

THE LYCEUM BANNER.

A Spiritualist Magazine for Old and Young.

VOL. IX.

FEBRUARY, 1899.

No. 98.

TO BABY.

Sleep, our wee darling, sleep—
Sleep in love's fond embrace,
Slumber till morning dawns,
Wake with the sun's fair rays.

Thy little lips give sound
To words not found in books;
But we feel the hidden meanings,
In the mystery of thy looks.

Speak with thy pretty eyes,
And prattle the baby song;
The language of all the world
Is contained in thy little tongue.

Could our lives be shaped as thine,
Our love be deep as the sea;
Or our hearts as light as the air,
We were nothing impaired with thee.

But we live and love and hope
That the days which are yet to be,
Shall make our lives pure as thine,
Thou little eternitee.—H.H.

HAVE WE ANY PRINCIPLES?

BY E. W. WALLIS.

WHILE endorsing Hudson Tuttle's contention in THE BANNER OF LIGHT of April 9, that we can all agree on the three propositions: (1) Man is an immortal spirit, (2) which passes out of the physical body at death unchanged in its development and faculties, (3) and as a spirit, under favourable conditions, can communicate with those in earthly life, it seems to us that we ought to be able to come to some voluntary general agreement (for the benefit of those who ask, "what does Spiritualism stand for, and what do Spiritualists believe!") as regards the main principles which we can endorse.

Suppose something were drawn up, not to be enforced upon any one, but as basis for unity of affirmation, the said affirmations to run somewhat as follows:

Spiritualists have no official creed, but all may practically agree to the following statement of principles:

1. We recognise the existence of the Supreme Intelligence, the Absolute Spirit of the universe; the Immanent Life, eternal and indestructible, that governs by immutable LAW.

2. That man is an intelligent, indestructible spirit, associated with and expressing himself through the animal body that he may acquire knowledge and develop self-consciousness.

3. That man possesses a spirit body, which, after the death of the animal organism, becomes the outer form through which the individual functions on the spiritual plane, and expresses his purposes and desires.

4. That growth of form, development of mental capacity and evolution of spiritual power, are true in this life, and equally true in the after-death spheres or states of being; hence progress, here and hereafter, is universally true.

5. That man the spirit aspires to know the truth; that he naturally loves the good, and feels the sense of duty to do right; that religion is therefore the spirit expressing its divine intuitions and loves.

6. That the law of continuity rules in the realm of mind

and morals as in the material state; hence no man can evade the consequences of his motives or his acts, but must inevitably be affected by their necessary results, until, by their action and reaction, he attains the knowledge, power and wisdom to harmonise with the eternal law of Right—health and happiness.

7. That spirit-people can and do communicate by signs and phenomenal demonstrations with earth dwellers. That certain persons are naturally endowed with psychic powers, by virtue of which they are "sensitives" or "mediums;" that through their agency evidences of spirit-presence and identity can be and are presented to the world.

8. That spiritual communion can be more or less fully enjoyed by all people; that though transference (spirit responding to spirit) is a demonstrated fact; that consequently inspiration is an every-day occurrence.

9. That the human race is one family or brotherhood whose interests are forever inseparable; hence, that it is the duty of each individual not only to refrain from whatever would wrong or harm another, but also to live for the good of all, seeking especially to aid the unfortunate, the ignorant, the inharmonious and the suffering, of whatever race or condition.

10. That the achievement of true lives and a nobler civilisation can better be attained by associative and co-operative, than by merely individual action. We, therefore agree to unite our efforts for the practical application of these convictions.

11. Believing also in the right of private judgment and the liberty of conscience, we do not seek to make these statements *binding* upon any one. Each one shall be free to think for himself, and, recognising the law of eternal progress, these statements should stand only so long as acceptable. They shall be subject to revision and amendment whenever the majority deem it necessary and right to alter them.—*The Banner of Light*.

OPTIMIST AND PESSIMIST.

This came to me with the New Year's dawn, 1899.

'Tis joy enough, my friend, to live,
Now in the happy present;
So prithee don't let coming clouds
Shadow the sunshine pleasant!
For even the dark night has stars—
Full moon—or lovely crescent,
So there is charm in ev'rything
To us in this glad present!
And I would also say, my friend,
(For I am growing bolder),
That if you preach and prate so much
Our friendship will grow colder.
And we in lightsome merriment
Will "give you the cold shoulder;"
That's if you grow an awful bore
As you are growing older!

KATE TAYLOR ROBINSON.

Tweed Green House, Whalley Range.

[Specially contributed to the Lyceum Banner.]
LORD OF HIMSELF.

BY ANNIE E. FITTON.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

As Mr. Cardwell opens the door and enters, Ralph turns to him with a morning greeting, which meets so curt a response that it needs an effort on the youth's part to again address him. With a simple directness which neither excuses nor evades, Ralph expressed his regret with an earnestness and sincerity impossible to doubt, and the father listens not untouched as the low tones falter and the troubled eyes meet his with an appeal in them few could resist. It was a mute appeal for help and for sympathy, and had the father responded instead of disguising his feelings, he might have won a hold upon his son's affections which would have saved both much after bitterness. But he was sadly lacking in tact and incapable of seeing and grasping an opportunity when presented to him. Had a sound investment been the subject under consideration, he would have been sharp enough, but this was a different affair, a thing of mere sentiment, and stifling the throb of sympathy which had taken him quite by surprise and to which he was not accustomed, he replied in his usual brusque tone.

"Well, I am glad to find you a bit ashamed of yourself, you have need to be; a more disgraceful or uncalled for outburst I never witnessed. It is lucky for you that you are not guilty of manslaughter, the poor lad might have broken his neck down those stairs, as it is, he is probably lamed for life."

"I would have given my own life rather than it should have happened," exclaimed Ralph, hoarse with suppressed emotion.

"Your life was not demanded sir, a proper control over your own temper was all that was necessary to prevent such a catastrophe. You are no child now, and such an exhibition of fury was as unbecoming as it has proved dangerous. Let it be a warning to you, or someday you may find yourself in the felon's dock."

The words were harsh in their almost brutal frankness, and Ralph's pale face crimsoned as he listened with bowed head and clenched hands, feeling their truth and painfully conscious of his own weakness. Conscious too that it was hopeless to expect help or sympathy from his father, he must fight his battle unaided, and none but himself knew how hard would be the struggle.

The entrance of Doris relieved the tension somewhat, but the meal passed in a silence none seemed disposed to break.

"Is your mother breakfasting upstairs?" asked Mr. Cardwell, as they sat down.

"Yes, I have taken her tray up; she is in Guy's room."

"How is he?" asked Ralph, anxiously.

"Rather better, he has been asking for you."

"Do you think I may see him?" asked Ralph turning to his father.

"I don't know, your mother may object; she is greatly incensed Ralph, and has got it into her head that you have some spite against the boy."

Ralph made no reply. It was as he had feared, the worst possible construction was put upon his actions. It had always been so, but now, by his unfortunate madness, he had lent colour to her suspicions, and no protestations on his part could convince her of her mistake. With the curious tenacity which is proof against argument however

convincing, and which distinguishes some persons, in other respects far from strongminded; Mrs. Cardwell clung to her own theories with an obstinacy that defied opposition, indeed, was rather strengthened than otherwise by it. Her husband had found this out, and self-willed though he was, he had many times yielded to her against his better judgment, and though in the present instance he knew she was mistaken in her estimate of his son's character and conduct, having vainly tried to induce her to take a fairer and less prejudiced view, he had ceased to contest the point with her. He was a man of few words, she was a woman of many; he knew when he had said enough, she did not; and possessing to the full a masculine horror of a woman's tongue, he would beat a hasty retreat when his patience was exhausted, only to find, poor man, that the subject under discussion, has, like a serial story, "to be continued in our next."

Breakfast over, Mr. Cardwell hurried away. Ralph lingered for a word with Doris, who had been watching him with troubled eyes.

"Doris," he exclaimed, as soon as they were alone, "do you think I may see him—just for five minutes—he asked for me you say?"

"Yes, he is longing to see you, poor fellow, but I am afraid Ralph you will have to wait. But if you like I will see what mother says."

"Do, there's a darling; if anyone can persuade her you can."

Doris was absent about five minutes, and one glance at her face told Ralph she had been unsuccessful.

"Not now, dear, you must be patient. Guy sends his love and says you are not to fret, it was all an accident and might have happened any time."

"Dear fellow!" said Ralph huskily; then turning to his sister and grasping her hands with a pressure that almost pained her, he said with quite impressiveness, "Doris, I think this will have cured me, dear."

"God grant it!" and releasing her hands the girl flung them round her brother's neck and kissed him passionately.

He returned her caress warmly, and Doris watched him away with a very loving and wistful gaze. Hurrying up-stairs and traversing a long corridor, lit at one end by a window of stained glass, she entered the room in which poor Guy lay a prisoner.

The boy's pale face brightened as Doris entered, and Mrs. Cardwell rose from her seat by the bedside. A slender, dark complexioned woman, below the middle height, with sharp features and dark restless eyes, with an upright line showing too plainly between them. Not a prepossessing face, nor a happy one, Mrs. Cardwell being one of those unfortunate beings who possess a natural talent for making their own misery as they go through life, and of necessity contributing largely to the misery of those who may be thrown with them. Jealously and suspicion made sad havoc with Mrs. Cardwell's peace of mind. Narrowing her sympathies and warping her better nature. As hinted before, she was lacking in breadth, saw nothing save from her own standpoint, and was as slow in crediting another with good intentions as she was quick in imputing wrong ones. The contrast between her and Doris was a striking one, but Mrs. Cardwell was incapable of recognising nobility of character in others, and equally unconscious of its absence in herself. Her affection for her son was the warmest emotions of which she was capable; she loved him passionately, because he was her own; her heart was not large enough to include her husband's children in its

embrace. This was hard upon little Ralph and Doris, but they only clung the closer to each other as they found the new mother declined their childish overtures, and when Guy made his appearance they welcomed him without any shade of reserve or tinge of bitterness, though they were soon made aware of his importance and of their insignificance.

"Doris, has Ralph gone?" asked the boy eagerly, as she entered the room.

"Yes, dear, not five minutes ago."

"Why do you worry so about Ralph?" said his mother impatiently, as she re-arranged the bed coverings, "have you not had enough of him?"

"No, I have not, I want to see him, and I will see him to-night, too," said the boy with scanty respect.

"Oh, my leg! it does hurt!"

"And yet you want Ralph, the wicked cause of your suffering," exclaimed his mother bitterly.

"He's not wicked; do you think dear old Ralph would hurt me on purpose?" asked the boy indignantly.

"It was his wicked temper," replied the mother; seeming bent on rousing the boy's resentment if possible. It was gall and wormwood to her to hear Ralph praised or excused, and now that he had done this injury to her son he had placed himself beyond redemption; quite out of the pale of her forgiveness. Fortunately for Guy, he had not inherited his mother's acidity of disposition, his was a more loving and generous nature, though in her blind foolishness she had done her best to spoil it. Irritated beyond endurance by the boy's persistent championship of his offending brother, Mrs. Cardwell left the room.

"Why does mother hate Ralph so?" asked Guy, turning to Doris, who had listened in silence to the above dialogue.

"Perhaps because she loves you too much," said the girl, somewhat at a loss for a reply.

