

THE LYCEUM BANNER.

A Spiritualist Magazine for Old and Young.

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OUR GOLDEN YEAR.

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.



THE HOUSE AT HYDESVILLE, NEW YORK STATE.

Concluded.

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I AM now glad to be able to redeem my promise of giving you a picture of the historic House at Hydesville, wherein Modern Spiritualism originated on March 31st, 1898. This is the only authentic picture of that humble, but notable home, extant in this country to-day. It was taken by the writer, on Wednesday, June 1st, 1898, and that photograph is one of his cherished souvenirs of his visit to the Golden Jubilee held in the United States last year. The picture is also printed upon the Almanac, so my readers can hang it up in their homes for the remainder of the year.

In my last article I had carried my story down to my arrival at Washington, so now I must tell you of my happenings there. In the first instance I was tendered a reception by the officers and members of the first association of Spiritualists in their comfortable meeting place, the Maccabees Hall. I met many old friends again, and was most cordially greeted. Mrs. Richmond is the regular speaker for the above body, and I heard many nice things said of her public and private courses of lectures. I managed to secure a "snap shot" of the Headquarters of the "Spiritualists' National Association of the United States and Canada," from which the illustration on the following page has been made.

I wonder when our National Federation will have so good

looking a place for its domicile! It is in Washington that Miss Stienberg, the secretary of the Y.P.S.U. resides, as I mentioned last month, since when I have had an illustration made of her portrait, and elsewhere you will find one of Mr. I.C.I. Evans, the president. The Young People's Spiritual Union are to be congratulated upon securing two such able and cultured officers for the responsible posts they fill.

My next point was Brooklyn *en route* for Boston. In the first-named city I was once again the guest of my ever dear friend, Hon. A. H. Dailey, at whose house a warm welcome awaited me. On the Sunday morning we drove to far famed Coney Island, the ten miles of road having, on each side, a beautiful cycle track—up and down—made in the finest manner, and exclusively for cyclists. At night I was invited by the Brooklyn Women's Spiritual Union to join in the exercises of the evening, Judge Dailey being the principal speaker. At midnight I left New York in a "Sleeper," and the next thing I knew was that I had reached Boston!

In the July issue of the BANNER I narrated how we journeyed to Hyde Park to make the presentation to Andrew Jackson Davis, and how, alas! the medal and address had not arrived. I am glad to know, by a recently received copy of the *Banner of Light*, that both have lately come to hand

quit was Doris I must explain to my readers and of the Manchester Lyceum Demonstration Committee, that, in the hurry of work, and owing, too, that in my modesty I preferred to use the account of the presentations as published in the above-named paper, instead of writing one myself. The fact was omitted that the Letter of Greeting they sent to Mr. Davis was duly read out by me at the meeting, and personally handed at once to our honoured friend. Mr. Davis referred to it in his answering speech, but did not make, so far as I am aware, any written response either to the B.S.L.U. or the Demonstration Committee.

The Editor, proprietor and staff of the *Banner of Light*, in conjunction with many of the leading Boston Spiritualists, united in tendering me a public reception, in the magnificent Boston Spiritual Temple, generously loaned by its owner, Marcellus R. Ayer, for that purpose. If I deserve half the generous things said of me on that occasion I shall consider myself a very reputable person! Then back to New York, another midnight ride, arriving in time to catch the s.s. "Kensington," for Southampton, bringing with me the American Delegation to our International Congress in London. And the last, but by no means the least, portrait I present to



SPIRITUALISTS' NATIONAL ASSOCIATION HEADQUARTERS,
WASHINGTON.

continuing friendship, and cordial invitations to "come again and soon;" so much indebted that my heart ever warms to the Stars and Stripes, floating o'er the home of the brave and the land of the free, across the wide waters of the blue Atlantic ocean, to which I send my greetings as I lay down my pen.

my readers, is that of Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader, vice-president of the First Spiritualists' Association of Philadelphia, the oldest Spiritualist organization in the world!

Mrs. Cadwallader received a most cordial welcome from our people, her genial manner, charm of person, and enthusiasm for Spiritualism and mediums, literally winning her golden opinions wherever she went. She contemplates revisiting this country during the present year, and societies should certainly secure her services wherever possible.

My visit to our Golden Jubilee at Rochester, N. Y., in the land where our cause was born, will ever remain the most noted event in my long experience. The generous welcome and treatment accorded me are ineffaceable recollections that time cannot dim.

And again, for the fourth time, I am indebted to American Spiritualists for generous hospitality, assurances of ever



MISS STIENBERG.



MRS. CADWALLADER.

, like him also in the unmistakeable signs of good breeding; a lady in every instinct of noble and noble of a mean thought, or an indelicate action, and what is more rare, possessing the masculine of outlook and contempt of the small line virtue of larger which too frequently influence a woman's and petty motives which be fair even to opponents, could put actions. Doris could with a freedom from one-sidedness, herself in their place when others would have been unfairly which made her just w Ralph found that rare sympathy which partial. In his sister, F is indispensable to friendship in its to a nature such as his misunderstanding ever marred the higher sense. No fear of harmony of their intercourse, and any difference that might arise between them melted away as snow beneath the warm rays of spring sunshine.

"How is he?" asked the youth eagerly, as his sister paused in the doorway.

"There is no change, the doctor says it is too soon to discover what the damage really is, but"—and here the girl hesitated.

"But what?"

"He fears injury to the hip joints," she went on in a low tone; "he fell on his side, you know, Ralph." Ralph groaned. "I do know, brute that I was to touch the boy!"

"You shall not libel yourself, Ralph. My dear boy, you would not willingly hurt a fly!" said Doris, tenderly. "Perhaps not, in my senses, but when that dreadful wave of passion rises up, it seems to take such grim possession of me, that I am simply powerless to command myself. Doris! Doris! what can I do to master it?"

It was a pitiful appeal from one on the threshold of manhood, strong, yet appealing for strength, and the girl's eyes filled with tears as she met her brother's anxious gaze. Could nothing be done to save him from himself—must he go through life at the mercy of his own ungoverned nature?

"Ralph, dear, I think—I hope at least, that this affair, dreadful as it is, may be such a lesson to you—such a continuous reminder of your failing, that the very thought may aid you in overcoming it."

"I do not know. God knows I would sooner have lost my hand than have injured the boy," said Ralph, dropping wearily into a chair.

"Yes, He does know, and dearest—He will help you to overcome, if you will only ask." It was spoken diffidently, these two, united as they were in the closest ties of affection and confidence, rarely discussed subjects that some are apt to touch upon with scanty reverence.

A significant pressure of the hand was Ralph's only reply. "And the mother—what will she think of me now?" Doris coloured with an embarrassment her brother was quick to detect.

"I see—don't trouble to reply Doris. She will think me the fiend incarnate after this. At least, I shall have done her one good turn. I have given her the blissful satisfaction of feeling how admirably I have fulfilled her hopeful predictions." The tone in which this was said was more bitter than the words, and Doris replied gravely, "why do you judge her so hardly?" "Why does she persist in misjudging me?" he retorted, "am I always to be suspected of motives I would scorn to entertain—never credited with right feelings and good intentions? Heaven knows I am not blind to my own imperfections, but they are not such as she credits me with."

Doris sighed. Theirs was indeed a divided household, containing within it elements of discord that gave little

promise of future harmony. Between the second Mrs. Cardwell and Ralph there existed an antagonism which time seemed rather to increase than diminish. From her first entrance into her husband's family she had regarded his children with an indifference which, upon the birth of her own son, merged into a thinly veiled dislike. Mrs. Cardwell was a small woman, physically and mentally; a woman with neither breadth nor expansion about her; affectionate only to her own, and to them weakly indulgent and suspiciously jealous of their rights being in any way infringed upon. She had thus created a home atmosphere anything but congenial for the children, even her own son suffered at times from the cold winds of his mother's varying moods.

Guy was an affectionate little fellow, not so much spoiled as might have been expected from his training, and passionately fond of Ralph, whose love for the boy was untinged by the slightest feeling of bitterness. He could not help, as a child, feeling the difference in the mother's feelings towards himself and his sister and the younger boy, but his nature was too sound at the core to be discoloured by envy or jealousy, to permit him to blame the innocent cause of many a slight he and Doris received. But every year found him with a clearer insight into Mrs. Cardwell's character, and as a natural consequence, with a gradually diminishing respect for her.

CHAPTER II.—A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

The morning following the opening of my story found Ralph in the dining-room, alone; the breakfast was laid, but none of the family had yet come down, and Ralph, in some impatience was waiting their appearance. But it was not the cravings of a healthy appetite that made him so restless and induced so many glances at the clock which had just chimed the hour of eight. He was anxious to see his father, and, if possible, make his peace with him, and knowing from past experience that the interview was likely to be an unpleasant one, he was eager to get it off his mind. To confess a wrong, or apologise for one are very unpleasant tasks, but Ralph had no intention of shirking the obligation which his own behaviour had imposed upon him, but in spite of the keenness of his remorse he could not help feeling that somehow he was not *all* to blame, if only his father would try to understand him better and judge him a little less hardly.

Leaning against the mantel-piece, fingering nervously the pretty trifles upon it, the mirror reflected a face and figure of which any father might be proud. A good face, delicate in outline, and not without evidences of latent strength, as shown in the firm compression of the lips, and a certain intensity in the eyes. A grave face, too, this morning, as of one facing a problem and finding it hard to solve.

(To be Continued).

A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

MAY holy angels guide you
Throughout this new-born Year,
May every joy betide you
Unmarred by earthly care.
With heaven's blessing o'er you
May life be pure and fair;
And open now before you—
A happy bright New Year.

[Specially contributed to the Lyceum Banner.]

LORD OF HIMSELF.

BY ANNIE E. FITTON.

CHAPTER I.—FATHER AND SON.

UP and down, backwards and forwards paces young Ralph Cardwell, with white set face, his mind filled with hopeless misery, and biting self-contempt. He is alone in his own sanctum—a compound of bed-room and sitting-room, though the former function is so well disguised that more than a cursory glance would be needed to convince the curious that the room served any such purpose. Being large and commodious, it lends itself readily to the two-fold adaptation. A cosy 'den' altogether with a pleasant outlook, but small satisfaction it is affording to its occupier. He may appreciate the freedom of movement which the proportion of the room afford him, but he is too much absorbed in his own sad and reproachful musings to be otherwise conscious of his surroundings.

The eldest son of a prosperous banker in a Midland town, Ralph Cardwell, was as unlike his father as it is possible for a son to be, not merely outwardly dissimilar, but differing in tastes, in character, and aspirations. This, where father and son are concerned, is apt to be fatal to the continuance of harmonious relations. The elder Cardwell, a practical hard-headed man of business, strictly honourable, but prosaic and unimaginative, with not the ghost of an ideal, and every aspiration limited to the somewhat narrow sphere of provincial life in which he and his father and his grandfather before him had passed their span of existence. Eminently respectable and respected, the old established banking firm of Cardwell & Edge had an honourable man for its head—few were disposed to dispute that. Ralph Cardwell, senior, was merely carrying out the traditions of his family, and to hand down to his son the business which had steadily grown and expanded under his own wise management, was the aim and ambition of his life. But here an unkind fate threatened to interpose her veto. Ralph, the younger, as soon as he had left school, metaphorically speaking, took the bit between his teeth, and at first flatly refused to be driven in the old grove; the bank had no attraction for him. Never would he have, why then should he be harnessed to the family coach and submit to routine for which he had no taste, and as he feared even less ability? It was only upon considerable pressure that he at last consented to see how the thing worked—he hated the bank, and every coin it contained. One of the random assertions the boy was in the habit of making to his father plainly expressed disgust, to whom the said coins were too sacred to be too lightly regarded. The experiment could not be said to be a success, though Ralph and the despised bank had not yet parted company. He had proved himself the possessor of a fair share of brains, in spite of what the older man regarded as his fads and fancies, but his heart was not in his work, and he had so far signally failed in reconciling himself to it. Perhaps he had not tried, knowing what I do of Ralph Cardwell I dare not assert that he had; he was no piece of perfection, and possessed that love of his own way which is peculiar to human nature, and which the older Cardwell had transmitted to his eldest son in no limited degree. But it was a quality which the father failed to appreciate in the son, in the hope it was all obstinate self-will which needed a little wholesome discipline to cure.

