

Where Two Worlds Meet

Arthur Findlay

DEDICATED to JOHN CAMPBELL SLOAN

who, for fifty years, has given to mankind, without thought of reward or of his own convenience, the use of his body to supply the substance necessary to enable those who have died to vibrate our atmosphere with their voices and so speak to us.

FOREWORD

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, W2, 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 realised 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*. When everything was satisfactorily arranged between us, I set about putting them into shape for publication as a book.

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. Fortunately, this can be checked, because she had sent, at her own expense, and after the lapse of only a few days, a carbon copy of her record of what took place at each séance to each person who was present. I therefore wrote to seven of the regular sitters to ask them if I could

announce in this book that they were satisfied that everything she recorded was accurate, and that nothing had been omitted or added which did not happen.

To this request I received not only the testimonials I wished, but, besides these, each one expressed his or her appreciation of Miss Dearie in warm and affectionate terms, her kindness, her unselfishness and her willingness to help on all occasions being stressed. Moreover, they asked me to record that each and all were completely satisfied that they had spoken to those who claimed to be the persons they had known on earth by the names they gave. Nothing will ever change this opinion, and I have their authority for making it public in this book.

As to the correctness of Miss Dearie's verbatim shorthand reports, this is what they wrote to me:

MR. G. H. MORITZ, LATE HEAD OFFICE MANAGER,
UNION BANK OF SCOTLAND, GLASGOW.

"Miss Dearie's records are accurate in every way, as I read them over after each sitting."

MRS. MORITZ.

"I consider that Miss Dearie's records are word perfect'."

MR. ALEX. HART, M.A. GLASGOW UNIVERSITY,
FORMERLY SCHOOLMASTER AT PORT GLASGOW AND DEPUTY
HEADMASTER AT GREENOCK, NOW RETIRED.

"Miss Dearie's excellency made me give uptaking notes."

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MISS MCROBBIE, SCHOOLTEACHER, PERCY STREET
SPECIAL SCHOOL, MARYHILL, GLASGOW.

"Miss Dearie's notes were well arranged and singularly clear. She never omitted anything. My own notes which I took were almost identical with those she sent me. She is a woman of great integrity."

MISS COLQUHOUN, 265 KENMURE STREET,
POLLOKSHIELDS, GLASGOW, S.I.

"I sat at most séances when Miss Dearie was present taking notes. She sent me all the records, which I read over, and I found her to be so accurate as to be word perfect."

MRS. BOWES, 107 ST. ANDREW'S DRIVE, MAXWELL
PARK, GLASGOW, S.I.

"It gives me much pleasure to add my testimony as to the excellence of Miss Dearie's recordings of the sittings with Mr. Sloan."

MISS ELIZABETH DUFF, RETIRED HOSPITAL NURSE,
12 CLEVELAND GARDENS, GLASGOW, W.2.

"I wish to state that Miss Dearie's records of Mr. Sloan's séances are accurate in every detail, and were taken down by Miss Dearie exactly as they came through from the other side."

I much regret not being able to give Mrs. Lang's testimony, but she has passed on. She and her husband were regular attendees at Sloan's circles when, between 1918 and 1924, I was also a regular sitter. For them both I had a high regard and they were held in much esteem by everyone. She joined her husband and son in 1948.

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it is very gratifying that these tributes have been paid to Miss Dearie, as she did a remarkable piece of work, the importance of which she did not realise at the time. She made twenty-four complete records of the Direct Voice covering the years 1942 to 1945, and I doubt if this wonderful phenomenon has ever before been so carefully and accurately recorded over such a long period. Other stenographers have made records in the dark of what the voices said, as in the case of Miss Millar, who acted as my note-taker when I was investigating the phenomena produced in Mr. Sloan's presence, but I know of no other whose notes run into nearly 150,000 words as do these twenty-four records made by Miss Dearie.

How she did it is best explained by herself :

"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."

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In the evenings, after each séance, she transcribed her notes on her typewriter, but they were on thin wartime paper, single spaced, and not easily grasped. No differentiation in type or colour was made between those who spoke on earth and those who spoke from the other side. Every page, therefore, had to be gone through carefully, paragraphed and re-typed to make this quite clear, so that the printer could put what each side said in different type. This exacting work took me and my secretary over three months to complete, and only then was it possible to realise the value of these documents.

These recorded conversations could now be so easily read and understood that they were suitable for printing in book form. Then I had to get confirmation from the sitters that everything said to them was correct and understood. This was gladly given and in every case their replies confirmed that what was said was correct. After that, numerous notes and explanations had to be added to the text to explain what took place. Only when all this was done was I able to set about writing the Introduction, making my comments at the end of each chapter, and writing the summary which comprises the last chapter.

Miss Dearie, as I have said, made a verbatim record of every sitting she had with Sloan, twenty-four in all, but here I give only nineteen, because it would have made the book both long and expensive to have included them all. Those omitted were just as evidential and interesting as the ones here published, but I had to draw the line somewhere and these nineteen chosen are representative of them all. Another point I wish to emphasise is that all the

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thirty-four different people who attended the Meetings at various times were really present, as is shown at the beginning of each chapter, and their home addresses are known. Consequently 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. This has been done by request, because the remarks made were of such a personal and private nature, but, on every occasion, I have made a note to say that an omission has been made by request. Otherwise, I repeat that what was said on both sides is exactly as it is set down in Miss Dearie's original records.

I wish to express my thanks to all who have helped me in the preparation of

this book and answered my many questions, but especially to Miss Dearie, Mr. Hart, Mr. Moritz, my brother, Mr. John Findlay, and my wife for reading over the printer's proofs. Mrs. Calvert, my Secretary, has been so accurate and expeditious in typing out Miss Dearie's records, that to her also a special word of thanks is due.

May I conclude this Foreword with a personal remark? It was in 1931 that I published *On the Edge of the Etheric*, and during these past twenty years I have written over two million words on Spiritualism, its evidence, its philosophy, its history and its teaching. This number of words would have filled thirty average sized books, and I have expended the necessary

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time and energy only to spread the truth and increase knowledge. 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.

I have made arrangements for them always to be kept in print.

ARTHUR FINDLAY
Stansted Hall, Essex
July 1951

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CHAPTER I INTRODUCTION

MR. JOHN SLOAN is a unique man, an individual which nature seldom produces, and all his life supernormal occurrences have taken place in his presence. When he is present in a dark room with other people, voices speak which claim to be those of individuals who have once lived on earth and who were known by the names they give. When Sloan is not present these voices are not heard. He is called a Medium, because he supplies unknowingly something from his body which unseen people can use to make themselves heard on earth. This something is the nexus between this world and Etheria, usually known as the Spirit World.

This substance is called Ectoplasm, and will be explained later, but, besides having this to a much greater degree than have ordinary people, he can see men, women and children who are unseen to the majority of people. This is called Clairvoyance. Besides this, he is clairaudient, because he can hear them speak when other people beside him do not. In the séances recorded in this book everyone heard what the voices said, they were objective, and this

phenomenon is known as the Direct Voice. When only the Medium hears voices it is called Clairaudience.

But that is not all, because he can become entranced, a condition similar to a person being under

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an anesthetic, and in this state he is unconscious of his surroundings. Then he cannot see or feel anything, but he can be used by an unseen intelligence to say what that invisible person wishes him to say. When he becomes normal he is unaware of what he has said or done during his period of trance. Moreover, he has other abnormal faculties, because, when he is present, objects can be moved without apparent touch, and have been seen floating about the room without any physical contact. This is called Telekinesis, or the movement of objects without physical contact, and finally, what are called apports have been brought into a room where he is.

Apports may be anything one can handle, and these objects are put, by someone unseen, into the hands of the person present or placed on his lap. On one occasion a lighted cigar was put between the fingers of a visitor when he was talking to Sloan in his house. Amazed, he looked about and finally went outside, to find the owner of the cigar looking for it everywhere on the pavement.

On one occasion I left a gold match-box, having my initials on it, in my overcoat ticket-pocket. I said nothing about this to anyone, hung up my coat in the entrance passage, entered the séance room, locked the door, put the key in my pocket, put a mat up against the bottom of the door and took my seat with the others sitting around in a circle for the séance about to begin. Two trumpets were in the middle of the circle for the voices to speak through, and it was not long after the light was put out when a trumpet came in front of my face and a metallic object was rattled inside it. A voice said: "Please put out

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your hand," when something was heard to slide down the inside of the trumpet into my hand. It was the same gold match-box that I had put into the ticket pocket of my overcoat. When the séance was over I found the window still tightly shuttered, the mat was at the door as I had placed it, and the door was still locked. That is what is called an apport.

