a solidarity in the work that is surely binding Lyceum workers together in a brotherhood throughout the United Kingdom, so helping to place our work on a firm basis, and ensuring us that respect from all other reformatory parties that is our just due. This is encouraging and helpful to all, and calculated to strengthen the hands of

every Conductor and Leader in the work of their Lyceums. The fact that our literature is supplied at special reduced rates to affiliated Lyceums is no small matter where finances must be considered. While the Annual Conferences provide an opportunity for the profitable discussions of all questions affecting Lyceum work and methods, and imparts to the results of such discussions a weight and value that could not be manifested. The results of the Union have been, increased harmony, useful literature and publications, an annual Lyceum Parliament, Demonstration meetings conducted by leading Lyceum workers on the Union Executive, the creation of a favourable opinion of our work in the secular press, and the removal of many causes of friction that formerly hindered union and harmony in our ranks. The members in the Union have reason to congratulate themselves on an institution that, laboring in the past, under many obstacles, has, nevertheless, accomplished so much for the welfare of the work.

### ITEMETTES.

THE BANNER wishes every success to the N.S.F. Conference at Blackpool to-day.

THE visit of the E.C. to Stockport was a distinct and gratifying success.

CAREFULLY peruse Mr. Alfred Kitson's 'Notes and Comments' this month. You need the information he presents you.

No more Jubilee medals now! The beautiful dies are destroyed, so all medals now existing are greatly increased in value.

SEVERAL secretaries are hereby informed that as the BANNER is not a weekly newspaper, it cannot be sent by rail at newspaper rates. It would be much to our advantage if it could.

THE beautiful poem of "The White Dove" in this month's BANNER will make an admirable and affecting Lyceum Recitation. It was sent to us by our good friend Mr. H. A. Kersey, of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

IN justice to Lady Bowyer we reprint her pretty poem this month, owing to certain errors that were overlooked in our previous issue. Proof readers are not infallible.

WHY should not each Lyceum possess a distinctive name, and have a registered number on the roll of affiliation? If some such plan were adopted, much needless confusion would be avoided.

MRS. M. E. CADWALLADER, and her esteemed father, Mr. B. B. Hill, are on a visit again to this country. They purpose attending the Conference of the S. N. F. at Blackpool, at which a hearty welcome undoubtedly will be accorded them.

THE reappearance, made at the Stockport Executive meeting, of Mr. T. O. Todd, elicited most affectionate and hearty congratulations from his co-workers and friends. Earnest and indefatigable, Bro. Todd is a worker of value to us at all times. Long may he be spared.

IT was kind of you, Mr. Editor, to spare so much of your valuable space for our report. Please accept our thanks for the same. I had no idea, when Mr. Kent offered to send it, that he would send such a lengthy one. I am so pleased that you are President of our Union for the coming year.—Yours sincerely, L. GEORGE.

THE BANNER thanks Bro. George Spriggs, of Melbourne, Australia, for a fine photo of the Crysanthemum Ball held by the Thermopoyle Club lately, of which Mr. Spriggs is the esteemed president. A lantern slide will be made from it, to be included in Mr. Morse's improved lecture next season. The Lyceum at Melbourne is progressing excellently.

I shall never forget the glorious day we had on Sunday. I would have liked our president to have been able to remain for the evening meeting. It was difficult to sit on the platform without feeling very much the spiritual influences that filled the hall. You and your colleagues have made a good start in your year of office and left behind you in Stockport an influence and impression that can hardly fail to produce good results.—Extract from a letter to J. J. Morse, from Mr. T. Edwards, Conductor, Stockport Lyceum.

Just ready. A Special New Cabinet Portrait of our President, Mr. J. J. Morse, taken by Searle, of Hyde. Price One Shilling, carefully packed post free, Thirteenpence. Can be had from the office of this paper.

## THE B.S.L.U. EXECUTIVE VISIT STOCKPORT.

IN accordance with previous arrangements the Executive paid an official visit to the Stockport Lyceum on Saturday and Sunday, June 17th and 18th. The meeting on Saturday evening was for the despatch of business, the whole of the Executive being present, viz: Mrs. Naylor, Middlesborough; Mr. S. S. Chiswell, Liverpool; Mr. T. O. Todd, Sunderland; Mr. A. Wilkinson, Nelson; Mr. J. J. Morse, President, London, and Mr. Alfred Kitson, Secretary, Dewsbury. There was also present Mr. Dexter, Gladstone Hall Lyceum, Nottingham, who was elected at the Conference to be a witness to the destruction of the dies of the Jubilee Medals. The sessions of the Executive was a long one, but marked by the utmost harmony and good feeling throughout. The 'dies' were duly defaced, much to the regret of all present, as they were such splendid specimens of the die-sinker's art. Previous to the Executive session the members were generously entertained to tea by the local friends.

On the Sunday morning the Executive were present at the Lyceum session, the Conductor of the Lyceum, Mr. T. Edwards, paying our President the compliment of inviting him to conduct the session. Mr. Morse did so, with his usual genial ability. The work was done by all in an eminently creditable fashion, the reading, singing, and physical exercises being given, in each case, with excellent precision and steadiness. Under the head of Recreation, Miss N. Roscoe sang "The Gift" in a pleasing manner; the Misses F. and N. Pickthall gave an original Dialogue on "The Advantage of the Lyceum" in a very bright and intelligent manner, this dialogue being composed by Miss E. Medcalf; and Miss A. Marston recited "Birdies Spirit Song" in a touching manner. At the close of the session a short meeting was held, at which the members of the Executive made a series of entertaining addresses.

The afternoon and evening meetings were each carried through by the Executive. In the afternoon the President occupied the chair, and in the course of his opening speech he made an eloquent plea for the Lyceum work, urging parents and guardians to send the children to the Lyceum that they, the children, might be brought up to realise the blessings thereof. He also, in a most able manner, set forth the nature, purpose and objects of the Union, and why these visits of the Executive were made to various Lyceums all over the country. Capital speeches were delivered by Mr. A. Wilkinson, Mr. J. T. Dexter, Mr. S. S. Chiswell, and Mrs. Naylor, who also gave some very good clairvoyance at the close of her remarks. There was a very good audience present. Mr. Chiswell gave the opening Invocation, and Mr. T. O. Todd pronounced the benediction.

The evening meeting was fully attended, and most enthusiastic. Mr. S. S. Chiswell presided, owing to the President being obliged to leave for his engagement with the Spiritual Church, Salford. The speaking was again all that could be desired, and a fine spiritual atmosphere pervaded the meeting. It was a season of refreshing for all present. During the evening Miss M. Richardson sweetly sang "The Water Mill"; and Miss E. Medcalf ably recited "A Grand Revelation," an original composition by herself. The meeting was closed in the usual manner, and it is safe to say the visit of the Executive proved a red letter occasion in the annals of the work of the Lyceum and Society at Stockport. The members of both bodies deserve the heartiest thanks for all their arrangements, and the kindly hospitality accorded to the visiting workers.

## THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE SPIRITUALISTS' NATIONAL FEDERATION.

## NOTICES OF MOTION.

By THE WALSHALL SOCIETY.—That in future, the Executive Committee of the Federation shall hold its meetings at various centres where convenient, and when invited by the local Society or Societies, and that Public Demonstrations be held on the Sunday following in conjunction with such Societies, with a view to assisting them in their work, and furthering our Spiritual Cause generally.

By THE BLACKPOOL SOCIETY.—That the time has arrived when it is desirable that the relationship between Societies and their Lyceums should be strengthened, and better understood.

By MRS. M. H. WALLIS.—That the Spiritualists' National Federation be requested to adopt the "Order of Progressive Spiritualists' Sick, Benefit and Pension Funds" at their Conference in July, 1899, with the recommendation from the Council of the C.P.S. That the pensions now being paid to Mr. W. Wallace, Rev. C. Ware, Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Keyworth and Mrs. Kinchela shall be continued.

## NOMINATIONS FOR EXECUTIVE.

The following persons retire from the General Executive Committee, viz: Mrs. M. H. Wallis, Messrs. S. S. Chiswell, T. O. Todd, A. Kitson, W. Johnson, J. J. Morse, J. B. Tetlow, and A. Smedley. Retiring members are eligible for re-election.

List of Persons nominated as per Rule: Messrs. G. H. Bibbings, Nottingham; S. Butterworth, Blackpool; S. S. Chiswell, Liverpool; H. Howes, Blackpool; W. Johnson, Hyde; H. A. Kersey, Newcastle; A. Kitson, Batley Carr; W. Mason, Burnley; J. J. Morse, London; G. Ormerod, Rishton; J. Parker, Bradford; J. J. Parr, Bootle; J. Pemberton, Warrington; A. H. Roeke, Salford; J. B. Tetlow, Manchester; Mrs. M. H. Wallis, London; Mr. J. Whitaker, Keighley.

## TESTIMONIAL TO MRS. M. J. PLACE.

DEAR EDITORS.—Will you kindly insert in the next number of the BANNER the result of a Private Subscription made by a few friends of our dear sister, Mrs. M. J. Place, of Leicester? I have made personal acknowledgments to each subscriber, and I now express my public thanks for the excellent response, which amounts to the total stated.—Fraternally yours,  
JOHN VENABLES.

Hydesville, Foden Road, Walsall,  
June 22nd, 1899.

AMOUNT SUBSCRIBED.—Belper Friends, £3 6s. 9d.; Glasgow Friends, £2 10s. 6d.; Mrs. and Mrs. F., £2; Sowerby Bridge Friends, £1 12s.; Mr. and Mrs. J. V., £1 12s.; Mr. and Mrs. W., £1 1s.; T. W. D. T., £1 1s.; Huddersfield (Brook Street Society), £1; H. and A. B., £1; O. P. S. F., £1; Southport (Foresters' Hall), 18s.; Hyde, per W. J., 16s.; Mr. and Mrs. S., 10s.; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. M., 10s.; J. L., 10s.; A. C., 10s.; E. W., 10s.; M. A. W., 10s.; A. W., 10s.; Loughborough, 9s. 3d.; W. Ilfracombe, 5s.; I. W., 5s.; T. E., 5s.; J. B., 5s.; A. W. O., 6s.; T. A., 2s. 6d.; Jos. D., 2s. 6d.; K. I. R., 2s. 6d.; E. D. R., 10s.; Mr. W., 1s.; L. R., 6d. Total paid to Mrs. Place, less 11s. 6d. postages, etc., £23 10s.

## IN MEMORIAM.

## ALICE METCALF.

ON the 15th inst. our sister, Alice Metcalf, departed to the higher life. She was one of the oldest Lyceumists in Huddersfield, and greatly respected by all who knew her. Her illness was short, and borne with patience, in the full knowledge that the grave holds not the Spirit. Mr. Wilfred Rooke interred her mortal remains; the funeral was attended by a full contingent of Lyceum scholars, and was very impressive. At the Brook Street Room the week following Mr. Rooke conducted a memorial service to her memory. The officials showed us the greatest possible courtesy, and made us all feel that they were in true sympathy with the mother in her bereavement. Her mother desires to convey her best thanks to her Lyceum friends and all others for the beautiful floral wreaths sent, and the respect shown to her daughter.—E. ARMITAGE.

# THE GOLDEN GROUP.

**Motto:—LOVE, TEMPERANCE, PURITY.**

**Membership.**—Membership in the GOLDEN GROUP is open to all who belong to a Spiritualist Progressive Lyceum. All that is required is an assent to the Rules governing the GROUP, and an earnest endeavour to live up to its three-fold motto of "Love—Temperance—Purity."

**Rules.**—I. That I will endeavour to be kind and loving to all human beings, and every living thing. II. That I will try to be temperate in all things, and strive to abstain from using intoxicants and tobacco. III. That I will not 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, One 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 could interest the GROUP. Please give the name of your Lyceum, and your number on the ROLL.

## OUR JULY ASSEMBLY—SESSION LXXV.

FIRST of all let me thank you for the many congratulations received during the past month, because my part of the BANNER was again filled up! It is very nice of all my nephews and nieces who have written to me to say how glad they were to see my name again. Even Daisy and her brother Bob tell me how delighted they were. It is much better to be liked than not, isn't it! Auntie hopes you will all continue to be so kind to her, for she loves you all, very much, indeed.

Now, let me see! Yes, I have to bring my Reports up to date, and that means I must tell you first about our Assemblies for April and May. I told you about March last month.

The attendance at the April meeting was quite up to the average. There was a little difficulty over the opening exercises, as our Grand Director of music, Eva West, was suddenly taken ill, and thus prevented from occupying her position. As the attack occurred just as she was starting for the Assembly, there was no time to send us word, and we waited for a few moments to see if Eva was coming. Finally a substitute was found in Amelia Celia, and the opening song was duly sung. After the aspiration had been uttered, our Grand Secretary, Miss Justlove, called the Roll, and then proceeded to read the Minutes of the March meeting, which which were duly passed as correct. There being no correspondence to read, or names to propose, the motion of Walker Greenfield was then called from the Grand Conductor's chair, but there was no response! After a moment's silence May Greenfield rose and said her brother could not attend that night as he was ill with the mumps, but he wished that his motion should stand over until the next meeting. This was unanimously agreed to.

