

Excerpts from Where Two Worlds Meet



"Mr. and Mrs. Sloan in 1946"

Arthur Findlay's *Where Two Worlds Meet* (1951 / [PDF File of book](#)) is described on the title page as "The Verbatim Record of a Series of Nineteen Séances with John Campbell Sloan, the famous Glasgow Direct Voice Medium." The Foreword recounts events leading to the publication of the book.

During the Second World War, Mr. John Campbell Sloan kindly gave his services from time to time, without charge, at the houses of different people, so that they and their friends might obtain the phenomenon known as the Direct Voice. Miss Jean Logan Dearie, who lives at 16 Atholl Gardens, Glasgow, W.2, attended some of these meetings and took verbatim shorthand records of all that took place.

She accumulated twenty-four records of that number of séances, and in December 1950 she wrote to me to ask if I thought anything could be done to make the contents of these documents known to the public. I asked her to send them on to me, and, after reading them through, I realized that they formed a valuable addition to the records of the séances I had already published in my book *On the Edge of the Etheric*.

Miss Dearie is an expert stenographer, and is employed as private

secretary to one of the principals of one of the leading business concerns in Scotland. Her ability and integrity are undoubted, and I am satisfied, after careful enquiry, that the records given in this book are accurate.

This is how Miss Dearie is quoted about the seance transcripts.

"I started off with a new notebook for each séance, which I held on my knee, and put my thumb (left hand) at the beginning of the top line before the light was turned out. When I reached the end of a line, I moved my thumb down a space, and continued doing this until I felt I was at the foot of the page, when I turned over and just guessed where a line started on the next page. I was not always on the line, but my notes were fairly straight and regular, and the writing always legible. I never looked down at my notebook while I was writing, but looked about me just like the other sitters, and so was able to see all the spirit lights and phenomena that occurred. I never felt it tiresome taking the notes, and have no doubt I received help from the other side with that work."

Nineteen of the 24 verbatim Direct Voice seance transcripts are presented in *Where Two Worlds Meet*. These 19 meeting transcripts are dated between April 11, 1942 and July 10, 1945. Findlay reported that 34 different people attended the meetings at various times —

. . . the names given are those of real live people, and I am grateful to them for allowing their names to be published and their private family matters to be made public. Finally, this book gives an exact copy of what Miss Dearie transcribed. The text of what was said, both on this side and from the other, has been scrupulously adhered to, and only on a few occasions have I had to leave out something said from the other side.

Findlay's Foreword of the book was written 20 years after the publication of his book investigating 'psychic phenomena' *On the Edge of the Etheric* and other works about Spiritualism. His purpose was "to spread the truth and increase knowledge" and he mentioned: "I have made no money from this work, as my books have never been sold above the cost of printing, binding, selling and advertising them."

In the Introduction, Findlay designated the various 'supernormal occurrences' that have been aspects of John Sloan's mediumship: clairvoyance and clairaudience, Direct Voice phenomena, trance mediumship, telekinesis and apports. Findlay commented about Sloan's mediumship capacities:

He has never exploited them for money; in fact, he is quite indifferent about money. Consequently, he has given séance after séance over the past fifty years, and never received a penny. He was paid nothing for attending the Meetings recorded in the pages which follow. Instead of

gaining anything from them he put himself to both trouble and expense to be present. He has received gifts from grateful sitters from time to time, but he never asks for anything and never expects a reward for his services.

There are also some background details concerning Sloan's life.

Sloan's home town is Dalbeattie in Kirkcudbrightshire, and when quite a youth he went to sea, to return to take up drapery, and later tailoring. Then he went to Glasgow, to return home to Dalbeattie, and there he married. His wife, whom he had known since childhood, was a clerkess in the Post Office at Edinburgh. After that, he settled down in Glasgow to follow different occupations. He was employed for several years in various departments of the Post Office, then as a packer in a warehouse, and in middle life he again went to sea for some years, returning to Glasgow to open a small newsagent's shop. This was followed by other forms of employment, and then he settled down in a cottage at West Kilbride in Ayrshire, where he spent the happiest years of his life until his wife passed on.

After listening to the statements of the transcendental communicators whom Findlay sometimes called 'Etherians,' he defined death as "simply the severance of this etheric body, or structure, from the physical body . . . There is another world, about and around us, interpenetrating this physical world, into which we pass at death. It has been described to me by those who have spoken to me from it, but only in language suited to our finite minds." The substance of Etheria is stated by Findlay to be "of a higher vibrational frequency than is our earth . . . Mind is the common factor between this earth and the other etheric planes of existence . . . Each one of us has his share of this universal mind . . . Earth, then, is the training ground for mind which has become individualised."

When remarks are rather vague it is for a purpose, because Etherians are careful not to say anything that would be resented. They know much about our private lives, but they realise that we do not wish our friends and relations to become aware of all we think and do. So they are tactful in what they say, though at times they do say something that the person spoken to would rather keep private. On these rare occasions, when they give something private away, I have deleted the remarks and mentioned that I have done so.

Accompanying lecture transcripts are remarks at the end of each chapter by Findlay about the seances in relation to society. The following are some of his observations about what he witnessed.

At most séances, lights, the size of half-a-crown, float about the room, the trumpets rattle against each other, and move about at great speed. A

band of luminous paint on them makes it possible to follow their movements, but, without that, the swish they make when going through the atmosphere is easily heard. They reach as high as the ceiling and at times beat the time of a tune on it. No one is ever hurt by them, though they pass very near to the heads of the people present. Sloan has had many a bang on the head, which sounds alarming, but he was never hurt. This helps to relieve any tension.

The sitters in time get used to the materialised hands stroking their hands and faces.

When they ['Etherians'] come to meet and speak to us at these meetings, which we call the Sloan circle, they can often impress us before they even speak with the idea as to who they are. That is the reason a sitter sometimes mentions a name and immediately afterwards the Etherian speaks. It may be telepathy or clairaudience on our part, but so it is.

It will be noticed that they can keep in touch with distant friends of ours on earth, and report to us at these Meetings as to how they are and where they are. During the War this was most helpful and many were comforted by the news, especially those who had relations and friends in the East. Many instances of this form of news service came to my notice during the War, and its accuracy was remarkable.

Another point that comes out in the séance under review is that there we grow to maturity but never get old, and, if we die old on earth, we go back to maturity. This is emphasised by Etherians on many occasions . . .

Emphasis is laid by them on the fact that this happiness comes to all who do their best to live a good and unselfish life on earth. No theological beliefs or ceremonials are necessary to obtain the position in Etheria which our character alone justifies. Their religion seems to be an enlightened form of Unitarianism; all the creeds, dogmas and rituals of earth religions are soon forgotten, and, as we have sown on earth, so shall we reap in Etheria.

The remainder of this blog article presents transcript excerpts showing some of the aspects of the Direct Voice transcendental communication. If identified, there are included the names associated with the Direct Voice communication heard in diverse voices that include many known to the witnesses from earlier times before the family member or acquaintance's transition to the ascended realm of existence.

I am 'Star of Peace' (a Red Indian), and I wish that my name would personify that peace feeling in your poor old world. Our hearts bleed—I am putting it paradoxically so that you will understand how we feel—at the sorrow that goes on in all human hearts in the world to-day, and we pray that calm may be given to those of you who are in the midst of it. May the Spirit of all Good throw his sheltering arms around each one of your dear ones who are in danger. This is 'Star of Peace.'"

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Someone then spoke in a foreign language. Then a lady spoke, repeating some lines of poetry, the first two of which were lost. She then continued:

"The time will come when we will all meet again in this land so bright and free from pain. God bless you all. I am Mrs. Taylor. Please tell Mary and Jean that I was here. I think of them all the time, and of my beloved boy who is here."

Mr. Sloan said: **"Aye, that was Robert Taylor. He was killed."**

A voice then spoke as if from very far away, saying:

"Not killed; I am alive and working yet—doing the Will of the Father—not killed."

Mr. Sloan said: **"Thank you for coming, Robert, we had a few nice words with your Mother."**

Robert Taylor continued in a voice which was clear and distinct.

"Good afternoon, it is Robert Taylor speaking. I am very glad that I am nearer now, Mrs. Lang. It is so delightful to be beside you. It is not every day I get a chance of sending a message. I am thinking about my beloved friend, Mary Stope. God bless her for her friendship to me. It is all fresh to me when I come back and look at you all. I have passed the way by which all come. You are filing past the milestones, my friends, Ladies and Gentlemen. I went over before I had passed many milestones. I have come to such a wonderful country, and I have got such wonderful work to do."

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A woman's voice then said:

"Miss Colquhoun, from your cradle days of life I have been your

Guide, my dear little sister. I am the Indian girl, who speaks to you now. I have been a sister to you all through life, watching you in your career, your joys and pains, helping you when you knew it not, in your trouble and care, in your trials and your sorrows, and will be with you to the journey's end. God bless you, from Dewdrop. Have you ever felt influences when you were going to do something, and you stood and thought—'I will not do that just now,' and you afterwards found that that intuition was the correct thing? I was behind you there, and I will not disappoint you. 'I will shelter you in the shadow of my wings.' This is Dewdrop."

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A man's voice (which turned out to be that of Pathfinder, an American Indian) then said:

"Up above the stars you see, there are other realms of light. Don't you bother about where the Spirit World is, you will be there all right when the time comes, the whole lot of you. What I would like to tell you is to prepare yourself on your side of life, so that you will be fitted and able to take a reasonable place and a reasonable responsibility on the spirit side when you do come over.

"Had I lived a better life in the material I would not have been so sad when I first came over here. That was a beautiful illustration of a veil being drawn so that dear ones on this side do not always know what is going on among their friends on earth. It is only the grosser things that are hidden from them. I hope you will understand. I am a very plain fellow and I am only putting my own thoughts through, which I have gathered from experience, and which I know to a great extent to be true on this side.

"We only know to a limited extent what is going on on the Earth Plane. Those in the high planes—the Ministering Angels and Shining Ones—do, however, know all, and shade certain things off that would spoil the happiness of those on this side."

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Then a new voice said:

"George,"

and Mrs. Lang replied: "Come away, friend, come away. We are very pleased to have you." The voice went on to say:

"God bless you all. My son, George."