Of an artistic temperament, inherited from his mother,

who died when he was a small child of son Ralph had always the dreary conviction, that misunderstood him, and would continue to do so to the end of the chapter. In the elder's eyes he was as too dreary and unpractical, too much given to living in the clouds for this matter of fact-age, and the faculty for music which he possessed to a considerable extent was so much lost time. With such diverse characters and opinions it was impossible to avoid friction, and unfortunately for young Ralph, his temper, when fully roused, was too uncontrolled to render contests between them desirable. This was Ralph's weak point, the flaw which spoiled what would otherwise have been a fine nature. He was honourable and straight forward, with warm affections and a capacity for self-devotion of which his father was utterly incapable. But his passionate nature chafed at all opposition, and he was subject to outbursts of passion which for the time being blinded his judgment and enslaved his better nature. He bitterly regretted his want of self-control, and after every wild outburst was subject to proportionate fits of remorse. Had his mother lived, or had his father been more in touch with the boy's aspirations and his rather peculiar temperament, this unhappy phase of his character might have been repressed; a firm yet loving sympathy would have been affected, an improvement by aiding the boy to conquer his failing, and much future suffering have been avoided.

Mr. Cardwell married again, and a second son was born, a rather delicate boy, affectionate and clinging, to whom Ralph was a hero, and as near perfection as it was possible for the boy to imagine. Upon Guy and his sister Doris, some few years his senior, Ralph lavished all the wealth of love of which his nature was capable. And it was the boy whose protector and champion he had always considered himself to be, since the day when the little lad, recovering from some childish ailment, had showed so persistent a preference for 'brother Ralph' that he had to establish himself head nurse, to the mother's surprise and disapproval, whom he had in one of his too frequent bursts of passion blindly thrust aside, and by the fall which followed, crippled temporarily if not permanently. It was for this that Ralph was suffering on the day when he is introduced to the reader, for this that the dark head was bowed in the bitterest self-reproach, and for this that the hot stinging tears filled his eyes and sobe heavy and deep shook him to the very centre as he threw himself on the couch and buried his face in his hands. What madness was this which possessed him? What a poor weak creature he must be to be thus the slave of his own ungovernable temper! True, he had been bitterly provoked, but what of that, was he never to be 'lord of himself,' the master, not the slave of his own passions? To have been so blinded by fury as to let his innocent brother fall a victim to his resentment, he had probably lamed him for life. Tortured by the thought he sprang up and again began the restless tramp by which he tried to escape from the fear which oppressed him.

Presently the door opened and his sister entered the room. He had been too miserable to note the low knock which had preceeded her entrance. Doris Cardwell was like and unlike her brother Ralph. Like him in complexion, the same dark hair, profuse and wavy, the same eyes so darkly blue, as in some lights to seem almost black, but with this difference that whereas his sparkled with a touch of fire, hers beamed with a steady lustre, betokening a calmer and equable temper, less subject to gusts of passion, and though not unemotional, having her feelings under better control. Tall, too, like her

A NEW ZEALAND WOOING.

Specially contributed to the Lyceum Banner.

By JENNY WREN.

CHAPTER I.—AN ACCIDENT AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

Ross Highway had been hunting as was his wont. Game had proved plentiful, but alas! from some unexplained cause, the gun had been prematurely discharged, and Ross was consequently, seriously wounded. Fortunately, he was with those who carefully nursed him, and ultimately when healed, he learned that he had been tended back to life by Janet Clare; and when recovered of his wound, he had gratefully pressed her hand at parting, and promised to return in more prosperous times.

Ah! he little thought how precious those parting words were to his devoted nurse, or how she watched for his coming, even as Marion in the moated grange, for "if he came not, then 'twas better she were dead."

Hurst Farm escaped those terrible visitations of fire and massacre, and continued to maintain its reputation for hospitality to both races, even as in the lifetime of its former owner, Robert Clare, whose death had given it in joint ownership to his two daughters, Janet and Olive.

Olive was the child of a second marriage, an event much resented by the elder daughter, who could not imagine what charm her father could see in the lovely half-caste girl who became Olive's mother.

Only for three short years did the new mistress reign, then harried off by consumption to a land where no discords exist, she left her little child to Janet's jealous care.

A delicate, sensitive child, who had caused her so little trouble, yet had ever been considered dreadfully in the way; Miss Clare could not understand what folks found to admire in "that little gipsy;" with her mother's smile, and a gentle winsomeness of manner that won all hearts.

Olive was sent to a convent to be educated, and remained there till she was sixteen, and it was during the last year of her absence that Ross Highway spent those weeks at Hurst Farm that were to result in such terrible suffering to at least two of the inhabitants.

No thought of love entered his mind as he rode through the avenue of gum trees the following season, bringing a handsome tribute of gratitude from his parents to his kind, hospitable nurse, Janet Clare. Then for the first time he saw Olive, who had returned to her home, a very unwelcome guest, for now more than ever, Janet resented the existence of the lovely accomplished girl who was co-heiress of Hurst Farm.

Yet all this rich land had been her mother's heritage, for miles around 'twas known that the royal blood of a great chief lingered yet in Olive's veins; 'twas to her own she came, this child of the Pakeha and his half-caste bride.

So Ross saw her, with her hands full of yellow wattle blossoms (she always kept the table rich with flowers) and his heart went out of his keeping as their eyes met, while the music of her voice lingered long in his ears.

If Janet had only known of his coming, she would have arranged for Olive's absence, but they had met ere the thought of danger crossed her mind; "met and loved, till death them should part."

The days passed all too quickly, picnics were planned, boating by moonlight on the lovely river, musical evenings at home, when Olive's rich contralto voice wakened many a

silent chord in her listeners hearts. Happy Sabbaths, when across the paddocks, scented with nature's sweet perfumes, they strolled towards the little church, where thanksgiving services was being held, for peace once more restored.

At last, his visit lengthened to its utmost limit, Ross rode away, but not until, beneath the native bush, all snowy with clematis bloom, he had told his "gipsy queen" the old, old story that is ever new, and taken his first kiss from her trembling lips.

And Janet waited for the words that were never to be spoken, waited with a bitter sense of wrong and desolation in her tortured heart; for a love that could never be hers. Then a sudden darkness fell upon her, and a jealous rage possessed her as a demon, for this "young thing" whom she had always despised, but whom now she hated as a rival; hated, for the very goodness of heart and purity of nature that were a daily reproach to her own evil tortured soul.

The bright days passed, and Olive spoke no word to feed the smouldering fires of her half-sister's passion; unconscious of all save her own sweet knowledge of that precious secret, "Ross loved her," she went on her daily way; knowing only that he had returned to Dunedin, his parents' home, and would come back at Christmas time to claim her promised hand.

Wintry winds and rains possessed no power to chill her brightness, for her heart was warm beneath her lover's letters, so full of honest trust and love for her.

CHAPTER II.—A CHRISTMAS TRAGEDY.

The springtime came, once more the scent of sweet clematis filled the air; and summer's golden roses, snowy lilies, and lovely crimson blooms prospered under the loving care of Olive's busy hands. A native woman who had known her from a child, looked questioningly in her face one day, and said, "does the whahine look for the pakeha's strong hand to help her across the river?" and Olive blushed so rosy red that the good old soul smiled as she turned away, singing a native love song; for Olive was very dear to the whole settlement, where she had gone in and out fearlessly in her childhood; she was treated with great respect by the chief, Tomal Waka, who always sent a gift of his best rumera and maize cobs up to the farm for her special use.

Christmas was very near, and Ross had written a long, respectful letter to Miss Clare, telling of his love for Olive, and of his speedy coming to claim her as his bride.

Olive journeyed to Auckland and purchased all she needed for her simple trossseau; and never guessed the storm that was gathering in the beautiful Waikato valley, during her absence. So passed the days, till Christmas week, when busily engaged with her simple white gown, Olive looked up at the sound of horses feet, and was presently clasped in her lover's arms.

Janet was very silent, not a muttering of the tempest at present filled the air; but as from the verandah she witnessed the meeting, she vowed in her heart "there should be no wedding this Christmas day." She welcomed Ross with even greater cordiality, and listened to all his plans; "how he was to take his bride to the Lakes for their honeymoon, then back with him to Dunedin."

But late that evening, when after parting with Ross, Olive entered the house, she was met by Janet, who exclaimed angrily, "I don't know whether you expect me to attend to everything, while you spend your time in idle

dreaming, 'here's the goose and fowls to pick, and the decorations to finish. I declare I'm sick to death of such foolery; you might consider other people's feet a little, if you have no regard for your own," she added, spitefully, glancing at the dainty little shoes that certainly were not proof against the evening dew; but Olive had not stayed to think of that, for were they not Ross's gift, and for that reason doubly valuable? "I'm sorry if you are tired, Janet," replied Olive, quietly; for she had grown accustomed to harsh words. "I'll do the goose now, and you can rest awhile; I shall have time to finish the greenery early in the morning." "Yes, you shall have plenty of time, my gipsy queen," said Janet to herself, as Olive ran away as blithely, for no hard words had power to chill her loving heart, and the frowns of the whole world were as nothing compared with one smile from Ross; and to-morrow, to-morrow would be Christmas day, the sacred day when he would call her wife.

Quickly and deftly her fingers flew, and soon the plump, featherless birds lay on the pantry shelf, ready for the oven. As Olive stood at the kitchen window in the fading light, that Christmas eve, she saw Janet standing by the fence, in close converse with some strange natives. There was nothing unusual in this, yet, somehow, a cold shiver passed through the young girl's frame; and a shadow seemed to fall across her face, like a foreboding of coming ill.

Shaking off the strange feeling of nervous dread, Olive entered the dining-room to partake of some slight refreshment; and very shortly was joined by Janet, who asked abruptly, "is your dress quite finished and everything ready for to-morrow?"

"Yes, Janet, I have so simple a costume that it was soon completed," replied the girl, recalling Ross's look of pride as he declared "his gipsy queen needed no ornament save her wealth of raven hair, and her bright smile." Janet's eyes seemed to snap unpleasantly as she answered, "and pray what more could you expect, did you wish to be robed in silk on your marriage day?" No, I never thought of it, Janet, dear, I care not for anything else; God has been very good to me."

(To be Continued.)

LYCEUM NOTES AND COMMENTS.—LXIX.

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

THE Christmas festivities are over. The New Year has come with all its new hopes, new aspirations, and new plans of things to be dared and done. Do not be discouraged with failures of the past, but rather let them be warnings for the future, use them as steppingstones to success, and then they will serve well. Let all try during the New Year to raise themselves morally and spiritually by placing their past failings beneath their feet.

THE Officers of Batley Carr Lyceum, who were not members of the society, have decided to enroll themselves *en bloc*. This is as it should be. Both Society and Lyceum should be bound together in mutual bonds, and make the welfare of each their care and study.

THE Leeds District Council held its quarterly meeting at Batley, on the 17th of December. After the business was over, an excellent tea was served, which was enjoyed by a large number of friends. This was followed by a splendid entertainment, ably presided over by Mr. J. W. Webster.

The whole proceeds are to be donated to the D. C. Funds, to ultimately enable all Lyceums in the Leeds District to send representatives free of cost. I trust this desirable end will soon be attained.

MR. WM. CHISNALL, the able and energetic District Visitor, of Rochdale District, is about to leave us for America. We regret to lose him. But our loss is the gain of our American friends, with whom we desire to bespeak for him a cordial welcome. Mr. Fowler has been appointed D. V. in Mr. Chisnall's place.

THE Lyceum Conference of 1899, has at last been fixed to be held at Nottingham. I trust our esteemed friend, Mr. Albert Wilkinson, who rendered our delegates such signal service last year, in enabling them to reach the Conference at Walsall, at reduced fares, will again intercede in a similar manner on this occasion, so that a good representation may be made to the Nottingham Conference. All Lyceums should try to send a delegate to this historical place, which, also, has the honour of being the first to form a Lyceum in England.