Finally, Sloan is unique because these gifts, if they may be called so, do not interest him. 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.

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 clerks 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.

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Later on I shall have an opportunity of referring to the fine character of Mrs. Sloan. In his early days she called him Jack, when the children came he became Daddy to her, and finally she always called him "My old man," a name which he loved so well to hear from her. It was the name she called him with her last gleam of consciousness before she passed on, and now she returns and uses the same name in the same affectionate way as she did on earth.

All his life Sloan has worked honestly and well for his living, which was never more than that obtained by an average working man. In character he is modest, humble and retiring, straightforward, upright, and has high principles, though he himself admits that sometimes he grumbles and can be somewhat stubborn and dour. Never a whisper has been uttered detracting from his uprightness and honesty of purpose. He has a quiet manner, is of slight build, has read very little because of poor eyesight and has rather a dreamy expression. His kindness and unselfishness can be seen by his willingness to sit at these séances, because he knew the comfort and upliftment they meant to his many friends, and the friends they brought with them. No one was ever unwelcome if he was a genuine enquirer into the life beyond.

So much for Sloan, the Medium, but how is it that these voices, which this book records, are produced, and heard though the speakers are unseen? As we proceed it will be told how it is they speak to us, but we must accept what they have to tell us

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because we have no means of proving this for ourselves. Before we can understand what they tell us it is necessary to comprehend something of the real world in which we live, and only then are we able to appreciate this wonderful phenomenon. We must, first of all, know something about the laws pertaining to matter, the substance which makes up this world of ours. Secondly, we must know something of our own make-up, what the human being really is, what life is, and what the difference is between a thing that is alive and one that is dead. When we come to understand these two problems, much of the mystery hitherto surrounding mediumship disappears and knowledge takes the place of ignorance.

From our birth until our death we live in what is called a physical world, which is composed of substance vibrating within certain fixed limits, to which we give the name "matter." From the time we are born into it we accept it as if it comprised everything. Yet how different things are from what they seem to be. Matter which looks so solid is in reality not solid at all. What we see when we look at a table or a chair, for instance, are the vibrations of a certain number of electrons, which are revolving at immense speed around a centre known as the nucleus. Matter is made up of atoms, and these atoms are in turn composed of electrons and protons.

According to the number of electrons in an atom so is the substance, but the weight is conditioned by the number of protons. This then is physical matter, which is in reality an open network of electrons and protons, and the distance between the electrons and the protons in an individual atom, in relation to its

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size, is immense. If we consider the nucleus as commanding the same position in an atom as the sun does in our solar system, then the relative distance the electrons are apart from one another and from the protons might be taken as equivalent to the distance the planets are from each other and from the sun. If we consider an atom as something the size of a large cinema, a pinhead would represent the relative size of one of the electrons of which it is composed.

These protons and electrons in the atom are thus far asunder, moving at enormous speed, and they are linked together by the invisible ether which occupies much the greater space within the atom. Matter is made up of minute electric charges, both positive and negative, not moving haphazardly, but freely and orderly, and connected together by the invisible ether, which may be the basic substance of the Universe.

This invisible substance is the medium between things material and our senses, but physical matter is now considered to be this same ether in certain fixed states of vibration. The electrons in the atom are particles of negative electricity and the protons are certainly electric in their nature. Both are etheric, and matter is only ether in a certain condition. All ether is potentially

matter and all matter potentially ether. Physical matter, which appeals to our senses, is only that section of the ether which happens to be vibrating within certain fixed limits.

So it seems as if the ether of space can now be taken as the one great unifying link between the world of matter and that which we term etheric, as it is the substance common to both worlds. Both are contained

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within this substance, both are part of it, and both are formed out of it. This world and Etheria are part of the same Universe, and life in both is conditioned by it. Here, in this world of matter on which we function, we are only conscious of a lower scale of vibrations, whereas in the etheric world, where life also functions, consciousness exists on a higher scale of vibrations.

The ether is as much to other life in the Universe as it is to us. Their surroundings are just as substantial and real to them as ours are to us. Life functions in etheric substance, and it is just as much able to do so when free of physical matter as it is when clothed in matter; in fact, a fuller, larger life can be imagined when the physical body is discarded. Only the ignorant affirm that just what we sense is real, and that beyond this range of sense nothing exists. Our range of sense, our sight, our touch, our smell and hearing are limited to the last degree. We know that the spectrum of the Spectroscope proves the very limited range of our ordinary vision, and that further ranges of vibrations of what would be colour, could we see them, extend on either side. It has been said that the perceived vibrations, as compared with the unperceived, are much less than is an inch to a mile.

It is evident that there lies an enormous region for other life to inhabit around and within this world of ours, a region quite beyond our normal sense perceptions. (See Chart at beginning of book.) Until we clearly understand that our senses here respond only to a very limited range of vibrations, namely those we term physical matter, that outside these there is a Universe full of life, which responds to a higher

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range of vibrations, unreal to us, but more real to it than physical matter, we cannot grasp or understand in all its fullness the phenomena which develop through mediumship.

What is the cause of a tree in full bloom retaining its shape and its leaves, while another, which is called "dead," breaks in pieces at a touch and crumbles away into dust? There must be a something, to which we give the term "life," which animates the living organism, and is absent in the dead

organism. That something has the power to give the substance form and expression, whereas, when the something is absent, form and expression go, and the substance which was previously animated returns to form part of the earth.

Evidently there is something we cannot see or handle, which is nevertheless real and powerful, besides having this faculty of creating forms out of inanimate earth. I say it must be powerful, because it is capable of raising matter against the force of gravity, and retaining matter in an erect position, as, when it leaves the substance, the force of gravity again assumes control and the substance in question is affected by all the forces of nature.

A man, an animal, a tree, can stand erect when this life force permeates them, but when it does not they fall to the ground. Life, therefore, is an organising force which can counteract the tendency in matter to disorganise itself. Life is a formative, thinking force, entering matter and arranging it, whereas matter without it is inert and devoid of personality. Life, therefore, cannot be a part of matter any more than the potter can be a part of the clay he uses in his moulds, and, besides this, it has personality.

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Every living thing has personality, because every thing alive is different from every other living thing. This life force, by this process of arguing, has powers quite beyond the powers attributed to matter. It is more powerful than matter, it can organise matter, and therefore thinks. Besides that it has individuality.

Consequently we can safely take a further step forward, and say that this organising force is influenced by mind and that what we call Mind must be the living, active, dominating, controlling force in the Universe. Mind controls life and life controls matter. Death can therefore be described as a severance of mind from its association with matter, and it would be illogical to conclude that mind and its life-expressing vehicle, the etheric body, which have such power over matter, cease to exist when we lose sight of their organising powers.

Though we do not see mind at work, it is logical and reasonable to assume that what can control matter cannot be destroyed. This general argument, had we not direct evidence, might never lead us to anything tangible. We might always be right in assuming the indestructibility of mind, and its expression, life, but had psychic phenomena not come to our aid we would have been only half-way to our goal. The goal, however, has now been reached, and the path has been prepared for the human mind to travel the whole road.

Logically, it is a reasonable assumption that mind should continue to exist after death apart from its association with matter, but now we have the proof from psychic science that this does happen and that the etheric body, which survives, is the real body

and the one which holds the physical body together during life on earth. Death, I am told, is as easy and as simple as going to sleep and then awakening. Our duplicate etheric body, each etheric cell a duplicate of each physical cell, slips out of the physical body, carrying the mind with it, and we awake to our new surroundings to find our friends and relations ready to help and instruct us in our new life.

Death is simply the severance of this etheric body, or structure, from the physical body. The physical body returns to earth, and the etheric body, controlled by the mind, continues to function in Etheria, which, though within and also without the physical, cannot be appreciated by us so long as we are inhabitants of the physical body. Our range of sight and touch is too confined for us to appreciate these finer vibrations.

Our individuality therefore continues apart from physical matter, and we still think apart from the physical because the same mind which functioned, when associated with the physical body, now does so through the duplicate etheric body. We therefore continue to exist as separate thinking units in Etheria, much as we do today, but in new surroundings. With the same capacity for expanding thought as we have here, our minds develop, and seemingly develop more rapidly apart from physical matter. Our etheric bodies are similar to our present bodies, cell for cell, and that is the logical conclusion when we admit what has been said before, namely, that the etheric holds the physical particles together.