(Prince George, Duke of Kent, killed in a flying accident on previous day, 25th August, 1942.)

"God support him. Oh, Father God, support him now, support them all. Pray for my dear son George, dear friends, and all those with him in that accident."

We replied: "We will send out our thoughts to him and to the others also." King George V replied:

"It is not my son only. There are thousands and thousands of my People who are passing at the present time. Send out your loving thoughts to them all. There is a sweet hallowed influence I find in your presence here. I see you understand the sense of sorrow I feel for the manner of the passing of my beloved son, and for those dear ones left behind. I know there are none of you but sense the pathos of the hurt they have sustained. Pray that they may be comforted. Although your physical eyes cannot see them, ministering hands are helping and will hold you up until life's journey is over and a wider vista of God's love is exposed to your gaze. Good night. God guard you and bless you and all my beloved people. I was George the Fifth."

Mr. Sloan asked: "Who was that speaking?" and was very surprised when he was told it was King George V.

We were speaking amongst ourselves, saying what a good king the late King George had been, and what a good man our present King is and how well he worked for his country, when a voice from the other side said:

"That is quite right and as it should be. It would not do to sit and let others do the work for you. You want to do a little bit of service while in the world no matter what station the great Spirit God may have placed you in. Each one should be willing to help those around in need of assistance and not allow it to fall on one shoulder only. Also, you must not allow anyone to impose on you too much; just see that they take their share of responsibility. It is a good lesson to each one of you to accept your share of responsibility and it helps to prepare you for the journey here, enabling you to take your proper place in the fuller life which awaits you. I am just one of the stragglers who has come through it, and I wish I had done my duty better in the earth life."

Mrs. Lang asked if we knew him, and if he had spoken to us before.

He replied:

"I have never had the honour of being in your company, this beautiful company, before to-night. I have been in the vicinity of such a Meeting but have never spoken. To-night, however, the light was so bright and the conditions so favourable, that I took the responsibility of asking the door-keeper if I might come in. He told me I might do so but I was to watch his hand and, if I went beyond what I should say or do, he would signal to me."

Miss Colquhoun remarked: "But you have not seen the signal yet, have you, friend?"

He replied:

"I do not require to see the signal; I would feel it. There are so many things on this side of life which you cannot understand yet. Of course you cannot, because I could not understand them myself when I first came over. It is a gradual unfoldment. While in earth life I used to wonder what kind of life this would be, and what clothes I would have on the spirit side of life. In fact, I used to wonder if there was a spirit side at all; I hoped for it but was not at all certain."

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The trumpet came over to Miss Dearie, and patted her hands, and a very pleasant voice said:

"Have you got your pencil ready?"

One of us remarked: "The two trumpets are still going around, anyway," and received the reply

"Number 1 is. Number 2 is in use."

We then heard sounds like a bird whistling, and this went on for some time. The room was in complete darkness, but to our surprise a very bright light appeared on one of the walls of the room. It was like sunshine shining through a grating or venetian blind. It remained there during most of the Sitting, though at times it dimmed or disappeared, but always came back again.

We started singing the hymn *They are winging, they are winging*, and Mr. Sloan went suddenly into trance. He rose from his chair. It was one of the Indians who controlled him, one who could not speak English very well, and it was difficult to make out what he said. He seemed to be a healer, and came round the circle, shaking our hands. We asked his name, and he said something like "Matouche" and "your bruder."

When he reached Miss Duff he said to her:

"You heal, me heal, you got one, two, three patients in charge, one very bad, me help you."

Miss Duff said that was so, and thanked him. After he had spoken to Miss Dearie and to Mrs. Potter, who was sitting next to her, he suddenly said:

"Bruder must go. Cannot hold him too long. Get back to seat."

Miss Colquhoun helped Mr. Sloan into his seat, and then he came out of trance and asked: "What is the matter? What has happened?"

Miss Colquhoun said: "It is all right, Mr. Sloan. You have just been asleep for a little while, that is all."

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He [Brian "the Irish friend of Mrs. Potter"] laughed heartily, and Mrs. Potter said: "It is nice to hear you laugh, Brian."

He replied:

"Sure, I laugh. Why should I not laugh? The world is full of sorrow, but why should those who feel like laughing not smile? Always remember that a smile from you may lessen the sorrow of some weary soul."

Another voice said:

"We have all but a short time on the Earth Plane, and it is up to you who are there to make the best of your opportunities, walking that pathway in such a way as to bring satisfaction to your own soul and joy to those about you, and, in the everlasting time, rejoicing will be yours, yours when you reach Paradise at last. May the great good Father bless you all. I am Pathfinder."

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Mrs. Lang asked: "Who is speaking, friend? Have you been here before?"

He replied:

"Jim, Jim, or James. I liked the name and took it for my own. It was not the name I had in earth life."

Mrs. Lang said: "But you have been here before, have you not, James?"

He replied:

"Many times. I have tried for a long time to find means whereby I could get the vibrations to speak to you, and others are helping me. I am not able to speak as you hear me speaking. I am registering the sound of those who are above me and showing me the way. I love you all. I am only the dictator (intermediary) speaking the words which I am getting handed on to me."

Mr. Cameron said: "I understand your thought is instantly turned into sound."

He replied:

"A thought on the Earth Plane is turned into sound on our side of life. (Probably he meant our thoughts are sensed telepathically.) If you are in coequal love and sympathy with each other, that is a cord which never loosens and never breaks."

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"There is just such a mass of humanity coming into the spirit side of life at the present time that it is beyond the comprehension of your minds to understand it, and we cannot put it into words, but I might put it in this way: 'It is difficult to get them sorted out.' I think you will understand what I mean, friend Cameron. Some are willing to listen and some are just as obstinate and unwilling to be led into the way that leads upwards and onwards. I say it remains possible for you in the earth life, who understand, to throw out your sympathy and your love to those who have passed over through this war, and to let your kind thoughts go out to them as comrades and friends because it is wonderful how quickly on this side of life they come to see what a foolish, foolish thing they had done to be killing and hating each other, and the feeling of enmity is soon forgotten.

"Your loving thoughts and prayers can help them to arrive more quickly at this conclusion. If you could just realise the condition of chaos in which they come over you would send all the love possible, but they are immediately put into the hands of those best fitted to help them. Every loving thought that we give helps them, and every loving thought coming from those on the earth side of life is immediately directed to those who most require it."

Mrs. Bowes asked: "Even when we can give love to our enemy, what happens to that love?"

She got the reply:

"If you give love to your enemy, well, you are giving a love on both sides where it can be used. Had the nations of the world had more love for each other, the world would not be in the state it is in at the present time. God bless you. A thought of love goes to your credit, dear lady, all the time. I am Thomas Armstrong."

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We opened the Sitting with the usual hymn, *Nearer, my God, to Thee*, and afterwards repeated The Lord's Prayer. We afterwards spoke about the weather, and one of us remarked that snow had already been seen on the hills.

An Etherian remarked:

"There is snow on some hills all the time."

We next spoke about clan tartans, and Mr. Cameron remarked that the colourings of some of the ancient clan tartans were very beautiful.

A voice asked:

"Are you a Cameron?"

and the trumpet touched Miss Colquhoun. She replied: "No, I am a Colquhoun."

The voice then asked Mr. Cameron:

"And what clan do you belong to, Sir?"

Mr. Cameron replied: "I am a Cameron," and the Etherian remarked:

"I thought there was something Highland about you, and I appreciate your beautiful compliment about the tartans, friend Cameron. I am also a Highlander, but I do not fight now for any one clan. We are all fighting under the same banner, for truth and liberty for all men and all women, that all the world may be free, irrespective of clan, nation, or color, all one brotherhood of the great 'I Am,' Whom, not having seen, we love and adore His Majesty, His Purity, and the wonder of His Love."

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Mr. Sloan's son in Etheria then said:

"This is Dougal speaking. You have not lost me at all, Dad. I am often with you, and very often help you. Why should I not? It is Dougie."

Mr. Sloan replied: "Dougie, when I said good-bye to you at the Docks I did not think it was for the last time."

His son answered:

"It is just as well we do not know these things, Dad, but just wait until the time comes when you come over beside us. We will go over all the glorious scenes of the past, and walk in the new country and the new land which God has prepared for all His children. I am Dougal Sloan. If you walk according to God's laws you will have a wonderful life in the land of light. God bless you. Thank you, Dad, for you were a good Dad to me. I know you miss Mother, but she is here, and it will be all right. We will all meet again by and by. Just you go on and do the best you can. You have got strength in you yet for a while."

Mr. Hardman then spoke to Miss Dearie:

"I would like to pay appreciation to you, Miss Dearie. My devoted thanks go out to you for the beautiful way in which you transcribe my thoughts and feelings to my dear friend in the Orkneys. May God bless you for it. I will do my best to show my appreciation. I think you have someone very dear to you, whom your thoughts are very greatly centred upon. I shall try and help you there also as far as I can from this side of life. John Hardman is speaking to you."

"For the lucid way in which you portray my thoughts, I thank you very, very much, and for your kindly bearing with me, one and all, a stumbling disbeliever. Oh, what will I call myself I do not really know. I do not know how to put it, friend Cameron, but I did not believe in an after-life. I did not believe it, but could not get away from the thought that there might be something. I very speedily found out that there was something, and something far more real than I ever experienced in my earth life. It is my duty to my friend, Miss Dearie, to express my deep appreciation for portraying my thoughts so minutely. Thank you."

Miss Dearie replied: "Thank you very much indeed, Mr. Hardman."

Miss Colquhoun's Grand-uncle, David Johnston, and her Grandfather, William, who is David's brother, now spoke to her. Since their passing on she has come to know them so well that they are to her what she

describes as "intimate friends." First of all David, sometimes known as Davie, spoke to her in a clear, distinct voice:

"Hello, Crissie, Davie Johnston speaking. I was trying to give you a wee punch on the nose with the trumpet, but I could not manage it. I would not hurt you, Crissie. I am as happy, as happy as you could wish me to be, and that is saying a good deal, and now, my dear, dear Crissie, I do wish you could see your Mother—Davie and Mrs. Colquhoun going off for a stroll. What are you laughing at? We have far lovelier scenery than you ever see on your side of life. It is similar but far more beautiful. The colours are magnificent, and there is no decay. It just seems to fade away. You see the growth from the bottom, just as you do in earth life, and when it comes to full maturity it just vanishes."