"What has that to do with it—you love Ralph and me too, don't you Doris?" asked the boy simply.

"Yes darling, of course I do, and I love you better than ever for taking Ralph's part. He is nearly heart broken poor fellow!"

"Of course he is, I know old Ralph if mother does not. Its hateful enough to be tied by the leg here," he sighed, as another twinge of pain reminded him of his condition. "How long do you think it will be before I am better, Doris?"

"I cannot tell you that, I don't think even the Doctor knows to any certainty," replied Doris, passing her hand caressingly through the boy's fair curls.

"Well, you've got to amuse me Doris, somehow, how are you going to set about it?"

"The thing is, what will amuse you; shall I stand on my head or make myself ridiculous in some other way?"

"I think I should prefer a St. Catherine's wheel if you have no objection, Doris," said the boy with mock gravity.

"You are too exacting my dear boy, that is an accomplishment I have not yet acquired. Think again."

"Well, suppose you read to me, only it must be nothing instructive and nothing with a moral in it. I do hate morals!"

"You must be a very immoral character Guy."

"Well Doris, don't you think its odious after reading a jolly story to find at the end of it that they have been preaching at you all the time, only you never suspected it. It takes the nice taste away.

"Like a powder in jam, eh, Guy?"

"Yes, of course, I could'n't think whatever it was it

reminded me of," said the boy eagerly, to whom drawing an analogy was a mental feat he was little accustomed to. Guy could draw a profile with much greater ease; he had a decided taste for drawing, and a mechanical skill which promised to repay cultivation. In the delicate hands with their slender fingers and deft movements, there dwelt manipulative ability, and in the prominent brows and thoughtful, observant eyes, a judge of character might read a latent power only awaiting time and training to bring into operation. At present, Guy was nothing more remarkable than many boys of twelve, a little spoiled perhaps, very fond of his own way, and generally getting it too, not over respectful to his mother, for which she alone was to blame, but warm-hearted and affectionate, loyal and staunch in his friendships, and as we have seen, not given to brooding over injuries and with a boyish love of fair play, which is the initial stage of more mature virtues.

CHAPTER III.

"Ralph, dear old Ralph," exclaimed Guy, as Ralph knelt by the bed and took his young brother in his arms with a feeling of remorseful love that robbed him for the moment of all power of speech.

Mrs. Cardwell, from her seat by the fire, noted the eager outstretched hands, and the loving light in her son's clear grey eyes, as Ralph entered the room, and her heart throbbing with a jealous pain, she turned away with a gesture of annoyance.

"Ralph, speak to me, don't look so miserable!"

"How can I help it, to see you here and know that I am the cause. Guy, can you ever forgive me?"

Guy smiled. "Of course, I do believe Ralph you have hurt yourself worse than me," said the boy, showing a deeper insight into his brother's feelings than the latter expected.

"Its good of you to say so old fellow, but all the same I can never forgive myself for flooring you in this brutal fashion."

"Well, perhaps it will be a lesson to you," said Guy sadly; "what a funk you do fly into Ralph."

Ralph groaned. "I hate myself when I think of it, but I mean to conquer it somehow, please God," he added reverently.

"Are you in any pain Guy?"

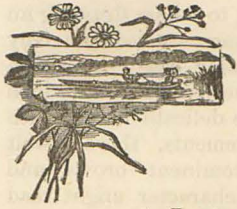
"Not much, just now. Oh, I shall be all right soon, don't you worry."

"Guy will not be all right soon," said Mrs. Cardwell, speaking for the first time, and advancing to the bed, and in her anxiety to reprove Ralph, forgetting that such outspokenness might not conduce to the invalids peace of mind. "I hope you realize what your temper has done to him, and may still do."
(*To be continued.*)

The oldest loaf of bread in existence is in the possession of the British Museum Authorities. It was discovered in Assyria by a French explorer, together with the remnants of several other pieces of bread carefully wrapped in cloth. It is supposed that it was leavened and baked about the year 560, B. C., when it was the custom to put food in the coffin with the body. It resembles an ordinary penny bun in shape and colour, and is in perfect condition.

MARY ELLEN KITSON.—Aunt Editha has received your letter, and will print it next month. She thanks you very much for it.

COLLYHURST'S report is admirable, in style concise, clear in expression, so saves the Editor much work.



Our Daisies' Page.

Edited by Daisy Dimple.

A LETTER FROM DAISY'S BROTHER.

MY DEAR DAISIES.—Although I have never had anything to do with the Daisy page, yet I think I am sufficiently well-known to you all by name to dispense with any introduction. Daisy's brother, Bob, seems to be about as well-known as Daisy herself, and I thought you might like to have a letter from me. Daisy never allows anyone to see what she writes for your page, and we have all to wait until the BANNER is printed if we want to know what the Daisy page is about.

We were all so pleased when we saw it announced that there would be a New Year letter from Daisy in the BANNER, and we were quite eager to get hold of the January number and admire its beautiful contents.

We were having breakfast when the postman brought our BANNERS, Daisy had been to a party the night before and was still in bed; but weren't we disappointed when we found no Daisy page. Well, we blamed the Editor for leaving it out, and we blamed the printer and all his men, but when Daisy came down to breakfast we found we had blamed everybody except the right one, for she told us she had never written her usual page.

Oh, Mother was vexed, "did you not promise your 'darling Editor' as you sometimes call him that you would send such a nice sweet page for January?"

"Yes, Mother," said Daisy, "you know I did, but look at the number of parties I have had to go to, and dances and pantomimes, and so many other places that I put off and put off until it was too late, and I am very sorry."

"But don't you see that for your own enjoyment you have caused thousands of your little friends to be disappointed through there being no Daisy page."

"Now, Daisy," continued Mother, "I would have overlooked it had there not been a promise given that you would write the page, and to show my displeasure at you having broken your promise, I shall feel bound to punish you to-night before you go to sleep."

Nothing more was said, we all felt very low spirited, and finished breakfast in silence, because Mother's arm is as strong as her will, and that is not very weak.

Daisy came to me during the morning and said she wished it was bed-time, so that she could receive her punishment, as the anxiety of waiting and the dread of it coming was worse than the thrashing would be.

At the party where she had been the night before, a gentleman had given her a shilling, and in the afternoon she went out to spend it, for she is like most girls who have money, it burns holes in the pocket if it does not get spent.

"Where are you going? I asked. "Am going to spend my shilling by buying a present for mother."

And do you think that she will let you off your punishment if you buy her a present? I thought you had more confidence in her justice than think she could be bought off in that way.

"Oh, no," said Daisy, "I will not give her the present until I have had my thrashing, because I have been thinking about the matter, and I think I really deserve "what I am about to receive."

"And do you think you will be truly thankful," I replied, laughing.

"Yes, I will, and so will Mother," said she, and then went out.

When she returned she had quite a large flat packet, as though it was a sheet of cardboard on a picture; she took this to her room and put it away.

Well, I suppose you want to know now how she took her punishment.

When Daisy went to bed Mother and I were in the sitting room reading the papers. After a few minutes Mother left the room, and very soon I heard her scolding and thrashing Daisy, but Daisy bore it like a brick, and never said a word, but she could not help crying, not only with the punishment but with shame. When Mother returned she was very flustered and red. "What an extraordinary child Daisy is," she said, "she tells me she is so sure that she deserves her punishment that she makes me a present of this picture for teaching her the valuable lesson about not breaking promises."

"What is the picture?" I asked.

"I don't know, until I open it out," said mother.

We soon cut the string and opened the parcel, and what do you think it was? It was a handsome motto card, and with this wording on it:

"WEEPING MAY ENDURE FOR A NIGHT,
BUT JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING."

The next morning a packet came from the Editor, with quite a number of Christmas and New Year Cards, sent by the readers of the Daisy Page.

Daisy says she has a nice letter ready for next month.—
Yours very truly, ROBERT DIMPLE.

EQUALLY GUILTY.

THAT quick wit is not confined to cities was proved the other day by a young woman who was rambling along one of the Long Island roads. She was dressed smartly, she thought, and when she met a small, bare-legged urchin carrying a bird's nest full of eggs she did not hesitate to stop him.

"You are a wicked boy," she said. "How could you rob that nest? No doubt the poor mother is now grieving for the loss of her eggs."

"Oh! she don't care," replied the urchin, edging away; "she's up in your hat."—*Cape Ann Advertiser.*

THE BRITISH SPIRITUALISTS' LYCEUM UNION.

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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, 2, Royd St., Bromley Road Hanging Heaton, near Dewsbury.

MR. J. J. MORSE'S APPOINTMENTS.—Sunday, 5th, London, Cavendish Rooms; Monday, 6th, Leicester, Liberal Club, Lantern Lecture; Wednesday, 8th, Nottingham, Cobden Hall, Lantern Lecture; Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, 12th, 13th and 14th, Keighley, Heber Street Temple; Thursday, 16th, Brighouse, Lantern Lecture; Saturday, 18th, Salford, Lantern Lecture; also same place on Sunday, 19th.; Monday, 20th, Huddersfield, Brook Street, Lantern Lecture, Tuesday, 21st, Hyde, Lantern Lecture; Sunday, 26th, Birmingham, Masonic Hall.

A NEW ZEALAND WOOING.

Specially contributed to the Lyceum Banner.

BY JENNY WREN.

CHAPTER II.—*Continued.*

"WELL, as it is your last night in the old home, let us take a glass of wine together," answered Janet, more graciously, "you are excited, and need a good night's rest; get the biscuits from the sideboard!"

What was it that she slipped so hastily in her bosom as Olive's back was turned? Were those drops of some dark liquid that fell into the wine glass from a tiny vial?

With a light jest Janet drained her glass, then watched Olive as she sipped hers more slowly, thinking of—to-morrow. Then all at once a feeling of great drowsiness overcame her with a strange weight on heart and brain. She complained of it to Janet, and was told that her nerves were upset, she needed rest." Unable to walk alone, Olive accepted her sister's proffered help to her room, where on the bed the bridal dress in simple whiteness of purity lay spread so carefully. Janet hung it up and helped her to undress, then slowly turned away, as Olive, with an unuttered prayer upon her lips, fell asleep.

Why did Janet return, once, twice, to look at her as she slept? Did she think of the dead parents who had left their little one in her charge? or was she half-reluctant still to carry out her plan of revenge upon the innocent girl?

Olive slept on, unconscious even of the presence of a guardian angel whom the Father had sent to watch over his child, even such a one as may have entered a certain lowly barn one Christmas morning, to see the infant child lie in his lowly bed. 'Twas midnight, yet Janet sat alone on the verandah waiting, watching the Christmas stars. Presently the sound of cautious footsteps fell on her ear, and three natives entered the garden, and approached the house. Janet met them on the threshold with her finger on her lips; there was not a soul in the house save she and Olive, the maids and men had gone to the township to a dance, yet noiselessly they entered the house, and came to the chamber where Olive lay sleeping.

Gently approaching the bed, they took off the large upper quilt, and spreading it on the floor, lifted Olive's slender figure carefully, wrapping her in its ample folds. The native women carried her out so easily, she never stirred or spoke, and soon she was placed in a cart that waited in the road, and driven swiftly away. There a strange thing happened.

Janet returned to the house, and seemed very busy in several of the rooms. A smell of kerosene pervaded the air, and presently she retired to her room.