This etheric body, moreover, has weight as well as form, as weight is only a question of degree. In the etheric world weight, which in the physical is

determined by gravity, is determined by some other force of a like nature. We shall therefore have weight, solidity, form, individuality and be the same in mind and body in Etheria as we are now, but what of our surroundings? As to these, we can accept what we are told in these communications from the other world, because we can make certain logical deductions based on our physical surroundings. We are informed that Etheria is similar to this world. Our world is composed of individuals, and other living things which are animated by a force we term "life", controlled by mind. It is therefore not unreasonable to conclude that this force, combined with mind, which has the power to act on physical matter, and produce what we experience in the physical world, has likewise the power to influence etheric matter.

Therefore it is reasonable to believe that Etheria contains trees, animals and flowers, being to all intents and purposes similar to this world, and that when

we make the change called death we shall find ourselves in a world very much like the one we live in today, except that we will not be encumbered by physical matter. Consequently our mind will be more active, and our thoughts and movements quicker.

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. When asked how best to explain it to others I was told to compare it to a sea of ether, wherein personal movement is even more rapid and easy than that of a fish in water. Let us take, for example, the sea in which is floating a submerged

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sponge. This can be compared to our earth in space. Surrounding this sponge is a sea of water which supports life, just as there is a sea of ether surrounding the earth which supports life.

Etheria can be likened to the water surrounding the sponge, except for this difference, that the sponge absorbs only some of the water, whereas Etheria is not only outside our earth but inside as well, because its substance is of a higher vibrational frequency than is our earth. "Interpenetrates" is the only word we have to describe something real occupying the same space as something else which is real, and it is on the surface of this greater etheric globe we shall some day live.

Moreover, there are other greater and still greater globes of finer and finer substance, all interpenetrating each other, on the surfaces of which we shall some day dwell. We make our start on earth and, as our vibrations increase, as our mental vehicle, the body, becomes more and more refined, we climb this ladder through the spheres, rung by rung. As we reach the first stage after death we appreciate a new aspect and cease to sense the earth, and so on, after each change, the previous world becomes only a memory. This is what Etherians term our progress through the spheres, but where it all leads to they can only surmise. Nevertheless this increased knowledge enlarges our vision and increases our effort towards perfection, while giving everyone a purpose in and a greater understanding of life on earth.

An etheric man or woman, whom we call a ghost, can go through an earth wall or door without noticing it, because of the lower vibrations of things physical.

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However, as the vibrations of their etheric bodies are of a higher frequency, they could not penetrate a wall or a door in Etheria because the frequency of the vibrations of etheric walls and doors corresponds to the frequency of the vibrations of their bodies. To look at it the other way round, we cannot go through our walls and doors, but we do not notice their walls or doors, though they, and much else, exist which we cannot appreciate. To our order physical things are solid, and to their order etheric things are solid, while physical objects by them can be passed through unnoticed. Nevertheless they can think themselves back to earth and appreciate it if they wish, but we cannot think ourselves into Etheria.

In the physical body we are in harmony with physical surroundings. At death we leave our physical body and function in our etheric body. We pass into a new environment of more frequent vibrations, which surrounds us, an environment which supports life, just as water supports life. We on earth are in this sea of ether, though we do not realise the fact, and this is so just as much now as we shall ever be. The difference death makes to us is not so much a change of location as a change of appreciation. We now only appreciate the physical, but then we shall appreciate the etheric.

Only when we desire to do so shall we again get in touch with the physical, as the physical pertains to physical substance, and the etheric to etheric substance, each in its own order, the one difference being that they of the etheric world can come back to us at Will, see us and appreciate us and our surroundings. We can but listen to what they tell us and try

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to imagine. We are like a blind person here on earth as we cannot normally see these men and women of the etheric world, but conditions can be produced which enable us to see and hear them, and from what we are told we can imagine as best we can.

The conditions are produced by us on earth, and they act upon them. Consequently when we, the sitters, have with us one who has a superfluity of ectoplasm, they can take this ectoplasm and treat it chemically with their own chemicals, and produce a substance which has the power of vibrating our atmosphere. This ectoplasmic stuff, about which more will be said later, is pressed into by the etheric speaker and it clings to his vocal organs, so that when he speaks our atmosphere is vibrated. We hear by means of the voice vibrating the atmosphere, so consequently when they speak, when their vocal organs are coated with ectoplasm, they can make us hear. Ectoplasm is part of our body, but with the great majority it is not in sufficient quantity to be used for the purpose of voice production, and consequently the sitters supply only a comparatively

small amount. Mr. Sloan however, has this ectoplasm in large quantities, and it is because of this they are able to speak to us in his presence so easily and at such length.

Our greatest thinkers have not the least conception of the properties that make up the Universe. Our leaders of present-day thought, ignoring, as many of them do, the séance room and mediumship, are missing great opportunities for instruction. The

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orthodox thought of today holds the opinion that space is empty of other life. I say it is not, but that it contains life and form and feature, because I have been told so by those who inhabit it, and surely they know more of their own country than we do.

Substance, made up of an infinitude of different vibrations, is the Universe, it makes up the Universe, it is everywhere in the Universe, there is no place anywhere where it is not, it never had a beginning, and it will never have an end. It is in constant movement, evolving or devolving from our point of view.

There is no such thing as empty space. This substance, which in certain states of motion appeals to us as physical matter, in other states appeals to Etherians in Etheria just as physical matter appeals to us. Consequently they have their tangible world on which things live and progress, just as we have ours. We are only just discerning the real Universe and its make-up, and the King of this unlimited region, namely Mind, is only just becoming dimly appreciated. Truly the search after the ultimate by humanity has been a long and broken one. Many indeed have been the byways traversed and the mistakes made before reaching even our present-day assumptions, but these assertions have much to justify them, though it is unwise, without further knowledge, to press too far or too fast.

As Etheria becomes more and more revealed to us, so shall we be better prepared to grasp the Universe more as a whole, and not look at it purely from the physical standpoint. This limited outlook will never explain the Universe. Time and space will for

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ever baffle us, and only by including the etheric, and mind, will the Riddle of the Universe ever be explained. Mind is the common factor between this earth and the other etheric planes of existence. Physical and etheric substance, governed by mind, thus comprise the Universe, and so far as is known there is nothing beyond or above. Wherever mind is, there will be

found physical or etheric substance, and so it becomes impossible to imagine a limited Universe because it must be as unlimited as is mind. Mind cannot operate on nothing. Mind and substance must go together, because, if there is no mind there is no substance, and if no substance no mind.

Consequently so long and wherever mind exists, there must also be substance, the Universe being limited only by the bounds of mind. Each one of us has his share of this universal mind, and its interaction with physical matter is evidently for the purpose of training it in mental image-making. Mind, when individualized, has the peculiar faculty of forming, or moulding itself into, the images and the movements of its surroundings. These it can reproduce at will, and, through the medium of physical matter, cause change and movement here on earth.

In Etheria it has the power of moulding etheric substance in a more direct fashion, and, by thought, surrounding etheric substance can be changed into the forms which the mind images. Earth, then, is the training ground for mind which has become individualised. Here it is trained in image-making through contact with earth's grosser surroundings, and, as it develops, it takes more and more control over its surroundings. When it ceases to function

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through physical matter it takes ever greater control of its surroundings in Etheria, until ultimately we, as represented by our minds and our surroundings, become just as we think. Each individual mind, the highest vibrational frequency we know, is therefore trained in creative thought through contact with earth, which training conditions our surroundings here and hereafter. The mind evidently never dies, but continues developing, and, with its increasing command over its surroundings, both space and time become of less and less account. My mind is "me" and your mind is "you." It has been in existence for all eternity, though not so individualised as now. When it starts its earth experience it enters on a road which enables it to mould its surroundings more and more as it thinks, and its destiny, my destiny and your destiny, the destiny of every individualised mind, is to become just as it thinks. Our minds will ultimately be in complete control of our surroundings, and, as we think, so shall we be and do. This, I am told by learned Etherians who have spoken to me, is our destiny, and our first step towards reaching this control over our surroundings, over time and space, is our time on earth, it being to achieve this end that we, as individualised minds, pass through our earth experiences.