Miss Colquhoun asked Davie Johnston: "Can you pull the flowers?," and he replied:

"Oh, certainly, you can decorate your homes, your houses where you live, with anything you like, and, if you are passing some place, and have seen some particular flower, and thought 'I would like to have that flower in my garden,' when you return home you will find it there. The Spirit Overseer of the various plants and flowers will bring the same plant to grow in your garden, without you troubling about it."

Mr. Cameron asked: "Where do you put the flowers when you decorate your homes with them?"

He received the reply:

"We just put them in a vase, the same as in your own house, and you don't need to worry about breaking the vases, because you cannot break them."

Mr. Cameron said: "The flowers won't require water," and the reply came back:

"We have a liquid, but it is not exactly water. We have the equivalent of many material things here. It would not be a real home life, if you had not the same things as you had in earth life. You see the flowers growing up here, so very beautiful, and fading away when they come to full maturity. There is no waste or decay."

[A man's voice] **"I am afraid, my friends, I must go now. I have been the door-keeper. I have not apparently been taking much notice but I have been doing my best for you. I feel I must say adieu, because I am required elsewhere. Good night, my Brothers and my Sisters, and may the blessing of God rest upon you. Those who are less fortunate than yourself, give them all your thoughts and your sympathy, and God will reward you for it.**

"I do not feel that I am adequately adapted to speak to you, Ladies and Gentlemen, in a way that you ought to be spoken to. It has been a joy and a great upliftment to me to-day that I have been a recipient of the joys and pleasures which you have received in this little Meeting to-night. I have also been uplifted and my soul has been refreshed and strengthened in the labour of the work which lies before me, by being in your presence to-day.

"As one who traversed the Earth Plane long before your time and who has been traversing the planes and spaces for many years, as you count time, I have been in touch time and again with your surroundings but I have never been able to articulate or speak to you until to-day. To-day I feel uplifted and have joy in the thought that I have got a contact and I pray that the Great Spirit of Love will allow me to keep in touch with you, to do you some little good from time to time. God bless you all."

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[A man's voice] **"Progress all the time, until, in God's good time, you reach the fulfillment of a purified soul, that can work in harmony with the Great Spirit of All Life. Progress will go on until the full theme and completion of the Master's Will is accomplished, and you are able to mix with those Shining Ones, in a glorified condition, whom you hope to join some day."**

Mr. Cameron asked: "Are you referring to Jesus?," and received the reply:

"Oh, he is the Great Master, you know. The influence of Jesus, we know, is embodied in many who are working on the spirit side of life. Not many, as you know, were called 'Jesus of Nazareth,' but there were many Christs, and there will be many more Christs while many worlds exist. There is a stage when some of us can know no further. There is a world inside another world, but we have not progressed to that knowledge, nor will we, until we have advanced to a stage much above our present knowledge."

Mr. Cameron asked: "Have you any further knowledge of God than we have?"

The voice said:

"The Kingdom of God, that inner consciousness which emanates from the spirit of the Great Eternal, is within you, and it is in all of you to raise it to an understanding which will help you and help others. God bless you, keep you, and help you to understand. I must go now, but I will come again. I have to go away just from your immediate surroundings, but I shall deem it a favour to come some other time to greet you all again. Your earthly experiences are just a stage in your spiritual progress."

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Mr. Cameron remarked: "I just sometimes wonder whether God's ministering angels direct one to the place one has to go."

Wallaho replied:

"Oh no, a higher hand guides that. It depends first on the life you have lived on earth, and the attitude of the mind on your spirit body when it comes to the other side of life, in what condition you will arrive. That entirely lies with yourself, with the persons themselves—you know what I mean. It depends on the life you have lived in the body, and what you have done to help others and to serve the Great Master's cause, without any thought of yourself but for the great glory of God and for the extension of His Kingdom."

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"Good evening, Mrs. Lang. How do you do? I am glad to see you. I have met you before, in earth life, you know. Doyle speaking. It is just a privilege to come in here and say a few words."

Mrs. Lang replied: "That is very nice of you, and we are very pleased to know you are here."

He replied:

"I am just looking around to see you all. Miss Dearie, I see you are writing. You will have heard of Doyle."

The trumpet came on to Miss Dearie's head, and then a hand stroked her hair.

Miss Dearie said: "Are you a friend of Arthur?"

Mrs. Lang said: "It is Sir Arthur Conan Doyle."

Miss Dearie, now rather confused, replied: "Oh, of course, I know who you are now, Sir Arthur. Of course, I have heard about you often, and have read some of your books."

He replied:

"I am just what you call 'Sir Arthur,' but never mind the 'Sir.' I am here now to do some service to any of you that I can. God bless you all."

Mrs. Bowes asked: "What do you think of the world situation now, Sir Arthur? The fighting that is still going on?"

He replied:

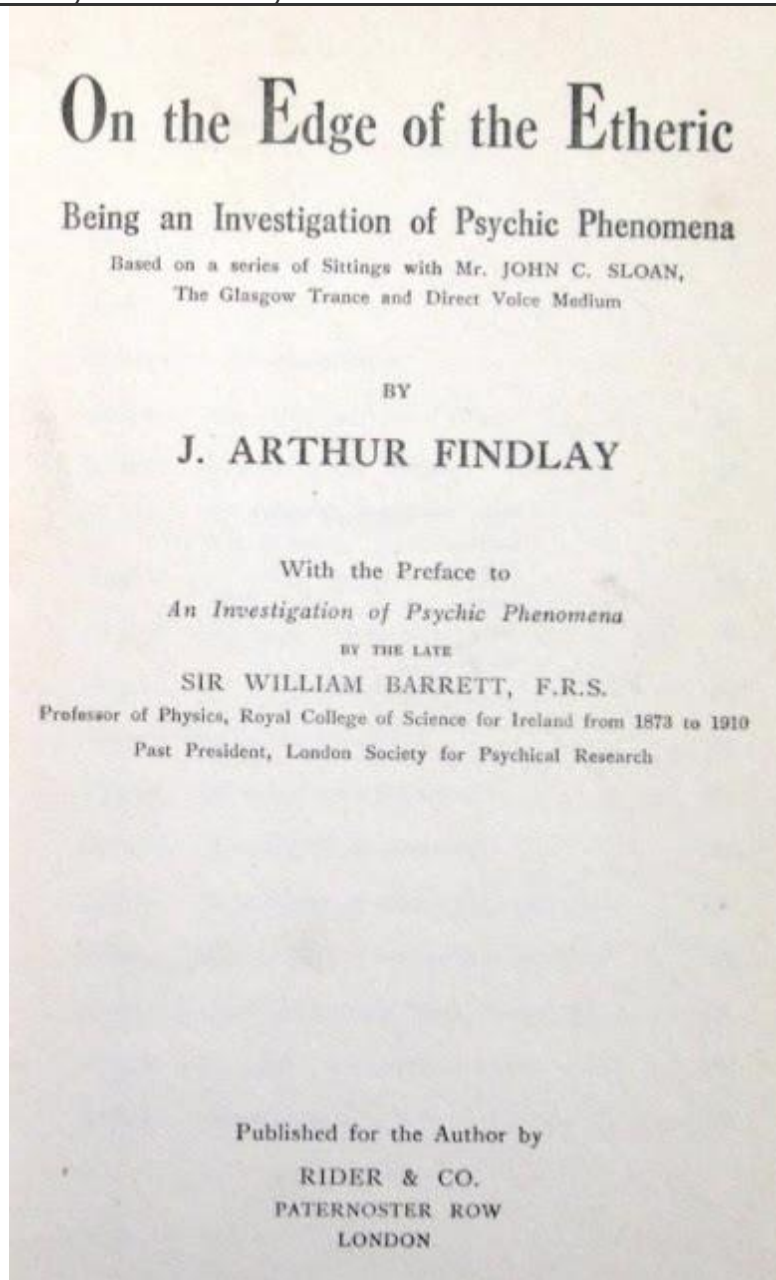
"It is rapidly drawing to a finish now, my dear."

Miss Dearie asked: "Do you think this truth will spread and be more generally accepted when the war is all over?"

Sir Arthur replied:

"There is no doubt there will be more understanding of it. It will be more completely understood, I should say. Good day."

Arthur Findlay's Introductory Profile of Direct Voice Medium John C. Sloan



This blog article presents Arthur Findlay's introductory profile of Direct Voice medium John Campbell Sloan from the fourth chapter of *On the Edge of the Etheric* (1931). One can compare the circumstances of Sloan's seances with those of Leslie Flint, whose Direct Voice seance audio tape recordings are available for [listening online](#). Nineteen verbatim Direct Voice seance transcripts are presented in *Where Two Worlds Meet* (1951) by Arthur Findlay.

Findlay commented about his participation in Sloan's seances in *Where Two Worlds Meet* (1951) —

When I was having my regular Sittings with John Sloan, away back in the years 1918 to 1924, I soon learned that it was wiser not to be too curious and only to ask a few questions at a time. I was told to take what came, but that if I wished to ask many questions I could have private sittings for that purpose, when those fitted to answer me would be present to speak. Moreover, I found that the other sitters were not anxious to receive the information I wanted, and that they only wished to talk to their friends on the other side.

So these private Sittings were held, and I took with me my secretary to make notes of everything said and done. Much of the information received will be found in *On the Edge of the Etheric* and the two books which followed it, *The Rock of Truth* and *The Unfolding Universe* . . .

CHAPTER IV. THE MEDIUM.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.—*Pope*.

Mr. John C. Sloan, in whose presence the experiences I have to relate occurred, is a middle-aged man, of slight build and a quiet manner. He has rather a dreamy expression, and when sitting still and not speaking or taking part in a conversation he seems to lose touch with his surroundings. At these times his eyes take on a far-away look, and when spoken to he is palpably startled. He enjoys quite good health, and at his work few would notice certain peculiarities, which become marked in his own house when his work is finished. When he has nothing special to occupy his attention this dreamy state seems to take hold of him and he becomes absent-minded and forgetful. Except for this he is like any other healthy normal individual.