Soon the maids were heard returning; the voices of men floated on the early morning air; then cries of alarm were heard, and footsteps hurrying to and fro; a lurid glare lit up the sky, and before help could be obtained Hurst farmhouse was a heap of blackened ruins. A woman, wild and weird looking, in her floating garments and dishevelled hair, gazed on the smoking remains of her father's home, and muttered strangely, "there will be no wedding to-day! where is his gipsy queen? and what will he say when he comes to keep Christmas and claim his bride?"

When Olive awoke from the deep sleep into which the opiate had cast her, she found herself strangely situated. Around the glowing embers of a wood fire, a group of natives

squatted, contentedly smoking. Now and then a few words would be spoken by one who seemed to be their chief, and two women would eagerly gesticulate as they replied to his interrogations concerning the fire at Hurst Farm.

Olive listened attentively, and by her small knowledge of the native language learned the startling fact that her home was burned to the ground, and she herself a kidnapped prisoner. When one of the women approached the mat on which Olive lay, the girl was apparently sleeping, but her heart beat violently, and her face grew as pale as death. She lay quite still, listening to the details of the fire, and thus became aware that they were afraid of being implicated seriously in the affair, though they repeatedly assured the chief that they had not the least knowledge of it, until, looking back from a distant rise, they saw the flames.

However, it was deemed advisable to leave the district as swiftly and secretly as possible, lest the alarmed settlers should appeal for government protection. Under cover of night they stole out of the cave where the Rorero had been held, and prepared their canoes for departure. The women lifted Olive and bore her away to the river, where they placed her in the bottom of the largest canoe in which their chief was already seated. Then in the silent moonlight they softly paddled away to a distant settlement.

Janet had told them that the spirit of Olive's mother demanded that her child be taken away from the Pakeha, and restored to mother; she had used such forcible arguments in favour of her wish that they had become her easy tools, especially when taking into consideration her large gifts of rum tobacco, and a pack of cards, which she declared would work a potent spell for them whenever they required it. The woman therefore had promised to take Olive away unharmed, and wed her to the chief, whom the "spirit" wished to propitiate.

Christmas morning! Not a cloud in the sky, not a thought of sorrow in his heart, as Ross Heighway galloped away toward the home of his bride-elect. Twenty miles were already accomplished, and his heart beat high as he drew near his journey's end.

But what is that causes him to halt in dismay, and stare with wondering gaze straight ahead?

A body of men are marching in martial order, and a number of women and children are being taken in a waggon to the redoubt. "There has been foul play, sir," says a man to whom Ross turns for information; "Hurst farmhouse has been destroyed by the natives, and Miss Olive, she 'aint nowhere to be found!"

Ross nearly falls from his horse as he realises the truth, for there, in the distance, he can see the bare blackened timbers, still smoking amid the ruins.

Without a word he joins the cavalcade, and places himself beside the waggon. Yes, there is Janet Clare, and the two servant girls. Ross sees them, but his white lips refuse to speak. Where is his darling? Is she alive, or has she been cruelly massacred, or perished in the flames?

When Janet tells him presently "all she knows," that she was awakened by the sound of crackling flames, and immediately flew to waken Olive, only to find she had disappeared, that almost immediately afterwards the men and maids had returned from the festivities at the township some miles away, and a whole party had scoured the bush in search of her. Unable to save the homestead, they had endeavoured to discover the cause of the fire, had found tracks of native feet, and wheel ruts which they knew were fresh, and also a torn portion of Olive's dress near the river, where a canoe

had evidently been pushed off, and this was all, all that could be found of Olive, whose wedding morning it should have been. Oh! Janet Clare! how could you meet those eyes, whose silent agony might have moved the hardest heart? Better far had you lost your life amid yonder ruins, and saved your soul alive. The only surmise that could be arrived at was that a certain young chief who had followed Olive with eyes of passionate longing, had taken her away, and to divert attention, had previously fired the house.

(To be Continued.)

THE BRITISH LYCEUMISTS' CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE.

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)

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

THE BRAIN AND NERVOUS SYSTEM.

LESSON IV.

THE brain is the head or great central office of the nervous system. It is divided into the *Brain Proper* and the *Small Brain*. The first is named the *Cerebellum*, and is divided into two halves called *Hemispheres*, right and left. Each hemisphere is divided into *lobes* or groups of *organs*. These lobes are called, 1st, *Frontal*, 2nd, *Temporal*, 3rd, *Coronal*, 4th, *Parietal*, and 5th, *Occipital* lobes.

This brain proper is beautifully illustrated by the familiar structure of the walnuts. You have all observed that the walnut is composed of two hemispheres (halves) which, when you try to divide them are found to be attached, one to the other by means of a part of the nut, and the fibre which lies at the bottom forms a kind of a bridge which connects the two halves together. Now this is precisely the same with the brain in the *Cerebellum*, and these crossings of nerve cords or fibres are so many and so thick that with their surrounding sheaths they are so closely knit together that when cut through from above they appear to be all one mass, *en masse*, and this is how much of the mistaken notions of many, even otherwise expert medical men judge incorrectly of the brain and its parts, for want of a better and more exact method of study; but the microscope is the explorer and discoverer, and has come to the rescue and revealed to the faithful student that these parts are all composed of manifold parts, all united so closely and harmoniously that one cannot well become disordered or diseased, nor otherwise affected without casting its derangement upon the next in relation and position, and sometimes upon the whole group or lobe of organs. These groups may be compared as a family, every member in closest unity, sympathy, and harmonious accord, till some foul disease attacks one of their group, and then, like brothers and sisters, the whole family goes into mourning and suffers from their mutual sympathy. How beautifully do these cerebral (brain) families teach us the domestic lessons of family affection, discipline, self-sacrifice, love, and charity one to another. Our brains are "fearfully and wonderfully made," and we may add, "most beautifully made." We shall in our next consider the further uses of different parts of our brains, thus enabling us to see which are normal and which 'mediumship' powers, for too often we are confronted with the critics and opponents, that we only obtain manifestations that may be produced and accounted for by the material concrete or chemical sciences;

therefore, say they, there is no room or need for claim of the operation of spirits nor use of spiritual gifts, mesmerism and other sciences answers for it all, they claim. But we shall investigate and challenge attention to science, nature and truth as our trinity of judges and councillors.

LYCEUM LESSONS FROM OLD RELIGIONS.

BY J. BRIAN HODGSON.

I.—BRAHMANISM.

PAST Sunday you chose as the subject of your Group lesson, "An address on the Brahmanic." I am told by your leader that the wish is prompted by the desire to understand something more of the religion to which repeated reference is made in the Golden Recitations of your Manual. It is quite natural in you to desire to know all about old religions, as such knowledge is the greatest help to you in realising the true brotherhood of man. I want to show you, too, that the essential truths of these grand old religions are already known to you, and that you can read in your own daily experience far more than the best books can tell you about them.

The Brahmanic religion is one of the earliest of which we have record, and specially concerns our race, as we are descended from the people that established it. How we came to live in England while our ancestors remain in their old home in India is a matter I may tell you of at some other time. It is sufficient now for you to understand that India is a wonderfully fertile country, where the population lives with small labour, and where any man with a tendency to look about and *think*, and try to understand the world, would have leisure to do so for weeks at a time.

It chanced that there were many such men, who, tired of mere agricultural labour, yet made healthy and strong in mind and body by it, devoted much spare time to thinking out the meanings of the great things they realised were going on around them. They probably had some religion peculiar to each of their several small tribes, founded upon stories handed down from father to son; but they began to discern something broader and grander. I need not trace out for you, however, the origin of each stage in the growth of the religion as one may do if one reads carefully the words of modern writers. I shall give you the striking points only, and show you that you know all about them already if you regard them in the spirit and not in the letter.

The Brahmanic religion teaches of—1st, Brahma, or the Creator; 2nd, Vishnu, or the Preserver; 3rd, Siva, or the Destroyer; 4th, Indra, or the Elements; 5th, Devi, or Disease; and 6th, Krishna, or the Heroic Man.

Now, if you regard these as names only you will at once be repelled by them as being too obtruse, and difficult even to pronounce. But if you set aside the mere word, and use your mind in its spiritual purity, you will readily understand this apparently difficult religion, and when you so understand it you will have spiritual fellowship with a vast number of the human family. Thus, when you cease your lessons and day's work (as the Hindoo did 4000 years ago), and pause and think for the first time, you will perceive an order and system in the world around you, and you will admit at once that it is undoubtedly there, and that it is created. You will sympathise then with the word Brahma, which represents this realisation to the Hindoo. But you will think more, as the Hindoo did, and you will perceive that everything is renewed and preserved year after year. You will then

sympathise with the word Vishnu, which means Preserver. But while your hearts are glad with the bright splendour of all growing flowers, fields and trees, the sky may overcast with clouds, lightning may flash, thunder roll, and a great strong oak may be split to fragments before your eyes. Then you will sympathise with the word Siva, which means Destroyer. These three great powers are very real to you, and your spirit is awestruck by them, but they lead you to further realisations. The Destroyer may come in the fury of tempest, but sometimes destruction comes quietly, and by an excess of the very power that helps us when in moderation. Thus we all like green fields and hedges, but we grumble very much if the rain keeps us indoors on a holiday, and it was through such experience that the old Brahmins found that there was another God besides Siva who had to be reckoned with. This they called Indra, or the Elements; that is the power of the *earth* to yield harvest; of the *air* to yield the breeze; of the *fire* to yield warmth; and of the *waters* to moisten the ground. You have all experienced the power of this God Indra, and can sympathise with its meaning. Again, you have all heard of sudden illness and deaths which is due to diphtheria, scarlet fever and many unknown causes. This great power the Hindoos called Devi. Lastly comes Krishna, who, as far as we know is a legendary hero-man, to whom was attached all that the thinking men thought noble and ideal, and he came, and was to come again as the revealer of Brahma. I hope you all have a Krishna, a hero—for to honour and strive to live up to a high ideal is the first step towards spiritual life, and if you have a hero you will find if you think that he is so, because he has revealed to you something noble and good.

In our next lesson, if you desire it, I will try to show you how far Brahmanism failed to satisfy those who sought help from it, and why we do not hold it still even though it is the religion of our race.

The Riddler's Corner.

EDITED BY J. HARRY BUNN.

DEAR RIDDLERS.—A record number of answers arrived to the riddlers in the January issue, which I fancy must have had a record sale. The Lyceumists of Sunderland, who are always well up in solving, surpassed all previous efforts in the number of their correct solutions. The puzzle which tripped up most of the solvers was the Logodrome. Some said the answer was "sun-dial;" others said "mint-rock;" while some were of opinion that it must be "fire-brick" or "sun and moon." The correct solvers of all the riddles were—Harry E. Pizey, J. C. Chambers, and John Nettleton. The answers to the riddles are as follows:

Mr. Cooke's contributions:

Encyclogram: *Horse* (horse).

Decapitation: *Mouse* (Ouse).

Enigma: *River*.

Miss Turton's contributions:

Transposition: *Banner*.

Logodrome: *Fire-Clay*. (Fire is *hot*, while clay is *cold* as stone). I thank my contributor very much for her very friendly letter and good wishes, and will here insert her latest constructions:

Verbal Charade.

My first is in happy but not in gay;

My second's in hawthorn but not in may;

My third is in pretty but not in fair;

My fourth is in pleasure, also in care;
Possess me, and you are happy indeed;
I'll cheer you truly in sorrow and need.