THE Statistical Return Forms were sent out on the 30th of December. I hope to get every one of them properly filled and returned. It will be noticed that contributions based on the returns, must be paid in advance, for which purpose a slip is enclosed to each Lyceum in the Union. It is important that this be duly observed, as no Lyceum can be supplied with books at the extra low rates until their contributions are duly paid.

I find that out of 111 Lyceums, 98 are in the Union. Would it not be much better if ALL were united? We need unity to provide our own text books, as no publisher will publish them as a private venture. For this reason a publishing fund was established after years of earnest effort. By this means the Union is able to furnish Lyceums with books at a lower rate than the ordinary trade prices. Make them a present of a *free* chart of membership, which, in America, without any cheap books, would cost them two dollars or 8s. 4d. besides their contributions. These are considerations well worthy of serious attention, independent of the fact that in unity there is strength. Strength that enables the many to help the few, the weak and struggling ones, by its District Visitors, which cannot be done in a disunited state. I appeal to these 13 Lyceums to begin the New Year by joining the Union. I should be pleased to answer any and all questions concerning the same.

INVITATIONS for the Lyceum Conference for the year 1900 should be sent in as early as possible, so that the Conference may have the choice of selection.

Remember all notices of change of secretary must be sent to me, and not the Editor of the LYCEUM BANNER. All the Return Forms are directed to the secretaries as they appear in the December LYCEUM BANNER. Where a change has taken place they should be handed to the new secretary.

CARDIFF UNFURLS THE FIRST WELSH BANNER.—"On December 28th we held our annual tea, Christmas tree, entertainment, etc. Under the able chairmanship of our good friend, Mr. E. Adams, a splendid programme was gone through, the artistes being frequently applauded. A most important feature of the proceedings was the unfurling of a new Banner. This was a very interesting little ceremony, and our banner—the first Lyceum Banner in Wales—was unfurled amid the general rejoicings of both Spiritualists and non-Spiritualists who comprised the audience. We tender our best thanks to all the friends who so ably assisted the Lyceumists to make the evening such a splendid success.—G. HARRIS, conductor."

A MAN OF MEDICINE.

An Account of an Interview with Rachael Bunn & Son, Herbal and Magnetic Practitioners, West Stanley, Co. Durham.



BY THE EDITOR.

IN the course of professional duty, I was lately at South Moor, a flourishing colliery town in County Durham. Among the large audience assembled in the Miners' Hall, I found a lady and gentleman from the neighbouring town of West Stanley, Mrs. Rachael and Mr. J. Harry Bunn. The last named has long been familiar to readers of this paper, through our popular "Riddlers' Corner," of which he is the able Editor. They are each, now, well-known to the public as practitioners of what is called "The Safe Herbal Remedies and Magnetic Systems of Treatment," which they have quite extensively advertised in this and other periodicals.

Thinking my readers, as Spiritualists and progressive people, would like to learn something about the Bunn's, and their work for the sick, I suggested an interview for that purpose, which was readily assented to.

In due course I arrived at their home, at West Stanley, in a quiet and eminently respectable locality, Towneley-street, and met with a warm reception, in more senses than one, for a huge fire was burning in a grate of generous proportions! Mrs. Bunn I found hospitable and genial to a degree, at once inspiring confidence. Mr. Bunn, who is alert, buoyant, and self-reliant, was the embodiment of activity and hard work. Looking at them both, evidently full of enthusiasm in their work for the sick, I was impressed as much by their fitness as their capacity, for what they were doing to relieve the ills that flesh is heir to.

How is it, one may ask, that up on the bleak moors of County Durham, in an inconspicuous colliery town, there comes forth to the healing of the sick two such workers for humanity? Is it because of that inscrutable law that ever forces fitness to the front, in spite all circumstances? Verily it would seem so. No one could look into the genial mother-like face of Mrs. Bunn, or the bright alert countenance of

her son, without the feeling, here are two with keen insight, strong intuitions, and generous natures. Fittingly equipped are such for the healing of the people, once place them in their right position, and there is no limit, but that of human endurance, to the good that they may accomplish.

What the impartial reader may think of these disciples of the Progressive Healing Art I know not, but this is true: I left them when the interview ended, fully impressed with their zeal, earnestness and sincerity, and with every confidence they leave no stone unturned in their endeavours to fulfil all their promises. Mrs. Bunn is truly a woman of worth, and her busy son, by his discoveries, is justly entitled to be described as a "Man of Medicine."

After the usual chat between friends, I came round to the point of our interview, the first item I took up being Mr. Bunn's advertisement in this and other papers. So I put it to him that as his advertisements stated matters quite strongly, I should like to tell my readers what foundation he had for all he said. Smilingly, he replied, "I do not state the half of what we can say!" To show me this was the case he produced shoals of letters, testimonials, and communications received from patients cured, and correspondingly grateful. But as the narrative form would not do Mr. Bunn justice I will put what transpired into more or less dialogue form, giving as nearly as possible Mr. Bunn's own words, reserving my own comments until the end of the interview.

Now, Mr. Bunn, I understand that your mother, Mrs. Rachael Bunn, possesses the power of Spiritual vision for diagnosing diseases: Can you tell me what was her first case, and what was the result of her treatment?

Mr. Bunn replied as follows:

MRS. BUNN'S FIRST CASE

occurred as far back as 1883. It was in this way: A lady of her acquaintance had been ailing, and gradually sinking for some considerable time. At last her doctor told her that not only would she never get well, but that she would die before morning. After the doctor left, Mrs. Bunn called on her friend to learn her condition. With tears streaming down her face she told her the mandate of her medical man, and concluded by exclaiming, "Oh, Lord, spare my life, and I will be a different woman in the future!" Mrs. Bunn was strongly impressed, and examined her and found the lower part of the body was dead up to the thighs, the spirit being in the act of leaving the body. Without knowing the why or wherefore of what she was doing, Mrs. Bunn made long passes from one extremity of the body to the other for fully two hours, without one moment's rest. She examined her again, and, to her delight, noticed that the body was warm from head to foot, and the patient in a gentle sleep. Upon calling the following morning, the doctor, to his astonishment, found a living woman instead of a corpse, as expected, but simply exclaimed, "Well, my lady, you nearly smelt sulphur *that time!*" Her condition brought about through partaking of too much of what the Indians call "fire water." This was the first life to the credit of Mrs. Bunn, but during the past fifteen years she has saved scores of lives in like manner, more especially the lives of children.

Well, that is very interesting indeed. But can you favour me with a few words as to what is your

METHOD OF CURE.

Our method of cure is triadical, our motto being *Omne Trinum Perfectum*. In the building up of our system we have applied our knowledge of occult laws, which has resulted in success far exceeding our most sanguine expectations. This

method we have called our "Combined Safe Cure System," because our Root Remedies are all absolutely safe and free from poisons. It has met with, so far as we can learn, unprecedented success, there not being even one case of death, and exactly 100 per cent. of cures. It is based on the hygienic system of Dr. T. R. Allinson, of London; the magnetic system of Professor D. Younger, of the same city; and the mental system of W. J. Colville, of America. Our "Weeping Willow Root Remedies" have, as their nucleus, Dr. Evans' discoveries, which we have for many years been privately perfecting. We have, altogether, a total of 33 Root Remedies and Specialities.

The secret of our success is embodied in this couplet:

To effect a cure by Nature's laws,
Delve down to the root of the cause.

When a patient visits us, or sends us a letter, we intuitively sense the *cause* of their complaint, and prescribe accordingly. We keep this in view with the result that a cure is soon effected.

What diseases have you cured? I asked.

To numerate them would be to fill at least half a column of the LYCEUM BANNER. In fact, I may here state that we firmly believe we can cure all diseases to which humanity is subject.

That is a big order!

Yes, it may appear so, yet the solution is simple: we are advocates and practitioners of the theory of the unity of disease, for which we are indebted to Dr. T. R. Allinson, of London.

ORIGINAL DISCOVERIES AND RESEARCHES.

Now, Mr. Bunn, you state in your advertisements in the Press that your safe antiseptic "goes to the root of all ills," and that it was discovered by you "after many years study and research." I should very much like to know how you made this remarkable discovery?

I will tell you with pleasure! To begin with, I was very much struck with Dr. T. R. Allinson's theory of the unity of disease; also with Dr. Evans' theory, that all diseases result in a septic condition of the organism. I then reasoned that this "septic," or putrifying condition of the system, could only be annulled by means of an *anti-septic* substance. Further, that this substance must be obtained from the vegetable kingdom, which alone sustains the animal kingdom. I wanted a substance that would accomplish a supposed impossibility, viz:—purify the body without weakening the system, and without blocking up the bowels. Epsom Salts purifies and weakens; Vegetable Charcoal purifies without weakening, but then it causes constipation. Moreover, it is utterly devoid of nourishing qualities. For all that, I found it the key to the situation in this way: I procured *root* charcoal from the weeping willow tree, and by the aid of six other substances obtained from the roots, barks, and saps of trees, succeeded in compounding our leading speciality—"Bunn's Weeping Willow Real Root Charcoal Compound." You will note there are seven words in the title, which, by the way, is registered and copyright. There are also seven substances in the compound, and seven powders in each box, for the patient to take consecutively during the seven days of the week. Seven, as you know, is a number signifying completeness, and I think you will admit that this compound is "complete," when I assure you that it purifies, strengthens, and builds up the body, and, at the same time, tones up the nervous system, sustains the brain, and is delicious to the palate. Add to this the fact that it is absolutely safe and will keep in any climate any

length of time, and I think you will have completeness and perfection if it is to be found on earth, at the close of this 19th century.

PROFESSIONAL HONOURS.

You say you have a gold medal, and a diploma, besides other testimonies to your joint abilities and success, tell me about them?

Yes, we are Medical Herbalists and Medical Magnetists by Special Diploma, also Gold Medallists of the Medical Herbalists Protection Association of Great Britain, and, added Mr. Bunn, I have recently been elected a Fellow of the Medical Nonconformists' League, of London. My mother was awarded the Gold Medal for obtaining the unprecedented number of one hundred declarations of cure in one year. The medicines by which the cures were made were all of my own making. The Medal was presented in the Autumn of 1898.

At my request the Medal was produced, and a very hand some one it is. The accompanying cut will serve to give an idea of what it is like, but only an inspection of the original can give a correct notion of its beauty and intrinsic value. The following description by Mr. Bunn, will give a fair account of what the medal, of which Mrs. Bunn is justifiably proud, is like.

The Medal is very massive, on the front is engraved the words "Presented to Mrs. Rachael Bunn, in acknowledgement of her one hundred cases of cure, 1898." Above this wording is a five pointed star, sending forth seven rays. Occultly this signifies the totality of healing inspiration. This is most appropriate, for Mrs. Bunn is a healing medium and a Spiritualist. The whole is surrounded by a most beautiful laurel wreath, signifying "victory." On the back is engraved a copy of the official seal of the Association. This is most finely executed, and is in itself a work of art.

With the Gold Medal the Council sent an official testimonial which reads thus:—"Great Prize of Honour. This Gold Medal granted to Mrs. Rachael Bunn, Hygienic Herbalist and Medical Magnetist, was presented by the undersigned as a special award for saving life, many of the patients signing the one hundred declarations of cure having been given up for dead by members of the Allopathic School of Medicine. Signed on behalf of the Council, C. H. Hassal, president; J. H. White, secretary."

Then, concluded Mr. Bunn, I have summarised the matter of our Cures and honours in this form:—

Our Official Diplomas, whereby, we became registered members of the Medical Herbalists Protection Association of Great Britain, are dated January 13th, 1898.

Our Gold Medal and Special Diplomas, presented to us by the aforementioned body, bear the date, September 5th, 1898.

J. Harry Bunn's first declaration of cure is dated November 9th, 1896.

Mrs. Rachael Bunn's first declaration of cure is dated December 3rd, 1897.