All his life he has been aware that supernormal occurrences took place in his immediate surroundings. In his youth he was often disturbed by rappings and strange voices which he could not understand, and during the past thirty years these have developed into manifestations of a general and varied nature. His mediumship during these years has embraced trance, telekinesis, apports, direct voice, materialisation, clairvoyance and clairaudience. These have varied in degree year by year, but his friends generally agree that fifteen years ago his mediumship was at its best. To those who have had little experience of these phenomena, let me explain. Trance is a state of unconsciousness certain abnormal people experience. It might be compared to falling into a deep sleep with a short interval between consciousness and unconsciousness. It is, however, more than sleep; it is a much deeper state of unconsciousness; the personality is withdrawn to a greater extent, and the body is more insensible to pain. A person in trance can be better compared to one under an anaesthetic than to one in sleep, with this difference, the trance

state may last for from two to three hours and be repeated several times a week without any ill effect being noticeable. When Sloan is in this state he speaks, but it would be more correct to say that his vocal organs vibrate the atmosphere, as no one can be with him long while this is taking place and think that his own personality is responsible for what is said. The voice is different and the accent is different, and much of what is said is quite outside his range of knowledge. Clairaudience and Clairvoyance are the powers some have of hearing what to others is inaudible and seeing what is normally unseen. Both are due to the etheric structure of the ear and eye functioning abnormally, and thus these organs can catch the etheric vibrations. Telekinesis is the word used for the movement of objects without the use of any known force. Apports are objects brought from one room to another, or from a distance to where the medium is, by some invisible agency.

What is called the Direct Voice is the special subject of this book. In the medium's presence, but quite apart from him, voices, claiming to be those of deceased people, speak, and when replied to answer back intelligently, showing that there is not only a mind behind the voice but that the intelligence is able to hear as well as to speak. When first experiencing this phenomena I naturally thought that the medium was impersonating people, as when these voices speak it is generally in the dark, and what could be easier than that he should be tricking me and others into believing that we were speaking to our departed friends?

On the first occasion I experienced these voices I was decidedly suspicious, and yet as the séance went on I wondered how it would be possible for any man, even if he had accomplices, to carry on such an imposture for over three hours. Thirty separate voices spoke that night, of different tone and accent, they gave their names, their correct earth addresses and spoke to the right people, were recognised, and referred to intimate family affairs. Never once was a mistake made and the darkness really increased the evidence in favour of the genuineness of the whole proceedings, as, difficult as it would be to remember everyone's departed friends and relations and their family affairs in the light, it would be doubly so in the dark, because fifteen people were present and the medium would have to remember exactly where each one was sitting. The voice on every occasion spoke in front of the person who recognised the name, the earth address and the details which were given.

It was all very mystifying, and the fact that sometimes two or three voices spoke at once did not make it less so. There must be accomplices, I thought, and not only that but a regular system of gathering information. How it could be done in so thorough a manner was the question, but yet, on the other hand, how could the dead speak? Even if they lived again their physical vocal organs were certainly buried, and how could the atmosphere be vibrated without a physical bodily instrument? No, nothing so impossible could happen. I had heard of

frauds and impostors, but never of the dead speaking, so the balance was certainly in favour of fraud.

So ran my thoughts that memorable night of the 20th September 1918, when suddenly a voice spoke in front of me. I felt scared. A man sitting next to me said "Someone wants to speak to you, friend," so I said "Yes, who are you?" "Your father, Robert Downie Findlay," the voice replied, and then went on to refer to something that only he and I and one other ever knew on earth, and that other, like my father, was some years dead. I was therefore the only living person with any knowledge of what the voice was referring to. That was extraordinary enough, but my surprise was heightened when, after my father had finished, another voice gave the name of the other person who on earth knew about the subject, and this voice continued the conversation which my father had begun. No spy system, however thorough, no impersonation by the medium or by any accomplices, could be responsible for this, and moreover I was an entire stranger to everyone present. I did not give my name when I entered the room, I knew no one in that room, and no one knew me or anything about me.

That was my first introduction to John C. Sloan and the Direct Voice, and after the séance was over I asked him if I could come back again, as I was anxious to know more about this subject. "Certainly, any time you care to come I shall be pleased to see you," was his reply, and I turned to someone standing near and asked how much I should pay Mr. Sloan. I have always remembered the reply. "If you suggest such a thing as paying him he will be deeply offended; he does this as a duty, not to make money out of his mediumship." That did not impress me as the method adopted by a fraud. How could a working man earning a few pounds a week, I wondered, afford the time and the money to gather all the information I heard given to the people present that evening? I was so impressed with my strange experience that I went home that night and wrote till the small hours of the next morning a careful account of all that occurred at this my first séance, and this practice I have constantly adopted, unless I had a stenographer present.

Slowly, but steadily, I came to understand that what I thought was impossible really was possible, what I thought could not occur did occur, that those I thought were dead were very much alive, that they had bodies of finer texture but similar in form to our own, and that the medium gave off a substance which enabled them to materialise their etheric mouth and throat and tongue and again vibrate our atmosphere. Further, I learned that as physical life can only gather round it matter, in the initial stage before birth, in the dark, so darkness was required to enable materialisation to take place from the substance drawn from the medium. This I learned only slowly and after I had given much time and thought to the subject, but before I tried to know how it was all accomplished I set myself to prove the medium's honesty. This I did in

many ways. After that first night many friends who had died spoke to me, giving their names and correct addresses on earth, and told me things which no one present except myself could have known. Then I thought it might all be telepathy, though how telepathy could vibrate the atmosphere as a voice which I recognised, I could not understand. However, I wished to leave no stone unturned to get the truth, and so I waited to see how long this theory would hold the field. It was not long till it, like the fraud theory, had to go also. Friends came and spoke to me, and told me things that not only no one present knew but that I did not know myself, and never have known. These things I found on enquiry to be correct, so thought transference between my conscious or subconscious mind and that of the medium was ultimately ruled out.

I next decided to take the first opportunity to sit beside the medium, and when a voice was speaking to put my ear right up to his mouth. I held his hands from the beginning of the séance, and when a voice spoke I put my ear close to his mouth. I felt his breath, my ear and his lips were just touching, but not a sound was to be heard. This I have done, not once or twice, but many times until finally I was convinced that the phenomena of the direct voice was not only genuine but that those who spoke were those they said they were, our friends and relations, who, though parted from their physical garment, continue to live a life much as we do here, and when able to gather sufficient ectoplasm from a human being, called by us a medium, they can, by lowering their vibrations, vibrate our atmosphere, speak to us, and hear us when we reply.

After twelve years' intimate experience of Mr. John C. Sloan and having sat with most of the other leading mediums in this country and America, I can say with conviction that he is the best Trance, Direct Voice, Clairvoyant and Clairaudient medium I have ever sat with. Though trance utterances never appeal to me as does the Direct Voice, yet his powers in this direction are remarkable. His power of hearing clairaudiently is extraordinary, especially his faculty of getting the names and addresses of those speaking, a task which most mediums find difficult to do. If he had been willing to give his gifts to the public he would have been known as one of this country's most famous mediums, instead of which he has preferred having his friends to his house for an evening once a week or so and giving them the pleasure of meeting again those of their acquaintances who have passed beyond the veil. He is retiring to a degree and modest in the extreme. He cares nothing for the praise which so often comes at the end of such an evening. He always gives me the impression that he dislikes these séances and only holds them as a duty. I know that, if left to himself, he would never exercise his mediumistic faculties. His sense of duty and kindness of heart are the reasons why his friends have been so specially privileged.

I know no man more honourable, of kinder heart, or with more of the old Scottish type of independence. So long as he can get work he will never take money in exchange for his gift. He has had his ups and downs, and though a good and trustworthy workman, on occasions, through no fault of his own, he has been out of work. On one occasion Mr. McCully (some of whose experiences are recorded in Chapter IX), who was one of the regular attenders at his weekly séances, told me that when Mr. Sloan had been out of work for some time a proposal was made that he should take something from those who came, and that they would bring others also who would gladly pay. Very reluctantly he agreed to give three séances on these terms, but after the second he refused to give the last. "I have now got a job," was his reply, "and I shall never again take money for my mediumship, if I can get work to enable me to support my family." The third séance was, however, held only on the condition that no payment was made.

Such is John C. Sloan, quixotic, yes; stubborn, yes; but only in what to him is a matter of conscience. No one need ask him for permission to be present at a séance and fear refusal; no one need fear that he will be made to feel that a favour is being granted. To Sloan, his duty is to give his gift to those who need it, but no money need be offered, as it would not be accepted.

It may be considered extraordinary that a man with such gifts should be so little known, but this is entirely due to his modesty and retiring disposition. He hates publicity of any kind; he is so shy that on occasions, when I have asked him to give my own friends a sitting in the Séance Room at the offices of the Glasgow Society for Psychological Research, he has asked me not to introduce him, just to let him come in, take his seat and then have the lights put out. He is at his ease only when in his own house, his own friends gathered round him, and the séance takes the form of a religious meeting, as to him it is a holy communion with the unseen. His reward, he says, is in sending away some sorrowing one with the knowledge that life continues beyond this world, and that he has been the means of bringing together a bereaved mother or widow and a son or husband who has passed into the beyond. To see their happiness after he comes out of trance at the end of a séance is to him ample reward for all his trouble. Hundreds upon hundreds have received this comfort and consolation through his instrumentality. He only claims to be an instrument; he says he knows nothing as to how it all comes about; he has read little on the subject, and as he is in trance throughout the séance, he knows nothing of what takes place.

Had Sloan been made in a different mould, he could have made an easy living by his gift and become known as one of our most famous mediums; but he has been content to live simply by the labour of his hands, earning a few pounds a week. He has brought up a large family in a small, but comfortable house in one of the working class districts of Glasgow, and

often he has had a hard struggle to make ends meet. He performs his daily work conscientiously and well, and his employer, who often was present at his meetings, considered him one of his best and most trustworthy workmen.

Such is the man I met that evening, now over twelve years ago. I was then ushered into a small room, in which were gathered over a dozen people, and after some preliminary conversation, we sat down in a circle, Sloan on the music-stool beside a small harmonium. The lights were put out, and the room was in complete darkness. After a preliminary prayer, Sloan turned round and played several hymns in which we all joined, but before the last was finished he became controlled by an entity who goes under the picturesque name of "Whitefeather," but was usually addressed by us as "Whitie," a most amusing personality, who says that when on earth he was a Red Indian Chief, that he lived in the "Rockies" and therefore thinks our Scottish scenery tame in comparison.