At a séance we meet those who have gone round the first bend of this road, but they are able to come back and speak to us for a limited time. The conversations we have with them, as will be revealed in

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the chapters which follow, flow smoothly. What was not remembered by the sitters at the time was usually remembered later, but I made particular enquiries so as to be certain that the sitters were satisfied with what was told them. This I found to be the case.

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.

It should also be remembered that these Meetings were not the first the regular sitters had attended, they had been to others before, some had sat with Sloan for years, and they were well aware of how to make the conditions for reception as perfect as possible. So, when the voices spoke at the séances recorded here, and some gave only their first names, the sitters knew who they were and consequently questions were not put to establish identity. When, however, newcomers speak who have never spoken before, they have to be identified, and this is done by asking questions about their lives on earth, which the speakers must answer correctly if they are to be accepted as the persons they claim to be.

With most of those who spoke at the Meetings recorded in this book, this screening process had been gone through at previous sittings, and this explains

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why most of those who spoke were accepted without further questions. Mr. Hart's notebook, which he sent me to look over, contains the names of some of these regular speakers from Etheria going back to 1938, and I myself recognise some who spoke when I sat with Sloan on thirty-nine occasions between 1918 and 1924.

To read about what happened is very different from actually experiencing the phenomena. Only the comparative few have been fortunate enough to have this privilege, but, when it is experienced, one's entire outlook on life is changed, and I can fully appreciate how it was that the life of the Apostle Paul was changed by his psychic experience on the road to Damascus. Many other individuals have come down to us in history who have had similar experiences, and have had their outlook on life altered, but such occurrences require to be experienced by each individual before they can be fully appreciated.

The next best thing to this is to read about what these fortunate people experienced, and I know of no longer, or more informative and consecutive, record than the one which is contained between the covers of this book. This comes from the invention of shorthand, which enabled a continuous and correct account of all that happened to be recorded. This record is now set up in book form for those who wish to read it.

In times past similar supernormal voices spoke, but, if anyone wrote an account of what was said, it was probably short and eventually lost and forgotten. When few could read or write, when books, as we know them, did not exist, and when quick note-taking

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was unknown, few became aware of what the etheric voices said, and all that we know about them is the report, which occurs so often in ancient literature, that voices spoke out of the void. Consequently organised dogmatic credal religion flourished, and ignorant humanity were told by the priests what they were to believe, or suffer the consequences of thinking for themselves.

This book is none other than a tale of discovery, and most people can be thrilled by such a story. The country discovered is not imaginary but real, not one you will never see, but one which everyone will reach within a comparatively short time from now, within the next sixty or seventy years for some, and for others much less. This book is the story of what has been told by some of this country's inhabitants to the people to whom you will shortly be introduced. It has been told by their own voices in clear audible English, and now we know what their land is like, where it is, how they got there, how they feel, what they look like, and how we should live on earth to become adjusted quickly to the more intense conditions we shall there experience. There we must be able, if we wish to be happy and contented, to adjust ourselves to a new society of high ideals, and the foreknowledge they give us puts us in a privileged position, because, to the vast majority of mankind, it is quite unknown.

To make this book more easily read and understood I have had printed what comes from Etheria in different type, and this distinction makes the conversations simple to follow. This use of different type, and the understanding of what this introductory chapter

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contains, will make what follows more readily understood, but further explanations will be given at the end of each chapter.

Consequently I shall now take you over to the little gathering which has assembled in a small room in the house of Mrs. Bowes on 11th April, 1942, along with the medium Mr. John Sloan. They take their seats, which have been placed in a circle, and on the floor are two upright aluminum trumpets about two feet in length. When everyone is settled, the light is put out, and the room is in complete darkness because the window blind is down and the heavy curtains are drawn.

So we shall now commence the next chapter and read Miss Dearie's report of what took place.

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CHAPTER II
MEETING AT MRS. BOWES' HOUSE,
MAXWELL PARK, GLASGOW
Saturday, 11 th April, 1942

Present: Mrs. CRISSIE LANG, MR. ALEXANDER HART,
MR. GEORGE MORITZ, MRS. HILDA MORITZ,
MISS JEAN DEARIE, MISS CRISSIE COLQUHOUN,
MR. JOHN SLOAN.

W E opened the Meeting with the hymn, Nearer, my God, to Thee, and, after we had finished singing, Mrs. Moritz remarked that she was sure a voice from the other side had joined in along with us, a very fine voice, and she asked Mr. Sloan if he had been singing.

Mr. Sloan replied: "No, I cannot sing at all, so it wasn't me, but I did not notice anything special in the singing. Perhaps you will sing again, friend, if you did sing."

A man's voice replied :

"I will not satisfy you again, Sloan, with my singing, you do not appreciate it," and he then turned to Mrs. Moritz:

"This is the only connoisseur in the place, but I congratulate you, Mr. Hart, on your nice singing.

" We then started talking about rations, and how difficult it was to get things in the shops, how people with a large family got coupons even for infants and were not able to use them all. A child's voice chimed in here and said

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"But Mummies could use them."

We laughed and said: "Yes, dear, that is so, Mummies can use them all right."

A man's voice then spoke, saying:

"Just leave the rations alone for a while. You needna grumble, John Sloan, you'll maybe get much less yet."

We laughed and asked who was speaking, and the reply was:

"Well, I'm no Jock Tamson's bairn anyway."

From this we gathered that it was not Mr. Lamont who had spoken, as he usually uses this old saying. "We are all Jock Tamson's bairns" (children) is a Scottish expression meaning that one person is as good as another.

Miss Dearie then remarked: "I was just going to suggest that we sing something bright," when the voice replied:

"Hear, hear, but tak' care of yourself, Sloan. I did not mean what I said the noo-no, no. I didna mean it, I just wanted to get you off the ration business."

We sang O God of Betbel, by Whose hand, and a voice from the other side sang along with us. While singing this we saw lights moving about; one about the size of a pencil was extremely bright, and others more cloudy.

One of us then started to tell what had been in the newspapers about a poltergeist who had done damage at a country mansion, flinging things about, and setting rooms on fire, and how the Insurance Company had paid up on the grounds that the fires had been caused through unknown forces. A voice from the other side said at this point

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"There is a chance for you to burn up the old stuff, Sloan."

Mr. Sloan replied: "Na, na, I'll stick to my old things. They will dae me fine, but you should be ashamed of yourself making a remark like that."

The reply came:

"Well, you cannot expect to find me an angel all at once."

We asked him to tell us who he was, and he replied :

"No, faith, I'll no dae that."

Mr. Sloan remarked, "Well, you have come to a fine house anyway," and received the reply :

"It is nae bother for me to get into any house."

To this Mr. Sloan remarked: "Well, you cannot hide your nationality anyway. Everyone kens (knows) you are Scotch, as I am."

The voice said:

"Are you ashamed of your country or have you forgotten that you are a German ?"

Mr. Sloan replied: "You are mistaken, my friend I am certainly no German," and the reply came

"You had better look at your birth certificate."

Mr. Sloan said: "Well, I ken my Father was Scotch and my Mother was a Campbell and spoke the Gaelic, so there is not much German about that."

The unknown voice left off baiting Sloan and went on:

"And you, Miss Colquhoun, your name sounds very like Cowen or Cohen, and the latter is Jewish - but you don't claim Cohen, do you, Miss Colquhoun ?"

Miss Colquhoun said: "My name does sound like Cohen, but it is Colquhoun (pronounced "Cuhoon") all right."

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The voice said :

"Of course it is Colquhoun ; you are surely not ashamed of the Clan,"

and to this she replied: "No, I am not ashamed of it but I am afraid I don't know very much about it."

To this the reply came:

"Don't you know the history of your own Clan ?Well, well, well; I did not think that of you."

(We may take it that the communicating voice was trying to be amusing, or, more probably, an attempt was being made to break the tenseness amongst

the sitters, which retards the phenomena.)

The trumpet then touched Miss Dearie and patted her all over the head and face. She asked who it was, and a voice said

"I am your dearie-it is James."

Miss Dearie said: "But I am afraid I do not know who James is."

The voice said:

"That is a wee white lie. You know me."

Mr. Sloan then said: "Miss Dearie, had you not a James connected with you in early life? You will have to go back to your school days or earlier."

Miss Dearie said: "I may have, but I cannot recall any close connection of that name. If he would tell me his second name that might help."

Mr. Moritz remarked: "Yes, or where he came from; that would help you to place him."

We got no reply to that, but the trumpet again caressed Miss Dearie all over her head and face. She said: "Thank you, James, whoever you are. I will try to remember you later."