Mrs. R. Bunn's 100th declaration of cure is dated August 29th, 1898. Thus her hundred declarations of cure, stated as having been obtained within one year, were really obtained within nine months.

J. Harry Bunn's last declaration of cure, prior to the interview, is dated November 3rd, 1898.

Coming to a delicate point, I enquired if they found their profession profitable? The reply made was, since we became professionals we have no reason to complain. But for a number of years prior to entering the ranks we healed the

sick, said Mr. Bunn, for charity's sake, taking no pay whatever for our services. Indeed, we help all we can, even now. Moreover, he added, we have cured tumours and cancers and other growths by means of herbal remedies and magnetic passes.

So many cures were effected that he thought it would be worth while to keep a record of them. I did so, and, upon obtaining the round numbers of one hundred, forwarded them to Dr. C. H. Hassall, President of the Medical Herbalists' Protection Association of Great Britain. This gentleman placed the declarations before his Council, which resulted in Messrs. Rachael Bunn & Son becoming the *first* recipients of the Gold Medal of the Association. This honour was conferred in the autumn of the year 1898.

Now, without entering into further details, let me add that I gleaned the fact that Mrs. Bunn commenced her mission of healing some sixteen years ago, when residing at East Dulwich, London; and that her son commenced his work in November, 1896, when residing at Consett. I was greatly impressed with the records of an early case of cure, the complaint being that peculiarly trying disorder eczema, the patient, a Miss Hogg. I inspected the sworn statements as to her condition, and the certificate of her complete recovery, given by her own Doctor, after Mr. Bunn had treated, and cured her. Indeed, the whole of the 100 cases of cure were submitted to my inspection, and their perfect *bona fides* is at once apparent.

The merits of the system pursued by Messrs. R. & J. H. Bunn have been officially recognised by competent authorities, while the successful results speak for themselves. Judged by both tests their can be no question of the satisfactory nature of one or the other. As any system of religion is an improvement on the old doctrines of our youth, so any system of medicine that dispenses with drugs and knives is an improvement on our methods of ministering to human ills. May Messrs Bunn & Son, long flourishing in their beneficent mission must be the wish of every reader of this article which is written solely in the interests of a sound mind in a healthy body.

“We had our annual meeting on January 1st. We have made great progress. We only started eight months ago, and have 90 children on the register.”—A. W. BURROWS. [Yet our friends only take 15 copies of their paper.—Eds.]

BLACKPOOL, (Albert Road.—On November 4th, we had our fourth Lyceum Anniversary Services. Mr. A. Wilkinson, Nelson, gave three excellent addresses, on “Lyceums and Lyceum Work.” Miss M. E. Gerrard, of Blackburn, gave Clairvoyance at each service which was exceedingly successful and Mr. A. Holt, Blackburn, officiated at the piano in an efficient manner, the Lyceum scholars and friends formed a large choir for the occasion. Nov. 21st, Anniversary Tea, when some 160 persons sat down; after which an entertainment was given by Lyceum scholars and friends. A most enjoyable evening was spent.—M. BRINDLE.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—On Sunday, December 11th, we held a very enjoyable session in the afternoon, then all “tead” together, and occupied the platform in the evening for our annual Prize Distribution. We had a capital attendance of children and a good audience. Our conductor, Mr. W. Moore, presided, and Mr. H. A. Kersey distributed the prizes. He, in a few well chosen remarks, pointed out to the children that the prizes of useful books they were about to receive was only one of many to be obtained in the Lyceum. There were the prizes of physical development to obtain a healthy body and a healthy spirit; the moral teaching to be obtained in the Lyceum would be of great service to them through life. They were taught to do right because 'twas right. Our conductor reported a great improvement during the last year. Songs, solos, recitations, etc., were rendered by the Choir and Lyceum, also by Messrs. Chapman, Teal, Morris, Greenwell, and the Misses Ellison, Thompson, MacFadyen.—G. M. MARTIN.

OUR PRESIDENT'S TRUMPET CALL.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Your Monthly Chat in the December BANNER contains an item of interest and practical suggestion that has been on my mind for some time past, viz.: A Sustentation Fund, and I shall be pleased to send you a guinea towards the same. At the end of eight years of hard work in the Children's Cause, and for the uplifting of humanity through our LYCEUM BANNER, it makes one regret that it is not self-supporting. But you can look back with honest pride upon the good work that has been done through its pages; much self-sacrifice must have been made. But love for the Children's Cause inspired you, and for this we ought, and in fact we do, give you our heartfelt thanks for the noble work you have so unselfishly given to what you consider your call to duty on behalf of the children. But how much easier the burden would be if all Lyceums would do their duty, and increase the sales of the BANNER so as to make it self-supporting, and this could be done with but a little effort if each one would feel it their duty to do so.

Now, friends, the New Year has now dawned upon us, let us urgently urge those who have held aloof from the Lyceum work to see the great need of more active work among the children in teaching them our beautiful philosophy, so that they will not have to unlearn what we older have had to get free from. May I kindly ask those dear friends who have so nobly been doing their level best in the good work not to relax any effort, but feel that in teaching the children the lessons of the higher life they are laying up treasures, not of earth, but of the spirit, and may they feel it a call to duty, and being faithful and true to principle, their reward may not be in this life, but the well done good and faithful *one* will *re-echo* in the higher life, and what better welcome can it be than of faithful service done for God and humanity.

To all dear children and friends in the Lyceum and Spiritual work, I wish you all God speed in your word and labour during the year 1899, and hope that we all may try to gladden the hearts of some one in need, and try to bring that peace on earth and good-will to all men. Yours in the cause of truth.—JOHN VENABLES, President, B.S.L.U.

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.—Just as our pages go to press the news reaches us of the departure to a higher life of Mrs. B. B. Hill, mother of Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader, whose genial presence amongst us, hundreds will recall. Mrs. Hill succumbed to heart failure on Christmas Day. The sincere sympathy of the BANNER goes out to our esteemed friends, and our readers will, we are sure, join therein as well.

A PLEA FOR COMFORT.

Come to me, let me in mine arms enfold thee,
Stay with me, comfort me, leave me not alone,
Thy spirit form I know I cannot see,
But help me, pray for me 'till life is done.

Be not afraid, I will stay nigh thee—
Waiting and watching all through this life,
So when death's portals open wide you see,
Free from all strife you'll be, all bitter strife.

Help me then, comfort me, lest I am afraid,
When my last moments come and life is o'er;
Let it all be to me as thou hast said,
So may my death be the fading of a flower.

WYND.

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.

Adopted as the official organ of the British Spiritualists Lyceum Union, May, 1891.

THE LYCEUM BANNER.

PRICE ONE PENNY. POST FREE, 1½d.

J. J. MORSE: Editor and Publisher.

FLORENCE MORSE: Associate Editor.

Assisted by Lyceum workers in all parts of the world.

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Special Reduced Terms to Lyceums and Societies.

Twelve Copies 10½d., 18 copies 1/4, 24 copies 1/9, 36 copies 2/7½, 48 copies 3/4. All orders for four dozens and upwards at tenpence per dozen. No less than twelve copies supplied at these rates. Odd numbers, if supplied in usual parcels, ¾d. each. All parcels sent carriage paid at above rates. Accounts due quarterly. Receipts returned in parcels, unless ¾d. stamp is sent to cover return postage. Send all orders on the last Monday of the month.

Annual Subscription, post free in Postal Union, 1s. 6d. To the United States, 40 cents. U.S. currency or postage stamps taken. P.O. on EUSTON ROAD, N.W.

The Lyceum Banner.

JANUARY, 1899.

OUR NEW YEAR GREETINGS.

1899. WITH this number the BANNER commences its career for 1899. Once more its Editors greet their readers, all over the world, with the time honoured wishes for, a Happy and Prosperous New Year to you all! Month by month we promise you to do our utmost for the cause we all love so well, the Children's Progressive Lyceum Work and its Union. A wave of sympathy and fraternal recognition of the work we are doing has of late poured into this office, and it encourages us to know that our efforts are at last reaping the approval of the movement at large. The road has been long, at times we have been badly discouraged, sometimes misrepresented—because misunderstood—but, in all, and through all, we have remained faithful to the task the Unseen placed in our hands. We are thankful to know that the BANNER has proved a blessing to our Lyceums, and that it still retains their confidence. It is ever healthy in tone, educational and progressive in sentiment, and such it will ever be our aim to keep it.

*

To those who have Helped us. THE work that the BANNER has done and the position it has gained have been the result in many ways of the ever generous assistance rendered to its Editors. A full meed of thanks is due to the workers who have helped us. By these we mean those whose contributions have appeared in our pages from time to time. These include Miss Annie F. Fitton, who will speak to you each month during 1899. Mr. Alfred Kitson, our indefatigable Union Secretary, whose Notes and Comments will continue to regularly appear. The Editors are greatly obliged to Bro. Kitson for these monthly Notes, containing so much valuable information as they do. From our first issue, with scarcely an omission, these contributions have appeared in the BANNER, and our readers have thus been

supplied with items of news of the utmost importance to all workers. Other literary favours we have received from our friend in former years, and we hope to be favoured in like manner again. The Riddler's Corner has proved an exceptional attraction, and Mr. J. Harry Bunn has manifested not only talent, but genius as well in its direction. He, too, has our best thanks, and he will be with us all this year also. While Daisy Dimple, whose bright and chatty letters so charm our young readers, and old ones too, deserves the thanks of all, not only for her contributions, but for the lovely suggestion for a Spiritualists' Children's Convalescent Home, which it is hoped will come into existence this summer. While Aunt Editha, staunch friend as she is, has done not a little to make this journal so popular with the juniors. While last, but by no means least, the great army of secretaries, who have supplied us with reports of the doings of their respective Lyceums have our hearty thanks for their kindnesses. We try our best to meet all their wishes, and if we fail, well, "it is not in mortals to command success," that is all we can say. But, oh! dear, we we forgetting the one person who makes the success of any paper, and who gives the Publisher the success that helps him practically, that is the purchaser. To him and her, to all of them, the publisher returns his thanks, as does the Editors, for long continued and increasing support, and it is hoped the merits of the BANNER for 1899 may be such that at the close of the year our circulation may be at least double at what it stands at the commencement of the year now commenced. And finally, we must thank our elder brethren of the press: In London, *Light*, and in Manchester the *Two Worlds*, and in Leeds *The Torch*, for many kindly words and appreciative notices. As also the *Banner of Light* in Boston, and other American papers; the *Harbinger of Light* in Melbourne, and *The Messenger* in New Zealand, all having spoken pleasantly of our efforts, so to each we return hearty thanks. While lastly, but not least, we thank our friend Mr. J. B. Longstaff, for the fine series of twelve portraits of Lancashire Lyceumists we were able to print, over twelve months' issues.

*

Our Present Number. WE point with pride to the contents of this issue of the BANNER, as being among the best ever presented in our list of New Year's Numbers. The illustrations are alone worth the price of the paper, to say nothing of the Almanac. The literary contents reflect poetry, pathos, mirth, amusement and instruction, and the whole has been produced at a cost that if the entire edition is disposed of will only then barely clear expenses. Nevertheless, the Editors thought you all deserved a paper that would be a credit to the work. They think you have it.

SOWERBY BRIDGE.—Our good friends at Sowerby Bridge recently held a series of successful 'At-Homes' in the Lyceum Hall, and we and we are indebted to Mr. Thos. H. Wright, cor. sec., for a cutting from the local paper, which we print elsewhere. We shall print a nice little letter from Mr. Wright next month. No room this time.

MR. MORSE'S LANTERN LECTURE.—Several times Mr. Albert Wilkinson, of Nelson, has very generously assisted Mr. Morse in his lecture by manipulating the lime-light apparatus and exhibiting the slides. Our good friend has done this at no little inconvenience to himself, and he has our very hearty thanks for his kindness. Mr. Wilkinson is an expert Lanternist and Cinematograph exhibitor, and Societies requiring the aid of such exhibitions for concerts, entertainments or lectures, should not fail to communicate with one who is a staunch Spiritualist and an able entertainer.