During the sitting Sloan, so far as I could judge, remained seated on the stool. Voices of all degrees of strength and culture spoke, from what appeared to be all parts of the room, but it was difficult to say where they actually originated, as in the centre of the circle were two megaphones, or trumpets, each about two and a half feet long, and from the metallic ring of the voice it was evident that they were occasionally being used to speak through. All the time the two trumpets, when not being used to speak through, went round the circle touching each one gently. Someone would be lightly touched on the point of the nose, another on the top of the head, another's hand would be touched, and so on—never a hard knock. At request, any part of the body would be touched without a mistake, without any fumbling, a clean, gentle touch, an impossible feat for any human being to do in pitch darkness, as I have proved on various occasions. Lights, about the size of half-crowns, of a phosphorescent appearance, were continually moving about the room at all angles.

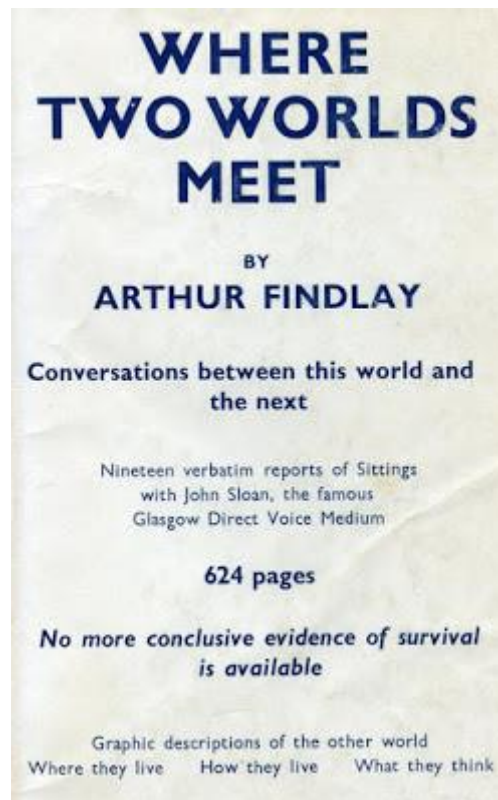
Looking over my records I find that I have notes of forty-three different séances at which either I or my friends had conversations with those who claimed to have known us when on earth, thirty-nine of which have been with Sloan, four with other mediums. I have also witnessed, at different times, the same phenomena with the leading direct voice mediums, both in this country and in the United States, so I think I may claim to have sufficient experience to enable me critically to examine the phenomena and record my conclusions. As I say, I have notes of thirty-nine different séances with Sloan; eighty-three separate voices have spoken to me, or to personal friends I have brought with me; two hundred and eighty-two separate communications have been given to me or to them; one hundred and eighty of these I class "A1," as it was impossible for the medium or any other person present to have known about them; one hundred I class as "A2," as by means of the newspaper or reference books the medium could have found them out. One item of information given me I have not

had the opportunity of verifying, and only one I have found to be incorrect. This latter was right up to a point, but as it was a message given me by a voice on behalf of another, it is possible it was wrongly delivered. If it had been delivered in a slightly altered form, it would have been correct, so I think that this one exception need not invalidate in any way the other items I have had correctly given.

Within the last few years changes have occurred in Mr. Sloan's life. His daughters married, and his sons went to sea, so that he found living alone monotonous. His wife's people were sea-faring folk, so his sons followed the same calling. He also had all his life a longing for the same life, and as he had no ties to keep him on shore, he too followed his sons and joined an Atlantic liner as Master-at-Arms, which position he held for some years, when he decided to again come and live on shore. He is now employed with one of the leading business houses in Glasgow, but continues to give séances to his friends. Only occasionally, however, does he now exercise his gift of mediumship, as his health is not so good as it used to be.

It seems strange that a man of such exceptional gifts should, for all practical purposes, be unknown to the world, but so it is. It can only be attributed to his persistent refusal to accept money and become a public medium, and nothing will change him from this course. He writes to me at times and I hear of him through mutual friends, but we seldom meet now, as living in England I am only occasionally in Scotland. I have, however, my notes to remind me of the many interesting and instructive times I spent in his presence, and all my life I shall be grateful to him for the kindness and courtesy he has always shown me. I look back on the night we first met, and feel that I was there in the position of one who was looking for something and had not found it, but that night he gave me the chance of finding what I had been seeking, the proof positive that we still live beyond this narrow vale called life, and that, when the end of earth life comes, we not only enter a larger and fuller one but also join again those we once loved here. For this, my life-long gratitude will be felt towards John C. Sloan.

In Comparison: John Campbell Sloan Direct Voice Seance Transcript Scotland 1943



This blog article presents the transcript of a 1943 Direct Voice seance in Glasgow, Scotland. The transcript is one of nineteen designated to each be a "verbatim record" of seances conducted by John Campbell Sloan as published in *Where Two Worlds Meet* (1951 / [PDF File of book](#)) by Arthur Findlay. The "expert stenographer" is identified to be Miss Jean Logan Dearie and Findlay published testimonials of the accuracy of her transcripts. I'm presenting the record of the sitting that is Chapter XI in the book along with some of Findlay's commentary about Sloan's mediumship. Findlay found a surprising apathy among the scientists invited to observe the Direct Voice seances firsthand.

The names given are those of the actual seance participants, who allowed themselves to be identified in the book. Findlay commented about the medium: "For some fifty years Sloan has given sittings to his friends and their friends, each one lasting from two to three hours once or twice a week. All these years he has taken up an indifferent attitude to all that happened, he has avoided publicity in every possible way, and he has always refused any payment for his presence . . . now Sloan is an old man of eighty-two, his memory being so bad that he requires special care and attention. Throughout the series of Meetings recorded in this book his memory was declining and, towards the end, so rapidly that his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Sam Sloan, had to come with him to these Meetings, to see him safely there and home again. Nevertheless the phenomena went on as formerly . . . Only occasionally during these Sittings did he go into trance, and, when this occurred, mention has been made of the fact. He spoke at times when the etheric voices were speaking, and took part in

the conversations like the others; in other words he remained normal like the rest of the sitters, both he and they hearing and seeing all that happened."

MEETING AT MRS. LANG'S HOUSE, GIFFNOCK, GLASGOW

Wednesday, 27th October, 1943

Present: Mr. John Sloan, Mrs. Crissie Lang, Mrs. Janie Richardson, Mr. Alexander Hart, Mrs. Murial Clarke, Miss Jean Dearie, Mr. Donald Cameron, Miss Elizabeth Duff, Mrs. May Deans, Miss Crissie Colquhoun.

As soon as we were seated in the room, voices from the other side started speaking through the trumpets before we had sung the opening hymn. One of us remarked that our friends had come into our surroundings very quickly, and a voice asked:

"Do you want us to go away?"

Mrs. Lang said: "Oh no, friends. Do stay and talk to us."

We then sang *Nearer, my God, to Thee*, and afterwards repeated The Lord's Prayer. A voice from the other side said "Amen" very fervently along with us.

Mr. Cameron remarked that the room was a perfect blackout and that there was no light showing at all.

A voice replied:

"Let the light shine in your souls, and you will see the beauty of all the beauties which are round about you. We all make mistakes, but our mistakes purify us sometimes, at least they purify our outlook. I hope I am not intruding by putting my thoughts before you."

Mrs. Lang replied: "No, indeed. We are very pleased to listen to you. Who is speaking?"

The voice replied:

"You do not know me. I know your son, Mr. Arthur Lang, very well; not in earth life, you know, but after coming over. I had been over for many years before Mr. Lang, but I got to know him here, and I do like him very well."

Mrs. Lang replied: "That is very interesting. Tell us something more about yourself, please."

He replied:

"Thank you. I may stay and look on. I like to hear others speaking, those that are on my side, as well as those on your side. I love to hear your voices talking to each other. I was not an educated man in earth life; what you would call an educated man, but I have learned a great deal since coming over here. I hope you will understand if I put it in my own phraseology and say: there are many different spheres, many different stages of existence on the spirit side of life. I have known John Sloan since his young days, and if I can be of any help to him it will give me much pleasure. When the crucial time comes and he needs a little help, I will get into contact with others who will help him."

Mr. Sloan said: "Well, friend, thank you very much, whoever you are, and, if you just see my dear wee lassie, tell her I am all right."

Mrs. Lang said: "Are you still there, friend?"

He replied:

"This is an experience which I appreciate very much, Mrs. Lang. I am watching the various phases which you are going through now, all of you in this little gathering, much of which is strange to me. I refer to the beautiful auras surrounding you. I have traversed a great many spaces since coming to this side of life, and I thank the great Spirit God for allowing me to have that great joy and privilege.

"I have now been appointed to operate on your Earth Plane for some considerable time, trying to alleviate the sadness and take away the sorrows of those who are on the Earth Plane needing help. I try to help those who are grieving for dear ones through this war, and impress upon them that there are myriads of souls who come to alleviate the suffering of those who are passing through war to this side of life. They do so by taking the consciousness away. I will stand aside now, Ladies and Gentlemen, for a little while, but with your permission I may come in again later if I get the opportunity."

Mrs. Lang said: "Perhaps you will help some of our friends to come through and speak to us."

He replied:

"I have not the power to do that, dear lady, but I will try to contact those who can do so."

After a short silence Mr. Sloan remarked: "I am perfectly hopeless now. I am nae use at all."

We replied: "Nonsense, Mr. Sloan, we are all very happy."

Mr. Cameron, addressing the speaker, said: "Will you tell us who you are, Sir? It would be interesting to know."

The voice replied:

"I was not of your country, my friends. I may tell you that. I have managed to master the language of your tongue by coming in contact with many who come from the same part of the sphere on which you rotate."

Miss Duff was coughing, and remarked: "I have just got a lazy cold which will neither do one thing or another."

The same voice remarked:

"I do not sense you demonstrating that fault at all, my dear. Of all the company, I think, activity is your name. You have no duty in particular, but, wherever there is need, you are there. God bless you, sister, and help you."

