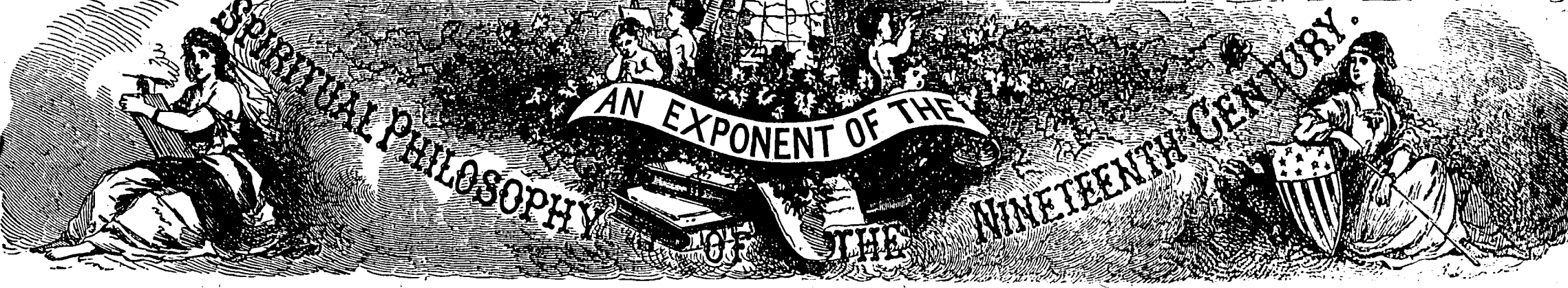


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Versus Dr. Carpenter.

THE PSYCHO-PHYSIOLOGICAL SCIENCES AND THEIR ASSAILANTS.

(Continued.)

BY JOSEPH RODES DUCHANAN, M. D.

GREEK, GERMAN AND OTHER LANGUAGES.

Similar instances occur with Slade wherever he goes. Hugo Liebling, writing from Berlin, Nov. 17th, 1877, says of Slade: "Every one gets slates full of writing, and not only in English, but in various languages on one slate; also many communications in German, written in old characters used about four hundred years ago, but in the language of to-day. This kind of writing, in stiff Gothic letters (like printed), is very difficult to the ordinary cyriographer under the most favorable circumstances. . . . We have obtained at one sitting a slate covered with music, the first ever produced. The lines were as straight and regular as if drawn with a ruler." Capital demonstrations these, at Berlin, in the very centre of frozen materialism.

Two years ago Slade was in New York, struggling painfully with the unjust and ungenerous skepticism of that city of Mammon. A clergyman (Mr. H.) called upon him—not in the spirit of love commanded by Jesus, for mere mediums are no portion of that universal humanity which such clergymen request us to love. To worry a medium, or to assail his reputation, or to condemn him in wholesale scoffing at his class, is just as easy to some fashionable clergymen as it is to Dr. Carpenter, but is an equally heartless and unchristian proceeding—in both cases—no more Christian-like than the old persecution of unoffending Jews. Slade was in distress, his wife was dying, his nervous power was almost exhausted; he failed to keep some appointments, and when he did meet Mr. H. his phenomena were not as good as usual. Without waiting to understand the subject of which he knew very little, Mr. H. hurried to express himself in the Herald upon a matter in which hundreds in New York who do not go before the public could have instructed him. He gave the public his crude notion or suspicion that Slade was an impostor. Would he have dared to assail any other citizen of New York upon so flimsy a pretext, or to assail any other science without investigation? Would not an apology from this gentleman be in order, since Mr. Slade has amply demonstrated his power?

It was immediately after this unwarrantable attack, while Slade was in a painful state of discouragement, that an honest scientist, who had never occupied a pulpit and did not feel competent to give an opinion without patient examination, determined to satisfy himself by a thorough investigation.

This gentleman, whom I shall call for his manly justice, Aristides, was not a Spiritualist, but had that thorough intellectual honesty which is the moral basis of Spiritualism.

He went to see Dr. Slade in October, 1875, taking with him his own double-slate, which he placed upon the table near himself, in broad daylight, having taken the additional and superfluous precaution of writing upon it to secure a mark for its identification, if by any accident or trick another slate should be substituted.

Sitting at the table with his own hand and Slade's hand on top of the slates, the writing soon began on the inside of the slates, and was distinctly heard, Slade meanwhile complaining bitterly of the unkind treatment he had received. When the signal of completion was heard, the slates were opened, and the interior was covered on both upper and lower sides with writing in English, French, Greek, and German.

One page was occupied by the writing in English from Slade's wife, which was as follows, arranged in lines as I here give them:

"DEAR FRIEND
Child no man woman or child
for destiny marked them at their
birth and cast them helpless on this
Earth—none can escape their destiny
so all of your persecutors or defamers
will go through their furnace fires of
experience and will be better for it—
let your own souls be free to unfold
truth for yourselves, and be guided only
by the light within.
I am truly
a friend to all
A. W. SLADE"

How profitable it would be to Mr. H. if he could act upon the kind and charitable sentiment written by that spirit-hand, and confess himself instructed by the angels, as he certainly would be if he properly sought them. That slate is still preserved by Aristides, who is a gentleman not inferior to Mr. H. in intelligence and social standing, and I can introduce him to Aristides whenever he wishes to investigate fairly.

On the other inside page of the slates (I do not know which was uppermost) were the three messages. The first, in French, was signed by a name which looks like *De Merut*, or something similar, and was as follows: "*La invisible force a soumis l'univers. Chaque age a ses plaisirs chaque état a ses charmes.*" Then came six lines of Greek poetry well and freely written as if by a practiced hand, which are pronounced all right by a Greek linguist, and which are the first six lines of Anacreon's ode to Cupid.

This was followed by one line of German in German handwriting at the bottom of the page. The spirits when interrogated about the Greek ode said they had only room to write six lines, and gave way to let a German friend write a line, but that they would give the whole ode if they had an opportunity.

Soon after Aristides gave them an opportunity with another double-slate, on which they completed the task. This double-slate, with the thirty lines of Anacreon's ode on it, is still

preserved, like the other, by Aristides, and I have just examined them.