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Mr. Sloan remarked: "I have often been like that myself—not able to place someone who spoke to me, and then later on it has all come back who the person was."

Someone said that James could be a surname, or even a middle name, but this drew no response from the other side.

A man's voice then said:

"Hello, are you all out, Sloan ? You are much more particular today. I don't know what is the matter with you." (Then, as if speaking to someone else on his side, he said): **"Come in,"** (as if he was inviting someone into the room).

He then asked:

"Do you know William Crosher ? Well, it is much to my regret I have to admit I met him here." This facetious individual continued:

"Don't get too serious-keep bright, as it helps us."

Mr. Moritz remarked that he was sure he had seen the name of Crosher in the obituary notices a short time ago, but no one knew Mr. Crosher or anything about him.

So we started talking about Mr. Peter Galloway, on earth a prominent Glasgow Spiritualist, when a voice from the other side remarked :

"He had a dominant style too."

Mr. Sloan replied that he was a very fine fellow, and Mrs. Galloway's name was mentioned, when a man's voice said :

"I knew Mrs. Galloway. She was a super-woman, or lady, I should say. Would go out of her way to help others at any time as far as her conscience would allow."

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A man's voice then spoke to Mr. Moritz, saying :

"How are you, Mr. Moritz ?"

Mr. Moritz asked who he was, and got the reply:

"I have met you many times at Mrs. Lang's since I came over here, and I knew you well while I was in the body. I remember all my earth life-ah yes-it is not a very nice record. It could have been better."

Mr. Moritz asked: "But cannot you tell me who you are?", and received the reply:

"Oh yes, I am very happy to do that. I am Robin Howat."

Mr. Moritz replied: "Bob Howat - how pleased I am to hear you speaking!"

Mr. Howat's reply was:

"You know it is human for everyone to slip a little in the earth life. I did my best although it was not a very good best."

Mrs. Moritz then remarked to us in the circle "I got the impression that it was Robin Howat even before he told us his name. Isn't that strange?-I don't know what made me think of him."

Mr. Howat said:

"I came to give you good news. I have seen your son and he is well. I went down to the coast with a friend. You know how I liked the sea. I did not live at the sea but I was always interested in seafaring men. I just asked to be put in the way of finding somebody (on earth) that I knew, so I went a long journey and visited a ship; not a very large ship.

I saw your son. They (my friends in Etheria) pointed him out to me and said : `There is a young gentleman whose father and mother you will be speaking to today.

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You are to deliver this message to them from him : "All is well." 'That is why you got the impression, Mrs. Howat, that it was I."

Of course, he should have said "Mrs. Moritz", but this mistake was cleared up later. Continuing, Mr. Howat said:

"I wanted to let you know that he is all right. It will satisfy you to know, Mr. and Mrs. Moritz, that this faith which you have embraced yourselves, and which you have talked about with your boy, has been a great help to him in trouble and hardship, and it will also please you to hear that he is passing this knowledge on to others whenever he has the opportunity. He has benefited very much from the tuition you have given him in this certainty of the continuity of life."

Mrs. Moritz remarked that her son had told her he had heard some of the boys at sea discussing the subject, and one of them had said that he accepted it because of his Mother's experiences.

A new voice then said:

"I cannot help hearing what you are saying just now, Mrs. Moritz-`from his Mother's experiences'. You know how a Mother's word goes with a boy. We may go against the old man sometimes, but never against Mother. There are times when we are all prone to think of serious things, and I know that you are thinking about me at present, Mother dear. It is Arthur." (Arthur Lang, who was killed in the First World War.)

Mrs. Lang replied: "I was just thinking, Arthur, about your birthday and wishing you were still with me."

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Arthur went on:

"If I had been with you, Mother dear, I would be getting an old man by now. I would have been fifty this week."

Mrs. Lang replied: "No, dear, next week-the 16th -I could not forget that date, you know, Arthur."

To this his reply came:

"I have lost count of time but I know it was the 16th. It was '92 ; was it not ?-the 16th of April,1892."

His Mother replied: "Yes, that is the date," and then Arthur said:

"Do you know, Mother, I don't look fifty now. You know that photo you have of me, Mother ?- well, I am just as youthful-looking as that now, but minus the regalia, of course." (Referring to his uniform.) "I see you looking at it sometimes, dearest Mother, and I kiss you, but you do not know."

We then heard him saying to his friends on his side:

"Yes, this is my Mother."

Mrs. Moritz said: "Have you brought someone with you, Arthur?", and he replied

"No, I am just telling the little company here that this is my Mother; the best, the truest and the noblest."

Mrs. Lang said: "Arthur, you would have been such a stand-by had you still been with me," and to this he answered:

"Yes, dearest, but I am ever standing by you, and I know you are aware of that fact."

Mrs. Lang said: "Oh, yes, I know that."

Arthur then remarked:

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"And how are you, Miss Colquhoun ? just tell the company I do not want my talk to upset you at all, but it gives me great pleasure to speak to Mother and to those present. Did I know you in earth life, Mrs. Moritz ?"

Mrs. Moritz said: "No, Arthur, not then," and he continued:

"But I know you now-I know all present."

Miss Dearie remarked: "Mr. Lang, I know a friend of yours-Dr. Mavor-he speaks of you in his book. I think you were at the University with him-or School?"

Arthur said :

"Yes, I knew him. I was a great favourite and pet of his Mother- Mrs. Mavor-but I thought she made too much of me sometimes. I never did like `butter', I am afraid I had a pretty blunt way with me."

Mr. Sloan said: "Well, Arthur, I dinna ken (know) about too much butter, but I canna even get margarine the noo."

Arthur replied:

"It is not that kind I mean, and I will tell you what I think of you when I get you over on this side, my boy. You won't want butter either. When you come over here there is a great joy and satisfaction in meeting with friends whom you have known in the stony path of life, who have stumbled perhaps and gone a little under, but who have always pulled up again and tried to march steadily onwards until the old tenement of clay is left behind, and the spirit, the real man and real woman, emerges to live a nobler, higher and more perfect life."

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Mrs. Sloan (or Mammy Sloan, as she called herself), who passed on in January 1940, next spoke to Miss Colquhoun and to Dad (Mr. Sloan). She said:

"You always get a beautiful vibration from Arthur, don't you ? I often think about you all in these terrible times ; I came through it all. (1914-1918 War.) Dear Bob (Bob Howat) has been a splendid help to me since I came here. He is one of the best, Dad. Don't you worry about him; he is all right, and the beautiful testimonial he gave me is much more than I deserve."

Mrs. Moritz here said: "You must all be very busy just now with so many coming over due to the war,"and Mr. Howat replied, saying:

"Yes, we are all in the midst of it, Mrs. Moritz. Wherever there is help needed a call goes forth, and if your friends do not come (to these séances) be sure they are otherwise engaged. I think you understand what I mean. You would not have it otherwise."

Mr. Sloan said: "I wonder, Bob, if you could tell me if you ever see wee Tommy."

Mr. Howat replied:

"I see him often. Although I was not a sailor, it is people from the sea whom I like most to help. I had trouble before I got a vibration today, but now I have it all right. I will speak in terms understandable to all. You know what the wireless is ? Well, if you go just the slightest degree off the station, there is a blur and you do not get the message. We are working on a theory like that. We must get the exact vibration before we can get a message through."

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A lady on the other side then spoke to Bob Howat so that we all could hear, and said:

"What did you mean, Bob, by calling Mrs. Moritz, Mrs. Howat, a short time ago ?"

Mr. Howat replied:

"Just a slip-you were not hearing properly," and she replied:

"Of course I hear all right-I am Myra."

Mr. Sloan then exclaimed: "Myra, my, but I'm real glad to hear you speaking! You were an awfu' bonny lassie, Myra; nae wonder Bob wanted to get over to your world to be beside you; aye, you were awfu' bonny!"

Myra replied:

"You are too flattering to me, Mr. Sloan."

We laughed at this, and expected Myra to continue, but nothing more was said. We sat in silence for a few minutes, when another voice said:

"You are not to get too serious, you people. This will never do at all, you know. You are not in any melodrama. You have not lost your friends at all, and we want to keep you happy, and when you smile we are happy too."

We asked who he was, and the reply came:

"Well, I was a Paisley man, but not Jock Tamson's bairn."

Miss Dearie said: "My father was a Paisley man too."

The voice replied:

"My name is Lang too, Mrs. Lang."

Mrs. Lang asked if he had been Provost Lang.