THAT generous-hearted friend of our cause and lover of the children, Mr. John Lamont, lately handed us half-a-sovereign, "to help along the BANNER," as he kindly put it.

Spiritual Polity.

OUR PRINCIPLES AND AIMS.

BY DR. J. M. PEEBLES.

NO ONE would fight a flinty and fixed creed with more vigor than myself. Liberty of thought must be unrestricted. The soul must wear no shackles. The right to life, the right to think, the right to speak our highest convictions, the right of air to breathe and soil to till, are all alienable rights. And so, Spiritualists have the right to promulgate a declaration of principles. Am I told that the time for such action has not come? This is the sluggard's logic—the idler's babble. There are those among us who move only when they are moved. They float as aimlessly as do dead herring down the stream. "We've got along in the past, let us keep on," they say, "in the same old rut." So sing the stupid. If there is any one Bible text that they richly, reverently admire, it is this: "Let us wait"—"wait and see the salvation of God." Down on this slothfulness; let us be up and doing. Let us plant our standard upon the highest moral eminence; then will its silken folds inspire and fire the hearts of millions, shake this wide continent and command the respect of the enlightened world.

If Spiritualism is misrepresented; if reporters ridicule it; if it is not respected, the fault largely lies at the door of its million believers. It certainly has in it all the elements to convince the reason, to enrich philosophy, to enlist the affections of the humblest disciple, and to command the homage of the proudest intellect. It appeals to the young mother weeping over the casket of the first-born; to the materialist who hopes for immortality; to the statesman who casts the horoscope of nations; to the philosopher who scales the very heavens with his far-reaching investigations; and to the conscientious worshipper whose reverent spirit looks up and rests in trust upon the bosom of the Infinite.

OUR DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

Negatively.—We do not believe in the jealous, angry, human-shaped God of sectarian churchdom; we do not believe in the fall of man in the garden; we do not believe in total depravity; we do not believe in the plenary inspirations of the Bible; we do not believe in the Athanasian Trinity; we do not believe in a personal devil; we do not believe in the Vicarious atonement; we do not believe in a future general judgment; we do not believe in the resurrection of this physical body; we do not believe in future endless hell torment, nor that the keys of the kingdom of heaven were ever trusted to any priest or pope.

Affirmatively.—We believe the foundation stone of Spiritualism to be Spirit—Spirit, manifest as life, intelligence, and energy through all matter by fixed methods, fixed

laws, the laws of nature.

We believe man to be the crowning work of nature's processes, physically connected with all the lower orders of creation, and spiritually related to spirits, angels, and the Infinite Spirit.

We believe man to be a trinity in unity, constituted of a physical body, a spiritual body (or soul) and the conscious spirit, the spirit being the real man.

We believe that death is simply a release, a shedding of physical mortality, and that the resurrection is the raising of the spiritual out of the decaying physical body.

We believe that spirits have spiritual bodies in the future life, and, being conscious identities, with memories and reasoning faculties, can and do, under proper conditions, communicate through natural law with the mortals of earth.

We believe that the spirit world is here and everywhere, and that with us walk, all unseen, our sympathising friends, aiding and impressing us at times from the higher planes of wisdom.

We believe that these spirit spheres, more conditions than far-off localities, are as diversified as are human intelligences, and at death each enters the sphere that his mortal life and moral conduct have fitted him for.

We believe that punishment and compensation naturally follow the violation of law in all worlds, and that the heavens and hells are conditions rather than fixed localities in space.

We believe that salvation is of works rather than of faith or of grace, each earning the heaven that he inhabits in the next stage of existence.

We believe the divine atom, the ego is the Infinite God incarnate, and in the brotherhood of the human race—that the last in the line of evolution has in him all the possibilities of the angel.

We believe in the personality of God, predicating that personality not upon shape, avoirdupois, or any form of anthropomorphism; but upon consciousness, will and purpose. J. S. Loveland wisely said, "An impersonal God is no God at all." We believe that Gautama Buddha, Socrates, Plato, Jesus and others of those grandly-inspired souls in the past, were leaders of human thought and help to human advancement. We believe in maintaining under all circumstances ourselfhood, accepting spirit messages not as authorities, but as helps touching this life and the life to come.

We believe in the wisdom and necessity of better supporting the Spiritualist press, of employing regular speakers, in the sustaining of Lyceums, in building up educational institutions, and encouraging home circles in the place of public, promiscuous séances, and in living such just, upright, and ennobling lives as will make a heaven here and now.

In expressing the above beliefs I am speaking only for myself. Beliefs are not principles. I mention the above beliefs as possible helps in the construction of a broad declaration of principles.



DR. J. M. PEEBLES.

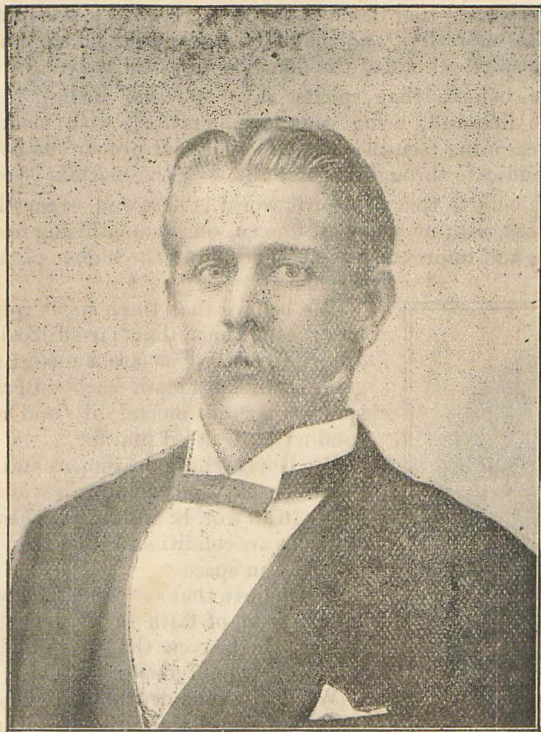
FIRST Theosophist: This settles it; I resign from the Society. Second Theosophist: What's the matter? First Theosophist: Why, one of my tenants has gone off without paying his rent, and left a note saying he would try to square up with me in some future existence!

"I AM pleased to see that you have at last opened a Sustentation Fund, and hope it will meet with the support it deserves. Enclosed please find a P.O. for 5s., my little contribution for same. With every good wish for a Happy and Prosperous New Year.—Yours faithfully, WALTER BOOTH. [Thank you heartily, good friend.—Eds.]

Spiritualism among our Young People.

MR. I. C. I. EVANS,

President of the Young People's Spiritual Union of the United States.



Mr. I. C. I. EVANS.

THE LYCEUM BANNER is pleased to present to its readers the portrait of the above-named gentleman, who has laboured so strenuously to create the organisation that honoured alike itself, and him, by electing our friend as its first President. The following sketch of Mr. Evans' career will be read with interest, and as he is a native of the Principality, Great Britain can at least claim a share, through one of her sons, in the work he has accomplished for our Cause.

SKETCH.

MR. I. C. I. EVANS was born in Brecon, Wales, on April 9th, 1837. His mother, Mrs. Sarah Evans, (*nee* Underwood), was an Englishwoman, whose parents resided in Suffolk, and his father, Mr. Rhys T. Evans, was a Welshman. In the early spring of 1873 Mr. Evans' parents headed a colony of one hundred families from the United Kingdom who, in March, 1873, settled in Clay Co., Minn. After a few years' time, during which his father conducted a store of general merchandise, his parents changed their occupation to farming, near Muskoda, Clay Co., Minn., and here Mr. Evans spent the greater portion of his youth. Educational facilities were very meagre, he being able to attend school from but one to four months of each year, but he was an indefatigable home student and almost constantly carried one of his school books around with him, perusing it at odd moments, and while going to and from his work.

During the winter of 1888, he attended the Humbolt High School, in St. Paul, Minn., and in 1890 gave up farm life and for two years taught a School in Fossum and Lake Ida, Norman Co., Minn., respectively. In March, 1892, he

entered the Metropolitan Business College, of St. Paul, for the purpose of increasing his speed in shorthand and learning typewriting, graduating there from June 30th, of that year. July 1st he entered the employ of Thiel's Detective Service of that city, as stenographer and typewriter, resigning that position November 1st, for the purpose of again entering the Metropolitan Business College and taking up a course of bookkeeping. In the spring of 1893, he was chosen President and Valedictorian of the graduating class, and immediately after the termination of the school term entered the employ of the firm of Robinson, Cary & Co., as stenographer. After a few months service with this firm he was employed by the Hardware firm of Farwell, Ozmun, Kirk & Co., as clerk and assistant bookkeeper. After two months stay here he was transferred to their retail store, the North-Western Hardware Company, of St. Paul, and promoted to the position of cashier, stenographer and assistant book-keeper, where he remained until the spring of 1894, when he secured an appointment under the Civil Service, and on April 14th commenced his duties in the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C., as stenographer and typewriter, since which time his services have been twice rewarded by promotion.

On December 25th, 1894, he was married to Miss Marie C. Sauer, of St. Paul, Minn., the ceremony taking place at the residence of the bride's brother, Mr. John Sauer, of that city.

Mr. Evans has been the official stenographer during the fourth, fifth and sixth Conventions of the National Spiritualists' Association. He was chosen Superintendent of the Young People's Department of the Jubilee, held in Rochester, N.Y., in May, 1898, and was elected as President of the National Young People's Spiritualist Union, to serve until the 2nd Annual Convention of that Association, in August, 1899. Mr. Evans is also one of the members of the Board of Trustees of the National Spiritualist Association.

HAVE THE FLOWERS INTUITION?

Have the flowers intuition?
Do you ask if we can tell?
Do the roses red and yellow,
And the pink and white as well;
Sense the rays of golden sunshine
As they kiss them into life,
From the frosts and snows of
winter,
And the spring time's early strife?

Do they sense the gentle Zephyrs
Of the summer's sweet refrain,
Calling them with loving whisper
Back to life and love again?
Do the roses and the violets
Have a language all their own,
Do they sense each other's
fragrance,
Are they by each other known?

Do the roses in their beauty
Lift their heads in proud disdain,
Feeling they're a little higher
Than the violet's modest plane?
Do the violets know the rain drops
And the summer evening's dew,
Give them beauty and sweet
fragrance,
That in turn is given you.

Wherefore can we question farther,
Of their intuitions true;
Who can teach us higher lessons,
Than the rose and violet blue?
Doth each flower, however lowly
Have a soul that's all divine?
Do you trace the close relation
That unites their lives with thine?

Have the flowers intuition?
To their sweetness ever told;
Do they sense the summer's
sunshine,
And the winter's blast—so cold?
Flowers in their silent beauty
Make this earth plane bright and
fair,
They are sweetest inspirations
From that land just "over there."

Have the flowers intuition?
Shall we ask it once again?
From the soul of every floweret,
Like a message from within
Comes the answer to our senses,
Yes: the flowers each and all,
See and hear I know each other,
By the language of the soul

The BANNER received quite a host of seasonable greetings from all parts of the United Kingdom, some from the United States, and one from far away Johannesburg. Thanks, dear friends all. j

BIBLE PROPHETS AND PREDICTIONS.

CRITICALLY COMPARED WITH MODERN MEDIUMS AND MESSAGES.

AN American Divine recently accused and criticised modern mediums in a fashion that drew forth the following rejoinder from Moses Hull. It is strong, but good and well worth perusal.

In Jer. 6:13, the prophet said, "From the least of them even unto the greatest of them every one of them is given to covetousness; and from the prophet even unto the priest every one dealeth falsely. They have healed also the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, peace, peace, when there is no peace."

Here every prophet, without a single exception, is accused of "covetousness;" also of "dealing falsely," and of defrauding the people by saying, "peace, peace, when there was no peace." Many, many people when they have got into trouble, have gone to mediums to hear the "Oh, it will all come out right; have no fear." This siren song has been repeated until the sitter has lost all. But it cannot be more so in Modern Spiritualism than it was among the ancient prophets.