Logodrome.

My first is the sea, the sparkling sea;
My second's a joiner's tool;

On my whole with delight the children play
When freed from their tasks at school.

EDNOR TURTON.

My Rishton contributor has also my thanks for his kindly note and clever constructions. They are as follows:

Logogriph.

My whole the trees perform in the spring;
Behold, I then can make your boat swing;
Behold again, my accounts are to pay;
Then again, and I carry the bird on its way;
Now you transpose, and I'm letters three;
I hope you ne'er will drink of me.

Conundrum.

A lady with false hair;

A man with one leg;

In what way are they alike?

Now tell me, I beg.

Logogram.

A pair of birds, the tribe of the crow,
Which chatter and gibe at all below;
My next, a sign of deep reflection;
Then comes another of exclamation;
And still another of ejaculation;
Then we have one of declamation;
To be followed by one of jubilation;
My whole, an Editor for congratulation.

JOHN COOKE.

During the past month, I have been favoured with a contribution from Mrs. Kate Taylor Robinson, the gifted poetess of Manchester. But, not knowing that all riddles must be in verse, she sent it in prose, and so I have just thrown the wording into verse form. This is the valued contribution:

Conundrum.

What is that which is on the left;

Which impels us to do the right;

Of all our treasures which is the best;

Ladies, tell me of this symbol bright?

KATE TAYLOR ROBINSON.

I will now close this Corner by giving you a riddle of my own for mental digestion.

Syllabic Charade.

My first of three letters is easy to name,

It covers three-quarters of earth;

My second is used by some men of fame,

Though I have eschewed it from birth.

By the sad sea shore my whole is found,

And is fished by children tiny

High and dry on the sandy ground

In remembrance of the briny.

Three prizes are offered for correct solutions. The *Riddlers' Corner* is open to all readers of the *Lyceum Banner*, to old and young alike, so send on your contributions to the below address at earliest.

J. HARRY BUNN.

24, Towneley-street, West Stanley, Co. Durham.

WALTER HOWELL is now settled in Liverpool as resident speaker for Daulby Hall, for 1899. It is reported that Mr. W. Phillip's will occupy a similar position at Sowerby Bridge, during 1900. Good men both, they are to be congratulated and the societies concerned commended.

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.

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The Lyceum Banner.

FEBRUARY, 1899.

OUR MONTHLY CHAT.

A Thorny Question. THE relationship between a Lyceum and a Society is still a thorny question. Several letters reach this office announcing disruptions between the two bodies, and, as usual, marked differences of opinion concerning the cause of friction, characterise the communications. It is all very well to say both parties should sustain mutually harmonious relations, but, until the basis of such relations is made more clear and definite than it is to-day, unseemly squabbles will continue to arise. Surely our delegates can submit some plan that will ensure justice and freedom around, and a plain definition of how Lyceums and Societies should stand towards each other!

✱

The Lesson Plan. SOME Leaders appear to entertain the idea that the "Outline" lessons are in the nature of an essay to be read to the Lyceum! This is not so. They are composed of short notes, on various points in the general subject. Take each sentence, think it over, see what you can add to it, make out of it, or teach from it. The "Outline" is merely to guide your thoughts, not to enable you to dispense with thinking for yourselves. As regards the Invocations, we should much prefer all our Conductors to cultivate their own aspirational faculties. Ready made prayers become dry and formal. When warm from the soul they are vivifying powers. Many a Lyceum would be more virile, and many a conductor would wield far more power for good, if less reliance was placed on books, and more on individual thought and enterprise.

The Next Conference. It is meet that our next Conference be held at Nottingham. It is there where the first Lyceum in Great Britain was established, upwards of thirty years ago. It is within easy range from nearly all Lyceum centres, and as Mr. Albert Wilkinson will make similar arrangements for train fares as last year, there should be no difficulty in the way to prevent a first-class assembly of delegates and visitors. One little question: Why should London wait? What says Battersea, Camberwell, Stratford?

ITEMETTES.

HUDDERSFIELD report is encouraging reading.

Look out next month for an article from Mr. Smithson, president of the Yorkshire Union.

MR. JAMES CROSSLEY, 132, Parkinson Street, Burnley Wood, is the present Secretary of the Hammerton Street Lyceum, Burnley.

Our last month's edition was the second largest we ever published. It has met with almost universal commendation. There are only fifty copies now unsold.

THE Liverpool, Daulby Hall Lyceum, headed the list of orders, exceeding the next largest order by two dozens.

I AM pleased to inform you I sold all the BANNERS we ordered for January, and have now 36 orders per month for the present year.—W. Horsman, Bartlam Place C. P. L., Oldham.

MR. ARTHUR H. ROCKE, of the Salford Lyceum, writes, they are trying hard to achieve success, and accomplishing much, in spite of some difficulties. He adds, permit me to compliment you on the eminently successful way in which the BANNER is conducted, you also are trying hard!

Look out for our next month's issue. Among several special articles will be one giving an account of the origin and development of the Hammerton Street Lyceum, Burnley. This article will be from the pen of Mr. W. Mason, and will be illustrated by a fine half tone portrait of that earnest worker for the Lyceum.

BARRY DOCK, SOUTH WALES.—We are endeavouring to start a Lyceum in connection with our society here. I hope we shall succeed, and then I hope we shall want a few more copies of your excellent paper. Wishing you every success, which you thoroughly deserve.—E. J. TAYLOR.

DEAR EDITORS.—I am very pleased to be able to report to you that at a meeting of the Smethwick Lyceum, a resolution was passed that 5s. be sent to Mr. Morse towards the Stutentation Fund of the LYCEUM BANNER. Hoping that this resolution will be an incentive to other Lyceums to do likewise.—L. GEORGE, Secretary Smethwick Lyceum.

MR. EDWARD KERSEY, brother of Mr. H. A. Kersey, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, passed to Spirit Life early in January. The event was commemorated by one of the prettiest and most appropriate memorial cards we ever remember seeing. Mr. Kersey left numerous legacies to local charities, amounting to £8,000.

THE verse, entitled "A new year's greeting," which appeared in our previous issue should have been announced as through Mrs. Kate Taylor Robinson, and that other pretty verse, "A new year's wish," was from Miss Edna Turton. We regret the omission of the names.

MR. and Mrs. E. W., and M. H. Wallis arrived home safe and sound on Monday, Jan. 30th, and we were pleased to learn from a genial line received from our earnest co-worker, just as these pages are going to press. A warm welcome awaits them from there many friends throughout the country. Mr. Wallis reports a gratifying trip, and a pleasant voyage home.

OUR Union Secretary, Bro. Alfred Kitson, writes us: "Last month's BANNER is well liked. Full of good reading, enlivened with Riddlers Corner, etc. "Difficult Sums" is a tit bit, and so, too, is the first sentence of the sketch of Mr. I. C. I. Evans. What a fine fellow he is to say he was born on April 8th, 1897." Well, perhaps the proof reader was 'festivityising,' so, being a little topsy turvy, evidently thought a '6' upside down did not matter.

THE BANNER congratulates Bro. J. B. Tetlow, and his good wife on the well deserved honours recently bestowed upon them. To celebrate 21 years of public work as a medium, and 25 years of married life is a pleasant incident to principals and participants alike. Our Editor was in Glasgow at the time, or he would have been very pleased to have responded in person to the cordial invitation sent to him. May Mr. and Mrs. Tetlow now serve out another like term of public life and private happiness.

THE GOLDEN GROUP.

Motto:—LOVE, TEMPERANCE, PURITY.

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

Rules.—I. That I will endeavour to be kind and loving to all human beings, and every living thing. II. That I will try to be temperate in all things, and strive to abstain from using intoxicants and tobacco. III. That I will not use profane or vulgar language.

Certificates.—Every Member upon joining must apply for a Certificate of Membership. To obtain this you must either send direct to AUNT EDITHA, or hand to your Secretary, One Penny to cover the cost and carriage of Certificate. Names are not published, or entered upon the Roll, until the above rule is complied with. All names of Members will be published in the LYCEUM BANNER every month.

Special Notices.—AUNT EDITHA will be glad to receive short letters from Members of the GOLDEN GROUP upon anything they think could interest the GROUP. Please give the name of your Lyceum, and your number on the Roll.

OUR JANUARY ASSEMBLY—SESSION LXIX.

AUNTIE is rather in doubt as to whether or not she should describe our latest gathering as a session? It certainly was an Assembly, and there was a large amount of work done, but it was not a regular business session, though all the officers were present. So, perhaps, I had better head my description of what took place by words that will express the facts, and call our last meeting what it was:

The Golden Group Cinderella.

The arrangements were all in a forward state the week before the dance was to be held, for which our best thanks are due to the several committees having charge of the different departments. The committee on place had secured a lovely little hall, with a perfectly beautiful floor. The hall was lighted by electricity, had splendid plate glass mirrors, in lovely gold frames, around, and the decorations were all in white and gold. The musicians were ensconced in a perfect bower of palms, ferns, flowers, and flags, while here and there was placed festoons of holly and evergreens, bunting and mistletoe. It was subsequently discovered that Master Johnny had slyly hung a bunch of mistletoe in a quiet corner of the passage to the supper room, and I am afraid he has much to answer for, as every now and then some merry protest rose on the air. The refreshment room certainly looked very handsome. One end was crossed by a buffet, covered with a snowy tablecloth. In the centre a magnificent arrangement of evergreens and flowers reared its beautiful form, while on either side two lovely silver urns glistened and sparkled in the light. Tea, coffee, cocoa, lemonade, natural and manufactured, milk in plenty; cakes of all sorts and kinds, mince pies, bread and butter, fruits of various sorts, fresh and candied; oranges, raisins, and nuts in profusion. Indeed, as the newspaper reporters say, "the table literally groaned under the profusion of the delicacies provided for the occasion." A number of small tables, at which from two to four or five persons could sit, were sattered about the room, enough to allow a seat to each one present. A dozen youths had been appointed Stewards, each one wearing a white favour, with a red, white and blue centre, and they most admirably waited upon everybody, thus avoiding all confusion when the refreshments were served. The Grand Conductor, with the assistance of the rest of the refreshment committee, presided at the refreshment buffet, and everything there passed off without a hitch.

Shortly before half past seven some hundred and twenty young folks had arrived, also a number of elders, who were rigorously banished to the balcony, as this was entirely a juniors' party, and confined to members of the GOLDEN GROUP. But the M.C.'s welcomed the visitors on arrival,

and granted them the floor during the interval, and entertained them all in the refreshment room, but the ball was strictly reserved for the Groupites themselves.

Punctually at 7-45, the Grand March was led off by the Grand Conductor and the Grand Secretary, and at its termination dancing commenced. A very excellent selection of dances had been made, and the dance music was equally felicitous. It was a beautiful scene that now presented itself. The young ladies were in all cases most prettily dressed, and the young gentlemen—many of the elder ones in evening dress—with their bright faces combined to make a picture that will not be soon forgotten by those who were privileged to be present. No company of adults could have been better behaved, or more decorous in demeanour. The band was splendid. There were two M.C.'s, Miss Eva Justlove and Master Albert Stepson, and they acquitted themselves admirably of their duty.