He replied:

"No, but I am his father, and I tell him I was a better man than ever he was."

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A voice then exclaimed:

"I cannot keep away from Albert Drive. I am William Crosher."

We asked if he knew anyone here, and he replied:

"No."

We were remarking that it was rather a strange name, when he took us up:

"There is nothing wrong with the name, surely ? I hope I bore it with dignity."

We said: "Certainly, we are sorry, but we were just remarking that it is rather an uncommon name."

Mr. Crosher said:

"I do not know this house, but I saw the light, and was enabled to come in. Do any of you know Sir John Hunter? I know he would help me if he could. I feel rather strange. I do not seem to be able to get away from the vicinity of Albert Drive."

One of us asked: "Did you live in Albert Drive?", and Mr. Crosher said:

"Yes, that is my home. I saw this man get off the tramcar, and followed him here. (Probably Mr. Sloan.) I must go now. I am afraid I have overstayed my welcome."

We all said: "Oh, no, we are very glad you are able to talk to us," and Miss Dearie asked: "Do you wish to get away from Albert Drive?"

He answered:

"Oh no, I want to find my feet before I go any further."

One of us said: "Well, perhaps if you are able to speak to us here, that may be a help to you."

To this request Mr. Crosher replied:

"Yes, I am glad you can hear me. They do not seem to hear me at home. They are so vexed and I cannot talk to them."

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Miss Colquhoun said: "No, they will not be able to hear you there," and then Miss Dearie said: "Do you want any message given to those at home, Mr. Crosher?", to which he answered:

"No, it would only upset them. They do not know anything about this subject at all, but I thank you."

The trumpet had fallen once or twice while he was speaking, and Miss Colquhoun had lifted it up again.

Mr. Crosher went on:

"I thank you very much, Miss Colquhoun, for your kind assistance. I bow to you, my dear. I was trying to use that little trumpet, but could not manipulate it properly. I seem to get on better with the big one."

Miss Colquhoun replied: "Yes, that one is always magnetised."

Being interested in what had been said by Mr. Crosher, Miss Dearie went to the Glasgow Herald office and looked back the obituary notices, and found the notice of his death as follows:

"CROSHER. At 350 Albert Drive, Pollokshields, on 30th March, 1942, William Crosher, Managing Director of Rivet, Bolt and Nut Co. Ltd. Funeral today (Wednesday) at the Crematorium (Western Necropolis) at 12 noon."

Another voice then spoke with rather a foreign accent. We asked who he was, and he replied:

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"Well, I am not Mr. Crosher. I think you ought to know me, of course. I am now at a stage which Mr. Crosher will come to some time-I trust soon. He has the advantage over me, however, in that he knows your language, which I did not know for a long time after I came here. 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 today, 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'."

"Thank you," we replied, and one of us then said: "I wonder if anyone can give us a message for Mrs. Bowes, as she is not here today."

A voice answered, saying:

"Jim (on earth) will get on all right. I am not able to say much, but it will be nothing serious, I think. Tell my dear wife, though I think she will know herself by this time, that there is nothing to be alarmed about. I am not allowed to get close to him. I am William Bowes." (Jim recovered.)

Mrs. Bowes' Dutch friend then spoke with a foreign accent, saying:

"Boy goot, oh goot, I am helping him ; the boy will be all good in health. He will be all right in little time. It is so beautiful to come in contact with you English-Scotch people and get a little knowledge of your ways and speech. You understand what I mean thereby. If you hear speech, it is sound only, if you do not know the understanding of it. Do you know what I say ? I am ze Dutchman."

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Mrs. Lang replied that she remembered meeting him when he was in Scotland, and he said:

"Yes, I came to a Convention. That is what the Churches would call 'Assembly', but the Church Assembly lacks the vital knowledge of this truth of communion. They lack the knowledge of the possibility of heart-to-heart speech such as this. When you know this is possible, you lose not the father, the son or brother in death ; you know they are only a little ahead of you on the road of life."

Mr. Sloan then remarked: "I think you should go now, friend, and let some of the folks' own freens (friends) come; this is an awfu' meeting."

The Dutchman replied:

"I am deputed to tell this man in the chair (Mr. Sloan) that he is an ungrateful man."

Mr. Sloan replied: "I am sorry, friend, I did not mean to say one disparaging word to you. Only you talked so long, but I did not mean anything against

you."

The Dutch gentleman replied:

"He talks-only I do not think he means it. You are an ungrateful being."

Mr. Sloan said: "I am really very sorry, Dutchman, accept my apologies," and to this apology the Dutchman replied:

"In Germany you would be interned for that. Although I have tolerance I am still unable to like the Germans. They are not kind to our people, or to any people into whose country they have penetrated ; and that will be their disaster, both on your side and when they come to the spirit side of life."

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Mr. Sloan said: "There are some things in life, Dutchman, that I can never understand, and what the solution will be perhaps I shall know by and by in His good time."

The Dutchman replied:

"Yes, I understand—but it is there-what you call 'Solution'. There are times when travelers on the Road of Life find a bad road, a crooked road, which makes it difficult to go ahead, but there is a Light, a shining Light, which is named 'The Love of God'—the Light of Life which never dies, but burns more brightly, so that you will see better as you come towards this side, and go to those who throw their light on you, and who love you. When you come here you will get spirit eyes which will enable you to see as well in darkness as in light. You are all quite visible to me just now. You are all so very beautiful ; your words are so lovely, and your acceptance of my humble words so gratifying to me. God bless you."

We then spoke for a little amongst ourselves, and one of us said: "You knew Queen Alexandra, did you not, Mr. Sloan?"

Mr. Sloan replied: "Yes, I remember the Sitting she had with me, and oh, she was so bonny (beautiful) and looked so young; you would have taken her for a young woman in the thirties, and Sir William Barrett told me she was over seventy years at that time. My, but she was bonny, and so nice. She told me she was a little deaf and asked to be allowed to sit on my other side so that she could hear better "

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We asked: "Who else was at that Sitting, Mr. Sloan?", and he replied: "Let me think" (and Mrs. Lang helped him to remember)-"Sir William Barrett was present; Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir Thomas Lipton, Dr. Abraham Wallace, Marconi, Sir Oliver Lodge, and Mr. Byrd, the American scientist. Mr. Byrd did not believe in this but came with an open mind, and I remember his astonishment when a friend of his, who had passed over, spoke to him, reminding him how they had been together on Brooklyn Bridge, and repeated some parts of the conversation they had had there. I mind fine (well remember) that Mr. Byrd said to his old friend: `That is all true, but how can you speak to me when you are dead?' "

This interesting conversation was interrupted by a lady's voice which said:

"An open mind is a stepping-stone in the right direction, if you continue to keep it open. It is well to keep an open mind when anything new and strange is brought before you. You get time to think it out and not reject it without undue consideration. One with an open mind can take things to avizandum (private consideration) with advantage. I think you understand my meaning."

One of us asked: "Are you Mrs. Campbell's friend?", and the voice replied:

"No, this is Shankschienne." (The name sounded something like that.)

Mr. Sloan said: "Is it Chassie? (what she was called). My, I am glad to hear you! You have been my dear one's Guide (Mrs. Sloan's) since she was a wee lassie, and you are such a nice wee lassie yourself."

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Mrs. Sloan then spoke from the other side, saying **"She is a lady, a beautiful lady now, Dad, lovely in her speech and lovely in her ways."**

We asked Mr. Sloan if he knew her nationality, whether she was Chinese, Japanese or Indian. He replied that he was not sure, but thought she was Japanese.

Chassie herself then spoke, saying:

"Chassie came over here when quite a little girl. I am really of Japanese origin, but what of that, we are all brothers and sisters here. There is no enmity on this side. We all do what we can to help each other, for all have difficulties and so each helps the other, and in so doing we are helping ourselves onwards."

A man's voice then said:

"Death is not the end but the beginning-your friend was quite correct in

what he said, Mr. Moritz. I think it is a triumphal march when you leave the physical, if your life has been spent in the way in which you ought to have spent it. If this is so, it is a triumphal march to the spirit side of life, which is a path of glory all the way. It is for you I am speaking and for myself as I was hitherto.

"When you realise before passing on that you have your duty to do in the earth life, and, provided you do it, you will pass on to a more bright and glorious way of life. It was like this I did the triumphal march across the border. I hope that will be your portion when your time comes. Do you know there is no balancing of accounts here ? They are all balanced before you come and also the path is clearly laid out-the path by which you have come

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and also the path by which you should have come. I am sorry to say I did not always walk in the right path, Miss Colquhoun, but that is for myself only, as I do not wish to speak of any other."