Jeremiah, in this case made but little by denouncing all the other prophets as frauds; they got even with him by saying, "you are another." Listen to the following found in Jer. 43:2, 3: "Then spake Azariah, the son of Hoshaiah, and Johanan, the son of Kareah, and all the proud men, saying unto Jeremiah, thou speakest falsely; the Lord our God hath not sent thee to say go not into Egypt to sojourn there; but Baruch, the son of Neriah, setteth thee on against us, for to deliver us into the hands of the Chaldeans, that they may put us to death, and carry us away captives into Babylon." Here it seems that they thought that Jeremiah was as false as he considered them. They thought, not without reason, that Jeremiah was working under the influence and the pay of one Baruch. Baruch they supposed to be the agent of Nebuchadnezzar. Jeremiah also denounces Shemaiah, the prophet, and says God did not send him. See Jer. 29:31.

THEY DECEIVE.

The fourth charge brought by this Divine against mediums is, that they are deceivers. This in some cases is true, but not more so of modern mediums than of the paragons of perfection this gentleman called "God's mediums." The last four quotations bear directly on this point.

Let us quote again from "the weeping prophet." In Jer. 14:14, he says: "Then the Lord said unto me, the prophets prophesy lies in my name; I sent them not, neither have I commanded them, neither spake unto them; they prophesy unto you a false vision and divination. And a thing of naught, and the deceit of their own heart." Here it seems these prophets deliberately prophesied what they knew to be lies. Could "the devil's prophets" do worse? They prophesied false visions out of the deceit of their own hearts.

In chapter 23:25:31 this medium, in speaking of the others said: "I have heard what the prophets said, that prophesy lies in my name, saying, I have dreamed, I have dreamed. How long shall this be in the heart of the prophets that prophesy lies? yea, they are prophets of the deceit of their own heart, which think to cause my people to forget my name, by their dreams which they tell every one to their neighbour, and their fathers have forgotten me for Baal. The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream; and he that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully.

What is the chaff to the wheat, saith the Lord? Is not my word like as a fire? saith the Lord, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces? Therefore, behold, I am against the prophets, saith the Lord, that steal my words, every one from his neighbour."

I think this "stealing my word, every one from his neighbour," is a little worse than the "stock tests" we have been hearing so much of lately. Worse because in the latter case, mediums are said to supply their pretended fellow mediums with tests, while in these good old Bible times, "God's mediums" stole their tests, each one from his neighbour.

In Lam. 2:14, Jeremiah laments as follows: "Thy prophets have seen vain and foolish things for thee; and have not discovered thine iniquity, to turn away thy captivity, but have seen for thee false burdens and causes of banishment." Thus they deceived the people and led them into causes of banishment by seeing "vain and foolish things for them."

Zephaniah, in speaking of the prophets of Jerusalem, said, and be it remembered, Jerusalem was the paradise of God's holy prophets, said, "Her princes within her are roaring lions; her judges are ravening wolves, they gnaw not the bones till the morrow. Her prophets are light and treacherous persons; her priests have polluted the sanctuary, they have done violence to the law." This makes the princes, judges and priests, a pretty hard set. Had Thomas Paine compared these gentlemen to roaring lions and evening wolves, that is wolves in the evening, the clergy would, if possible, have traduced his character more than they have. It was one of the good twelve minor prophets of the Bible who made these remarks about his superiors.

The next in the catalogue of crimes of which mediums are accused is that they prognosticate, or

PROPHECY LIES.

Under the circumstances, with the rich, golden bribes sometimes offered impecunious mediums, it would be strange indeed if one did not occasionally yield to temptations of that kind. I know a case where an honourable United States Senator—a man above reproach or suspicion of reproach, of course—wished to elect a friend of his as his fellow senator from his state. He lacked two or three votes; there were a half-dozen Spiritualists in the legislature; he learned that they were likely to vote against his man. He wanted their votes and wanted them badly. He knew a medium in whom these Spiritualists had great confidence; he went to her and offered her five hundred dollars if she would allow her influences to come and tell these representatives in the legislature that they must vote for his candidate. This medium happened not to be very poor in this world's goods, so that she could spurn his offer as others could not have done. She took the opportunity to teach him a lesson which must have made him feel that legislatures sometimes send very small specimens of manhood to Washington to make laws to govern honest people.

I can imagine that a medium who never saw five hundred dollars could be sorely tempted by such an offer as that; and if they are much like other people, it would be strange, indeed, if some of them did not fall into such a trap and prophesy lies.

Such bribes were offered in Bible times, and, alas, they were occasionally accepted. In II, Kings, 22, it will be found that the king called a great many prophets to him to "inquire of the Lord," as to whether he should go to Ramoth-Gilead to battle. They every one of them lied to him, and

told him to go and succeed. He thought he would send for one more pophet, so he sent his servant for one Micaiah. As the two men were walking to the King's palace the servant of the king said to the prophet, "Behold, now the words of the prophets declare good unto the king with one mouth; let thy word, I pray thee, be like the word of one of them, and speak that which is good." Verse 13, Micaiah happened to be one of the prophets who was not just at that time for sale, so he answered. "As the Lord liveth what the Lord saith unto me, that will I speak."

Jeremiah accuses the prophets of prophesying lies, as follows: "Also I spake to the priests and to all the people saying, thus saith the Lord: hearken not unto the words of your prophets that prophesy unto you, saying, behold the vessels of the Lord's house shall now shortly be brought again from Babylon, for they prophesy a lie unto you." Verse 13.

In Jer. 28: 10-16, the prophets Hananiah and Jeremiah get into disputes about their predictions; they prophesy squarely against each other. and accuse each other of lying. Finally, Jeremiah said to Hananiah: "The Lord hath not sent thee: but thou makest this people to trust in a lie."

MOSES HULL.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

A blithe and guid New Year to all,
A year the best O' ony;
And from its rise until its fall,
God keep you blithe and bonnie!

BY A SCOTCH CONTROL.

WHAT IS IT?

A fire-mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jelly-fish and a saurian;
And caves where the cave men dwell!
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod,—
Some call it evolution,
And others call it God.
A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite tender sky;
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high,
And all over upland and lowland,
The charm of the golden rod—
Some of us call it autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea beach,
When the moon is new and thin;
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come swelling and surging in,—
Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod;
Some of us call it longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood;
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight hard pathway trod;
Some call it consecration,
And others call it God.—*Selected.*

ITEMETTES.

THE EDITORS wish their hosts of readers all over the world a Happy and Prosperous New Year. So mote it be.

ROYTON Lyceum is closed, the Secretary informs us.

NORMANTON.—The Lyceum Secretary writes: "We shall not want any more BANNERS, as the Lyceum is closed for want of workers."

OUR PRESIDENT contributes one guinea to our Sustentation Fund, and he has our warmest thanks for same.

H. E. KENT.—Will print your favour next month. Crowded out this time.

J. BRIAN HODGSON.—Thanks for your lesson on Brahmanism. Will use it in February, and will be glad of more, as suggested.

WALTER BOOTH has our kindly thanks for a donation of 5s. towards our Sustentation Fund.

DISTRICT COUNCIL REPORTS.—These will appear next month. Send the remainder in soon.

OUR esteemed friend, Mrs. J. Bowman, has our very kind thanks for sending us a contribution of 10s. towards our sustentation fund.

In a kindly note from Mr. James E. Harvey, of the Collyhurst Lyceum, we found he enclosed a P.O. for 1s. to help us in our work. Bro. Harvey has our fraternal appreciation of his kindly thought.

MISS ALMA CHISWELL has been elected Secretary to the Liverpool Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, meeting at Daulby Hall, in that city.

BRO. J. B. TETLOW celebrates twenty-one years of public work and twenty-five years of wedded life, on the 28th instant. Hearty congratulations from the BANNER and its readers to both Mrs. Tetlow and her energetic and talented husband.

The eldest daughter of the esteemed President of our Union celebrated her "coming of age" in the Central Hall, Walsall, on the 5th instant. Long life, health, and happiness to you, Ada Venables, is the wish of us all.

NELSON.—Mr. E. Kirby, secretary, writes that the following officers have been elected: Mr. E. Hoskyn, conductor; Mr. F. North, assistant conductor; Mr. Elliott, guardian. Nelson has now doubled the order for BANNERS.

DEWSBURY.—Our Christmas tea party was held on December 26th, under the auspices of the Lyceum. There was a good attendance of friends. The children's prizes pleased everybody. The evening was spent socially, and all thoroughly enjoyed themselves.—J. E. A.

MR. J. J. MORSE'S LANTERN LECTURE.—Our indefatigable friend, Mr. J. J. Morse, is doing good work in the provinces with his Lantern Lecture, in the course of which he exhibits over a hundred slides, giving pictures of prominent workers and mediums, both in England and America; and other subjects of interest. Lantern lectures are always attractive, and as there was accordingly a large gathering to greet Mr. Morse in the Co-operative Hall, Warrington, on the evening of the 13th instant, he availed himself of the opportunity to branch out a little beyond the promised programme. From a report which appeared in the *Warrington Guardian*, we conclude that he must have astonished some of his hearers by his eloquent and lucid history of Spiritualism, and his graphic description of the position to which it has attained. In speaking of the literature of the movement, he modestly said but a word about the LYCEUM BANNER which he himself edits so ably; he might have honestly added that of papers devoted to the interests of the children of Spiritualists, it is without a rival. Of *Light* he said that it is the ablest journal which Spiritualism has produced, while the London Spiritualist Alliance he described as a flourishing society, which included in its membership the elite of the movement. For all which we say, 'Thanks, good friend.'—*Light.*

DIFFICULT SUMS.

AN inspector was examining a school in a country district a good distance from the station, and he was afraid of losing his train. In order to do two things at once, he stood in the doorway and gave out dictation to Standard II in the main room, and at the same time dictated a sum to Standard VI in the class room, jerking out a few words alternately. The sum was: If a couple of fat ducks cost 10s., how many can be got for £72 10s. 9d.? The dictation for Standard II began: Now, as a lion was prowling about in search, etc. Of course the children heard both and got a bit mixed. One little girl's dictation began: Now, a couple of fat ducks prowling about in search of a lion who had cost 10s.; while a Standard VI lad was scratching his head over the following sum: If 72 couple of fat lions cost 10s., how much prowling about could be got for £72 10s. 9d.?

"Newaska! Newaska! On the wings of this bird speed thou to the home of Manitou! Great Manitou, receive the pure Lily, the flower of our tribe, the daughter of our bravest brave! Bear from us our prayers to the Great Spirit, and invoke his blessing on our tribe." Then he broke in twain the willow cage, and the bird flew upward with a song of gladness into the clouds. The tribe was struck with awe, and departed in silence.

Alf had grown to manhood. His life had been sad, and a cup of gall was ever pressed to his lips. He was called by the Indians "the Dreamer," or the Mourner. He had reached the age when it is required of all those who intend to become braves to go into the forest and remain fasting until the Great Spirit reveals himself to them and marks out the course of their lives. Alf rejoiced at this event, and retired far into the densest and most unfrequented wood. His bed was the roots of a giant tree, his pillow the green moss. He drank at the stream near by, but for seven days he tasted no food. The Great Spirit revealed not his awful presence, and he was determined not to return until he had done so. On the night of that day the spirit of his mother came before him. He recognised the beautiful radiance of her features, he knew her sweet voice. "My child," she said, "you seek the Great Spirit, but I am sent to guide you to the angel world."

"And I, too, am with you, Alf," said a voice, and Newaska rose from a cloud before him.

Some days after the tribe, after tedious search, found the body of Alf by the great tree. He had sought the Great Spirit beyond his mortal strength, to find the angel world in the hour of death.

They buried him by the side of Newaska. On a stone over her grave they had rudely carved a white lily, as an emblem of her name. They could not write the name of Alf, so they carved another lily on the same stone with a broken stem.

The tree remains, and the waves of Lake Erie ever murmur against the pebbly shore. Mound, forest, all else is effaced, and a new race defiantly occupies the forest haunts where the red man lived and loved.