The G.S. then reported that we had 1323 members on the Roll, which fact was duly recorded on the Assembly Tablet.

There being no further business the Assembly then passed to recreation, and soon song and music and happy chatter filled the room with their pleasant sounds. During this part of the session Master Johnny asked permission to read the following pretty poem, which he did very nicely; it is as follows, and was entitled:—

### THE LAND OF LITTLE PEOPLE.

Far away, and yet so near us, lies a land where all have been,  
Played beside its sparkling waters, danced along its meadows  
green,

Where the busy world we dwell in and its noises only seem  
Like the echo of a tempest, or the shadow of a dream;  
And it grows not old for ever, sweet and young it is to day—  
'Tis the Land of Little People, where the happy children play.

And the things they know and see there are so wonderful  
and grand,  
Things that wiser, older people, cannot know or understand.

In the woods they meet the fairies, find the giants in their  
caves,

See the palaces of cloudland, and the mermen in the waves,  
Know what all the birdies sing of, hear the secrets of the  
flowers—

For the land of Little People is another world than ours.

Once 'twas ours; 'tis ours no longer, for when nursery time  
is o'er,

Through the Land of Little People we may wander nevermore;  
But we hear their merry voices, and we see them at their play,  
And our own dark world grows brighter, and we seem as  
young as they,

Roaming over shore and meadow, talking to the birds and  
flowers—

Though the Land of Little People is another world to ours.

Before closing, a message of loving sympathy was voted to Eva West, and with it the hope that we might see her as usual next time.

Our May Assembly was well attended, and we were all glad to see Eva West back again, looking little the worse for her late illness. She received a hearty greeting from all present.

After the regular opening exercises, the singing, aspiration, reading, and passing the minutes, and the reading of one or two letters of no public interest, the only items of business, Master Greenfield's motion about the picnic was brought up, and this time our young friend was present to move it, which he did in these terms:—

Proposed, that we have a picnic, at Silver Oaks, on Saturday, May 20th, and that the same be paid for out of the funds of this Grand Assembly.

In making his motion he said we ought to have an outing each year, and that it would do us all good to ramble in the woods, play games there, and have a good time. Silver Oaks was not too far away, and we could all go in waggonettes. There was a lovely farmhouse where they made teas for picnickers, and there were swings and things there, too.

Mary Hudson rose to second it, and hoped we should have it, and that there would be some dancing, too! Master Johnnie thought it was a bit too early in the season, and thought the ground would be damp, while if it came on to rain it would be awful. Then it would cost a lot, and unless we could invite some friends it would not be half as jolly as if we did. He would like to ask the Grand Treasurer how much funds we possessed?

Grand Treasurer reported that the Assembly had a little more than £10 in hand.

Alfred Playford urged that we could afford it, and as for the ground being too damp he did not think so, as it was all mossy, and underneath was hard rock which let the moisture drain away down into the river valley. He was surprised that the Grand Keeper of the Keys threw cold water on the idea, and as the members had loudly applauded the motion he thought the Grand Conductor should now put it to the vote.

No one else rising to speak the motion was put, and passed unanimously, Master Johnnie voting for it with the rest.

Edward Elston then moved—That we sell tickets to friends, and that the price be two shillings and sixpence each. He thought that some of the parents and friends might like to go with us, and if so that might help to make it easier on the funds in hand.

Eva West seconded the motion, and it was passed unanimously.

The Grand Conductor then nominated the following as a Committee on Arrangements: Walker Greenfield, Edward Elston, Daisy Jones, Jennie Bud, Eva West and Horace Righton, and, at the unanimous wish of all, she consented to serve on the committee also. The committee were ordered to proceed forthwith in all arrangements that were necessary. The Assembly was shortly after closed in the usual manner.

The June Assembly was attended by the largest number we have had present this year, nearly every seat being occupied.

The usual preliminaries were proceeded with, and it was noticed with regret that no names for enrolment were proposed. But on the G.C. rising from her chair she was greeted with more than usual warmth, and as Jenny Bud rose and walked to the desk cheers broke out all over the room. The G.C. was evidently quite mystified at hearing the cheers, and seeing Jenny come forward, but soon Jenny explained, in a nice little speech, which she read from a sheet of paper, what was in the air. It then transpired that the entire Assembly wished to express to the G.C. how much they appreciated all that she did for them at the picnic, how she had taken every care to see to their comfort and pleasure, and had left nothing undone that could help the committee to make the outing a success, so they had subscribed together to present her with a beautiful bouquet of flowers. At this point Eva Justlove advanced carrying a magnificent floral tribute, which she handed to G.C. amidst the ringing cheers of all present.

The G.C. was quite overpowered, and for a moment or two was unable to speak. Finally, she said how delighted and touched she was at this quite unexpected kindness, and assured all that she would never forget it, she had only tried to make the day a happy one for them all, and the committee did all the work and really deserved their thanks more than she did. Then there were more cheers, and up jumped Tommy Smiles, who shouted, 'three cheers for Aunt Editha,' which were given with a will.

The G.C., on quietness being restored, then said she had risen to say a word about the late Union Conference at Nottingham, but now she thought it would be better to have the report of the picnic committee, she would therefore call upon G.S. to present the same.

The G.S., Eva Justlove, then read the committee's report as follows:—

REPORT OF THE PICNIC COMMITTEE.

To the Grand Conductor and members of the Grand Assembly of the Golden Group.—Your Committee beg to report, that, according to your instructions when you appointed us, we duly made all necessary arrangements for the picnic you decided to hold on May 20th, last. Arrangements were made with Mr. and Mrs. Goodheart, of the Silver Oaks Farm, for us to meet there, and for them to provide dinner and tea. The price was fixed at one shilling for dinner, and sixpence for tea, per head, a guarantee for at least seventy-five persons being present. The dinner was excellent and abundant, as was also the tea. We hired four waggonettes, each seating thirty people, and at the last moment were obliged to engage a fifth. The first four were filled, and the fifth one was three parts occupied. The start was made punctually at 10 a.m., and at 11-35 we reached our journey's end. On arrival we found that materials for football, cricket, tennis, croquet, with swings, see-saws, etc., had been provided. There were races for big and little, and the prizes were numerous and good, many being given by our

beloved Grand Conductor. Dinner was served at one o'clock, ample justice being done to it by all. The afternoon was spent in sports, rambles by the river and in the woods, the only accident of the day being the falling into the river of Master Johnny, who, reaching to gather a flower lost his balance. He was only wetted, not hurt. Tea was served at six o'clock, and the hungry multitude left but little on the tables when it was all over. At eight o'clock all were in their places again, and shortly before ten the return journey was finished. It was the universal opinion that the day had been a brilliant success in every way; the financial statement appended will show that the event was financially successful as well. Submitted on behalf of the Committee, in fraternal regard and fellowship, signed, WALKER GREENFIELD, Secretary to the Committee.