Miss Duff replied: "Thank you very much, dear friend," and then a very loud, clear voice spoke to Mrs. Richardson:

"Hello, Mother. It is Roy speaking to you, Mother. I have longed to get a look at you, and I see you better in Mrs. Lang's than anywhere else. They are coming, Mother. I mean the grey hairs. Never mind, dear, you are sweeter to me than ever."

Mrs. Richardson said: "Thank you, Roy. Is Father with you?"

Another lower voice then said:

"Hello, my dear, it is Father speaking to you. I have been near you, my dear, trying to decipher the way in which you are going. You will be led in an unexpected way, the door will open and you will get a habitation which will be conducive to your happiness in every way, my dear."

Mrs. Richardson was looking for a house. Then another voice, just in front

of Miss Dearie, said:

"Miss Dearie, the lady beside you, Mrs. Clarke, have you not another name? Have you not three names? Who is Annie?"

Mrs. Clarke replied: "Annie is my sister."

The voice said:

"Yes, well, have you been worrying about your sister on the earth side?"

Mrs. Clarke replied: "No, not worrying."

The voice asked:

"You have an Annie on the spirit side—a relative. I think it is a sister of your Mother."

Mrs. Deans here interposed to say she could understand the message. She thought the message was for her, and that Mrs. Clarke had been mistaken for her. Probably it was a messenger, passing on a message for someone else. However, nothing more was said, and then we heard:

"Jim, Jim. It is Jim speaking."

This voice died away and nothing more was said. So we sang *They are winging, they are winging*, and a voice from the other side sang along with us.

Another voice then said:

"Hello, we will put him away for a little while," meaning Mr. Sloan, who then went into trance for a short time.

Roy Richardson spoke again, and said:

"I am not away, Mother. It is Roy."

His Mother said: "Yes, Roy dear, have you any message for Nancy? I think she would like to get one."

His rather cryptic answer was:

"I have just a little while to wait."

Then a new voice said to Mr. Cameron:

"You will get it elucidated, Sir, that question you were asking in your mind."

Mr. Richardson then spoke to Mrs. Richardson, saying:

"It is James, my dear. Do you not know me—James Richardson? I am surprised you did not know me when I first spoke."

Mrs. Richardson replied: "Oh, James, I am so glad to hear you speaking."

He answered:

"Is it still a pleasure, my dear? God bless you. I am with you many times when you don't know it. I am with you in all your little worries, and so is Roy, helping you all we can to place you in a condition which will make for your happiness in every way, but don't be in a hurry. God will open a way for you."

Mrs. Richardson said: "Thank you, dear. Are you and Roy together?"

He replied:

"Very often, but, of course, we are not together always. You will find my voice quite different now to what it used to be in days of old. You will find when you get to this side of life and can be with the beautiful friends that I have met, you will take on other accents. You are marching through a weary world which is coming through a terrible time, and it is your duty, as far as you can, to live as you know God would wish you to."

"You will do that, I know, and you will find a home so very beautiful and wonderful that my tongue cannot describe it. I was singing with you to-night when you sang that beautiful little hymn you have just sung. That friend of yours, and of mine, John Sloan, through whose gift I am enabled to speak to you, I send him my grateful thanks. My voice may sound different to you, but I know when I see your face lit up with that recognising smile that you know who I am. Good night, my dear."

Another voice, a lady's, then said to Mrs. Richardson:

"Oh, Janie, my darling, it is Mother. God bless you. This is the first time I have been able to speak to you."

Mrs. Richardson replied: "Yes, dear, and I am so glad to hear your voice once more."

Mrs. Lang remarked: "We are very pleased indeed to hear you speaking,

Mrs. Chalmers.

Mrs. Chalmers asked:

"Is that Mrs. Lang? God bless you. I have tried to speak at different times, and I am so pleased that I have managed it to-night."

Another voice then said:

"Willie Chalmers. Can you hear me? Hello."

Mr. Sloan then came out of trance and said: "I think I have been asleep for a wee while."

Mrs. Deans was then spoken to:

"There is a Robert Smith who wanted to speak to a lady here. I do not know who it is. Your Mother spoke to you the other night. I am sent by her to speak to you. The road has been stony for you sometimes."

Mrs. Deans said that she could follow the message.

We next heard her Father calling for Anne, his wife, on his side:

"Where is Anne? Where is she? Where are you, Anne?"

Then turning to Mrs. Deans:

"It is Father speaking to you. Where are you, my dear?"

Mrs. Lang asked: "Is that you, Mr. Nisbet?"

The voice replied:

"Yes, I wanted Anne to speak."

But evidently Anne could not get in touch with our atmosphere, and nothing was heard from her.

Then another voice called out:

"Robert Niven,"

and the trumpet touched Miss Colquhoun, who asked if the message was for her, and he replied:

"It is the Colquhoun family I am interested in."

Miss Colquhoun said: "I know of the Nivens, but I never knew Robert Niven."

The voice replied:

"I tell you I am Robert Niven. I lived a long time ago on the Earth Plane, long before you were there at all. That is where you got the name Christian from—Christian Niven. I am speaking of the Christian on this side. We carry the names over for identification, but we get another name here. How are they all down at Dumbarton?"

Miss Colquhoun said: "Oh, are you interested in Dumbarton? Is that the connection?"

He replied:

"Of course I am interested in Dumbarton."

Miss Colquhoun said: "I don't remember hearing them speak of you there," and he replied:

"Oh, but you are just a chicken."

Miss Colquhoun laughed and said: "I am afraid I am beginning to moult."

Her Father then broke into the conversation:

"My dear, that is not a nice word to use, and you are getting to be more beautiful every day. I am not moulted yet, and you are growing brighter and more beautiful to me every day. Mother and I hope you will have a very happy time for the remainder of your earth career, and we will be standing at the gateway awaiting you when God's good time comes. God bless you, my beloved lassie. You have had a chequered life lately, we know. I mean ups and downs, and you are missing us very much now, me and Mother. You took great care of Mother, and now I have her here to take care of, and I think you will understand, my dear, when I say that I think I understand her even better than you."

Miss Colquhoun replied: "I am sure you do, dear, and I quite understand, Father. Who was the Robert Niven who spoke to me?"

Her Father replied:

"There are so many connections here, Crissie. It would take too long to go into it all just now, but some time I will try to trace the

family tree for you."

A lady's voice then asked:

"Is that you, Crissie? It is Mother speaking. I am trying my best to let you hear me. I don't forget, and I never forget to come and kiss you every morning before you waken. Sometimes you feel me and sometimes you don't. God bless you, my lassie. I was getting to be not much good to you, Crissie."

Miss Colquhoun said: "Don't say that, dear. Never let me hear you say that."

Her Mother replied:

"Well, you know what I mean, Crissie. We are just in the way sometimes when we get old. We feel ourselves in the way. I know, Crissie. Another thing—I know now that it was very difficult for you when I lost my memory a bit."

"Excuse me, but I see a beautiful light over that friend's head. You are a very thoughtful man, Mr. Cameron. You go deep into the study of those things which belong to the spiritual side of life. It is rather funny, Crissie, for me to be speaking in this way, but I saw the light and felt I had to say something."

Again addressing Mr. Cameron she said:

"Have you a Janie on this side of life, Mr. Cameron—a Janie Cameron?"

Mr. Cameron replied: "I am not sure. My parents died when I was young, and I do not know the family connection very well."

Mrs. Colquhoun said:

"It is on your Mother's side. I am getting the name Janie. I shall ask help to get a vibration that she may speak to you."

Mr. Cameron thanked her.

Mr. Sloan remarked here: "This is an awfu' slow Meeting. No worth coming to. I am nae guid (good) at a' (all) now. There is nothing much I can dae (do) except grumble."

Mrs. Lang said: "Now, Mr. Sloan, that is nonsense. You are better in health now than you were."

Mr. Sloan said: "I do the best I can but there is nothing much I can dae noo" (do now). Mr. Sloan's memory was, however, becoming very poor.

Mr. John Hardman then took up the conversation:

"Mrs. Lang, have I your permission to speak?"

Mrs. Lang replied: "Certainly, we shall be delighted to hear you."

He continued:

"It is a long cry from this side to your side, but I call to you now, and thank you, many of you in the lovely surroundings of this home, for the comfort you have given to me since coming to this side of life. I was one of the despondent souls of earth life who had a very poor outlook for the end of life. I went out in darkness and fear, but I was brought to the light of this side of life through the instrumentality of the friends I met in your surroundings.

"I like the auras which I see surrounding you because I know from the colours that there is not one present who would not help where it is needed, and I say to you there is never a word or a loving thought that goes out to one on our side but is borne immediately to the soul for whom it is intended if sent out in the right way. You may think they do not hear, but they get it immediately.

"I did not believe there was life, conscious life, after physical death, but I have found a home eternal, and now I am awaiting the Great Master's time to move forward in His service. I pray to be allowed to help all those whom I left in the body who do not know this truth, so that they may not tread the path that I trod, but that their steps may be led into the path that will show them the way, as you in this little Meeting understand it. Then they will pass out to this side of life with confidence and with joy, and not in fear. I am John Hardman."

(It will be remembered that he was the fiancé of Miss Stove, who was at an earlier Sitting.)

Someone asked Mr. Hardman: "Have you come into contact with Dr. McNish, Mr. Hardman?," and he replied:

"He is not in my sphere at all. He is in a sphere far, far beyond me. You know I went over in Doubling Street, but I landed in such a lovely, lovely home, far beyond my deserts, Mr. Cameron. Is there a James that you are thinking of just now? I got the name James in connection with you. I will try to contact him and

perhaps get him to come. I get the name John also. Is it your brother John? I will try and do what you would call in earth life, 'broadcast' it. He has been over for some time, is it not so?"

Mr. Cameron replied: "He went over in the First World War, twenty-five years ago."

John Cameron then spoke:

"That is so. However, I am speaking. This is the first time I have spoken across the borderline. It is true. It is true. I live. I live. God bless you."

Mr. Cameron replied: "Of course you live. Well, you were a good soul when you were here."

John replied:

"Thank you for that. As I look back I know I could have done more."