The tree, the lake and the land are there, but Alf and Newaska are not.—*The Lyceum*.

THE LETTER H.

FIVE of the sweetest words in the English language begin with the letter H.—*Heart, Hope, Home, Happiness and Heaven*. Heart is the Hope place, Home is the Heart place; and that man is sadly mistaken who would exchange the Happiness of Home for anything less than Heaven.—*Copied from "An old man's diary," W.B.*

THE BRITISH SPIRITUALISTS LYCEUM UNION.

THE EXECUTIVE AT LEICESTER.

THE Joint Committee of the above will visit Leicester, Queen Street Lyceum, on January 28th and 29th. They will visit the Lyceum open session in the morning at 10-30, and make a few brief speeches, and address the afternoon and evening services. The following are expected to be present, Mr. J. Venables, the President; Mrs. Jessie Greenwood, Sowerby Bridge; Mr. J. Clark, Nottingham; Mr. Wm. Johnson, Hyde; Mr. Wm. Mason and Mr. Wm. Harrison, both of Burnley; Mr. T. O. Todd, Sunderland; Mr. H. A. Kersey, Newcastle-on-Tyne; and the Secretary, Mr. Alfred Kitson, Dewsbury.

The Riddler's Corner.

EDITED BY J. HARRY BUNN.

DEAR RIDDLERS.—The glorious Sun of Good is now born again to the world. He will, as the year advances, ascend into heaven (the sky high above your heads), where he will, by his beneficent rays, save the earth from the evil of the darkness and bring joy and gladness to all who are washed in his blood. Now this is a puzzle, my dear riddlers, which millions fail to solve. Yet the answer is simple when we remember that "the blood is the life." So it means that all will be healthy and happy who are charged with the life-giving rays of this centre of life, which is in truth the life of the sun. Therefore, riddlers mine, enjoy his caresses while you can, remembering that he is the healer of healers, the physician of physicians. The Spiritualists can construct riddles as well as solve them, but before presenting these I will give you the answers to the contributions of last month.

Miss Turton's contributions:

1st conundrum: *Inn Decks* (Index).

2nd conundrum: Because it is *her ring* (erring).

Mr. Cooke's contributions:

Alphagram: *Donkey* (monkey).

Logograph: *Bread*, read, ear.

Enigma: *Father Christmas*.

Correct Solvers are—Jane Lightfoot, T. R. Cooper, and E. A. Smith. Three more prizes are offered to the first three solvers of the following puzzles:

ENCYCLOGRAM.

Mention a building where people reside;

Change a letter, then go for a ride.

DECAPITATION.

A small rodent in me you descry;

Chop off my head, a river am I.

ENIGMA.

Come sharpen you wits, just for a wee bit,
And tell me, Riddlers, if you can, who I am:
I have a large mouth, yet I'm minus a head;
I never am tired, yet I've a long bed;
I have no legs, yet I creep and I run;
I'm said to shoot, yet I've no gun;
I have no wealth, yet I own two banks;
I carry great weights and never get thanks;
I always am wet, yet they say I get dry;
If I don't stay below I mount to the sky;
I'm always your servant, regardless of weather,
And separate people yet bind them together.

JOHN COOKE.

TRANSPOSITION.

I take the lead, you will agree,
For when transposed *Ben ran* for me.

LOGODROME.

My first is terribly hot I ween,
But my second's like stone I declare;
Yet when joined they are found
A useful and well-matched pair.

EDNOR TURTON.

Send your post cards to the following address and thus win a New Year's prize.

24, Towneley-street, West Stanley, J. HARRY BUNN,
County Durham.

Officers' Department.

LYCEUM LESSONS AND INVOCATIONS FOR JANUARY.

Compiled by the Editor.

SECOND SUNDAY.

INVOCATION.—Filled with the inspiring memories of the past, and hopefully anticipating blessings in the future, let us unite in sincerest aspirations after all that is good, beautiful and true. Thus shall our minds be as clear glass to our angel friends, and ourselves best fitted to receive their inspirations. Come then, we entreat thee, beloved one, to guide us, counsel with us, and help us onward in all the ways of truth and purity. Open our eyes to the revelations of God in nature. Strengthen us in our desires to live in accordance with all that can help our fellows and ourselves to happiness here and hereafter, and lead us ever nearer to our Father and our God.

SUBJECT—NEW YEAR PROMISES.—What have we promised to do in the New Year—Have we determine to turn over a new leaf—To forgoe some little habit that is creeping over us—To avoid some little trick of manner or speech that is hurtful to the feelings of others—Let us promise before the Lyceum that we will do all these things—That we will cultivate all that is kindly, generous and lovable—That we will not countenance evil doing or speaking without rebuking the same no matter by whom indulged in—Let us promise to present to our angel friends clean hearts and minds—To our parents obedience and kindness—To our friends loyalty and trust—To all the best of thought and action.—(S. C., 29. G. C., 110. M. R., 209.)

THIRD SUNDAY.

INVOCATION.—Let us turn our face to the Light of the higher life, that its glory may illumine our lives. Let us beseech the presence of the wise ones to help us onward, that we may cultivate all of manly grace, and thus be enabled to assist our sisters and brothers everywhere to the greatest happiness. May our prayers be the good deeds of daily life, and may we ever come nearer to the divine parent, by drawing nearer to the souls and loves of each other, then shall we find heaven on earth.

SUBJECT—MANLINESS.—There is a true manliness and a false manliness. The first is the outcome of a virtuous life, the second is the result of a spurious pride and an evil vanity. Men do not suddenly become manly, they grow to it by degrees. The foundation of manliness is laid in youth. It shows its beginning in a hatred of lies, talebearing, secrecy and hypocrisy. It shuns impurity of thought, speech or action. The boy who is brave enough to say No! has the beginnings of manliness in him. False manliness apes the vices not virtues, of manhood. Manhood is not manliness. The boy may become a man without being manly in the true sense. A manly man is a good son, an honest lover, a faithful husband and a true father.—(S.C., 83. G. C., 15. M. R., 240.)

FOURTH SUNDAY.

INVOCATION.—Oh Thou, whose might sustains all, whose wisdom guides the vast universe, and whose revelations are made through the manifestations of nature, we, Thy children, once more approach the reading of the volume Thou has inscribed with the stars of space and the unnumbered worlds of life. May we find something more of Thy truth than we have learned before. May it inspire us with a deeper and holier reverence for Thee, and a more complete obedience to the laws of our mother nature. And may we with increasing love rise up through our understanding of things natural to a realization of things spiritual, so that we may indeed come nearer to Thee in truth and love for evermore.

SUBJECT.—NATURE v. GOD.—No man by searching can find out God—To define God is beyond human skill—Yet God is—Mighty, Majestic and All-wise. He writes no book. His revelation is the universe. He ordains no priests—His ministers are they who proclaim his works as in nature and man. He needs no temples. His churches and altars, the universe and worlds he alone has builded. The more we know of the universe the more we have learned of the ways of God. Nature is God made manifest. She has no creed. The student is her servant, the teacher her priest. Man is the child of God and nature, they are his father and mother. Birth is our Genesis, death our Exodus from earth, and the spirit life our Promised Land.—(S.C., 23. G.C., 107. M.R., 229.)

FIFTH SUNDAY.

INVOCATION.—Let us join in an earnest desire to love one another, to help each other in all things. Let us strive to put these noble desires into practice at all times and under all circumstances. Let us determine to make the teachings of our Lyceum the guiding rules

of our daily conduct, thereby showing the world what good Spiritualism has done us. Thus may we prepare our souls for greater help and blessings from the beloved ones of the Summerland, who minister to our needs and bless our lives.

SUBJECT.—SPIRIT LAND.—The spirit-land is a real world. It has its cities, its homes, its brotherhoods. The most beautiful scenery of earth is but a faint prophesy of the grandeur there. It has its Temples, Colleges, Schools, Lyceums, Reformatory Institutions, its Academies of Art, Music and Song. It has fair and fragrant flowers, silvery streams and lakes, noble woods and forests. All there is fairer, more beautiful and infinitely more real than on this earth. It has its light-kissed mountains, its peaceful vales, and grass-decked plains. It is our Home, where we shall find all those who have gone before!—(S. C., 60. G. C., 138. M. R., 206.)

OUTLINE FOR THE FIRST SUNDAY IN FEBRUARY.

INVOCATION.—We rejoice in the knowledge, oh, Father of all, that we are blessed by the love of human motherhood and sisterhood. Help us, sweet visitors from the Beyond, to ever respect the virtue and devotion of our mothers, the love and sympathy of our sisters. May we receive from the sweet women of the higher life the inspirations of their goodness that we may grow like unto them. Then will this world be blessed and purified and our hearts illumined with love and purity evermore.

SUBJECT.—WOMANLINESS.—The good daughter is a glory to the household. She it is who will help the son to tread the paths of rectitude. She it is who adds lustre to her father and her mother. To be womanly, in all of sympathy, love, goodness, and in a hatred of all that is petty, malicious, and vain, is to win the respect and honour of all. Where good can be done to any is "woman's sphere" for the exercise of her womanliness. At home, abroad, in a profession, in business, in the world at large, there is ever room for a true woman's work and influence. The true woman is a blessing to mankind everywhere.—(S.C., 41. G.C., 135. M.R., 208.)

"AT HOME" AT A SPIRITUALIST LYCEUM.

A SERIES of "At Homes" have been held in the Lyceum, Sowerby Bridge, commencing on Saturday, when Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sutcliffe were host and hostess, the page being Miss Charlotte Holdroyd, whose duty it was to introduce the guests. Songs, glees, and recitals were given, whilst parlour games, etc., occupied the attention of the visitors. The artistes were Miss N. Law, Mr. E. Firth, Mr. Hepworth, Mr. Seymour, Mr. Butterworth and Miss B. Farrar. On Sunday there were two receptions, which is a novel feature at least in this town. The afternoon's host and hostess were Master B. Gaukroger and Miss Dora Rushworth (page Mr. Harry Copley), who went through their duties splendidly, each welcoming their guests with the grace and dignity born of older years. The programme took the form somewhat of a Lyceum session, and their were recitals, sacred solos and duett, piano solo, musical reading, &c., culminating with a "talk on Spiritualism," which the host and hostess introduced, and some twenty-two children asked questions and gave answers. It was indeed said to be the pleasantest "at home" of all. The evening's host and hostess were the President (Mr. W. Greenwood) and Mrs. Greenwood, their page being Miss E. Jackson. The programme consisted of anthems by the choir, and solos by Mr. Hargreaves and Mr. A. Sutcliffe. Two violin solos were splendidly rendered by Mr. A. Rowson. Short addresses were given by Mr. Lees, Mr. Joseph Sutcliffe, and Mr. John Harwood, who had come purposely from Blackpool. It was through Mr. Harwood's influence, along with others, that the Lyceum was built, and he naturally recalled former times and past struggles, and was much affected; but he said, "I am paid," which spoke volumes. Equally impressive were the words of the other vice-presidents above named. Mr. Ernest Law accompanied the hymns. Monday afternoon "At Home" had a charming hostess in Mrs. Longbottom, and lady visitors came from Halifax, Brighouse, Blackpool, &c. Conversation, games, clairvoyance by Mrs. Crossley, and songs were gone through, tea being afterwards partaken of. The closing "At Home" took place on Monday evening, when Mr. Harry Robinson and Miss Thorpe were host and hostess, assisted by Master W. Wilson as page. A splendid programme arranged by Mr. Thorpe was gone through by Messrs. Platt, Marshall and Shuttleworth, and Misses Asquith and Dodgson. Prof. Whitehead gave phrenological delineations with exactness and ability. These "At Homes" have proved to be the pleasantest affairs yet undertaken by the Lyceumists. The gross proceeds amounted to £26, and the net profits are to augment the school fund.

THE GARDENER AND THE FLOWERS.

GROUP LESSON DELIVERED AT THE SMETHWICK LYCEUM.

BY MRS. E. F. R. WALTON, PRESIDENT.