Miss Colquhoun asked if she might know who was speaking, and he replied:

"Mr. Moritz should know. I will mention the Central Hotel and he can take Greenock along with that."

Addressing Mr. Moritz who quite understood:

"You knew my wife and myself-Wink is the name.

Mr. Moritz agreed that that was so, and expressed himself as delighted to know who was speaking and to have a few words with him.

Mr. Wink replied:

"At times it was not just a boon to get your words, though they were always words of wisdom."

Mr. Wink also mentioned the centre of the City, Saint Vincent Street, and ended by saying:

"J. D. Wink, Union Bank."

(Mr. John D. Wink, who died in June 1936, was the Head Office Manager of the Union Bank of Scotland, 110 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, and succeeded Mr. Moritz, who previously held that position.)

(Mr. Wink went on, but as his remarks were of a private and personal nature they have been omitted.) We then started talking among ourselves about

someone on the music halls who claimed to be a Mind Reader, and what the doctors had said on the subject, when a voice from the other side said:

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"Doctors are not infallible ; not even Doctors of Divinity; in fact they make the most flagrant errors of them all with their confusing Theology. All will be plain sailing, however, if you obey the dictates of Jesus. The teaching of the Great Master is so plain and simple, so charged with love, that, if you follow where he leads, you will never go astray. Follow also the intuitions you receive from helpers on the spirit side of life. I am sure each and every one of you have at times felt impressions and intuitions, and you can very readily discern, if you take these to the seat of reason, whether they come from a right source or not. There is, to my mind, no trouble in this at all.

"It is not very difficult to read you, Crissie Colquhoun. I know I used to think sometimes that I had only to look into your eyes to know exactly what you were thinking about. I am not speaking in general, my dear; it is Father. I only needed to look at you, Crissie, when in the old days you wanted something to be done, and I was always pleased when I could do it; and you will have this love, dear, right to the end of the road."

Miss Colquhoun replied: "God bless you, Father darling; is Mother all right?"

Mr. Colquhoun said:

"Yes, but she is not here today. She is helping elsewhere, and the others are all busy. I was made their deputy to come here so that our Crissie would not think there was no one to speak to her. We are always near you, and will be, every step of the way. It seems twisted to you sometimes, but we will stand by you; God bless you, my dear. I am going away now, but just for a little while. I do not mean to infer by that that it will only be a little while before you come over here. You are going to have a good long time, and the world will smile on you yet."

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Mrs. Lang then said: "Are you not going to get any of Miss Dearie's friends to speak to her?", and this was the reply:

"We will see if they are at hand.

"In a very short time a voice said **"Will Mother do; will Mother do ?"**

and Miss Dearie replied: "Mother, beloved, you will do best of all. How are you, dear?"

Mrs. Dearie said:

"I am all right, Jeanie. How are the others? Are they all right ?"

Miss Dearie answered: "Yes, darling, they are all well."

Another voice then spoke, saying **"Mary, Mary,"** and Miss Dearie's sister spoke to her:

"Jean, I cannot see you."

Miss Dearie said: "I cannot see you either, dear, but I can hear you," and this is what her sister said **"Where are you, Jean ? I do not know this house."**

Miss Dearie said: "No, you do not know the house, but I am at a friend's. Are you happy, darling?", to which enquiry Mary replied:

"Yes, Jean, but I just wish I could see you." Then the trumpet fell on the floor, and Mr. Sloan remarked: "Well, you have knocked the trumpet over, lassie, whether you can see or no."

We laughed, and just then Miss Dearie's Father spoke, saying:

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"It is Father-how are you, Jean, my dear? I am so glad to have this opportunity of speaking to you. How are you getting along in these times?"

"Miss Dearie replied: "I am all right, Father, and how are you all?"

Mr. Dearie answered:

"All is well with us here; you have no need to worry about us. I am looking after Mother and Mary. It is those we love who are left behind to struggle on alone that we think about, and we want to give you all the assistance we can."

Miss Dearie followed on, saying: "Thank you, Father dear, but I am getting along very well. I am quite sure I will be looked after," and to this her Father answered:

"We are often with you. Cannot you sense our presence at times ?",

and she replied: "Yes, I can-very often at home," and then her Father repeated:

"At home-how beautiful that sounds."

Miss Dearie asked: "What are you doing, Father?", and he replied:

"I am learning a great deal over here. In fact, I am attending what one might term a University, the one where this lady's son is," and the trumpet went towards Mrs. Lang, Mr. Dearie continuing:

"As I have just told my daughter, Mrs. Lang, I attend the College at which your son lectures."

Miss Dearie asked: "What are you learning, Father?", and he replied:

"The Way of Life."

Miss Dearie then asked: "Father, have you got a message to send to Tom?", and he replied:

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"No, Jean, I do not think so—it would do no good meantime, as Tom is not accepting this as we thought he would, and would not accept that the message was really from me."

Miss Dearie replied: "Oh, I think he would love to get a message all the same, Father," but he repeated his refusal in these words:

"No, Jean, I will not send a message, although he has, of course, all our love: We have other ways of getting in touch with him which will perhaps influence him more. We have ways of working things round and pulling the strings. God bless you, my dear, and Tom also. My darling, you know we are always near you-or at least very often, and sometimes I bring you Mary."

Miss Dearie said: "You sound very young, Father -your voice I mean," and Mr. Dearie replied:

"Age disappears here. Mother and I are in the heyday of youth. Did you think I had put the years on since I came here ?"

Miss Dearie answered: "No, dear, quite the reverse. You sound as if you had taken them off," to which remark he replied:

"Peace and happiness strengthen and renew us." An Irish voice then spoke, and made a few remarks. When we asked who he was, he said:

"Faith, and I will sure tell you that. I am the doorkeeper; a job I have taken on extempore and for the time being only. I am not very experienced but I do my best. I would rather be a doorkeeper at a meeting of this kind than in any chapel in the country. I have come with an open heart to give my services. I am doorkeeper and must report to my overseer, and I have to say if all is clear. You understand, scribe-all is clear."

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One of us asked what he meant exactly by that, and he replied:

"Sure, now, and I am surprised at you. All clear is quite clear enough for anybody to understand. It means, my lady, that when all is clear-well, I am going out and I cannot be responsible for anybody that comes in hereafter."

We all laughed, and he continued:

"Sure it is quite cheery to hear your laughter. I like to hear you laugh like that. I will come again to be the door-keeper."

Mrs. Lang remarked that it was also a pleasure to us to hear his nice Irish brogue, and would he please get someone to come and close the Meeting, to which he replied:

"Thank you for your beautiful compliment, my lady, and, sure, if I cannot get someone to close the Meeting, I will do it myself, but I am not going until I see it closed. I promised to do so."

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:

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"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."

Someone then said: "Thank you, Mr. Taylor," and he replied :

"Not Mr. Taylor; just Robert Taylor."

He was asked if he ever saw Mrs. Sloan, and to this he replied :

"Yes, indeed, we are often together. I try my best to make it up to her, Mr. Sloan, for all her kindness to me. I am often with her, and the road, I know, has sometimes been hard for you since she came here. Don't you worry, Mr. John Sloan, if you want your dear one to be happy. Come out of it-come out of it. You are not to stay in a corner talking to the kettle and the teapot. That is not like you at all. You never think how wonderfully we work with you. You would have been on this side

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before your dear wife had it not been for the attention you get from your friends on this side."

A voice then said:

"Good tidings for you, Mr. Moritz. I don't know what the news is, but I see the light above your head. Good news, and don't worry about your boy. He will be all right." Then, addressing Mr. Hart, who is a schoolmaster, it continued: "The earth is a beautiful schoolhouse. You do what you call the curriculum-is that what you call it, Mr. Teacher? for the wider life, and, if you pass fairly well, it will be all the better for you when you come to this side of life. The Peace of the Great Father be with you now and in

the time to come, and may the Great Master guide your thoughts, each one of you, so that you will be glad you have pursued the path of duty and worked for the good, not of yourself only, but for one and all-your brothers and sisters on the journey."

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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Miss Colquhoun said she felt what seemed like tiny wings fluttering through her hair.