For the second writing the slate was held not on but under the table, and the wife of Aristides being present, had her hand on the slate. The idea of keeping the slate under the table annoyed her, and she heartily wished in her mind, without saying anything, that the slate could be on the top of the table. In a moment the slate began to move under spirit influence, and struggled up to the top of the table, on which the writing was finished.

The spirits added to the Greek writing the English statement, "If you had not moved it would be better. Always remain still and we can do well."

To see these pairs of slates, with four messages in different languages on one, Anacreon's ode and the English remarks on the other, ought to satisfy any rational human being that we communicate with intelligent spirits in such experiments, and that we can obtain not the babble of fools, as supercilious talkers continually say, but the communications of the learned and wise, if we rightly seek them, and are ourselves upon the higher plane of intelligence and virtue, which we must occupy if we are to reach a high spiritual companionship. If Mr. H. would obtain elevated communications he must put himself upon a higher plane of thought than he occupied in his visits to Slade.

SUPERCILIOUS LITERATI.

Feeble or groveling inquirers may get trashy communications from silly spirits, who assume lofty names, but not more worthless than the supercilious comments of Carpenter, Huxley, Fiske, and many others, who turn up their noses and talk about Spiritualism and Spiritualists in a puerile kind of *persiflage*, as conceited coxcombs sometimes address women who are vastly their superiors, and who are too much amused to be offended at their pert shallowness. Skeptical gentlemen who can think and write with vigor and clearness upon other subjects, enter upon a regular "Mardi gras" of nonsense and buffoonery when they allude to Spiritualism. We have had enough of this.

The question of the existence of any substantial intelligence among the accessible and responding spirits was one of the first to engage my attention. It was near twenty-five years ago that I satisfied myself by communication with spirits who responded by raps that there was something more than a mere echo of our own knowledge and our own opinions—something which came from a real independent mind or minds. I found that the responding spirits could tell what no one in the circle knew or even believed, and that when a patient had exhausted in vain the resources and skill of living physicians, women unacquainted with medicine could sit at the table for communication with their spirit friends and get from them advice and prescriptions which promptly healed where doctors failed—but never in my own observation any advice which was not wise and beneficial in the treatment of the sick.

Such facts, multiplied by ten thousand, and going on by hundreds every day, are a sufficient answer to those supercilious literati who sneer at the feebleness of spiritual messages, but who would stand appalled with a realizing sense of their own intellectual feebleness and ignorance if they stood in the presence of suffering and impending death, in their own circle of friends, with no power to save, no ability to advise, and no word of hope from their learned medical advisers, and then under the shadow of impending death saw the healing power of a spirit operating through the hand of the medium, bringing the half dead back to life and speaking through the voice or the pen of a medium to guide the treatment with a wisdom attested by the speedy cure.

Such facts occur by the ten thousand, and Spiritualists are greatly to blame that they have not put more of them on record.

He who could witness one-thousandth part of the cases of spiritual wisdom, skill and benevolence displayed in the restoration of the sick, and then talk of the folly or immorality of Spiritualism as a demonic emanation from the Devil, must combine in himself the moral character of the viper and the intellectual abilities of the goose, by means of which he utters such blasphemy against a spirit-world that is ever pouring forth its love to man in acts of benevolence, in words of wisdom, and in beautiful poetic expressions of the tenderest sympathy and love.

MUSIC, ELOQUENCE AND POETRY.

The fact of improvisation alone should overwhelm with shame these thoughtless and snarling critics, and teach them to hold their tongues and reverentially take off their hats in the presence of the angel-world. But they do not enter its presence when it speaks. They do not enter the charmed circles in which Mozart and Beethoven, and other famed masters, take control of a sensitive, comparatively little skilled in music, and bring forth from the piano with marvelous power not only their own recorded compositions but wonderful improvisations of music never heard on earth, and seldom or never equalled by mortal power unassisted by the higher world.

The sweetest songs that I have ever heard have been the songs of the inspired medium—the most ravishing music has been the music of an unskilled girl wandering in the wilds of harmony, brought down at the moment from higher spheres in combinations unknown on earth, and singing in a language of which she knew not a word, the source of her song being revealed only when the spirit spoke, with a seraphic smile and in a voice entirely foreign to the organs through which her voice was heard.

These things are entirely unknown to the supercilious gentlemen who parade their ignorance in silly sneers, and much of this is necessarily unknown to the public, unknown even to those in the circle around such mediums, who have no desire either to encounter vulgar comments themselves or to bring their angelic visitors into a sphere of vulgar thought.

The exquisite refinement and intelligence of the spirit world is shown when it obtains command of a suitable medium, and is able to pour forth its own characteristic thought. The most gifted orators do not excel in splendor of diction and beauty of conception the utterances of women who, in the ordinary course of life, are not distinguished by any literary power, but who, on the rostrum, seem to become, under spirit influence, utterly inexhaustible in their command of beautiful thoughts, beautiful language, grand conceptions and elevated sentiments. Their prayers are beautiful beyond all liturgies and all extemporaneous outpouring of the uninspired mind. And how easily from the heights of philosophic thought and ethical teaching do they pass on into the melodious utterances of truest poetry.

What an intellectual marvel is this! If Mr. Clay or Mr. Webster or Mr. Choate had wound up one of their able speeches with an extemporaneous flow of poetry on the same

theme strictly pertinent to the occasion, and obviously unpremeditated—flowing from their mouths as freely as the song of birds, without a moment's pause for thought—how would the listeners have been amazed and the nation astonished! What a theme for discussion it would be, and what a lion the poet-orator would have become in all intellectual circles!

Even if Bryant or Longfellow or Whittier or Tennyson should do this, and throw off without premeditation elaborate poems of well rounded periods, perfect in rhythm and rhyme and complicated thought, how astonishing would it seem, for such things are not expected—they are not in the ordinary course of Nature.

But when the spirit world speaks, no one seems to be astonished at these divine harmonies of thought and language. It has become a familiar fact that the angels can find their earthly instruments, and that men or women never known as poets or literati, sometimes incapable of respectable writing, are made to pour forth poems as perfect in conception and plan, with as melodious versification and as exquisite a style, as if they had been wrought out by the midnight lamp and perfected by writing and re-writing.