HERE was once a very wise and learned Gardener, who possessed a great big garden, which he gradually filled with flowers and plants of every hue and size. He knew everything there is to be known as to the best way of growing these flowers and plants, so that they should come to the highest state of perfection. He knew just which situation in the garden was most suited to the development of each one, and just how much rain or watering they needed, and, if any among them grew feeble he made haste to provide it with a prop on which to lean till it grew strong enough to stand alone. If he saw a plant becoming surrounded with weeds which he knew would speedily choke its growth, he tried to stimulate the plant into looking up more to the sun when it shone, and so to drink in fresh vitality, but if the roots of his plant were really harmed by the growth of weeds forming round them, then the gardener would call in the aid of other gardeners whom he could trust to loosen the earth round the roots of the weeds and the plant, and with gentle persuasive touch to separate them, and set free the disentangled roots of the plant to grow to the best possible development after such a drawback, but sometimes the poor plant would wither away before its roots struck into the earth anew, and then the head gardener and his helpers sorrowed over its loss,—but they carefully preserved and ripened the seed of the poor plant and sowed it again in another part of the garden, where it might have a fresh chance of attempting a more healthy development. Some of his flowers responded so freely to his kindly gentle and loving tendance that from the first short appearing an eager, vigorous unchecked growth seemed to be theirs, and they grew up tall, stately, perfect in form, in leaf and blossom, shedding a sweet fragrance all around them, and making other flowers less gifted with strength do *their* best to emulate the lovely flowers—picture these perfected blossoms made.

The seed of these splendid flowers the gardener sowed in parts of his garden where most of the weeds flourished, and after watering them carefully he waited anxiously to see if the same beautiful blooms would stand out among these weeds, and what effect they would have on them, or whether the weeds would choke them and the good seeds be lost.

Again, and again, he sowed this best seed in these weed-be-set portions of the garden, some of it, alas, was choked before the seed could germinate, some shot up but grew sickly and yellow and withered away without a blossom. However, much of the seed *did* flourish and bore the lovely flower he hoped for, growing up vigorous and strong, and bearing lovely, pure, scented blossoms, which, by their sturdy growth sucked away all the nourishment into their roots from the ground immediately around, so that the weeds near by could get no nutriment and they *died*.

The gardener and his helpers rejoiced much at this and persevered in planting the very best seed into this weed-stricken part of the garden until, after many generations of plants, there came a time when in the place of the dank useless looking weeds grew only tall, pure white lilies, the sweet scent from whose petals filled the whole garden with perfume, and the gardener began to rest a little from his toil leaving the lilies to do a share of his work, for he knew

they were so strong and earnest in their growth that year by year, if still gently guided by his master-hand, they would grow nearer and nearer complete perfection, and as they increased in number they would annihilate more and more weeds so that in time his garden would be filled with them, and weeds be known no more.

And the weeds?—As they died and decayed in the earth, their rotten leafage added nutriment to the roots of the lilies, and so became a part of the lilies for their decayed verdure gave moisture to the ground adjacent, and then the lily roots sucked up this moisture which travelled up their stems into the very hearts of the lily blossoms, where it lays like shining dewdrops, and the lilies folded their petals over them and held these drops close to them, so that even the weeds had become as jewels in the gardener's well-planned garden.

LESSON FROM THE STORY.

Who is the wise, loving Gardener? God.

Who are the Gardener's Helpers? The Angels and those departed from this sphere.

Which is His Garden? The world.

Each one of us in the Lyceum has it in his or her own power to grow into a perfect plant or flower; we will call the men and boys the *plants* and the women and girls the *flowers*. God plants each in the spot he sees will be the wisest and fittest for the development of the particular one planted. He gives us props—our parents, guardians and teachers, while we are yet too young to stand alone. He waters us with the words of truth and wisdom, we learn or are taught or can read for ourselves, culled from the good of all past generations. He has *need* of the work of each individual plant and flower. He wants the men and boy plants among you to grow so straight, sturdy and reliable, that you may in your walk through this earth-life help others weaker than yourself and He asks each of you to let your constant aim be at perfection.

God wants each woman and girl flower to grow up into such pure sweet blossoms as shall carry with them wherever they travel in His garden the sweet scent of their purity and truth and earnestness, until the time comes when He will find higher work for them in a still more beautiful garden.

And what about the weeds? They grew side by side with the flowers you know, they breathed the same air and were planted by the same hand. We will not let any weeds come into *our* garden if we can help it, and we *can* help it. They are such *terribly* difficult things to get rid of. Some of their names are—selfishness, untruth, disobedience and greed,—these are such terrible weeds that they would choke the growth of the *best* plant; others are called hasty tempers, cross words and looks, untidiness, &c., &c. If any of us become aware that one of these weeds is getting entwined round *our* roots we must not rest till we have killed it must we? The surest way to prevent any weed approaching us is to cultivate love and unselfishness.

There was once in God's garden a lovely plant called Jesus, he did the most yet done to make this garden a lovely weedless place, and all His life was one long story of love and unselfishness.

Now to conclude, though I could carry this little simple tale and lesson much further did I not fear to weary you, I want to ask you to remember some words uttered by this beautiful plant—Jesus, words which will be one of the greatest antidotes to weed-growing if you will bear them in mind: "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect."

A REVOLT IN THE KITCHEN.

ONCE upon a time there was a revolt in the kitchen. Everything was tired of doing its own work, day after day, year after year. "What is life without a change?" cried the poker loudly, "am I never to do anything but stir the fire? I am certain I must possess other talents; I want to exercise them."

"Just my opinion," chimed in the tongs, with a clang.

"And I want a change, too," growled the bucket, "let somebody else go to the well. I have a crank in my neck."

Then the chairs began: "Why should we always be sat upon?"

While a stool demanded, plaintively, "Is it right that people should put their heavy feet on poor little me?"

"Well, if anyone deserves a rest it is surely I," grumbled the clock that stood in the corner, "someone else may tell folks the time, I mean to run down and go to sleep."

"Yes, yes, we all want a change," was the general chorus, and it was decided that in future everyone was to do the work he fancied himself most fitted for. They had been the slaves of custom long enough. The next day the clock began the new order of things by running down with a loud whirr. Nobody else could tell the time, which was rather upsetting, and the shovel overslept himself two hours in consequence. Well, the poker volunteered to sweep the room; he couldn't manage it at all; and the broom tried to lay the breakfast table and knocked two cups and a plate off and smashed them. The chairs travelled about the house and got in everybody's way; the coal-box said he would be a breadpan for once, and you should have seen what the loaves looked like! Then the tongs and the milk jug went off to the well together, and on the way the tongs, quite by accident, fell over his companion, and the unfortunate milk jug got her neck broken.

"This would not have occurred if I had been the bucket," gurgled the poor thing.

"You are so very delicate," said the tongs, but he was grieved, nevertheless, at the accident.

In the meantime the kettle declared that he was weary of sitting on the hob and singing. Down the old gentleman got and stumped into the garden to water the flowers. He did it most carefully, but, alas, as he gave the flowers boiling water, the poor dear things curled up and died.

"Very odd, very odd indeed," muttered the kettle, but he looked rather put out of countenance.

So it went on throughout the day until the kitchen was in a perfect muddle. It was such a tidy, well-regulated kitchen as a rule.

"Cook comes back early to-morrow," remarked the poker, with some hesitation; "shall we persevere with our plan, or—?" He paused suggestively.

"Oh, for goodness' sake, let us go back to our old ways," cried the outspoken tongs: and the kettle, thinking of the flowers he had killed, gave a melancholy assent. So did the broom, whose activity had led it into all sorts of mischief. They were, in fact, heartily tired of their experiment—all, that is, except the clock, who still slept peacefully.

"After all," observed the pepper-caster, who was fond of a moral, "there is nothing like doing your own work, and leaving other people to do theirs."

A right sensible conclusion, Uncle thinks, and he hopes all his nieces and nephews will remember it.

A very interesting feature in *Little Folks* is the "Who's Who and What's What" department. It is full of tit-bits. Here's one of them.—"Sheila," in *Little Folks*.

Special Lantern Lectures.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM:

THE STORY OF ITS ORIGIN, PHENOMENA, WORK AND WORKERS.

By J. J. MORSE.

Illustrated by the aid of over one hundred specially prepared Lantern Slides, and shown by the aid of a magnificent and powerful Oxy-Hydrogen double lantern apparatus.

SYLLABUS:

The following are a few of the views comprised in this intensely interesting lecture.

AMERICAN SECTION.—The house at Hydesville: three views from photographs taken on the spot by Mr. J. J. Morse. The same as an ideal picture by *Johns. Fox Family*: father, mother, and the three sisters, Margaret, Kate and Leah. Early workers: Mrs. Tappan, E. V. Wilson, Luther Colby, D. D. Home, C. H. Foster, Henry J. Newton, Col. J. C. Bundy, Judge Edmonds, Prof. R. Hare, Dr. S. B. Britten, Emma Hardinge Britten, Lizzie Doten, Dr. Mansfield, the 'Spirit Postmaster,' Dr. F. L. H. Willis.

AMERICAN SPIRITUAL JOURNALS and their Editors: *The Banner of Light*, *The Religio-Philosophical Journal*, *The Light of Truth*, *The Progressive Thinker*, etc.

ENGLISH SECTION.—Early Workers: William Wallace, Miss Keeves, Mrs. M. Main, J. Cogman, James Burns, Mrs. Groom, William Johnson. Eminent believers: Sir William Crookes, Prof. Alfred Russell Wallace, Prof. Oliver Lodge, and others. English periodicals and their Editors: *Light*, *The Lyceum Banner*, *The Two Worlds*, *The Torch*.

OUR JUBILEE SECTION: English.—Views of the Manchester Bazaar and its workers. Views of the great Lyceum Procession and Demonstration at Manchester. American: Headquarters of Jubilee at Rochester. The House at Hydesville. Dr. J. M. Peebles, Moses Hull, Frank Walker, manager of the Jubilee. Offices of the National Spiritualist Association. Harrison D. Barrett, president of National Association. Hon. A. H. Dailey, vice-president same, etc.

PHENOMENAL SECTION.—Frank Herne, Cecil Husk, with iron ring on wrist; C. E. Williams, Willie Eglinton, showing spirit form at same time; Mrs. Everett, with specimens of direct writing; Kate Wood, Mrs. Mellon, Dr. F. W. Monck, with specimen of direct slate writing. Spirit photographs: David Duguid, with specimens including the celebrated portrait of the "Cyprian Priestess." Samples of the celebrated Trail Taylor series, through the courtesy of Andrew Glendinning, Esq., author of *The Veil Lifted*.

LYCEUM SECTION.—Two views of the Liverpool Lyceum. S. S. Chiswell, J. Venables, president of the Lyceum Union; Alfred Kitson, secretary of the Union; Thomas Olman Todd; J. J. Morse and Florence Morse, editors of *The Lyceum Banner*, etc., with many other slides of halls and meeting places, phenomena, persons, and incidents concerned in the building up of the nineteenth century demonstrations of Life after Death, and the work and workers of Modern Spiritualism from 1848.

SEASON 1899.

The above lecture will, according to present arrangements, be given as follows:—London, Hackney, February. And before the London Spiritualist Alliance, St. James' Hall, March 10th. Arrangements are pending for Leicester, Liverpool, Nottingham and Birmingham.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO SECRETARIES AND OTHERS.

All communications concerning this lecture to be addressed to Mr. J. J. Morse, at this office. A few more dates can be fixed for this season if application is made at once.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

THE BRITISH SPIRITUALISTS' LYCEUM UNION.

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.—ANNUAL RETURNS.

NOTICE of general business must be sent to the Secretary not later than February 1st. All Accounts, Reports, Returns, &c., from Lyceums shall be made up to and include the 31st of December, as per Article 6.

REVISION OF CONSTITUTION.

Written notices duly setting forth the proposed amendments, alterations, or additions must be sent to the Secretary by the 1st. day of March, as per Article 11.—ALFRED KITSON, Secretary, 2, Royd Street, Bromley Road, Hanging Heaton, Near Dewsbury.