Mr. Cameron said: "You had a lovely home and were a good son to your Mother," and to this he answered:

"God bless my Mother. She has been a good friend to me."

A lady's voice then broke in:

"I could not have been anything else but a good Mother to a good boy."

A man's voice then said:

"John—he went to Africa, Durban. Hello, Mr. Cameron, old friends meet again."

Mr. Cameron asked : "Who is speaking? Are you John?"

John had evidently lost touch with the earth's vibrations and a new voice spoke for him.

"I am speaking for him. I brought him to you, friend. He passed out in Durban and this is the first contact you have had with him in this way, is that not so?"

Mr. Cameron replied: "That is so. Thank you for bringing him through to speak to me."

John then made contact once more:

"Durban does not hold me now, though I have a very dear interest there still."

Mr. Cameron said: "I am glad to hear you say that, John," to receive the reply:

"Very, very dear. I am afraid it is only when we part sometimes that kindred souls beat as one. I am building a home, a paradise, for the one I love. I was not understood sometimes in that line, but the knowledge I have gained here has enlightened me."

Mrs. Sloan now spoke.

"Is that you, Mrs. Lang? I just want to thank you again for all your kindness to my dear old man, and God bless you, Crissie (Miss Colquhoun). I am with your Mother and had such a lovely walk with her before we came here, through a very beautiful part of Paradise. Do you know what we were talking about? Your Mother said to me: 'If Crissie just knew how happy I am, I am sure her heart would be glad and she would not worry about me.'

"Thank you for all your kindness to my old man because he is just a difficult old chap to get on with. Yes, I know all about it, Daddy dear. Please, please remember you have tried to live a useful life, and I know you have done well, and I am sure the friends here will bear me out in this. Don't let it be spoiled by letting your temper get the better of you. There is an old saying in the dear old Book—'The mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small.' Leave the one who is giving you so much trouble in His hands. God bless you, Daddy."

The quotation is not from the Bible, but from one of the poems of Friederich von Glogau, a German monk who lived about 1650, translated into English by the American poet Longfellow.

Mr. Sloan said: "Can you help me, Mammy? What is going to happen there?"

Mrs. Sloan answered:

"I do not know how it is going to go myself, dear, but try not to be bitter. He (Mr. Sloan) has always had a great regard for the purity of this beautiful truth, and it vexes him, Ladies and Gentlemen, to see it degraded. Many of you have had the experience of meeting those on your own side who were instruments in God's hands, of letting you know there is a life beyond the earthly scene. God

bless you, and if a kind thought for those who go off the line can help them, try to give them a helping hand.

"We are all human and we are all liable to err, but it is, I think, the biggest sin to degrade a spiritual gift. To sin and cloak it over with this beautiful truth that brought me here, is a dreadful thing. We have need to be charitable with such a case. Dear Daddy, try not to be bitter about it, and may the peace, the comfort, and the solace of the Father God and all the spirit side be near to you through all the journey of your life until we meet in this happy home."

(Mrs. Sloan was speaking in veiled language about a private matter known to the family which need not be explained here.) She went on:

"God bless you, Mr. Cameron, and you, Miss Duff. I just got my eyes on you just now. I did not know you were here, my dear, dear friend. I have just asked the director of this little Meeting to come and see you, Miss Duff. Your Father and Mother I have met very often on this side of life, you know, and I have had many conversations with them. I told them how I got to know you, and they may be able to talk to you by and by. Bless you, and strengthen you and keep you well to the journey's end."

Miss Duff replied : "Thank you very much, dear Mammy."

No voices spoke for a time, so we sang, *O think of the friends over there*, and afterwards Mr. Sloan remarked: "You will need to try and dae (do) something for us, freens. This is terrible."

A voice then said:

"Can you hear me, Mrs. Clarke? You are not going away yet, are you? Can you hear me?"

Mrs. Clarke replied : "I am not going away, and I can hear you very well."

The voice continued:

"There is someone here for you. He is calling from a good distance away. Alex is the name, and there is a Mary with him as well. There are two Alexs; that is what is confusing me. They are both here, and Mary is with them. I have not seen your Father. It is two younger people, and they are both Alex. One is not exactly what you call a family friend in earth life. He is more than a friend in some ways. I hope I am making it clear to you. One is very near to the family surroundings, more than the other one. You know what I mean."

Mrs. Clarke replied that she understood quite well.

The trumpet then touched Mr. Hart, and a voice said:

"Are you there, Alex? I am not drowned. Tell them I am not drowned."

We then heard a sound like gurgling water, and the voice said again:

"I am Donnie, and I am not drowned. You should see me. Let them know. You have got the right end of the stick, I know now. I did not think so before. I live, I live, let them know. Don't be afraid to tell them. Shoulder your responsibility and let my Father and Mother know I am not dead. I did not suffer anything. I was away, you know, right on to the beautiful shore before I knew where I was. All that troubles me now is the suffering of those left behind. I am all right. I made a glorious change."

Mr. Hart said: "Have you been in contact with any of your friends over there?"

Donnie replied:

"I am being taken to one now and again as circumstances permit. Do you hear me, Alex? Don't let them think I suffered, because I did not. Just a wee splash and it was all over. Alex, Alex, what a revelation."

Donnie was a Clyde engineer whose ship was torpedoed and he was drowned. Mr. Hart found this out about him later, and, as he recognised his voice, he remembered that he had known him.

A man's voice said:

"Miss Dearie, you are not getting much to write about. None of your friends are in the surroundings at the moment, but I will try to contact them."

Miss Dearie said: "Thank you very much. If you see any of my friends give them my love, will you, please?"

He replied:

"I will see if that message can be passed on."

Another voice spoke.

"There is someone here. I do not know who he is for. I do not think he knows any of you, but he says his name is Robert Morrison."

A very high-pitched voice then spoke and said:

"I wanted to make my name known in case by any chance there might be someone here who knew me. I saw your light, and I thought I might be permitted to look in and say 'How do.'"

Addressing Mr. Cameron he went on:

"Mr. Cameron, I do not know you, Sir, but I like the aura which is round about you."

Mr. Cameron said: "Thank you, Sir, tell us something about yourself."

The voice replied:

"I cannot tell you much about myself, because I was not much of a personality on earth. I just know that I have much to be thankful for by being taken care of by some dear ones on the spirit side of life, whose duty it is to come and help those who require it."

Mr. Cameron asked: "Where did you live in earth life?"

He replied:

"I told you my name, but I did not live where you are. I would not have lived in such a place as Glasgow."

Someone asked: "Do you know any of us here?," and he answered:

"I know none of you, except by your auras which are round about you. They are very pleasing auras and indicate that you would be willing to give a helping hand to anyone who asked for help."

Mrs. Lang said: "Well, we want to help you if we can, friend," and this is what he said:

"And I want to help you as well. I cannot do much, but I could try and get into touch with friends of yours who have passed from what is called the earth sphere, to my side of life, and get them to come and speak to you."

Miss Duff asked: "Cannot you tell us, friend, where you lived when you were in the body?"

Robert Morrison answered:

"Who is that? You have a beautifully persuasive voice. I am drawn to you. I do not mean to be rude, you know."

Miss Duff said: "I do not take it as rudeness. I take it as a compliment."

He replied:

"What was it you asked of me just now, you of the sweet voice?"

Miss Duff again inquired: "Would you please tell us where you belonged to in earth life? It would help us to fix you in our memories better."

He replied:

"I came from Atalantis, and Robert Morrison is my name; at least it was the name I was given in your tongue. I was not of your country."

Mr. Sloan remarked here: "I think you are a bit of a blether (nonsense talker), fren, just go away now."

Probably Mr. Morrison did not know the meaning of blether, but he resented the remark in these words:

"What a grumbling old man. You will remember what I tell you. You will find there are things that you cannot very well remember yourself when you come to this side."

A well-known and much-beloved friend then spoke:

"Mrs. Lang, it is Peter Galloway speaking."

Mrs. Lang exclaimed: "Oh, Mr. Galloway, I am so pleased to hear you again."

Mr. Galloway, a Glasgow master tailor, and prominent Spiritualist when on earth, replied:

"I am not just in rapport with you just now, Mrs. Lang. It is not my usual way of speaking to you. I am quite cheery and very happy, but there are vibrations that come between that make it difficult just to speak to you as I would like to speak."

Mrs. Lang remarked: "I am very glad to hear your voice, Mr. Galloway," and he replied:

"And I am glad to be in at the open door, and, as I used to say, 'Now, we'll have a grand Meeting.' I think it is wonderful, considering all the drawbacks in and around the world to-day. If you were on my side, friends, you would be aware of all the crosscurrents that are coming from the earth life to the spirit side of life, the anxious souls, the anxious thoughts, the anguishing thoughts of earth people who are wondering what is happening to those they love.

"It would be a consolation to them if they knew what you know about the spirit side of life, the life of peace, of security, as I have found it. I have no desire now for the old Arcade. I do not need to sit at the window and look out at the streets of Glasgow. I am free to roam across the great vast spaces of the spirit land in so far as my progression permits, this beautiful and wonderful land, dropping in now and again to give you a little message of love on the earth sphere. God bless you."

Miss Colquhoun said: "Mr. Galloway, do you think you could help to find out if there is a boy called Nairn—to find out if he has gone over? He is missing, and his Mother is in great distress and agony of mind."

Mr. Sloan remarked: "I ken what that is too."

Mr. Galloway replied:

"If I can help, Miss Colquhoun, I will do so. If I can. Bless you, wait a moment."

Evidently someone who knew about Nairn was in the neighbourhood, because Mr. Galloway, after a pause, continued:

"He is home finally. He is not a prisoner. He is home finally."

Later this was found to be true, and then we heard a tapping sound like a Morse Code message being sent.

Another voice said:

"You cannot contact him at present."

Miss Colquhoun asked: "Do you mean that we could not get into touch with him?"

The voice replied:

"That is precisely so. There are those who are detailed off for that

service, and they will pass on the message."

A clear voice then called out:

"Robert, Robert. I am here. I am here. Tell Mother. Mother does not know about this."

The following names were then called out in a loud clear voice:

Donald Smith

James Hislop

Tom Browning

Anne Browning

William Grant

Allenain MacDonald.