As the sunshine brings up flowers from any soil, so does the light of the spirit-world bring up those exquisite flowers of speech in most unexpected places. A few evenings since I was in company with a lady in feeble health, to whom the spirits were frequent visitors in the privacy of her own home, when unexpectedly a spirit came, and taking possession of her, announced herself as "AMELIA," the poetess of Louisville, who was in the height of her fame some thirty years ago. Amelia began at once the utterance of a poem addressed to myself, based upon the conversations of the evening and her knowledge of my life and aims, which was marked by the grace of her published poems and probably by a greater profundity of thought, which I regret very much was lost by not being recorded at the time.

It is the ignorance in Spiritualism, however learned he may be in other things, who speaks contemptuously of the outflow of thought from the spirit-world, which is every day becoming more and more complete, characteristic, and satisfactory as a true and genuine expression of the intelligence of the departed. No one can read the discourses pronounced since his departure by Robert Dale Owen, at Brooklyn and at Chicago, without perceiving in them the same wise conceptions, the same smooth and pleasing style, the same gentle philanthropy, and the same well-balanced common sense expressed in lucid sentences, which characterized all Mr. Owen's productions.

SUPERILIOUS ARTISTS.

Can the supercilious scientists who sneer at spirit intelligence cover their eyes with an impenetrable bandage, go into a dark apartment, and return in a few hours with a freshly painted picture produced in the dark, and without the use of eyes?

Can they, with all their wisdom and skill, with the free use of eyes and daylight, and with a whole Academy of painters of the highest rank combining their skill together, do what the spirit painters do in Glasgow, Scotland, where, under the mediumship of Mr. Duguid, cards may be laid upon the table in the midst of the company, marked by tearing off a piece for their identification, and then—the gas being extinguished, and no painter being present, the medium himself being tied—the spirits produce a fresh oil-painting of a beautiful or striking landscape on one of the cards, in a space of from half a minute to five minutes between the extinguishment and re-lighting of the gas. On one occasion, in from five to six minutes, a card, three and a half by two and a half inches, was covered with six distinct pictures. In his early development Mr. Duguid painted in four hours a picture of a waterfall. The spirit who painted it with the hand of the medium put on his monogram, J. R., and it proved to be a copy of the painting of a waterfall by Jacob Ruissal, a German painter of more than two hundred and fifty years ago, who thus reproduced by the hand of a medium his own *chef d'œuvre*.

What would these skeptical gentlemen do if required to compete in art with a man who owes all his power to mediumship—W. Anderson, of Chicago?

As a single specimen of his wonderful powers I would mention the Hon. A. L. Williams, of Oroso, Mich., paid Mr. Anderson three thousand dollars for a portrait of his deceased daughter. Mr. Williams says, "I paid him three thousand dollars with the understanding that I was not to pay him anything unless I was fully satisfied with the picture when finished. Let it suffice that I have the picture hung in my parlor, and five times that sum would not induce me to part with it without knowing I could have it replaced. My daughter had been dead five years, and was twenty years of age. Mr. A. knew no more of her than you do, and had no likeness or description of her except her age and time of death. It is not only a beautiful picture, but a perfect likeness and full size."

In mercy to yourselves, gentlemen skeptics, do not parade your ignorance again before the world, by talking of the imbecility of the spirit-world and its mediums. Unless you can raise yourselves to intellectual equality, you gain little by sneering at *superiority*. When you can rival its improvisations of music, poetry, eloquence and painting, when you can appreciate its lofty ethics, or comprehend the glimmering of the Divine philosophy and science which are just beginning to dawn upon the world and dazzle the owls of the university, you may speak with some degree of intelligence and with the modesty of the neophyte, but until then your wisest course will be reverential silence.

[To be continued.]

SUCCESS OF AMERICAN ELECTRICIANS.—The London Times publishes an exhaustive article on telegraphic progress, and laments the inaction of English electricians. Recent experiments were successfully made whereby four messages—two in each direction—were transmitted simultaneously between London and Liverpool. The invention which made this feat possible was the work of an American, and the Times naturally wants to know what English electricians are about, and of what use to practical telegraphy is the Society of Telegraphic Engineers, when American inventors are allowed to carry off all the honors. England is called the birthplace of the electric telegraph by virtue of Charles Morrison having invented, in 1753, what he called "An Expeditious Method of Conveying Intelligence," which was a clumsy apparatus requiring a separate wire for each letter of the alphabet, but the Morse instrument, the duplex and quadruplex telegraph, the type-printing instrument and the telephone, are all American inventions. It will thus be seen that "honors are easy" between the two countries as regards the establishment and operating of the great telegraphic lines of the world, England furnishing most of the capital and America all of the brains.

The gluttonous man, unless he makes use of his reason, eats his own death.

TEST MATERIALIZATION SEANCE WITH MR. W. EGLINTON.

(From the London Spiritualist, Dec. 5th.)

Although Mr. Eglinton's powers as a medium for materializations have been so well proved by the appearance of a white-robed figure while he was present in the circle, as narrated by Dr. Nichols in last week's Spiritualist, we wish to place on record the remarkable manifestations which we witnessed on Thursday evening last, at the rooms of Mr. J. W. Fletcher, 2 Vernon-place, Bloomsbury square. The following are the bare facts, to which we confine ourselves, in order to bring out clearly the exact nature of the phenomena, and the validity of the tests applied:

1. The sitting took place in the first floor front room. Across one corner of this room there hung a curtain of black calico, which one of us (Mr. Tobin) helped to put up, while we all examined the enclosed corner, and found that it was absolutely free from any means of concealing anything. About twelve ladies and gentlemen were present, who sat in a curve opposite the curtain, and about eight or ten feet from it.

2. We first partially searched Mr. Eglinton, by taking off his coat, examining the pockets, and feeling carefully over his whole body, so as to be satisfied that nothing bulky could be concealed about his person. He then took his seat on a chair behind the curtain. The doors of the room were shut and bolted by Mr. Wallace, who also took charge of the gas-light, lowering and raising it as directed by the controlling voice.

3. After a few minutes an indistinct white form appeared at the opening of the curtain. After a further interval the medium, apparently entranced, came out and made mesmeric passes toward the circle, to harmonize it, as he said. He then went behind the curtain, and almost instantly (in one or two seconds) a tall, white form showed itself at the opening of the curtains, the medium being dressed in dark clothes.