GOLDEN GROUP PICNIC, FINANCIAL STATEMENT.			
To Hire of Brakes ...	£4 17 6	By Sale of Tickets ...	£8 0 0
„ Dinners... ..	7 10 0	„ Donation ... ..	5 5 0
„ Teas ... ..	5 12 6	„ Cash due Secy. ...	5 8 8
„ Sundries, printing	0 13 8		
	<u>£18 13 8</u>		<u>£18 13 8</u>

Audited and found correct,

MYLTON BRIDGES, }  
CLERK BOSWELL. } Auditors.

June 1st, 1899.  
Master Johnny rose to move the report and financial statement be adopted, and on the motion it was duly carried. The auditors explained that Mr. Saddleworth had kindly made special terms for the brake hire, and it was at once decided by acclamation to send him a vote of thanks. The donation shown was stated to be from 'an old Groupite,' who similarly helped us in the Cinderella held early in the year.

After the above matters had been disposed of, Horace Righton got up and said that no doubt the members would all feel pleased at their honoured friend, the Editor of the BANNER, had been elected to the Presidency of the British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union for the ensuing year (applause). He would, then, like to move that the congratulations of the GRAND ASSEMBLY of the GOLDEN GROUP be sent to Mr. J. J. Morse, with the heartiest good wishes for a happy prosperous year of office. Eva Justlove seconded the motion, and every one present voted for it with much applause. (Thank you, dear friends, all.—Eds.)

The meeting then passed on to recreation, and a very happy evening was spent, and finally closed with the usual refreshments. AUNT EDITHA.

## The "Banner" Letter Box.

### A FRATERNAL INVITATION.

#### BLACKPOOL SPIRITUAL CHURCH LYCEUM.

DEAR EDITORS—Will you permit me, through the BANNER, to give a hearty invitation to all Lyceum workers and lovers of the Lyceum visiting our town during the coming season, to pay us a visit? Many of our workers are busy during the season attending to the creature comforts of visitors, and a little help will be very much appreciated. A post card in advance will be esteemed a favour from any Lyceum worker, and any hints for improvement of our Lyceum thankfully received.—Fraternally yours,

JOHN ROBERTS, Lyceum Secretary.

14, Rothsay Road, Blackpool.

PASSED ON.—Mr. John Nutter, an active member and Financial Secretary of the Hammerton Street Society, Burnley. The remains were interred on May 24th, the service being held in the Wesleyan Chapel at Mereclough, the local minister conducting the service. Mr. Thomas Grimshaw subsequently delivered an eloquent address. About sixty spiritualist friends attended the obsequies.

## The Monthly Record.

### LYCEUM REPORTS.

**CARDIFF.**—The members of the Lyceum held their monthly open sessions on Sunday, May 21st. We were especially fortunate in having with us Mr. J. J. Morse, "Editor of the LYCEUM BANNER," and President of the Union, who addressed the meeting. His kind words of encouragement fired us with renewed energy to go on with the good work of inculcating the truths of Spiritualism into the minds of the young. The following Lyceumists assisted in making the afternoon a very pleasant one indeed. Recitations, Master A. Sadler and Miss Matson. Songs, the Misses Francis, Silby and Mr. Bert Silby. Mr. Fred Silby presided at the Organ, in his usual capable manner.—Monday, 22nd, we held our Annual outing, at Dinis Powis. The morning was cloudy and threatening rain, but we made up our minds to go, and simultaneously old Sol made up his mind to shine,—the clouds were soon dispelled, and the day was after all an ideal one for a day in the country. We were joined at Dinis Powis by the Barry Lyceumists, and a contingent of friends from Penarth—altogether we made quite a goodly company. Such gatherings as these promise favourably for the future of our grand cause in Wales. Let us hope that the time is not far distant when we shall have a Lyceum in every town in Wales where Spiritualism is known. Anyhow, let us work steadfastly towards that desired end. We desire to especially thank all friends who so kindly assisted us with the arrangements.—**GEORGE HARRIS, Conductor.**

**BLACKPOOL.**—We had our annual excursion into the country on Tuesday, May 16th. Over 100 scholars and friends went out to Wrea Green, a lovely rural spot some ten miles from Blackpool, in five wagonettes. It was a time of real enjoyment. On Sunday, May 21st, Mr. Alfred Kitson visited our Lyceum; his brief practical address was very much appreciated, as also was his addresses afternoon and evening. Many visitors turned in to the Lyceum Session from Rishton, Blackburn, and elsewhere.—**J. ROBERTS, Sec.** [The Cardiff and Blackpool reports came too late for insertion last month. Secretaries will please note that all reports must reach us by the 23rd of each month. See notice on editorial page.—**EDS.**]

**MANCHESTER, Pendleton, Broad Street.**—About eighty Lyceumists and friends had an enjoyable day on Whit-Thursday, at Messrs. Bridson & Sons' Farm, Outwood, near Wringley, having two good substantial meals provided, all Lyceumists free of charge.—**B. WILD, Sec.**

**MANCHESTER, Bradford.**—We had good sessions during June with very satisfactory attendances, the highest being fifty. The exercises were gone through in a very creditable manner. Messrs. Tonge and Selway favoured us with recitations and Mr. Davis was the Conductor.—**W. TONGE.**

**OLDHAM, Bartlam Place.**—On Saturday, June 10th, upwards of forty of our members had an outing to Chew Wells, Greenfield, which was heartily enjoyed by all. Our attendance keeps good, and the work is done nicely. A little more vigour in our physical exercises would improve that portion of our programme.—**W. HORSMAN.**

**RAWTENSTALL.**—Sunday, June 11th. Open Session. Excellent attendances. Mr. E. J. Barnes very kindly helped us again. We have also received a much appreciated visit from our worthy co-worker, Mr. Albert Wilkinson, of Nelson. We are progressing nicely.—**A. SIMPSON.**

### DISTRICT VISITORS' REPORT.

**LEEDS DISTRICT.**—The Leeds D.C. held its second yearly meeting at Dewsbury, on June 11th. The officers elected to

serve twelve months were as follows: President, A. Kitson; Hon. Treasurer, J. E. Archer; Hon. Secretary, J. W. Webster; District Visitor, J. Kitson. The local friends provided a tea and entertainment, which was greatly enjoyed. Songs were sung by Mrs. Moore, the Misses Day, Hirst, Moore and Bates; comic songs, in character, W. H. Green and A. Ledgard; Mr. Fletcher presided at the piano. The proceeds devoted to the Council's funds amounted to 12/6. Secretary's address, J. W. Webster, 7, Progress Terrace, Mount Pleasant, Batley.