At 9-30 refreshments were served; at ten dancing was resumed, and continued until the last stroke of twelve died away. Then cabs, carriages and other conveyances took the company home, and our first Cinderella dance was over. It was all very jolly, and everyone enjoyed it, that is, excepting one boy, who would insist upon smoking cigarettes. Twice the M.C.'s reported this breach of decorum, and our promise, twice Auntie forbore to do more than administer a rebuke, but on the third occasion it was necessary to say he must either refrain from smoking or he must leave the ball. He would not promise, so he was compelled to go home, and the matter will now have to be dealt with at our next regular Assembly.

Our Cinderella entailed a lot of hard work, but we are all delighted it was such a complete success. Next month you shall have the business report and balance sheet.

As our regular Assembly was held over until February, on account of the Cinderella taking its place. I am unable to do more this time than print Mr. W. Mason's letter, and announce the new names we hope to add to the Roll, next time, under the presumption that my action will be endorsed when we next meet. Yours lovingly—AUNT EDITHA.

* * *

Master Johnnie asks me to be sure and send this to the BANNER, and as it has been crowded out for two months now, I send it, so that my novocastrian nephew may not think he is quite forgotten:—

166, Rye Hill, N.C.

DEAR AUNT EDITHA.—Perhaps you can spare a few lines in reply to Master Johnnie's information in relation to the price of seats at royal processions. Taking into account the value that money was at that time, I do not see that the charge was very moderate. In the Plantagenet period men only received from 1d. to 4d. per day, land was only 4d. per acre, a sheep could be bought for 1s. 2d., and a pair of shoes

for 4d., and many other articles taking the present value of money would be very little, but at that time money was about twenty-five times the value it is now. In the Lancastrian and Yorkist period, most labourers received 2d. a day, free-masons and master-carpenters 3d. or 4d., whilst a husbandman's annual income did not exceed 15s. In the Tudor period, money depreciated in value owing, a good deal to the alloy that was mixed with the gold and silver in Edward VI and Mary I's reign. At the commencement of the Tudor period, carpenter, masons, etc., received 5d. or 6d. a day, while in 1601 at the end of the same period, they received about 1s. 2d. a day. In the Stuart period the wages of the majority of working people averaged from 4s. to 6s. per week, and mechanics' received no more than 1s. per day. In the Hanoverian period the wages increased rapidly, and the value of money decreased considerably.

So taking into account the wages the majority of the people got, I do not think the charge was so moderate, also considering the value of money at the corresponding times. Now I must conclude.—I remain, dear Aunt Editha, your affectionate nephew,

ALFRED C. ROBSON.

DEAR AUNT EDITHA.—Just a line to say I received the certificates quite safe, and very nice ones they are too. I had not seen the new ones before. I send you other four names for this month. So no more this time, your loving nephew,

W. MASON.

Members to be elected at our next Assembly,

1305 Edith M. Newall,	1307 Sarah Parkinson,
1306 Mary Ashworth,	1308 James Edmondson.

LYCEUM NOTES AND COMMENTS.—LX.

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

THERE seems to be a state of unrest between several societies and their Lyceums. All Lyceums should work in unison with their societies, where such is possible. There are, unfortunately, some members of societies who seem to have an antipathy against any movement for the children, and so, whenever an occasion occurs, they try to throw cold water on the young aspirants, instead of encouraging them and enlisting their sympathies with the parent societies. In several instances the societies declined to move in the matter of forming Lyceums for their member's children, and the work has had to be done by one, two, or three ardent souls that were aglow with love for the children, who, weary of waiting for the societies to move in the matter, decided to start a Lyceum, which the society barely tolerated at the time. After it has become a success, and funds have accumulated to defray expenses, both present and prospective, and the young people have shown they were full of life and vigour, the societies have seen, when too late, the error of their apathy, and have wanted to force the Lyceum to obey its rule, and management. The result has always been painful to all parties concerned. My advice is for ALL officers and scholars who are eligible for membership to become members of their societies, and make the well-being of both their care. Two or three of the Lyceum officers should be members of the societies' committees, to ensure unity of purpose and feeling.

It is rumoured that new Lyceums are being opened at Plymouth, Harpurhey, near Manchester, Hollinwood and Oldham. I hope that the society in each instance have

decided to open these, so that all unpleasantness may be avoided when they have become fully established.

I AM in receipt of several invitations for the Conference to visit them in 1900; If there be others who contemplate adding theirs to the list they should send the same to me as early as possible, so that a full list may be published in time for all Lyceums to instruct their delegates which to vote for at the coming Conference.

LYCEUMS should make an effort to send representatives to the May Conference. They are important occasions giving Lyceumists from all over the country a chance of meeting once a year, to deliberate on matters affecting them. Mr. Hill, of Wisbech, has already intimated his intention of being present.

SEVERAL Lyceums have neglected to profit by the advice given in my notes last month to send their contributions with their returns. To all such, I wish to say that they cannot be supplied with either *Lyceum Manuals*, *Spiritual Songsters*, or *Outlines of Spiritualism*, at the special low terms until their contributions are paid.

The friends of Mr. William Chisnall will be pleased to learn that his departure for America has been postponed until after the Conference in May, which we hope to see him attend.

REMEMBER ALL notices of change of Secretaries must be sent to me, and not to the Editor of the LYCEUM BANNER.

BRADFORD.—Milton Room Lyceum have elected their officers, who are to serve twelve months in future, instead of six months as hitherto. Conductors, Messrs. Taylor and Duxbury; treasurer, Mrs. Beardworth; musical director, Miss Marshall; Conference delegates, Messrs. Bishop and Jackson.

Two letters reach us, one from Bolton and one from Blackpool concerning difficulties between the Lyceum and the Society in each town. Rumours from other places also reach us, of the same import. We cannot interfere in local matters, but are of opinion that our Union should consider the question again, and help all to arrive at some definite and settled principle that should decide the relations that should exist between our Lyceums and our Societies.

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LYCEUM LESSONS AND INVOCATIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

Compiled by the Editor.

NOTE.—In compiling these Lessons the only desire is that they may prove of Service to Conductors in furnishing them with suggestions for General Lyceum Lessons.—COMPILER.

SECOND SUNDAY.

INVOCATION.—With our hearts filled with gratitude for the blessings we have received from our Father God, and our Mother Nature, let us again determine to do our best towards each other, and to live lives of love, purity and truth. Thus may we best prepare our souls to receive more and more of the Inspirations from the Higher Life, and come into closer sympathy with our Angel friends, day by day, as we travel towards the fair land beyond.

SUBJECT.—SPIRITS.—OUTLINE.—What is a Spirit?—A person who once lived on earth—A Spirit has a spiritual body—Clairvoyants see them as having the forms of beautiful human beings—They converse with each other—They love and aid each other—They travel and visit—They study, they work, they rest—They are real people—The young mature—The matured increase in loveliness—Good Spirits are they who have either lived good lives on earth, or improved themselves after leaving earth—Bad Spirits are undeveloped people, in whom the moral and spiritual natures have not yet attained their full proportions.—(S.C., 15. G.C., 106. M.R., 233.)

THIRD SUNDAY.

INVOCATION.—All Mighty Power, who ruleth all things wisely and well, we, the children of thy Life, would again unite in offering Thee the praise of grateful hearts. We are conscious of our many failures to understand and obey thy Laws, but we daily strive to do better. We know we are in the presence of the Angel World, that beautiful life Thou hast ordained for us hereafter. We will strive to be worthy of it when we pass hence, and we ask the Loving Ones to ever guide us in all that is Beautiful, Good and True.

SUBJECT.—SPIRITUALISTS.—OUTLINE.—Spiritualists have satisfied themselves of the fact of communication between the material and spiritual worlds—That our departed return to us and give us messages of consolation; teachings that uplift; and information concerning the next life—The Spiritualist is thus liberated from the fear of death and ignorance of the future—He is an investigator of all things pertaining to man's nature—He is a searcher after Truth, and he follows fearlessly wherever Truth leads—He recognises no superstitious limitations to enquiry; he guides his conduct by the light of the facts of the experience of men who have passed into the next stage of existence—He is a Reformer, a Freethinker, a Lover of Justice; one who knows that a Happy Future depends upon a Righteous Present.—(S.C., 14. G.C., 136. M.R., 231.)

FOURTH SUNDAY.

INVOCATION.—Let us invoke the presence of our Angel Guides, that we may receive the blessing of their inspirations, and profit therefrom. While we are desiring this, let us uplift our hearts and minds in purest thought, casting out all ill-feelings and unkindness, drawing near to each other in loving unity, and so showing our spirit ministrants that we are indeed sincere in our wishes for their presence, since we strive to provide them with the welcome of clean hearts, earnest thoughts and sincerest aspirations.

SUBJECT.—SPIRITUALISM.—OUTLINE.—Spiritualism is a School of Thought founded upon knowledge, gained by experiment and experience, concerning man's nature and relationships in the natural and spiritual worlds—Its primal elements are facts—Experiments and observation its methods—Its Philosophy, an attempt to classify the results obtained—Its Teachings, the endeavour to apply its knowledge to the education and welfare of mankind—It is at once a Science, a Philosophy and a Moral Education.—(S.C., 30. G.C., 137. M.R., 223.)

FOR THE FIRST SUNDAY IN MARCH.

INVOCATION.—Great Spirit of Life, from whom all things come, and by whom all is ruled, we would thank thee for the Laws thou hast ordained, by which we are nurtured, blessed and guarded on all sides. For the ties of love that bind us in the bonds of family and friendship. For all the joys that life can give. For the opening of the springtime, with its glad promises of summer and flowers and fragrance. May we, oh, Great Heart of Love, ever strive to so live that by our doing we may show thee how true are the thanks we this day offer unto thee.

SUBJECT.—BLESSINGS.—OUTLINE.—Blessings are not formal words spoken by clergyman, minister or priest—Not set phrases, but living words, from lips uttering love, can bless us—Thoughts can bless, even when unspoken—Their vibrations touch our spirits, and awake responsive emotions in our minds—But blessings will not bless, unless we are in a condition to be blessed—If our thoughts are pure, our souls are uplifted, our minds receptive to the true and good, then can blessings bless us—Let us think kindly, act wisely, speak gently, and we shall bless our fellows and ourselves.—(S.C., 8. G.C., 101. M.R., 237.)

QUESTION BOX.

As some of our Leaders are at times in doubt as to points raised in these Outlines of Lessons, as we find from occasional letters sent to us, we have decided to institute a "Question Box," and append it at the end of these lessons each month. We invite not only questions, but suggestions for improvements, and contributions to the Lessons from all our Leaders, and the same shall receive our most careful consideration, either privately by letter, or publicly in this column.—THE EDITORS.

TRAINING THE CHILDREN.

Original Recitation by Mr. J. H. Jones, concluding an address at Daulby Hall, Liverpool.

TO TRAIN up children the way they should go,
Improve their condition in body and mind,
Develop their faculties, brighten their lives,
Make them obedient, loving and kind,
To teach them their duty to God and to man.
To rescue the children from churches and creeds,
Is to tell them that Heaven and happiness here
Depend on right living, kind words and good deeds.

To teach them to work in humanity's cause;
Impatient to aid and assist one another.
That the greatest of pleasures and noblest of deeds
Is to help an unfortunate sister or brother.
To mark out the pathway of virtue and truth,
And urge and assist them to follow the track;
Is to walk through the world with conscience clear,
With head up erect and shoulders set back.