4. Shortly afterwards the fine figure of "Abdullah" appeared, and, after several entrances and exits, came out into the circle close up to where Mr. Wallace was sitting under the gas-light, turned down low, but sufficient to allow of the features being distinctly seen by him. The appearance was that of a tall man dressed in pure white robes which trailed on the ground, and with a white turban, in the front of which sparkled a jewel like a diamond. His face was dark, with fine features and prominent nose, and an enormous black moustache mingling with a comparatively scanty beard hair. It was a striking individuality. He resembled some of the Mahometans of Northern India. Mr. Fletcher, who is taller than the medium, stood by the side of "Abdullah," who was then seen to be nearly a head taller than Mr. Fletcher, a height which corresponded with that noted against the curtain by several of the observers.

5. After "Abdullah" had retired, a female figure, also dressed in white, came out, but was indistinctly seen.

6. Then appeared another male figure, not so tall as "Abdullah." He was similarly dressed, but had no moustache, and his features were of a more European cast. Unlike "Abdullah," who glided about with a graceful noiseless motion, this figure came out suddenly with a loud stamping noise, yet the long robes, which flowed two or three feet on the ground about his feet, seemed never to impede his motion.

7. Then "Joey," the medium's control, came out, and though not very clearly visible himself, produced in our presence a quantity of delicate white fabric like fine muslin, which he shook out of his hands, and which appeared to grow as we gazed at it. Finally he stood on a chair, and held out two or three yards of this material, which after a time seemed to vanish away again. Some remarkable slate-writing then occurred, "Joey" and Mr. Wallace holding the previously tied slates between them, but we confine this account to the materialization phenomena.

8. In less than a minute after "Joey" had finally retired, we turned on more light, and found the medium entranced in his chair, dressed as at first in dark clothes, and with no trace of either the figures or the masses of white drapery which we had seen pass behind the curtain a short time before.

9. All present being much pleased with the séance, it was suggested that, to make it complete, the medium should be thoroughly searched, in order to demonstrate the absence of all concealed drapery, &c. Mr. Eglinton having consented, we took him into an adjoining room (one of us first satisfying himself that nothing whatever was left behind the curtain), and he proceeded at once to divest himself of his clothes. Coat, waistcoat, boots, stockings, collar, shirt, under-vest and drawers, were successively removed, the pockets and lining of the coat were examined, the sleeves turned inside out as well as the legs of the trousers. Nothing was omitted that could make the search final and conclusive; yet nothing was found.

The white drapery which covered Abdullah's tall figure from head to foot, and trailed amply on the floor, and which, from the way in which it hung and waved, must have been of stout and heavy material, together with his turban, and the quantity of fine material exhibited by "Joey," would have formed a parcel of considerable bulk, which a far less rigid search than ours could have easily detected. We may add that we examined the walls, which were well papered, the carpet, which was securely nailed down, and the chair on which the medium sat, and are satisfied that nothing was or could be concealed in or about them.

(Signed) ALFRED R. WALLACE,
WILLIAM TEBB,
WILLIAM WILLIAMS CLARK.

EYE SIGHT.—Milton's blindness was the result of overwork and dyspepsia.

One of the most eminent American divines having for some time been compelled to forego the pleasure of reading, has spent thousands of dollars in value and lost years of time in constant efforts of getting up several hours before day and studying by artificial light. His eyes never got well.

Multitudes of men or women have made their eyes weak for life by the too free use of the eyesight, reading small print and doing fine sewing. In view of these things it is well to observe the following rules in the use of the eyes:

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness. Never begin to read or write or sew for several minutes after coming from darkness to a bright light.

Never read by twilight or moonlight, or of a very cloudy day.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light or window or door.

It is best to have the light fall from above, obliquely over the left shoulder.

Never sleep so that on the first waking the eyes shall open on the light of a window.

Do not use the eye-sight by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate.

Too much light creates a glare, and pains and confuses the sight. The moment you are sensible of an effort to distinguish, that moment cease and take a walk or ride.

As the sky is blue and the earth green, it would seem that the ceiling should be of a bluish tinge, and the carpet green, and the walls of some mellow tint.

The moment you are prompted to rub the eyes, that moment cease using them.—Dr. Hall.

BREAD WITH BUTTERMILK.—The evening before baking, bring to the boiling point two quarts of buttermilk, and pour into a crock in which a scant teacup of sifted flour has been placed. Let stand till sufficiently cool, then add half a cup of yeast, and flour to make a thick batter; the better and longer the sponge is stirred the whiter will be the bread. In the morning sift the flour into the bread-pan, pour the sponge in the centre, stir in some of the flour, and let stand until after breakfast; then mix, kneading for about one-half an hour, the longer the better; when light, mold into loaves, this time kneading as little as possible. The secret of having good bread is having good yeast and not baking too hard. This makes four loaves and forty biscuits.

TO BOOK-HOLDERS.
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Notices of meetings, lectures, and other events, should be forwarded to the publisher, at the office of the *Banner of Light*, 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province Street, Lower Floor, at least one week in advance of the date of the event.

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REMARKS BY THE EDITOR.
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Mourning Colors.

Again and again it has been argued and urged that black, as a distinctive color, ought not to be employed as an outward manifestation of inward grief, whenever we chance to lose a relative or friend by death. Yet the custom prevails as of old, even when those who so seriously follow it have become persuaded of its shocking impropriety. Is there no other feeling than that of grief with which we should regard the departure of a friend from earth? Why do we so regularly mourn at the event? To die is just as natural as it is to be born. The dead, so called, are happier than before; should we alone, then, be wretched and inconsolable? When we consider that all life is of the spirit, should we lament because one whom we love has become wholly a spirit, and in that higher state of existence is better qualified to know us, to aid us, and to comfort us than ever before? It is because of the dismal brood of blind fears which are spawned of superstition that men grieve at the loss of friends. We are afraid something awful has happened to them because they are no longer present to our external senses. And so we weep and mourn, and refuse to be comforted. And all the while our departed friends are rejoicing in the larger life on which they have entered, and in the brighter light which has succeeded to their former darkness.