**MANCHESTER DISTRICT.**—April 2nd, Royton, 35 present; good reciting, good marching, a very pleasing session. April 16th, Tipping Street, 47 present, Conductor, Mr. Braham; good work, many off ill. April 23rd, Openshaw, 82 present, work done well; Conductor, Mrs. Tweedale. May 13th, Higher Broughton, 43 present, work in its usual grand style; Conductor, Mr. Smith,—this Lyceum has only been open two years and on Saturday, June 10th, unfurled new banner. May 21st, Gray Street, 54 present, work very good, reciting very good. May 28th, Salford, 14 present, work done in a very high order, short address from Mr. Wallace; Conductor, Mr. Rock. June 4th, Collyhurst, 64 present, work done very well, reciting good; Conductor, Mr. Arundale; Afternoon, Ash Lodge, 22 present, work good, Mr. R. E. Brown, Conductor. June 11th, Hulme, 37 present, good work, reciting exceedingly good; Conductor, Mrs. Lamb. June 11th, Afternoon and Evening, Harpurhey, first open session, 60 children put in an appearance, good marching and good reciting. Short address by the Vice-president, Mr. Barron. The day concluded by Clairvoyance by the District Visitor—**P. BEWICH, D. V.**

### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

**ASHINGTON.**—The Ashington Lyceum intends holding an Anniversary on Sunday, August 6th. Singing and Recitations will be given by the Lyceum Scholars. August Bank Holiday we intend going to Metford. Hoping that all friends join in with us and spend a pleasant day.—**D. THOMAS.**

### LANCASHIRE LYCEUM DEMONSTRATION.

The seventh annual Lyceum Demonstration will be held on the Fair Ground, Bury, on Saturday, July 8th, 1899. Lyceums to assemble in Union Square, at 3-30 prompt, when after singing two hymns they will be arranged and march (four deep) through the principal streets to the Fair Ground, where marching and calisthenics will be given. Order of Procession:—Walkden Prize Brass Band; Chief Marshal, Mr. J. B. Longstaff; 1—Bury (Violet); 2—Manchester (Blue); 3—Royton (White); 4—Collyhurst (Primrose); Little Lever Brass Band; 5—Broughton (Stuart Tartan); 6—Harpurhey (Pink and Amber); 7—Rochdale (Lavender); 8—Pendleton (Salmon); 9—Rawtenstall (Blue and White). Marshals: Messrs. Golding, Cheetwood, Greaves, Taylor, Stafford, Alf. Smith, Knott, O'Neill, and Howorth. Conductors and Delegates to march in front of each Lyceum, Marshals at the side. After exercises the Order of Procession will be reversed, and march to the Co-operative Hall to tea. A collection will be taken during the exercises, half the proceeds to be given to the Bury Infirmary and the other half to the Demonstration Fund. Tea tickets 6d. each may be obtained from the delegates or at the Co-operative Hall.—**J. B. Longstaff, 28, Caton Street, Moss Side, Manchester.**

## Lyceum Festivals.

### SOWERBY BRIDGE ANNIVERSARY.

On Sunday, June 4th, a most delightful day was spent with Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Chiswell, of Liverpool. The morning session was thoroughly enjoyed, indeed, the influence pervading the meeting affected all even to tears of gladness. It was like the gathering of the clans, both visible and invisible, and "welcome" was the key-note of the day. Miss Thorpe, on behalf of the Lyceum, extended fraternal greetings to Mr. and Mrs. Chiswell, also to their Lyceum at Daulby Hall, Liverpool. Mr. Chiswell responded, after which Marion Greenwood presented Mrs. Chiswell with a bouquet of flowers, which provided that lady with "a message from the flowers" to the children; this was enjoyed immensely. Mr. Wright

then offered a greeting to all visiting friends, to which Mr. Hirst, of Elland, responded. These preliminaries concluded, the usual order was proceeded with, followed by marching and calisthenics. In response to a desire of the Conductor, Mr. Chiswell described his visit to the home of A. J. Davis, which I venture to say will not be soon forgotten. One motto in that gentleman's home I should like to see in every Lyceum, *i.e.*, "Under all circumstances keep an even mind." Happy thoughts, grateful thoughts go out to our founder in his far away home, and if we cannot see him bodily we can look on our medals and say, 'God bless you.'

The children's collection amounted to £4 14s. 9d. Afternoon service was presided over by Mrs. Chiswell, and she proved herself to be a splendid chairwoman, her remarks being eminently practical; a good shorthand writer would make better use of them than I can.

Mr. Chiswell was in good form at night, and carried the audience with him. He showed very clearly what our teachings are, taking extracts from the *Manual* to emphasize his sentiments. Strangers said, "we have learned more to-night about Spiritualism than we ever knew." That is what we want; a great deal of the prejudice about us arises from ignorance. Good singing helped to make the meeting harmonious. The introits were, "The Heavenly Song," and the "Dream of Paradise;" the quartet, "I will call upon the Lord," and "Gloria," were sung nicely, as well as other solos. The collections for the day amounted to £18 11s. 3½d. The Lyceum and Committee extend their thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Chiswell for their services, and to the BANNER for inserting this long report of another happy day gone by.—JESSY GREENWOOD, Conductor.

### RECEPTION TO OUR PRESIDENT BY THE SUNDERLAND LYCEUM.

A VERY interesting and most enjoyable event recently transpired at Sunderland, when the GOLDEN GROUP attached to the Ann Street Lyceum tendered the President of the B.S.L.U. a public reception on the occasion of his late visit to the above-named busy borough. The event was held on Thursday evening, the 15th ult. The proceedings comprised a performance by the children of selections from the Operetta of "The Three Bears," the various parts being admirably sustained in each case. The dialogue, songs and dances were each rendered in a fashion reflecting the highest credit to the trainers of the little ones for the time and patience bestowed upon them.

The first scene was the Royal Nursery with the King (Avery Luckley), the Queen (Lizzie Todd), and Golden Locks (Nellie Wandell), surrounded by the Royal Household, in which some bright chorus singing and solos were introduced. The Queen leaves to attend a Women's Rights Meeting, and the King laments the loss of his three sons through neglect of the Queen in home matters, and falls off to sleep. Golden Locks, left to her own resources, plays with her toys, and sings her dolly to sleep with a most charming song. Jack Frost (Lila Kenah), enters to entice her away into the woods, charms her by promises of plenty of fun and good things to eat, and shows her his wonderful group of dancers, this part being filled by eight girls dressed as tambourine girls, who execute a very smart ballet-dance.