So teach them the study of nature's laws,
To cultivate art and refinement of taste;
Refraining from all that is vulgar and low,
And live lives temperate, moral and chaste.
To point them to literature, healthy and pure,
And all that conduces to happiness here,
Upraises the soul when earth's labour is o'er
To live in a brighter and happier sphere. J. H. JONES.

LYCEUM MASQUERADE.—On Thursday, the 29th Dec., the Bloomsbury Lyceum, Birmingham, gave a repetition of the Cantata that had proved so successful in September, and on the following evening invited all friends of the Lyceum movement to attend a Masquerade by way of a holiday treat for the children (from 50 downwards)! Mr. Reeves, whose kind thought had originated the idea, was the life and soul of its successful issue. Father Christmas (Mr. Browne), Clown (Mr. Reeves), Pantaloon (Mr. E. Darby), were up to their old tricks. Miss Thomas made a bright Italian peasant. Miss Eva Allender wore the peculiar sugar loaf headgear and dress of the 16th century, and Mr. Edward Allender, our excellent musical instructor, dazzled the assembly in the brilliant colours and turban of an Indian Rajah. The centre of attraction, however, was a good looking young lady in quite the latest style of hair and costume. In the opinion of the more critical matrons present she was voted "just a little fast," but this was excused when it proved to be none other than our pianist, Mr. Norman Westwood. Refreshments were served generously and gratis by an energetic set of helpers, and the fun never flagged from the commencement at 7 to the close at 11. We hope to repeat the experiment next year.

The Monthly Record.

REPORTS.

ACCRINGTON, Argyle Street.—January 16th, 1899. We have elected our new officers for the ensuing 12 months. Among the principal, conductor, Mr. Kirby; secretary, Miss Martha Cross; treasurer, Miss L. Cross; guardian, John Haworth; delegate, J. W. Taylor. On Sunday, December 25th, an interesting ceremony was performed during the Lyceum session by our esteemed sister, Miss Kershaw, who had the pleasure of naming the baby son of our conductor, Mr. Kirby, which she did in a few well chosen words, naming him Walter. December 31st, our Lyceum scholars had their annual coffee and bun treat, spending the afternoon in games, etc. On January 1st, we had our first Lyceum Anniversary. Prizes were distributed to the Lyceum scholars for good attendances. The gathering of young children, and the array of bright smiling faces was a sight to make the heart glad. Afternoon and evening services were conducted by Mr. Wilkinson, of Nelson. Clairvoyance was given by Miss Case, one of our Lyceums scholars. The day was a success.—MARTHA CROSS.

BATTERSEA, (Henley Street).—Tuesday evening, 17th January, Concert in aid of the Lyceum funds, given by Mrs. Bowland and family, when a very fine programme was excellently rendered. The accompanist was Mrs. Pointer, and our Chairman was Mr. Murrell. [Pressure on our space precludes us printing the programme which was excellent and varied and most interesting.] A General Meeting, for the Election of Officers to hold office until the Annual Meeting in May, was held on December 18th. The following principals were elected to serve: Conductor, Mrs. Murrell; Treasurer, Mrs. Boddington; Secretary, Mr. Murrell; Drill Instructors, Miss Ross and Mr. Murrell. On Saturday, 21st January, the Lyceum Officers took 57 members of the Lyceum to the Shakespeare Theatre, to witness the Pantomime "Cinderella"—the entertainment was thoroughly enjoyed by all. [A capital idea. Eds.]

BURNLEY, Hammerton Street.—The annual prize distribution and free tea, given to the scholars of the Hammerton Street Lyceum, took place on Saturday afternoon, January 7th; tea on the tables at 4-30 p.m., presided over by the following lady leaders:—Misses Layfield, P. Newell, V. Harrison, J. M. Harrison, A. Stancombe and L. Crossley, assisted by the conductors and officers of the Lyceum. After tea the evening was spent in games, and recitations. During the evening Mr. Wm. Dean, one of our highly esteemed and energetic conductors (Mr. Mason not being able to be present the whole time), put the scholars through the marching and calisthenics, which gave great satisfaction to parents and friends who were present. Eighty sat down to tea, and 120 were present after tea. At 8-30 p.m. the prizes were distributed by our conductor, Mr. Wm. Dean. 24 prizes in the form of books were given for good attendance and reciting, and at 9 p.m. the younger portion of the scholars were sent home; the older portion indulged in dancing until 10-30 p.m.. A very enjoyable evening having been spent by all present. On Sunday morning, Jan. 8th, Mr. J. J. Morse, the Editor of the BANNER, was present at our Lyceum session, and addressed the scholars and all present, informing us how our Progressive Lyceums originated, by the clairvoyant visions in the spirit spheres of Andrew Jackson Davis. He also gave us some of his experience in America, during the Jubilee year, which was highly appreciated by all present, and I may say on behalf of the whole of the Lyceum that we are thankful for his kindly advice and presence amongst us. Mr. Wm. Mason, our esteemed conductor, also gave a short address on the working of the Lyceum which was highly appreciated. Miss Liversedge from Blackpool was also with us as a special visitor.—JAS. CROSSLEY, SEC.

BURY.—We held our first open session on Sunday, January 22nd, and the happy day we had will not easily be forgotten. Parents and friends were delighted with the exercises, the very appropriate recitations, quartets, duets and solos which were so ably rendered. Our worthy Conductor and several Lyceumists gave short addresses. We had three services, and it would take too much of your valuable space to give the names of all from our kind organist to the youngest member, as all did their part so well to make the services so great a success.—P. BIRKETT, SEC.

GATESHEAD.—On December 29th, the children were entertained to a free Tea and Concert, given by the officers and a few friends. The scholars to the number of 40 did ample justice to the good things provided and then heartily enjoyed themselves with the entertainment. Our old friend Mr. Morris was present and brought with him a most wonderful machine, called a Gramophone, which was a concert by itself—singing and playing in a manner that astonished the children.

Then we had games and dances and finished up with each scholar being sent home happy with a present of fruit. We made a charge for those not connected with the Lyceum and realised a profit of 13/6 to swell the Lyceum fund. We have only been in existence 4 months and have made good progress so far, and hope to prosper more as the year rolls on.—J. E. CONNELLY.

Huddersfield, Brook Street.—On New Year's Day an open session and the annual prize distribution was held. A goodly number of friends assembled. The usual form of programme constituted of excellent and pleasing items was well rendered. Marching and calisthenics were then thoroughly enjoyed. After which our Conductor ably and effectively seconded by our good friend Mrs. Stair, made the presentations. In our Lyceum it is needful, in order to obtain a prize, that 45 out of a possible 52 full marks be obtained. 50 marks and over gaining a first class prize. We have a roll 55 members, 27 prizes for attendance were given—18 firsts, 9 seconds; eight scholars made full attendance for the year. Four special prizes for recising at Lyceum were given. I think it will be conceded that this is not a bad record, and I am informed that there is a resolute desire to do even better next year. I hope that our example may be followed by others. An excellent entertainment in aid of society funds was given on Boxing Day by the members of the Lyceum Entertainment Club, which is self-sustaining. A programme of over three hours duration, in which songs, recitals, dramatic sketches, action song, etc., in rapid succession kept the audience interested, amused and happy, was well rendered. A social party on the following evening closed our Christmas enjoyment.

MANCHESTER (Collyhurst).—January 1st. Grand Session, good attendance. Annual election of officers took place when the following among other able workers were elected: Mr. Arthur Arundale, conductor; Mr. Jas. Ed. Harvey, corresponding secretary; Miss Bertha Lawrence, treasurer; Mr. Percy Bewick and Miss B. Lawrence, sick and absentee visitors. The Committee tender their best thanks to all the retiring officers and friends. January 2nd, annual Lyceum Tea Party and Concert, when upwards of 130 sat down to tea. After tea a very enjoyable evening was spent in games, etc., and bon-bons were provided for all. The numbers reaching 170. Mr. Percy Bewick, an ardent worker in the Lyceum, presented prizes to Lyceumists who had given recitations, etc., in the past year. Jan. 8th, Marching, etc., well done, recitations by Master Hugh Arundale our champion reciter, and Miss Florrie Francis. Jan. 15th, usual routine, Marching, etc., a grand success, and our thanks are due to our friend and ever-willing helper Mr. Arthur Schofield, for his services at the organ. Recitations by Rachael and Amy Wills, Percy, Arthur and Hugh Arundale. Jan. 22nd, Harmonious Session, present 60, recitations by Percy, Arthur, and Hugh Arundale, and Miss Florrie Francis. The Lyceum workers as body, have decided to hold firm and true to their respective offices, for the upliftment and further development of the Lyceum cause in Collyhurst.—JAS. ED. HARVEY, SEC.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Since we first held our Lyceum sessions in the Northumberland Hall, and since the Executive Committee held their meeting in Newcastle, our numbers, as we have reported before, have gradually strengthened until now our average for the last year is 75. During the early part of last year, we were much pleased to hear that a lady friend and co-worker in the Lyceum movement, Mrs. Cowling has kindly suggested to give a tea and entertainment to the Lyceum members, providing that we did our best to maintain a good percentage of attendance throughout the year. There was no doubt we justly deserved our long promised feast, which we right heartily enjoyed on January 2nd, 1899. There was an excellent attendance of children and friends, who came to spend the evening. And after we had all enjoyed an excellent tea, we then set our minds upon all that tended to make us joyous and happy. We needed no persuading, for we danced and played and sung until we were all thoroughly tired. We were all thankful for the splendid opportunity a musical evening of this kind affords for the Lyceumists to meet together in true social harmony. Our Lyceum is much indebted to Mrs. Cowling for the kindness shown, and the interest she is taking in the Lyceum.—G. M. M.

OLDHAM, Bartlam Place.—Open session on Sunday, January 15th. A splendid time. The marching, calisthenics and recitations being a success. Our friend Mr. Chisnall was with us, and he gave us a few words on the Lyceum. We are making steady progress.—W. HORSMAN, SEC.

SHAW.—Lyceum Tea Party, Jan. 14th, 150 sat down to tea. After tea there was Marching, Calisthenics and a grand distribution of the prizes presented to the scholars by our president. Mr. T. H. Henthorn, extra prizes being given by Mr. J. B. Jackson, to each of his scholars of the "Excelsior" Group, for not being absent once in the year. We also had songs, recitations, dialogues, and humorous readings by our Lyceum scholars. We concluded the evening with dancing.—E. FIELDING.

SOWERBY BRIDGE.—I am proud of our young people. Three months ago we joined Liberty and Lily groups into one class, and every Sunday afternoon, instead of the leaders taking up the time, the members in their turns have read papers and they have been discussed. I must acknowledge that I have been greatly astonished at the way the girls in the Lily group have drafted their essays together, thoughts have been given which were surprising, being so natural. I believe good has resulted to the essayists, and the class as a whole. It is also making the members more interested in the Lyceum. We intend to make our Lyceum both interesting and instructing. It is to the Lyceum where we shall have to look in the future for our workers.—THOMAS H. WRIGHT.