Back properly represents the dismal side of belief, the hopeless view of the future, the want of faith in the better life that stretches beyond for us all. Is this the right color, therefore, to symbolize our love for those who have gone before? Shall we mourn, because something has come to our friends which has not yet come to us, but which is in good time to come to us as surely as it came to them? Death is but the act of transition; it ushers us out of the night into the day; it is as welcome as birth, it is a natural step in our progressive and developing life; and shall we deplore so common a fact by hanging out emblems of mourning over it? Do we not prove that we are but children by such an act, afraid of the dark? If we really believe that the hereafter is a state of bliss, the landscape fairer and the skies brighter than anything we can conceive, how foolishly inconsistent we are to put on the badges of sorrow when those we love have only gone to the enjoyment of scenes which we hold to be infinitely more desirable than any we can ever know here. If we mourn for them because they are no longer with us to gladden our way, what is it but selfishness on our part and a betrayal of a spirit from whose presence the departed ones ought to feel glad that they are released.

We do not need to put on black colors when our friends die. It is certain that the act cannot affect them, at least not pleasurable; it can have no effect except upon ourselves, and that a melancholy and undesirable one. In the designs which we now place on monumental stones it is easy to see that we have largely escaped from the servility of the old-time superstitions, so that we engrave more cheerful and even joyous expressions of our sentiments than in former days. The sorrowing old epitaphs are about gone by. The death's head and cross-bones have given place to emblematic flowers and such other things. We plant flowers at the graves of the dead we still love, and strew them with creeping myrtle. Why, then, should we hold to this antiquated and wholly superstitious custom of wearing black for them? Why a year of black dressing for the body and the head covering? Superstition is fond of saying it is out of respect for their memory. But what if we reflect that they are themselves clothed in the angelic robes of white? Shall we, on the contrary, be carrying about a sombre load of black? If flowers and myrtle for the graves where their bodies lie, why the dismal weeds of mourning for their resurrected spirits, for all that we shall ever know or see of them again? Is it time this notion was rooted out of our minds, and supplanted with a belief that is at once both consistent and cheerful.

The salves of literary artillery which have been let off in Boston in honor of the seventieth birthday of a distinguished citizen of our native town, Amesbury—the poet WHITTIER—none will dare to say are not deserved. This exceedingly modest gentleman, we are glad to learn, stood the racket with the most remarkable serenity possible—as we supposed of course he would.

Mr. Searle, steam job printer, 262 Washington street, will please accept our thanks for copies of his calendar for 1878.

"Psychography."

This is the apt and convenient name which our esteemed London correspondent M. A. (Oxon.) has given to the abnormal writing on slates, &c., got in the media presence of Slade, Monck, Watkins, and others. On the 6th of December, 1877, he read before the Psychological Society of London, at an unusually crowded meeting, a paper mar-halling, in an irresistible form, the testimony from this country, from England, Holland, and Germany in support of the great fact of Psychography. The discussion on the subject was adjourned to the first Thursday in January, 1878. Mr. Colley brought to the meeting a whole portmanteau full of slates, and related some very remarkable facts. Reports of the meeting appeared in two of the London daily papers of December 7th. We copy that from the London News, Great Interest was expressed on all sides, and M. A. (Oxon.) was repeatedly cheered. He commenced by clearing the ground of all debatable matter as to soul, spirit, and the cause of the fact; and this took the wind out of all opposition, if any existed.

He did wisely, we think, in thus narrowing down his efforts to the establishment of a single fact of this one fact of Psychography. We learn that he will embody the substance of his paper, with many additions, testimonials, &c., in a cheap volume of about a hundred pages, to be entitled "Psychography, or Abnormal Writing," a Treatise on the Objective Form of Psychical or Spiritual Phenomena. Such a work will be a capital one for every Spiritualist to have in hand when called upon for a scientifically established fact in Spiritualism. Here it will be abundantly authenticated under conditions the most irresistible and unquestionable; and none but blindest bigots will be able to deny the force and conclusiveness of the proof. The world moves, Spiritualists! There will be ere long such a breach in the wall of modern Materialism that its defenders will have to throw down their useless arms.

At a meeting of the Psychological Society last evening in London, Frank Cavendish, Esq., under the presidency of Mr. Stainton Moses, a paper on the alleged phenomena of slate-writing was read by Mr. Stainton Moses, M. A., the lecture being founded on a letter giving some evidence on the subject in a recent number of the Spectator. The lecturer commenced by explaining that he would not contend in favor of any thesis respecting what he might term "psychography," or that the intelligence displayed was human intelligence; but on the other hand, he would not contend that it was not, and proceeded to cite several cases, including those of Messrs. Slade and Monck, which he believed to be genuine examples of slate-writing. Writings, he added, had taken place in languages, such as the Greek, German and Danish, which were not within the knowledge of the medium. Mr. T. Colley exhibited several slates covered with writing which he brought forward as evidence to prove it was produced by some spiritual agency. The slates were examined with much interest by the members, several of whom expressed, from what they had experienced of the phenomena referred to, their firm belief in the facts stated. At the close of the discussion the Chairman added his testimony to that which had already been given, his first knowledge of slate-writing having been conveyed to him about fifteen years ago by a gentleman enjoying the reputation of being the most extraordinary "psychic" he (the Chairman) had ever seen. From a scientific point of view the question to be solved was by what means the phenomena were produced, and admitting the agency at work to be spiritual, it would be difficult to understand how even a spirit could pass through the pores of a slate and mark it in the manner described. That, again, would involve the wider questions of passage through matter, and as to the structure of spirit and matter. If it be what they called a spirit, it was clear that the agency must be constructed of something different to their bodies. Much it is not to be asked that that other structure might have the power of passing through the molecules of matter? That being so, the explanation of the phenomena was patent to the understanding. In conclusion the Chairman said he believed the soul to be the real, active, intelligent force in all these phenomena, and admitting that to be the correct theory, the *mediums* were easily accounted for. The debate was then adjourned.

The Religion Called For.