Mr. Sloan asked: "What are they blethering (talking nonsense) about noo? We don't ken (know) any of these folks. If some of the Indian friends would just come, Whitefeather and some of the others. It's no (not) like the old days."

A new voice then said:

"Did you ever hear such a grumpy old man? The Indian friends in the old days did not satisfy him, and now we are doing our level best and he is not satisfied yet."

Mrs. Lang asked who was speaking, and the reply came:

"James Hodgson."

Mr. Sloan said: "Well, tak' this message from me, freen—that you are letting us down terrible. You might get someone else to come and help to cheer us up a little. I am sorry, Mrs. Lang, I'll just have to apologize for them, but maybe we canna blame our spirit freens too much when we think of the terrible state of the world and they may have their difficulties in getting through."

Mrs. Lang replied: "There is no need to apologize, Mr. Sloan. You are the only one who is saying anything. We are all quite satisfied."

A voice then said:

"I am not a doubting Thomas now. Are you there, Mrs. Lang? May I be permitted to speak to you? It is John Campbell. In the absence of my dear wife, I would just like to speak to you and thank you for your kindness to my wife."

Mrs. Deans asked: "Did Mr. Campbell, when on earth, never come in to any of the Sittings, Mrs. Lang?," and Mrs. Lang answered: "No, I do not think he ever came in."

Mr. Campbell spoke again and said:

"I could never brace myself sufficiently to come into a Meeting. It would have been better for me if I had because I could have got contact more rapidly when I came to this side. Tell my dear one not to worry about me. The passing had no detrimental effects on me at all. I can hardly explain why I never came into a Sitting. I had a great inclination to come, but somehow I could not get the force of will to go in. The boys are both well and doing well, Peter and Ralph."

Mrs. Deans asked: "How are your Father and Mother, Jack?"

Mr. Campbell replied:

"Who is speaking?"

and Mrs. Deans said: "May Nisbet" (her maiden name).

Mr. Campbell said:

"Oh dear, dear, May Nisbet. May Nisbet in this Meeting."

Mrs. Deans replied: "Well, Jack, I have spoken to you here before, bless you."

He replied to her:

"Yes, I know, but I did not know you were present just now. Bless you, my dear. I am very pleased to speak to you. God bless you, and you also, Mrs. Lang."

Mrs. Lang replied: "Thank you. We will pass on your message."

Then came silence. Mr. Sloan, who as the time passed was getting more and more bored with the proceedings, and familiarity breeds contempt, could contain himself no longer. After an interval of silence he impatiently exclaimed: "This is hopeless. We might as well close the Meeting."

Mrs. Lang said: "Well, in any case we will have to watch the time to allow the people to get home. Will someone start the Doxology for us?" A voice then ran over the scale, and Mrs. Lang said: "Oh, is that you, Father? Don't start too high."

Mr. Greenlees, her father on the other side, then started to sing:

"Praise God from Whom all blessings flow," and we all joined in.

Mrs. Sloan then said:

"May the Blessing of God the Father be with all you dear people, and your dear friends, all your days, guarding you and guiding you through all trials and tribulations until the journey ends. Amen. Excuse me speaking again. I just want to say to Daddy, don't be bitter, dear, and God bless you."

Mr. Sloan replied: "I am just a grumblin' auld cratur (creature), Mammy, and I canna help it."

Mrs. Sloan thought differently:

"Yes, you can, if you like, my dear. Just do your best."

Another voice called out:

"Hello, hello, it is just Roy to say good night to Mother, that is all. I just squeezed in through the corner of the door here to say good night to my Mother, and love from Father too. I am often with you, although you do not know it, Mrs. Lang. I love this room. I come in the daytime sometimes, and think of the happy times I have had in these surroundings. I will find a home for you, Mother. Don't worry."

(Mrs. Richardson was house-hunting.)

This ended the Meeting.

The following book excerpts are some of Arthur Findlay's comments found after the conclusion of this Direct Voice seance transcript (Chapter XI). A term used by Findlay to describe people in the ascended state of existence is 'Etherians' as they inhabit an etheric realm that Findlay called 'Etheria.'

. . . I now wish to discuss a subject which some day will puzzle our descendants, namely the apathy of official science to all matters concerning psychic phenomena. Since the discovery in the 17th century that the Universe is governed by natural law, and not by the gods, science has become ever more materialistic in its outlook, to reach its climax in

our own time when the British Broadcasting Corporation broadcast in 1950 a series of scientific talks which made man out to be a highly specialised robot, his thoughts and memory being no more than electrical impulses.

This state of ignorance comes from science ignoring the basis on which it rests, namely observation and experience of all things in nature, and being turned aside from the search for truth by prejudice. Unfortunately the discovery of natural law, and the dethronement of the rule of the gods, ushered in the Materialistic Age, and the Universe has come to be looked upon as only a machine, and life as like a flame which is extinguished at death.

Ernest Haeckel, in the 19th century, pursued the task begun by Darwin, and propounded his conclusion that the whole cosmos could be expressed in one word: "Monism," and that man himself is no more than a material unit. Consequently it is a delusion to believe that the soul in man is a separate entity which dwells for a time in the mortal frame, leaving it, and living on after death.

With this background we may not be astonished that the professors of Glasgow University, made famous throughout Europe in the 18th century by the brilliance of Professor Adam Smith, forgot the basis of observation and experience on which science rests, and maintained, without examination, their attitude that everything to do with psychic phenomena is unworthy of investigation. For fifty years they ignored the phenomena of the Sloan Circle which took place within a mile of their imposing edifice.

The faculties of our other Universities have been likewise blameworthy, and my book, *On the Edge of the Etheric*, which has circulated amongst them, has been ignored. No chair of Psychic Science has come into being in any British University, and the British scientific journals, devoted to the different branches of science, seldom, if ever, mention the subject, it being taboo and not a matter for scientific discussion. Thousands of books, some by well-known men, have been published on the subject over the past hundred years, millions of different séances have been held throughout the world, at which supernormal phenomena have occurred .

. .

That once-enlightened body of opinion, the Society for Psychical Research, when founded in 1882, had an enthusiastic leadership, and its official publication contained a great quantity of first-class matter, the result of careful research. Unfortunately, its founders were not followed by men of the same calibre, and, when I became a member, some time about 1920, its Council had become static, the consequence being that the Society lost one of its greatest opportunities to further enlighten its members.

Mr. Sloan, early in 1925, came to London on a visit, and Sir William Barrett and I arranged a number of séances at which our friends attended. Sir William was highly pleased with what took place, and I made the proposal to him, to put before the Society for Psychical Research, that I would pay all Sloan's expenses in London if he would stay on and give the Society a series of sittings. Sloan agreed to do so, and Sir William went to the next Council meeting and put forward my offer.

Much to his disappointment the Council turned it down with neither an explanation nor an expression of thanks, and, when he told me of its decision not to investigate Sloan's mediumship, he was not only disappointed but angry. That ended the matter and nothing was ever done. My reaction was to resign my membership of the Society, and, since then, I have looked on, during these intervening years, with regret that its leaders have shown such a lack of enterprise, confining themselves too much to only one narrow branch of research, and are so far removed from the true scientific outlook which animated its founders.

What Spiritualism stands for will not come to the people by the enterprise of our Universities. Spiritualism some day will become generally accepted as true, not because of what official science discovers, but because the people, by their séances, and by their reading, are educating themselves in one of the world's greatest discoveries, namely, that we have found our dead, have talked to them and found them to be very much alive and like ourselves. Mediumship, and those who write books about it, are educating a wondering incredulous public, and Spiritualists are carrying their discovery throughout the world, far and wide, amongst their fellow men and women.

They only have adopted the true scientific attitude, to observe, to inquire and to investigate, without preconceived notions as to what should or should not be. They have laid down a firm foundation of scientific facts, but future historians, if they keep to what is true, will give no credit to official science. Instead, its obstructionist negative attitude towards this all embracing subject will be universally condemned.

The scientists' excuse is that Spiritualists are dealing with phenomena which cannot be repeated at will, that what they—the scientists—are interested in is something which they can prove does happen at any time of the day or night.

What happened at the Sloan Circle, and has happened elsewhere on many occasions, can, however, be repeated. For fifty years Glasgow University could have had one or more representatives taking a verbatim record of what occurred at the Sloan Circle and making a careful check on everything said or done. They could have filled a hundred volumes as

large as this book with their reports, and given to the world much scientific knowledge which the etheric scientists, including the doctors, would have been only too glad to give them.

That is what I advised our scientists to do thirty years ago, particularly the psychologists, the biologists and the anthropologists of Glasgow University, because they had one of the world's greatest Direct Voice mediums on their doorstep. It could all have been done free and for nothing, because Sloan never wished to earn money from his wonderful gift. They would have discovered ectoplasm, something that really exists but is unknown to official science which is as ignorant about this amazing stuff as a new-born baby. They could have taken hundreds of photographs of ectoplasm by infra-red light, and seen it billowing out of Sloan's mouth, and from his other orifices, like a squirming snake. They could have analysed it, besides doing many other things which would occur to intelligent people, but they did nothing and remained encamped on Gilmorehill, wilfully ignorant of the wonderful events which were taking place in a certain house in the valley below them.

Finally, let me draw attention to the things in this chapter which we would wish to remember. A friend of Arthur Lang, who did not give his name, emphasised the importance of education, and, may I add, that to increase our mental development on earth is one of the wisest things we can do, because we carry over with us all that we have learned on earth. Another interesting point mentioned by Robert Niven, speaking from Etheria, is that we carry our earth names over for identification, but each of us can get another name there. Perhaps that is why they sometimes give only their first name and do not couple it with their second name, and this certainly links up with what John Campbell had to say on the subject of names, as reported towards the end of Chapter XIV.

Mrs. Sloan made an interesting remark, namely, that she and her friends were all human and liable to err, and this was emphasised by a speaker at the beginning of the séance. This fact should be remembered by those simple people who think that they should accept guidance from Etherians and not use their own reason.

So far as earth affairs are concerned Etherians make mistakes, just like the rest of us, and I shall always remember being told on one occasion by a friend in Etheria that there they are as human as we are, its inhabitants having all come from this earth. Etheria contains neither theological angels nor devils, and no non-human beings of any kind make up its population. The earth is the breeding-ground for Etheria.