The King and Queen having discovered that Golden Locks is missing call up all the servants of the palace, but no one knows where she is, save that one saw her depart with a lot of other children. The King and Queen at once guess that she has been stolen, the same way as her three sons, and

decide to go and search the woods. The King and Queen, together, with four of the attendants, then go through a very pretty gavotte.

Scene two introduces us to the woods, where four tiny fairies go through a clever snowball dance. (Jenny Todd, Lila Kenah, Hannah Kenah, and Ethel Hirst), to watch the evolutions of such young dancers was especially pleasing. (Belsay Todd) next appears and gives a serpentine dance.

The King and Queen, searching for Golden Locks, are intercepted by the Fairy Queen. The Queen is quite rude to her, not knowing she is a Fairy, but is soon brought to civility when the Fairy Queen reveals herself, and promises to take them to find the lost child.

Scene three shows the home of the Three Bears, where we are given a clever skirt dance by Olive Todd (a niece of the Conductor). Golden Locks, deserted by Jack Frost, finds her way into the house in a blinding snowstorm, and finds food on the table, quite in conformity with the old rendering of the tale, and is quite dismayed on the breaking of the seat of the Tiny Bear. In a remarkably sweet lullaby she sings her dolly to sleep, and then goes upstairs to find a bed. The three Bears (T. Luckley, O. Todd, and Albert Todd), return home, the elder playing a very good arrangement of Home Sweet Home on the Zither Harp. After their dismay at finding their food tampered with and the small chair broken, they decide to search the house. A loud scream is heard, and Golden Locks rushes into the room, followed by the three Bears, but just at this instant the Fairy Queen enters and stops the Bears. The King and Queen follow on after the Fairy Queen, and in their presence the three Bears are changed into the three Missing Sons, Golden Locks' own brothers. In passing over the four children to the King and Queen, the Fairy Queen gives the Queen a real good talking too for neglecting her children for the sake of Women's Rights, telling her that children had rights as well as women. The conclusion of her speech is so good that we give it:—

*Fairy Queen to the Queen:—*

I hope that you will never shirk  
Your household duties for what you call work:  
For if some real good you'd do,  
The Children's Lyceum is the place for you.  
And to do that work in a proper manner  
You'll have to read *The Lyceum Banner*;  
And as it's pages you eagerly scan,  
I know you'll thank *The Banner Man*.  
Mr. J. J. Morse is *The Man* I mean,  
And his helpful *Daughter* for work so keen,  
*Aunt Editha* too, whose example we take,  
With Golden Group for the Children's sake;  
And *Mr. Bunn*, with his riddles in rhyme,  
Which puzzle our noddles many a time;  
Nor shall we forget that bravest of men,  
*Alfred Kitson*, who works with his tongue and his pen;  
And that charming young lady, with her page so simple,  
You know who I mean!

(At which all call out,)

Yes! *Daisy Dimple*.

During the evening Mr. Thomas Olman Todd made an address to Mr. Morse, on behalf of the GROUP, expressive of the high appreciation in which that gentleman is held, as well as his daughter, Miss Florence Morse, for their work on behalf of the Lyceums, and the LYCEUM BANNER; particular stress was also laid on the labour of "Aunt Editha" and 'Daisy Dimple,' which evoked hearty cheers in each case.

Mr. Morse responded in a characteristic speech, which called out much laughter and cheers, and evidently pleased the young folks who had given him such an enjoyable and interesting an evening's entertainment, which, it must be noted, was a spontaneous suggestion from the children themselves.

## The Riddler's Corner.

EDITED BY J. HARRY BUNN.

**D**EAR RIDDLERS.—New contributors to our lively "Corner" are still forthcoming, but more still are wanted, so my answer to the Grand Secretary of the *Golden Group* (see final of page 86, last month's issue) is that I am willing to offer a special prize to riddle constructors who are members of his body, the prize to be given at end of year to the member who has sent in the best set of riddles. See Riddle Lessons, class one, two, and three, in last year's vol. of *LYCEUM BANNER*. Solvers are well catered for, as three small prizes are always offered every month, and are being won by Lyceumists resident in various parts of the country, the present winners being—Thomas Rule, J. H. Keen, and C. A. Box. The answers to June riddles are as follows:—

Miss Turton's contribution:

Verbal Charade: *Spiritualism*.

Mr. Howarth's contribution:

Verbal Charade: *Label* (la bell).

Mr. Deakin's contributions:

Enigma: *Echo*. Palindrome: *Pap* (papa).

Our Rishton friend has returned to us this month, and favours us with the following most excellent puzzles:—

### MONOPHONE.

My first is luxurious when in health;  
Next a rodent not very small;  
My third oft receives rank and wealth;  
Now pray tell me them all!

### REVERSION.

We give great delight and fun to boys,  
When from school they run to play;  
Reversed, I'm a blemish on dress or name,  
So avoid me night and day.

### ENIGMA.

Dear Riddlers true, can you bring me to view,  
For times without number I've been seen by you?  
I have varied hues grand to the sight;  
My crown is studded with jewels so bright;  
When you think I am near, I am still far away,  
If you try to approach me, the farther I stray;  
I'm without shape or size, and, when I am found,  
You have seen me so oft you'll declare I am round;  
Yet strange to relate (you may say "Well, I never!")  
Though I'm something, I am nothing whatever!

JOHN COOKE.

Now comes a couple of enigmatical conundrums. I regret to say that Mr. Jockel's charades are unsuitable, not being either brief or in rhyme. Here are the queries:—

### CONUNDRUMS.

What runs from Newcastle to London without moving?

CHARLES JOCKEL.

What is the difference between pure Milk and the *LYCEUM BANNER*?

MARJORY BOLTON.

Next is another new contributor, in the person of Mr. A. Curril, who sends us the following well-balanced riddle:—

### VERBAL CHARADE.

My first is in good though not in great;  
My second you'll find in early and late;  
My next is in every but not in all;

My fourth is in bright but not in dull;  
And now if trouble you will take,  
My last a county town will make.

A. CURRIL.

So here ends the July contributions. They are like the weather down this way, rather warm. Now, send on your answers, on the usual post-card, to the below address and not to London.

J. HARRY BUNN.

83, Blenheim Road, Reading-on-Thames.

## THE BRITISH LYCEUMISTS' CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE.

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)

HONORARY PRINCIPAL: PROF. T. TIMSON, F.B.P.A. (LONDON). All correspondence for this Department to be sent to Prof. T. Timson, 3, Museum Square, Leicester, and B.L.C.C. written in front on left hand upper corner of envelope. A stamp must in all cases be enclosed when a reply is required.