Creeds contain nothing really vital. The religious germ is not in them. They are uniforms for different armies and forces, but the hearts that give courage and bent to action are underneath. The uniform may be changed many times, but the heart is always there, and the same heart. So it is with creeds and religion, and the truth about it is becoming more widely understood than ever before. What is wanted now is a greater amount of religion—that which is deep and true and abiding. Something is called for, and loudly, too, that will of itself and in secret compel a man to give himself weight and measure; to deal by a customer as he would by himself; to leave off lying and stealing for a better reason than the fear of being found out; as an exchange practically puts it, "a religion that banishes small measures from the counters, pebbles from the cotton bags, clay from the paper, sand from the sugar, chaff from the coffee, alum from the bread, and water from the milk-cans."

This is something that everybody can understand. It is not itself religion, but it is the unmistakable fruits of it. The man who has genuine religion will practice none of these things. The same paper proceeds with a recital of some of the other fruits. "The religion which is to save the world," it says, "will not put all the big strawberries at the top and all the little ones at the bottom. It will not make one-half a pair of shoes of good leather and the other half of shoddy, so that the first shall redound to the maker's credit and the second to his cash. It will not put Jovin's stamp on Jenkins's kid gloves; nor make Paris bonnets in the back room of a Boston milliner's shop; nor let a piece of velvet that professes to measure twelve yards come to an untimely end at eleven and three-quarters. It does not put bricks at five dollars a thousand into chimneys it contracts to build with seven dollar material; nor smuggle white pine into floors that have paid for hard pine; nor leave yawning cracks in closets where boards ought to join."

And so on to the end of the chapter. The above is the fruit of the feeling which hypocrisy naturally provokes; we shall hear no more of it when religion takes precedence of creeds. And obviously the first thing to do is to smash the creeds, let in the light on minds benighted by superstitious belief, stir up human souls to their depths with fundamental principles, and reach down to the motives and springs of action, that things may begin again at the beginning. All men see the dire necessity of a radical change like this. They confess that affairs are running wrong now, and that there must be a turning back to first principles, which are always those of truth. The very pulpits are forced to recognize the fact in the more practical topics which they find it necessary to discuss.

Miss Lizzie Doten at Amory Hall, Boston.

Dr. H. F. Gardner's course of Spiritualist lectures at this hall, was further extended by a largely attended discourse, on the afternoon of Sunday, Dec. 23, on which occasion Miss Doten spoke on "The Struggle for Existence," her remarks eliciting the marked approbation of her audience. The services were introduced (and interspersed as well) by singing by Mrs. T. Barnard, Robert Cooper accompanist.

In introducing her theme to the attention of her auditors, the lecturer said that even with one of old we could truly say, "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places," and also that which was revealed to us in our own lives. We are not trading a common path—desires, the growth of humanity was upward; and save some higher points of thought or aspiration there was but little difference between the individual in the great mass of life; our feelings, desires, and longings were pretty much the same in character, and the great law of progressive development harmoniously balanced our individual differences in the sum total of physical, moral, and mental life. Whatever our trials or allusions might be, there were no accidents in our environment; all these things were in the hand of that Great Power which had given to the universe the eternal law by which man (as well as all else in the circuit of existence) must be governed in his individual action.

Man was allied with all nature below him; he derived his spiritual, as well as physical characteristics, from the life force that in the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms had preceded his own, and which had given him many a legacy the manifestations of which were to be traced on all sides. The feelings of combativeness, selfishness, etc., were legitimate results of his line of descent. Science proved that power moved in the line of the least resistance, therefore those promptings which led him in the course of evil, and which came to him naturally, were also, in the degree in which they found expression in action, indices of the amount of resistance which they encountered. Notwithstanding the necessity of resistance to that which would lead astray, and the seeming failure in divers cases, man would in due process of events, through progressive education, come to grasp an insight into his spiritual environment, and to comprehend his own immortality, he would come to feel that he was really moving in the right direction; but in the meantime, being devoid of that correct comprehension, he having eyes saw not, and having ears heard not, he would not understand the truth concerning his material and spiritual belongings. He failed to understand that existence was a struggle, and one which had higher ends than those of the first nature given him.

Man was allied to the animal world by several points of similarity, among them that of substance. Science demonstrated that all things material could be traced back to one substance, of which the jelly-like could be chosen as the type and symbol of our common parentage. Man shared this condition of substance, and also that of form. Form in the animal took on various characteristics, and in the human form, in whose mind could at intervals trace the ferocity of the tiger, the vengeful destructiveness of the lion, and perhance the characteristics of some of the yet lower orders of the animal kingdom. The first need of the animal was to firmly establish the physical basis of life, and this need man shared with his brother brute, as was seen in the unrelenting selfishness which ruled in his infancy, and in early childhood. This selfishness came to man legitimately, and was hard to be outgrown, but must be by educative development. Some one had said the safety of the higher faculties depended upon the exhaustion of the lower, but she would say that that safety depended upon the government of the lower by the higher.

Man was also allied to the animal kingdom by the necessity of nourishment, the capacity of growth, the power of propagating his species. According to the operation of the common law of life each genus sought to fill the world only with its kind, to the exclusion of all the others (as was typified by the winged and vastly multiplied seed sent off by the dandelion). But amidst the struggle to limit the violence of the operation of this peculiar character, a ruler, a ruler of men, reason and stronger than will, had spoken since the first dawn of time: "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further." And this law ruled in the races of men as well as amid the progress of the vegetable and animal kingdoms. Man, however, transcended the others in the degree of development possible to be attained, which, leading him to civilization, gave him the power to hold in abeyance various subsidiary laws which were innumerable by the animal; he was therefore able to carry on the struggle for existence with a greater measure of success, notwithstanding the adverse elements which were everywhere working around him.

We were not only wrestling with the elements around us, and the inherited characteristics of this world, but we were also wrestling with the Devil portrayed by Orthodoxy—an incarnate, individualized personality of evil—but rather the fact of ignorance which existed in so broad a measure in this sphere of existence. When man's eyes could be opened, and the night of ignorance be dispelled by the dawning of knowledge, it would be seen that each was in his proper sphere of life, and was entitled to respect while he discharged the duties pertaining to that sphere. The great trouble now was that each man (and particularly each organized school of human minds), inspired by ignorance, was wont to think that he alone was the sole repository of truth, and that if he could by any means convince the rest to think and believe as he did all would be well. The strife for existence was a struggle for life, and the success at times—was finally broken up by the law of limitation which came in and demanded its dues, opening the door to the operation of individual thought. The great religion of the future would teach man to respect individual conceptions and give broader freedom, since it would demonstrate that each wisdom of the whole—that each was working out his own portion of the everlasting truth.