STOCKPORT.—Enjoyable Socials have done good and much improved our finances. December 26th and 27th, the exquisite operetta "Boy Blue," well staged and performed, drawing large audiences, who showed their appreciation by hearty applause. Our lads and lasses took up their parts with ability and exhibited plenty of "go." Jan. 1st, Annual Meetings; Lyceum harmonious; finances satisfactory; good outlook; capital staff elected:—Mr. Edwards, Miss Metcalf and Mr. Springate re-elected Conductor, Guardian and Secretary. Jan. 14th, Tea Party and Prizes for attendance, etc., presented by Mrs. Medcalf, Mr. Edwards presiding. Jan. 17th by special desire "Boy Blue" was reproduced for the benefit of the Lyceum fund. A great success all round. A presentation from the Lyceum was made to Miss S. Kenyon, who has left Stockport to take up other duties. Before handing to the young lady a handsome workbox, Mr. Edwards spoke of zeal, energy, and fidelity displayed by Miss Kenyon in the discharge of her duties as an officer of the Lyceum since its inauguration, and on behalf of the Lyceumists wished her a happy, prosperous and above all a useful future, for which a Lyceum training had prepared her. In a neat little speech, Miss Kenyon, who was much affected, expressed her thanks and said she would always cherish a kindly feeling for the colleagues she was leaving and pleasant recollections of many happy years spent with them, in the work of the "Lyceum." [Another excellent report, Eds.]

LYCEUM DISTRICT VISITORS' REPORTS.

LEEDS DISTRICT.

ARMLEY.—I visited Armley on November 13th. This Lyceum is still on the "up grade," but lack groups.

BATLEY.—Visited Batley on Oct. 30th. The attendance was small, as morning sessions generally are, but what they lacked in numbers was made up in conduct and harmony.

CLECKHEATON.—Was visited on Dec. 18th. I am pleased to report that here, too, a marked improvement since my previous visit is perceptible. They have nearly regained their former state of excellency. The state of all the Lyceums in my district is a decided improvement at the close of the year to what they were at the commencement.

LEEDS.—The following Sunday I visited Leeds Lyceum along with Mr. Alfred Kitson, and Mr. J. W. Webster, as reported.

NORMANTON.—The following Sunday I was at Normanton, and was pleased to find they had formed groups, and these were deeply interested in their several lessons. I am surprised at the announcement contained in your last issue, that it had been closed, as there were no indication of it on the above date.

ROTHWELL.—Visited, October 16th, and found them still making headway in the good work. Their method of teaching Spiritualism to the children is superior to any Lyceum in my district.

WAKEFIELD.—I visited Wakefield on Dec. 4th. Distinct indications of improvement is visible since my last visit.—JAMES KITSON.

MIDLAND DISTRICT.

BELPER.—Everything in this Lyceum still retains its beautiful harmony.

SMETHWICK.—Not so many present owing to the holidays, but as enthusiastic as ever.

NOTTINGHAM.—Gladstone Hall, pleased to find so many present, a very nice session. The Lyceum was formed in groups, a good sign.

LEICESTER Queen Street Lyceum, October 23rd, a very good meeting, officers and leaders very anxious to understand the children. About 60 present, they elected me honorary Conductor for that day. As they have a fine hall capable of seating about 500, we had plenty of room for marching, etc. These friends are good workers, it pleased me much to meet as conductor, Bro. Place, the husband of Mrs. Place, the clairvoyant. Hope to visit again soon.

NOTTINGHAM.—Cobden Hall, October 17th, not very many present. Those that were applied themselves to the respective duties in a very encouraging manner, pleased to again meet and see genial face of their esteemable conductor, Bro. Clark.

NOTTINGHAM.—Gladstone Hall, November 13th. The workers here require stimulating. I witnessed the children go through their various movements. The conductor is one well seasoned as a Lyceumist being a member of the first Lyceum which was formed in England, at Nottingham about 30 years ago. Hope the friends will give him the support that is required to carry on this noble work.

NORTHAMPTON.—December 11th. It is with sorrow that I report the Lyceum at Northampton has no life in it. However, it is to be hoped that the friends will awake from their apathy, and train soldiers to fill in the gaps made in the ranks of the Spiritualists, when the reaper removes some veteran therefrom.

It has not been my privilege to visit all Lyceums in my district this quarter, because circumstances over which I have not had control, prevented me.

ROCHDALE DISTRICT.

ROCHDALE.—Penn Street Lyceum is in a very good condition, well attended and harmonious, when I visited on November 6th, Regent Hall. On my visit on November 20th, I found an excellent attendance, and the work was done very well indeed. Hollinwood, room crowded and too small for our work. Lyceum full of enthusiasm.

SHAW.—My assistant D. V., Mr. Fowler, visited this Lyceum. He reports most favourably. It was the Lyceum anniversary, and everything was done in a most creditable manner.

HEYWOOD.—The Lyceum here is steadily improving.

WALSALL.—Visited Sept. 4th, please again to meet our esteemed President who's kindly sympathy is extended to all true workers. The holiday had been so well observed by some of the Lyceumists that the attendance was not up to its usual standard. However, a goodly company assembled and we had a bright session. The President and Conductor, Mr. J. Venables read Daisy Dimples admirable letter, which contains a most humane suggestion and is worthy of the support of all Lyceumists.

OLDHAM.—Bartlam Place was visited on Sunday, January 15th. The open session in the afternoon was a success. The exercises were well rendered, readings, recitations and solos were given by the members, after which a few remarks were given by myself on the Lyceum and its objects. The room was crowded. Blesley Street assistant, Mr. Towler, who found attendance small. Another Society has opened a Lyceum which was visited by my has been opened at Hollinwood by the Bower Lane Society, which seems to be doing fairly well. I am pleased to report that Royston Lyceum has been re-opened, and if the spirit that is now manifested be maintained, good may result. I am unable to give you the particulars of the Lyceums just opened, but hope to do so when I report again.—WM. CHISNALL, D.V.

LYCEUM DISTRICT COUNCIL REPORTS.

HALIFAX AND HUDDERSFIELD.—The Quarterly Meeting of the above was held at Sowerby Bridge, on Saturday Jan. 7th, when much important business was dealt with. It was unanimously decided to hold our first Annual Demonstration on Whit-Monday. The Reports and Balance Sheet presented by the Secretary and Treasurer, were adopted as correct. The accounts showed that the Council was in a good financial position, considering that it had only been in existence a short time. Business over, an adjournment was made for tea, to which the Delegates did ample justice. Friends are to be complimented for the arrangements made. A special meeting will be held at Elland on Saturday, Feb. 11th, at 3-30 prompt. Delegates note.—S. WALTER HOYLE, SECRETARY.

LEEDS.—The Leeds District Council met at Batley on Dec. 17th. The business of the Council being got through, a good gathering sat down to tea. The Entertainment, presided over by Mr. J. W. Webster, consisted of a glee, duets, songs and recitations, ably rendered by the Batley Lyceumists. The Council heartily thank them for their efforts.—J. E. ARCHER, HON. SEC., D.C.

SUSTENTATION FUND.—From "Starnos," U.S., Two Dollars.

The New Year's number is an excellent issue. I am immensely pleased with it, and must say it exceeded by far my anticipations. Good luck to it.—WALTER BOOTH.

A CHRISTMAS TREAT IN NOTTINGHAM.

PRACTICAL SPIRITUALISM.

AT the close of a stirring address on the subject of Practical Spiritualism, by the guide of Mrs. Clarke, at her Monday afternoon circle early in December, the friends present resolved to make an effort to do something practical for the poor children of this city. Being few in number, the friends could not hope to attempt anything large, and we set ourselves to provide for 100 children. Collection books were issued, and with very few exceptions the invitation to subscribe was generously responded to.

It is noteworthy at this point to say, that whilst journeying in the train from Nottingham to Derby, one of the ladies who took collecting books found herself in company with two of the clergy of the established church, and determined to commence her efforts with these gentlemen. Need I say they each refused, alleging they had so many calls in "their own parish." Another gentleman when asked did not hesitate a moment in handing over his contribution, thus affording a splendid lesson to the pseudo-followers of the "Nazarene who went about doing good."

In the sum collected our expectations were far exceeded, and had we the convenience we could have fed two hundred, instead of the one hundred which we invited by ticket.

December 25th was selected as the most suitable day for the occasion—indeed, the only day on which we could have the use of the Cobden Hall, kindly granted to us free for this gathering by Mr. Thomas Stubbs, the secretary of the Nottingham Spiritual Evidence Society. All arrangements had been made by willing helpers, and everything was ready half-an-hour before the time (5 p.m.) at which our guests were to arrive. They then filed in, and each one was instructed to stand behind their chair until 'grace' had been sung, when all sat down and commenced with hearty good will to discuss the good things plentifully spread before them. The fare consisted of sandwiches, bread and butter, cake, pastry, and tea. It was really interesting to watch the "vanishing trick," at which these poor children are such adepts. The enjoyment seemed to be mutual, for their faces showed the pleasure we had afforded them, and this was ample thanks to those who had shared the labour of providing the meal.

The tables being cleared and removed, an entertainment was commenced consisting of magic lantern views, provided by Mr. Charles Skinner, of Nottingham.

The hymn, "Onward Christian Soldiers" was thrown on the screen and heartily sung by the children. A number of the Lyceumists then sang, "Open the door for the children," from the Lyceum Manual. Mr. Skinner then invited us to accompany him on his "Limelight Trip," when scenes in various parts of the world, as well as local views, were shown, to the intense interest and delight of the children. Songs and recitations were contributed by Miss Lily Clark, Miss E. Dexter, Miss Dinmore, Miss Dora Coppock, Mr. J. Clark, Mr. L. Coppock, Master Herbert E. Clark, Miss Cynthia Amos and others. In each case the artistes were most warmly applauded for the excellence of their efforts. In several cases the songs and recitations were accompanied by pictures upon the screen, which greatly added to their interest. After the foregoing had been enjoyed, the closing hymn, "Abide with me" was then thrown upon the screen, and well sung by the happy children.

Thanks, tendered by the children to those who had contributed in any way to their pleasant evening, brought

the gathering to a close. As the children passed out, an unexpected addition awaited them in the form of a mince pie and an orange, which was presented to each one.

A considerable sum still remains in hand, which will be used as opportunity serves for the purpose it has been raised for. It may be of interest to state that the Lyceumists undertook the distribution of the tickets, it being explained to them, that only such cases as they *knew* to be worthy should be allowed to have the tickets. The elder Lyceumists rendered valuable assistance during the tea for which they are thanked very kindly.

J. CLARK.

115, Robin Hood's Chase, Nottingham.

The Banner's Book Box.

THOUGHTS ON PSYCHOMETRY.—The science of Psychometry explained in the form of question and answer, with portrait of the Author, and several diagrams and illustrations. Cloth, price 2s. 6d. The Ellis Family, the Promenade, Blackpool.

THE above excellent Manual is a contribution of considerable merit, and will be very valuable to intelligent students. It is divided into eight chapters, headed respectively: Psychometry, its History and Utility; Psychometrists; The Cultivation and Practice of Psychometry; Some Theoretical Explanations of the Phenomena; Psychometry in Relation to Phrenology, Palmistry, Hypnotism and Natural Science; The Religious aspects of Psychometry; The legal aspects of Psychometry and Miscellaneous Questions. It will thus be seen that a wide area is covered, and covered well, too, let it be said. Which, after all, is only saying the work fully sustains the well known ability, and careful observations of its widely known author.