### THE BRAIN PROPER, AND SMALL BRAIN.

#### LESSON V.

**A**s shown in our last lesson, the brain is divided into, first, the cerebrum (brain proper), second, the cerebellum (small brain).

The former fills the forehead, the temporal, the coronal, and the parietal regions of the skull; the latter is situated in the lower back part of the skull, termed the *occiput*. A line drawn straight round the head from the root of the nose, and lodging like a pen on the ears, and traversing in a straight line backward, will pass below the frontal portions of the brain, and the line from the ear to the back of the head will lie between the back part of the larger brain above, and the lesser brain below. The Frontal Region is occupied by three groups of brain centres called *organs*, and are described as—first, Frontal Convolution, second, Frontal Convolution, and third, Frontal Convolution. First Group are found around the orbits and under the eye-brows, and are named—Individuality, form, size, weight, colour, order, and number. Second Group lie in a horizontal line about a quarter of an inch above the eye-brows, and extend from the temples from side to side. These are termed—Evertuality (or memory of events), locality, time, tune, constructiveness, and language. The third Groups are located from the root of the hair line, and extending in a line across the top of the forehead about three-quarters of an inch deep from side to side. They are termed the Reflective Reasoning and Comprehending Group.

The first group of organs are exercised by the activities of the mind, directed by the will and attention in observation and cognising objects, solids, concrete, and all ponderable bodies that possess the properties of form, shape, size, colour, number of parts, and the order of their arrangements.

The second Group are occupied in registering and recalling (recollecting) the events, happenings, phenomena, and effects produced by the operations and activities of these primary ponderable bodies, through their properties and qualities, and also to recognise the position, the situation, locality, time and date when such phenomena occur, as well as to cognise any special, and all sounds, harmonious or discordant that occurs therewith; and language enables the other faculties to name and denominate each object, colour, form, number, event, place, and sound, by christening them with a particular name, whereby they shall henceforth be readily distinguished from each and every other object, property,

quality and phenomena, or event. The third Group are engaged in meditating, reflecting, reasoning, comparing, classifying, analysing and distinguishing differences, causes, principles, and the laws governing and operating through the whole of the primary objects, and their qualities, conditions, changes, and phenomena.

In the Temporal Regions are situated other groups which are occupied in combining, constructing, scheming, planning, building, and adapting ways and means to accomplish ends devised and contrived by the understanding, comprehension, reasoning, and classifications of the other three groups. So far all these pertain to the world of matter, physics, concrete and solid bodies, and even liquids, fluids, and gasses, including the rays of colours, light, and sound, in natural, physical phenomena.

There are higher groups of organs with their functions demanding consideration, viz.: the Moral, Religious, and Spiritual, the latter including those faculties termed Spiritual Gifts, which we will deal with in our next lesson.

(To be Continued.)

### A NOBLE BOY.

THE woman was old, and feeble, and grey,  
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;  
The street was wet with the recent snow,  
And the woman's feet weary and slow.  
She stood at the crossing and waited long,  
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,  
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"  
Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,  
Hailing the snow, piled white and deep.  
Past the woman so old and gray  
Hastened the children on their way,  
Nor offered a helping hand to her,  
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir.

At last came one of the merry troop—  
The gayest boy of all the group;  
He paused beside her, and whispered low,  
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."  
He guided the trembling feet along,  
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,  
His young heart happy and well content;  
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,  
For all she is old and poor and slow.  
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand  
To help *my* mother—you understand—  
If e'er she be poor and old and gray,  
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head  
In her home that night, and the prayer she said  
Was, "God, be kind to the noble boy,  
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

Smartly dressed young lady: "Oh, you wicked boy; how could you rob that nest? No doubt the poor mother is now grieving for the loss of her eggs." Urchin: "Oh, she doesn't care. She's up in your hat."

"Now, children," said the Sunday school teacher, "can you tell me of a greater power than a king?" "Yes, ma'am," cried a little boy, eagerly. "What, Willie?" asked the teacher, benignly. "An ace, ma'am," was the unexpected reply.

## Leaders' Department.

### LYCEUM TOPICS FOR JULY.

[Hereafter, each month, we shall publish a selected Topic for our Lyceums to consider and discuss. For a time the Outline Lessons will be discontinued.—Eds. L.B.]

#### THOUGHT.

MENTAL temperance means the proper use of force, mental intemperance means the improper use of force.

An angry man has made an improper use of life's forces, when the element of angered thought is sent from him to another, as angered thought injures the one who sends, as well as the one who receives it.

Thought runs in currents as real as currents of water, and every peculiar order of thought joins its own peculiar current. So when one is in anger he is helping to swell the great current of anger, and he is receiving from as well as giving to that current.

A violent fit of anger calls that element to act on the body which racks and strains it. Hence the weakness of body felt after and even during anger, since the more healthful and strong order of thought, or force, is for the time being off or unable to act on the body.

Could you see clairvoyantly a man or woman very much frightened, you would see two—the body in one place, and the invisible self at a distance from the body, struggling to leave it entirely; and, when a man or woman faints, it is because, through pain or terror, so much of the spirit has, for the time being, left the body.

The waste of the vital forces of our natures is that coming of hurry or impatience, the doing of many things in an hour or day. The hurried, impatient mood in which you may tie your shoestring or adjust your clothing in the morning, you may carry into every act during the day.

You, in so doing, have connected yourself with the current of impatient, hurried thought. You have then become a part of that chain of being, or an order of hurried mind; and, could you see your real situation clairvoyantly, you would see yourself linked by invisible wires to every other hurried, impatient, and consequently fretful, and more or less irritable human being, for hurry and impatience lead as surely to fretfulness, irritability, and ill-temper, as the river flows to the sea.

In doing this you use up a great deal of force which might have been put directly in your work, and which you might the sooner have had, had you laid for it the corner-stone by tying your shoe-strings with a religious and devout carefulness in the morning, and in so doing have connected a religious, careful, orderful, and therefore pleasant and profitable mood of mind to every act done throughout the day. It pays in dollars and in health and in happiness to make well-formed habits early in life, thus building on a sure and suitable foundation, and it was intended by a greater wisdom as a first lesson to teach us the use and profit and pleasure which comes of putting our thought or force on the act which we are doing.

When the actor, painter, orator, speaker, or scholar, can put the time required for these different subjects, his whole thought or force, it is a pleasure to him and others through the proper use and expenditure of the forces belonging to them.

Every impatient act, no matter how trivial, costs an unprofitable outlay of force or thought, every impatient act is an act without a plan, but when all our thoughts and actions are planned it is a reward of our mental temperance, consequently, power, health, and strength is given us.

## The Junior Spiritualists' Club of Great Britain.

FOUNDED 1898.