The animal had the attribute of reason to a certain degree, and we were wont to denigrate it instinct: the bee, the beaver, the bird, for instance, constructed with remarkable skill their curiously wrought habitations, but they failed to progress in their work, while man, standing upon the middle ground between matter and spirit, while he felt and shared with the animal the need of nourishment, habitually, etc., also cognized the breeze of spiritual aspiration, teaching him to look beyond the mere obtaining of "the meat which perisheth" to that "which endureth to everlasting life." His necessity for the supplying of his bodily needs involved labor, labor brought with it a certain amount of expansion of his intellectual faculties, and these faculties stimulated to action brought on the desire for yet better things. Thus looking along the line of man's development we could see where the mere strife for food, urged on by the savage state of existence, broadened out into culture, art, sentiment—brought the painfully executed manuscripts of the medieval monks, the printing press, the steam-engine, the telegraph, and all time. The strife for existence was hotly urged—man reached out on all sides for power to wage it successfully, and the fact gradually dawned upon him that, after all, the chief end of his life was not the mere sustenance of his physical forces, but the attainment of a broader development of spiritual power. He gradually comprehended the necessity to his nature of something higher than a mere struggle beyond the confines of the case of others, whose operation he saw consent had given the name of Death. The animal eats and is satisfied, but man hungers for the bread and thirsts after the water of eternal life. Looking beyond the life of the physical, o

which he must soon bid adieu, he was led to feel indeed in a deeper and more subtle sense than ever before that the life was "more than meat," and "the body that perisheth."

Spiritual growth really attended all the dissonant and troublous eras of human life, even as the law of beneficent change was behind the storms and tempests which rocked between the material world. The struggle for existence was fierce and hard and uncompromising, but the spiritual man must achieve the victory at last. In conclusion the speaker traced a strong picture of the lessons to be drawn from the old mythologic tale of the life and labors of Hercules. Born of an earthly mother and a divine father, he wrought his wonderful "labors," and at the conclusion of his rude experiences found himself irretrievably and fatally wrapped in the poisoned shirt of Nessus. He sought to tear the garment from him, but the clinging flesh followed his every fold as he strove to rend the robe away; filled with the consciousness of his divine paternity he scorned the suffering physical frame, and mounting the funeral pyre at Mount Eta gave back to the elements his incinerated dust, and rose in spirit to be with the gods forever. So with man; born conjointly of mother-earth and the Eternal Spirit of Life, he passed through the trying seasons of existence, and at their close found himself wrapped in the fatal garment of a disease-poisoned and age-worn frame. The spirit, a prisoner, sought in vain to escape the torments of the flesh in the sphere of material being, but through the fierce fires of dissolution, the beneficent hand of change led him to freedom from material limitations and gave him space to freely tread among the supernal possibilities for spiritual development which characterized the grand hereafter.

At the close of her remarks Miss Doten delivered the following original, inspirational poem:

GABRIEL.
Once, when the fire of Truth divine
Burned brightly on the sacred shrine,
Amid the groves of Paradise—
Where dwell the faithful and the wise—
The great Archangel Gabriel walked,
And with the clear-eyed seraphs talked
Of that which, in an earthly sense,
Man designates "God's Providence."
The process of eternal laws
Evolving from an unknown cause.

With eager, earnest hearts, they heard
How God, the everlasting Word,
While time, through countless cycles ran,
Sought out a dwelling place in man,
And on each heart His glorious name
Inscribed in characters of flame—
The sacred autograph, whose sign
Unites the human and divine.

With heavenly wisdom in his speech
Thus did the gracious angel teach
Of life, and death, and ceaseless change,
Which sweeps through being's boundless range,
"Till one, in thoughtful mood, replied:
"And what if man had never died?"
Why not elect to life alone,
And leave the pains of death unknown?"

The angel paused—then raised his head,
And with an earnest reverence said—
"The God in man must find release
Through death, the golden gate of peace;
For God himself can only be
Through endless transformations, free—
Receiving naught, he still must give,
And in his living creatures live.
Thus through the All-pervading Good,
Springs universal brotherhood,
And men below, and saints above,
Meet in the fellowship of love."

He ceased, and veiled his shining face,
While silence reigned through all the place;
Till one melodious voice began,
With "Peace on earth, good will to man."
And then, as if each seraph caught
The grace and grandeur of the thought—
Once more they joined the old refrain,
Poured forth in one majestic strain,
In honor of the glorious plan
Which gave eternal life to man,
And made him, with the hosts above,
One in the Brotherhood of Love.

This legend from the Book of Light
Let all men understand aright.
"God is my strength"—the angels name—
All living things alike may claim.
Angels from atoms must arise,
But conscious being never dies,
While that which man calls God—alone
Must be forevermore unknown.

Next Sunday afternoon Miss Doten will lecture in this hall, having for her subject "The Natural and the Spiritual Body." This will be her last lecture for the present.

EVENING SESSION.

In the evening the principal point in the services was a séance given by James M. Choate. Mr. A. R. Dunton, a gentleman well known in Boston, gives the following statement in brief of what transpired on this occasion: He came to Amory Hall by accident (having seen no public announcement of the intended presence there of Mr. Choate). On finding that a séance would be attempted, he at once requested, by reason of his experience in the sleight-of-hand profession, the privilege of acting on the committee to search Mr. C. The privilege was accorded him, and with him were joined Mr. Davis (a confirmed skeptic as to spiritual manifestations), from Newton, and Elias Keys, watchmaker, 5 Temple Place, Boston. Mr. Dunton and the committee took Mr. Choate into a private room, removed his clothing entirely, with the exception of his shoes, and turned each piece of his raiment inside out, subjected his nude form to strict examination, dressed him again, escorted him arm-in-arm to the canopy, which they had previously searched, and placed him within it. In a short time results were obtained as follows: When Mr. C. left the canopy the following flowers were found therein—no one having been allowed to approach it but the committee: Two large sprays of white hyacinth, one full-blown tea rose, one half-blown Bonislene rose, six or eight English violets, and several sprays of green leaves. The committee reported that they were satisfied that Mr. Choate had nothing to do with the appearance of the flowers in the canopy. Mr. Davis, the skeptic, while doing his best to believe in any possibility of spirit-power in the premises, yet reported that, to his mind, everything had been conducted fairly and honorably, and while he could not explain how the results had been accomplished, he was satisfied that no trick had been attempted. Mr. Dunton further states that he proposes to prepare a detailed account of the séance for our columns next week. [An article concerning the same was published in the *Banner of Light* of Dec. 27, 1877.] Mr. Choate has been received at this office from Abbott Walker, of Salem, and will also appear next week.