THROUGH THE MISTS, or Leaves from the Autobiography of a Soul in Paradise, recorded for the Author by Robert Jas. Lees. Cloth, 381 p.p., 6s. London, George Redway, Hart Street, Bloomsbury, W.C.

THE amanuensis was at one time a prominent medium and worker in South London, who is now residing at St. Ives, Cornwall. The book is stated in the preface to be the result of a series of communications received from a denizen of the spirit world, from whose dictation the volume was compiled.

It is an interesting work, and will be read with pleasure by all who purchase it, whether accepted as an ingenious and entertaining fiction, or as a veritable statement of things that were found through the mists, by one who has passed beyond. It is admirably printed and well bound, as all Mr. Redway's publications.

THE CHRIST QUESTION SETTLED, or Jesus: Man, Medium, Martyr. Dr. J. M. Peebles; Cloth, 370 p.p., price, 6s. 6d. London, J. J. Morse, Osnaburgh Street, N.W.

An omniverous reader, an indefatigable writer, Dr. Peebles has added another bay to his well earned laurels in the publication, his latest work, as referred to above. The control of Mr. Morse, the "Strolling Player," is credited with the origination of the title, as stated on the front cover of the book. The work is a Symposium on the question of the existence of Jesus, and the contributors are among the most cultured minds in our ranks in the United States. Two notable contributors are Rabbi I. M. Wise, the eminent herbalist, president of the Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati, Ohio, and Col. Robert Ingersoll, the equally eminent agnostic. Dr. Peebles own part of the work is trenchant and vigorous, and full of that rugged eloquence for which he is so famous. It is able, eloquent and instructive, and all freethinking Spiritualists should possess a copy, for it contains mental food for many meals.

TEMPERAMENT AND CHARACTER, by Albert Ellis, Blackpool. The Ellis Family. A very useful pamphlet, at the moderate price of sixpence. A boon to character readers, amateur or professional. The various temperaments are illustrated by some capital portraits. Should have a large sale.

JUST a word about the BANNER. It is the best of children's papers, and my ardent wish is that long may the Editors live to enliven its pages, and that all Lyceums will do their duty by giving every Lyceumist a copy of the same, then our Editors' will rest in the peace which ensues when everything is paying its way and not going to the bad. Wishing you and your family every good wish at this joyous Yule Tide. Yours fraternally, THOMAS H. WRIGHT, COR. SEC.

LESSONS FOR LITTLE ONES.

BY EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

Leader—Here we are again, dears, at our loved Lyceum. Were you glad to come to-day?

Children—Oh, yes, indeed. We like to see each other and join in all the exercises.

Leader—Have you found anything to do since last we met? (Let them tell their little responsibilities. Suggest things the children may do to make people happy—as taking a flower to their school teacher, kissing mamma before going petting and caring for animals, being sweet tempered, trying to help themselves and not calling on somebody to do everything for them.)

Children—We cannot do much, but we like to be useful, *Leader*.

Leader—Yes, dears, and there is very important work for you to do which nobody can do for you, and that is to grow. I suppose you all want to be big some time, and not always be children, do you not?

Children—Yes, yes. We can hardly wait to grow up—it seems so long. We want to be men and women as soon as we can.

Leader—What do you wish to do when you are grown? (Let them tell their ambitions. One, maybe, wants to be a fireman, because of the bells, uniforms, fine horses, etc. Tell him of the work, danger, good, etc., and so talk with the others, entering into their feelings.)

Children—But how can we grow fast, *Leader*, and be strong? Tell us how to grow.

Leader—To grow healthfully you must sleep well, be dressed loosely and comfortably, have pure air to breathe, and wholesome food to eat.

Children—Must we be clean, too, and not be naughty about our baths?

Leader—Certainly. If you wish to be sweet as young roses you must not dislike water. The rain washes the faces of the flowers, and the dews bathe them, too. Do you think it is good for them?

Children—Yes, it makes them look fresh and sweet.

Leader—Do you think they would look as silky and cool if they snarled at the rain: "Go away! I don't want my face wet!"

Children—No. I think we should call them "sweet faces" and should not wish to pluck them.

Leader—Do you know of any place on your faces which never gets dirty?

Children—It is not our noses, nor our mouths, nor our ears. It must be our eyes! Yes, it is our eye-balls!

Leader—You are right. No matter how much dirt or candy gets smeared over hands or faces, a child's eye-balls are always clean. Do you like to sleep?

Children—When the grown-up folks are not having too good a time and when we have nice dreams.

Leader—But you will be grown people by and by, and then you can sit up late. You would be cross and peevish in the morning if you did not sleep enough.

Children—Can't we dress in fitted clothes, *Leader*? Does a little pinching harm us?

Leader—Tell me how you feel when your shoes are too tight as you are marching to the music and carrying your flags.

Children—We cannot help thinking, "Oh my poor feet!" We want to stop.

Leader—Then you cannot march well in cramping shoes. You should not wear them. Every toe says, "Don't, don't!"

A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED.

"OH, dear! oh, dear! what shall I do?" pitifully cried the fly, as she struggled to escape from the spider's web, in which she had become entangled. "Will no one help me? Must I be left here to die?" Nobody made any answer to this appeal, and two or three flies her own size flew hastily away. "Oh, don't all leave me!" pleaded the unhappy prisoner. "If only someone would help me, I might escape; I am not tightly caught."

"You should take care and not be caught at all," said a bluebottle, as he buzzed disdainfully past.

"I will—I will take every care in future if you will only help me now to escape. Will you? Oh, will you?"

"Really, I don't see how you can ask it of me," responded the bluebottle, superciliously. "I might entangle or soil my own wings. You should have been more careful."

"Oh, indeed I should," sighed the fly. "But it does little good to tell me that now. Mr. Wasp—oh, Mr. Wasp—they say you can do a kind action occasionally; will you not prove it by lending me your assistance now?" But the wasp flew off, and only said: "Very impertinent, to make such a request of me."

"Will nobody?" gasped the fly. "Mr. Bee—kind, good, Mr. Working-Bee, will you do nothing for me? You, who have always been so friendly."

"I have no time: I must collect my honey," said the bee, making his escape.

"No one—no one!" moaned the fly. "Not one among all my many friends—not one among those who have so often praised my bright, glancing wings!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the spider, who had been looking on from the farther corner of the web. "So much for your grand friends, Mr. Fly! Happy for me that you are no better off."

"Friends! Don't call them friends," cried the fly, bitterly. "I thought I could depend upon them to help me in time of danger. But I see now what their friendship is worth."

"Your knowledge comes rather late," sneered the spider, advancing on his victim.

The fly shuddered.

"Too late! too late! Foolish fly that I was, to choose friends alone who praised my beauty, and yet cared only for themselves."

"Mere summer friends, are they not?" said the spider coolly.

"It seems to me that a friend who is not a friend in need is scarcely better than an enemy. Ah, you agree with me! Come, don't struggle. You won't escape, now that you have appealed to your friends in vain, and as they decline to help you, what else can you do?"

"What, indeed!" murmured the fly with his last expiring breath.

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THE BABY'S GUARDIAN.

AGNES B. ORMSBEE.

HE had no name but Baby. The Oliver family had never yet been able to agree on a name pretty enough for the blue-eyed, fair-haired little girl who came into their home long after the babyhoods of her three sisters and one brother had been forgotten, and who was adored and petted by them as her sunny little self deserved.

"A child without a name! how queer!" every one said, and then added, "What if she should get lost?"

But the Oliver family only laughed. They were sure that couldn't happen, for were not they all six, with grandmamma and two aunties thrown in for good measure, the most watchful care-takers in the world? Besides, they were carrying out a well-laid scheme, and they all liked the idea.

The oldest of the Oliver children was Orlando, a rather under-sized boy of sixteen, with a snub nose, dark red hair, and many freckles. When he first came into the family every one was delighted, and mamma said he should have a lovely name. So she chose Orlando.

But how he hated it! And he dug his knuckles into his eyes to keep him from crying when the boys teased him at school. He vowed in those days that when he was old enough he'd have the Legislature change his name to John or Tom. Then he spent some time writing "John Oliver" side by side with "Tom Oliver" in the best big round hand, looking and looking at them, and trying to make up his mind which would be the best.

Next to him came Cynthia, the family beauty. But alas for her mother's pride in high-sounding names, an unfortunate lisp made it impossible to pronounce Cynthia, and the blushes which came with each attempt, although they made her prettier than ever, made her name a constant annoyance.

Then there was Lily. Who ever could have named her—a small, scrawny, dark-skinned child—Lily?

The family faculty of misnaming seemed to culminate in Grace, who was now ten years old, and a lovable, studious child, but unfortunately an awkward one, and so fat that her walk was almost a waddle. She called herself Dis-grace. This was too severe, but school girls are apt to be severe when they feel out of sorts, and it showed her state of mind.

When the baby of my story came with her winsome face the family search for a name began. Every Saturday night all were at home, and then one would say: "Come; do let us name the baby to-night!"

Long and fierce were the contests and arguments as each brought forward a name, and defended and urged it as best he or she could. Orlando wanted Kate, because it was short. Cynthia liked Margaret, because she could easily speak it. Lily thought Helen would be pretty, no matter what colour her hair grew to be. But Grace brought their disputes to a sudden end at one of their weekly "nominating conventions," as Orlando called them, by saying: "Why not let her choose her own name? Let her grow up a little, and see what she likes herself. I wish I could name myself over," she sighed.

"So do I wish I could," said Lily.

"And I!" "And I!" chimed in the other two.

Papa and mamma agreed, and smilingly said: "We'll try and see if we can get one name that will suit."

Grandmamma thought it "very silly," and the aunties thought it "peculiar," but baby smiled and cried and crowed grew like a sturdy little flower, and reigned in the hearts and ruled the home of the six Olivers nameless for the first few years of her life.

(To be Continued.)

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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. E. W. Wallis, M. H. Wallis, G. H. Bibbings, Walter Howell, Will Phillips. 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 Eglington, showing spirit form at same time; Mrs. Everett, with specimens of direct writing; Kate Wood, Mrs. Mellon, Mrs. Place, Dr. F. W. Monck, with specimen of direct slate writing. Spirit photographs: David Duguid, with specimens including the celebrated portrait of the "Cyprian Priestess." 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. And before the London Spiritualist Alliance St. James' Hall, March 10th. Arrangements are pending for Liverpool, Birmingham and Bootle.

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.]

In Memoriam.

JOSEPH WHELAN,

It is our sorrowful duty to report the passing away from amongst us, of one of our young members, viz: Joseph Whelan, aged 16 years, the son of John and Maggie Whelan, and a member of the Tipping Street Lyceum, Manchester. His body was interred at the Southern Cemetery on Saturday, December 24th, 1898; carried by the Conductor Mr. Braham, W. Taylor, C. Barrington and S. Warwick. Upwards of 40 Lyceumists and friends joined in that beautiful hymn "Shall we meet beyond the river," after which Mrs. Hyde, who officiated, gave a beautiful Invocation and Address. On Sunday, January 8th, 1899, a funeral service was held, the Lyceumists occupied the rostrum and Mr. R. A. Brown, of Manchester, kindly officiated. The children sang, "Swiftly time is bearing us away," with telling effect, after which Mr. Brown spoke with respect to the deceased asking all to try and live a more noble life. The Lyceumists sang, "The Christians good night," very sweetly, closing with an Invocation from the speaker.—C. BARRINGTON, SEC.