### LIST OF OFFICERS.

President: Mr. J. J. Vango, 61, Blenheim Crescent, Ladbroke Grove, London, W.

Vice-President: Mr. J. J. Morse, 26, Osnaburgh-street, London, N.W.  
 Hon. Treasurer: Miss F. Porter, 124, Kensington Park-rd., London, W.  
 Committee: Miss McCreddie, Mrs. J. Parker, and Mr. H. W. Bradshaw.  
 Hon. Sec.: Miss Florence Morse, 26, Osnaburgh-st., London, N.W.

### HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENTS:

Harrison D. Barrett, Esq., President American Spiritualists' National Association, Boston, U.S.

Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader, Vice-president First Association of Spiritualists, Philadelphia, U.S.

Mrs. Carrie P. Pratt, Helping Hand Fund, Boston, Mass., U.S.

Dr. J. M. Peebles, San Diego, Cal., U.S.

George Spriggs, Esq., Melbourne, Australia.

### ADVANTAGES OF MEMBERSHIP.

The Club is composed of Members and Associates, who in return for their subscriptions are provided without further charge with:—

1.—A weekly meeting at which is presented either clairvoyance, trance, and normal lectures, papers and essays, palmistry, musical evenings, and once each quarter a Club Social, including refreshments, to which members can introduce visitors for a nominal charge payable by the member. No visitor being allowed to purchase tickets or pay for admission to any ordinary meeting of the Club.

2.—The Club arranges for lectures from, or receptions to, any distinguished visitors to London—native or foreign.

3.—Each year a Club Concert and Dance is provided for which special arrangements are made.

As a means of social intercourse, the study of spiritual problems and the providing of healthy recreation, the Club has become a distinct success. Further particulars and terms of membership in the Club can be obtained from,  
 FLORENCE MORSE, Hon. Sec.,  
 26, Osnaburgh Street, London, N.W.

## A FEW BIBLICAL ITEMS WORTH KNOWING.

THE following facts may interest many readers. They are said to have been compiled by the Prince of Granda, the heir to the Spanish throne, during his life imprisonment in the place of skulls, Madrid. It is said that the calculator occupied *three years* of his life in forming this table:—

### THE OLD TESTAMENT.

This division of the Bible contains 39 books, 929 chapters, 23,214 verses, 592,439 words, and 2,728,100 letters. The *middle book* of this division is the Book of Proverbs. The *middle chapter* is Job 29. The *middle verse* would be the 17th verse of the 20th chapter of II. Chronicles if there were a verse *more*, and verse 18 if there were a verse *less*. The word *Jehovah* occurs 6,885 times. The *shortest* verse is the 25th verse of the 1st chapter of I. Chronicles. The 19th chapter of the second Kings and the 32nd chapter of Isaiah are alike. The 8th, 15th, 21st, and 31st verses of the 107th Psalm are alike. All the verses of the 130th Psalm end alike.

### THE NEW TESTAMENT.

The New Testament contains 27 books, 260 chapters, 7,959 verses, 181,258 words, and 838,380 letters. The *middle book* is II, Thessalonians. The *middle chapter* would be Romans 13th, if there were a chapter *more*, and 14th if there were a chapter *less*. The *shortest verse* is the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of John. The *middle verse* is 17th verse of the 17th chapter of the Acts. Perhaps the finest chapter for rhetorical reader is the 26th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

## BRITISH SPIRITUALISTS' LYCEUM UNION.

FOUNDED, MAY, 1890.

### Officers for 1899-1900.

#### President—

Mr. J. J. MORSE, Florence House, Osnaburgh Street, London, N.W.

#### Past President—

Mr. JNO. VENABLES, Hydesville, Foden Road, Walsall.

#### Treasurer—

Mr. J. SUTCLIFFE, Sowerby Street, Sowerby Bridge.

#### Secretary—

Mr. ALFRED KITSON, Royd Street, Hanging Heaton, Dewsbury.

#### Executive:

Mrs. H. NAYLOR, 33, Prince Arthur Street, Middlesborough.

Mr. S. S. CHISWELL, 11 and 13, Renshaw Street, Liverpool.

Mr. T. O. TODD, 7, Winifred Terrace, Sunderland.

Mr. ALBERT WILKINSON, 10, Percy Street, Nelson.

The Plans, Purposes and Objects of the Union will, in part, be better understood by the following short extracts from its Constitution:—

#### OBJECTS.

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; and
- (f) Such other methods as may be found necessary.

#### UNION.

The Union shall be a Federal Union of the Progressive Lyceums of the United Kingdom.

Any Progressive Lyceum can join this Union by instructing the Secretary to place its name on the roll; such instruction shall imply assent to this Constitution.

#### MEMBERSHIP.

Representatives to the Annual Conference shall be duly appointed by the various Lyceums joining the Union. Those Lyceums which have under 50 members on their register shall be entitled to send one delegate; those who have over 50, but under 100, shall be entitled to send two delegates; and those who have over 100 shall be entitled to send three delegates; which number shall be the limit of representation allowed to any one Lyceum.

#### EXECUTIVE.

There shall be three Officers, viz.: a President, a Secretary, and a Treasurer, to be elected annually at the Conference.

There shall also be a Committee of four others, elected annually by the Conference.

#### CERTIFICATES.

A Certificate of Enrolment, printed in colours, duly signed by the President and Secretary of the Union, and a copy of the Constitution of a Lyceum, is duly furnished, free of charge, to every Lyceum on entering the Union.

The Secretary of the Union will at all times willingly furnish further information as to joining the Union, and as to its methods of work, and the advantages it can offer. While he will also be pleased to arrange for visits to institute new, revive lapsed, or encourage existing Lyceums, in any part of the kingdom. All communications to be addressed as above, and where reply's are needed a stamped and addressed envelope should be sent.

### WHAT SCHOOL CHILDREN SAY.

There has been fuss enough lately about what the children should be taught. Here are a few sentiments of their own:—

"Faith is a belief in what can't happen; Hope is a belief in what won't happen; and Charity is belief in what does happen." This is in reality a genuine School Board answer culled from an examiner's notebook.

'The act of uniformity,' said a little girl, "was to make everybody go to bed at the same time."

"The Kings of Israel," said a budding theologian, to a reverend examiner, "must have been poor because it is stated that they slept with their fathers. If they had been rich they would have had beds of their own."

"Jerusalem was surrounded by walls to keep the milk and honey out."

"The cities of Refuge were intended for those who had unintentionally committed suicide."

"Titus was an apostle who wrote epistles. He was the Emperor of Rome, and his surname was Oates."

"Papa, why do they call language the 'mother tongue?'"  
 "Because the father seldom gets a chance to use it."