It was also stated that on the previous Thursday Dr. H. F. Gardner held a séance with Mr. Choate at his (C's) residence. He carefully and thoroughly examined Mr. C. in another room, while Miss Lizzie Doten and others surveyed the canopy in the apartment where the sitting was to be held. The results of the sitting following this investigation were pronounced satisfactory by Dr. Gardner, Miss Doten, and others present.

The significance of the name Gabriel is "God is my strength."

The World's Health.

We shall never omit to report the evidence that accumulates in substantiation of the good work which Spiritualism is doing in emancipating the human mind from the errors of superstition. Especially do we like to collate such evidence from the press and the pulpits that habitually scoff at our cause, and deny it any power but an evil one. In the New York Graphic occurs a confession on the subject of the improvement of the public health which is very important at this time, and is as hard a blow at Old Theology as has been dealt in some time. Speaking of the prevailing diseases in the community, it notes the discussion in the Medical Record of the subject of nervous exhaustion in its various forms. The writer in the Record, a well-known physician, expresses the opinion that the visible tendency of all such diseases in the future is to disappear altogether. And among the causes operating to produce such a tendency are named the following: A higher and better mode of living; a bountiful use of nutritious food; and indulgence in recreation. Then, too, the increase of a large leisure class has a beneficial influence on the general health and sanity. Again, "the feeling of social responsibility is strengthened by the tendency to check the increase of families, in addition to which all enjoy a better chance in the great struggle for existence." But, above all, says the writer in the Medical Record, "the declining influence of the errors of the dogmatic theology has relieved the general mind of a heavy burden." Of this latter fact there is no longer any room for question. It has for generations been an incubus on the national health and character, but thanks to the incoming of a clearer light, the fogs and mists are fast clearing away, and Old Theology itself begins to see that it has got to take an entirely new departure in order to prolong its life for ever so little a while. The secret of better health is being understood.

Paine Hall, Boston.

On Sunday morning, Dec. 23, Rev. F. E. Abbott, editor of the Index, lectured in this place on the aims and objects of the National Liberal League movement. His discourse was well received by his hearers. A resolution was adopted at this meeting, inviting Rev. M. J. Savage, of Boston, to lecture in Paine Hall, on this topic, at an early day. Next Sunday morning Horace Seaver, Esq., editor of the Investigator, will speak concerning this important subject, and it is to be hoped he will receive—as he deserves—the attention of a large audience.

Carpenterian Criticism.

We have received the advance sheets of a pamphlet under this title from the pen of M. A. (Oxon.), it being a reply to Dr. Carpenter's attack in the November number of Fraser's London Magazine. It is full of point, clear, incisive and unanswerable. The inconsistencies and misrepresentations of Dr. C. are fully exposed. We hope to find room for some quotations.

The Spiritualist Social Meeting was held as usual (being the fourth this season) at Dr. Charles Mah's, in Dover street, Boston, on Thursday evening, the 20th inst. His parlors were pretty well filled with many known faces of the spiritual fraternity and others. Mr. Hatch, of the Lyceum, acted as chairman during the speech making part of the meeting. Dr. Wellington was introduced, who interested the audience first on the world of spirits pressing to utter their thought through impenetrable people, and second, by reading some remarks of M. D. Conway on the controversy between Carpenter and Wallace and Crookes, showing how ignorant a bright and intelligent writer may be on the subject he was treating. John Wetherbee was then called upon, who stated that the Doctor had got the subject that he proposed to speak upon, and therefore he must fall back upon any thought that was ready for expression; he referred to the Doctor's views of the world of spirits, and succeeded very happily in amusing the persons present, and giving a cheerful tone to the gathering. Dr. B. F. Clark was next called on. Mrs. Litch, the medium, made a neat speech, and Dr. Mah closed with a few earnest words, which were very interesting. These gatherings, occurring once a fortnight, have thus far been quite pleasing and popular.

Dr. S. K. Rich, of Haverhill, Mass., will please accept our thanks for a fine piece of work in the line of oil colors, to which he has attached the name of "The Spirit's Floral Gift to the Banner of Light." The picture represents a lady (around whose head a rainbow emanation is skillfully delineated) holding in her arms a young child; the hands of the little one are filled with flowers which it is hastily scattering broadcast before it, so that a mass of rich blossoms hides the form of the lady, and ripples down to the very front of the picture. The colors are exquisite in tone, and the flowers are strikingly true to nature. Dr. Rich paints entirely from impression—having never taken any lessons in the details of the process—and his success in this department of art is truly wonderful. This remarkable painting may be seen at the Banner of Light Bookstore.

There is a medical medium located in Boston who deserves more than a passing notice. We refer to Mrs. B. K. Little. She is controlled by Spirit Dr. John Dix Fisher, whose earthly form is deposited in Mount Auburn cemetery. Mrs. Little is one of the oldest mediums in the city, having had for many years, and is still having, an extensive and successful practice. We make this statement voluntarily as a duty we owe alike to the spirit and the mortal, and also in behalf of Spiritualism, which many good people ignore publicly while being physically benefited by its media privately. A full history of Mrs. Little's mediumship should be given to the world, and we know of no one who could do it better or more thoroughly than Mr. Little himself. The cause demands it of him.

We want ten thousand more subscribers to the Banner of Light for 1878. Let the Spiritualists of the country form themselves into a committee of the whole to assist us in this regard, so that our hands may be strengthened to such an extent that we may be enabled (which we would much like to do) to send out spiritual pamphlets free to the world.

Read what the Haverhill Publisher says (third page) of Prof. Denton's late work, "What was He?" The book is offered for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