A man's voice now spoke, saying:

"That you may all be kept in the straight path and the broad highway which leads to the light, and the Shining Light beyond, is the wish of Pathfinder. I am Pathfinder, and I shall take the responsibility of keeping watch now. I wish you 'good night', and may God bless you. May you be safe from all harm, your dreams pleasant, and your rest secure. I am Pathfinder. May the blessing of the Great White Spirit, the only true God, keep you in His way of truth and love, all along your path of life unto the end, which is the beginning."

Another voice then spoke, saying:

"I am so glad to be permitted to speak to you today, friend John."

Mr. Sloan said: "Who are you, please?", and the answer came:

"Charles Robertson."

Mr. Sloan replied: "Charlie, I'm real glad -to hear your voice again. Do you mind (remember), Charlie, what happened before you went away to the Foo Chow Mission?-but I'll no say what it was."

Mr. Robertson said:

"Yes, I remember very well, and you may as well say it out."

Mr. Sloan told us that Mr. Robertson had always liked evening prayers, and when he had been staying with Sloan's family before going abroad, he wanted him (John Sloan) to put up the prayers. Sloan

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bluntly refused: " 'Deed, I will not; I may read the Bible but I'll no give a prayer." His father had said to him: "Surely, John, you will do that to please Charlie?", and he had replied : "'Deed, I will not — even to please Charlie."

Mr. Robertson then started singing From Greenland's Icy Mountains, and we all joined in. Then he spoke about Jeanie, his wife.

Mr. Sloan was telling us what a fine man Mr. Robertson was and what a record he had left behind him, when Mr. Robertson spoke and said:

"Never mind, John, you also are leaving a record behind you, a record which has brought joy to many sad hearts ; hope to many hopeless ones, and not just hope, but the assurance of eternal life beyond. God bless you all. C. R."

Mr. Sloan now told us that Charlie Robertson was an old school friend, who had gone into the ministry, and had been out at the Foo Chow Mission in China for many years ; that he had a son, Dr. Gladstone Robertson, who was practicing in Newlands, and that he (Mr. Sloan) had always intended to visit him and tell him about his old friendship with his Father.

After this was said, Mr. Sloan went into trance for a few moments, when the trumpet gave him what sounded like good hard knocks on the head, and then a voice said:

"Wake up, Sloan, wake up."

Mr. Sloan came out of trance with a start, saying: "What's the matter-what's the matter?", to be told by a voice:

"Close, close."

So we sang the Doxology, and the Meeting ended.

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You have now been introduced to the Medium, Mr. John Sloan, to the six sitters who were present at this little Meeting, to the way it was conducted,

and to what took place. The room used was a small one so as to conserve the ectoplasm, and a hymn started the proceedings, to vibrate the atmosphere and make everyone feel comfortable and harmonious, because tension and disharmony inhibit the phenomena. Anything can be sung, hymns and songs, but Mr. Sloan preferred hymns, and their well-known words and tunes made them the most popular.

The sitters had not to wait long. In the midst of their conversation, after the hymn was sung, a voice broke in, and addressed Mr. Sloan, and then Mrs. Moritz. The voice, which could be heard by everyone, was quite loud and natural. Sometimes a voice was recognised as like the earth voice of the person speaking, or it was recognised because it had the same sound as had been heard on previous occasions from the same speaker. Male, female and children's voices were recognised as such, and the conversations which took place were quite natural, except for the fact that the Etherians who spoke could not be seen. On the telephone we can carry on a conversation without seeing each other. They, however, can see us but we cannot see them. When speaking, the Etherians do not hesitate, their speech flows smoothly, and they speak clearly and distinctly so that all can hear.

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

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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. Some of the ectoplasm is used for this purpose, the same ectoplasm as is used by the men, women and children on the other side to materialise their vocal organs to enable them to vibrate our atmosphere. This ectoplasm is mixed by the etheric chemist present with ingredients of their own and served out to those allowed to speak. There is no door or wall with them to keep Etherians away from the séance, but law and order reigns and the director in charge has the power to reserve the ectoplasm for those he thinks should speak, especially those whose relations or friends are sitting in the circle on earth.

Etheria is a place of law and good government. Its inhabitants are men, women and children like ourselves. They are all as solid as we are, so to call them spirits seems stupid. I shall, therefore, refer to them as Etherians and their world as Etheria. When they 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.

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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 in the talks which follow.

Affection for those they loved on earth is as strong as it was when they lived here with us, and their memories bring back earth events, especially when they get close to this earth's vibrations at these séances. It seems clear that it gives them as much pleasure to see, touch and speak to us as it gives us to speak to them.

Here I would refer to what was said about Queen Alexandra being at one of Sloan's séances, and, if reference is made to the after-war editions of *On the Edge of the Etheric*, the reason will be found. Therein I told of the wonderful evidence received from her husband by the Controller of her household, whom I took with me to sit with Sloan. What was more natural than that she also wished to speak to him who on earth was known as Edward VII, and where better could she go than to the Sloan circle, where the evidence that he still lived was so clearly given?

We shall find as we go on that men and women of different nationalities spoke, and some spoke in their

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own language, which sometimes could not be understood. The prominent part played by the American Indians is remarkable, but, as they were Spiritualists on earth, communication between the two worlds was not strange to them as it is to those who pass over ignorant of this great truth. I remember when the Indian Chief, Whitefeather, could speak only a few words of English. Now we shall find that his English is nearly perfect, and that he is proud of his cultural progress.

All the other Indians have learned their English by mixing with English-speaking people in Etheria, where all earth languages are spoken. We shall find that Etheria, and its inhabitants, are very much a replica of earth so far as the planes vibrating just beyond our physical vibrations are concerned, and, when we realise this, much of the mystery of life and death, and of the psychic qualities we all possess in a greater or lesser degree, vanishes. What has been a mystery is one no longer, and the seeming injustice of life to some here on earth is rectified when we pass on to the next stage of existence.

Harmony exists in Etheria between individuals and races much more than on earth. What is needed and wanted can be obtained much more easily there by thought than here on earth. That is one reason for the harmonious state of affairs and their radiant health. Freedom from pain and illness, and the consequent happiness this brings, are no doubt other reasons which cause their satisfaction and contentment with life.

Emphasis is laid by them on the fact that this happiness comes to all who do their best to live a

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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.

Progress and mental development are encouraged and every man, woman and child born on earth can progress there and reach to heights which are beyond our imagination. Schools, colleges and universities are provided for that purpose, and all of us, if we wish, will benefit, when our time comes, from the intellectual and cultural institutions which are provided for minds, ignorant and learned, simple and wise. In Etheria there is no end to culture, wisdom and knowledge, and it is open to everyone to progress along the road for which each mind is best fitted in that land of wider, happier and more delightful opportunities.

This analysis will follow the record of each séance, and, chapter by chapter, I shall gather together everything we wish to remember. Finally I shall bring everything important together in the last chapter, and then we shall discover that we have amassed much vital information relating to the way we should live on earth, and what we may expect when we enter the higher range of vibrations called Etheria.

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CHAPTER III
MEETING AT MRS. LANG'S HOUSE, GIFFNOCK, GLASGOW
Wednesday, 20th May, 1942

Present: MRS. CRISSIE LANG, MR. ALEXANDER HART, MRS. MACFARLANE, MR. ROBERT CRAWFORD, MISS JEAN DEARIE, Miss ELIZABETH DUFF, MR. DONALD CAMERON, MRS. LILLIAS BOWES, MISS CRISSIE COLQUHOUN, MR. JOHN SLOAN.

WE opened the Sitting with the hymn, Nearer, my God, to Thee, and afterwards repeated The Lord's Prayer, a voice from the other side saying "Amen" along with us.

One of us remarked: "It shows there is someone in the surroundings at any rate."

Mr. Sloan replied: "Maybe that is a' that will happen the night."

A man's voice from the other side said

"Take no heed of him."

Mrs. Sloan from the etheric world then spoke and repeated a verse of a hymn:

**"Not now ; but in the coming years,
It may be in that better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
Some time, some time, we'll understand."**

Mr. Sloan, her husband, started to weep, and Mrs. Sloan said to him

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"Be brave, Daddy, be brave."

Mr. Sloan said: "I am awful sorry, but whenever I hear you speak, Mammy, I canna help it."

Miss Colquhoun then felt hands on her head and, face, and said: "Thank you, dear friend-oh, thank you."

One of us asked why Miss Colquhoun seemed to get this more than any of the others. "Was it because she sits next to Mr. Sloan?"

The answer was:

"Precisely, we cannot extend the power sufficiently to travel far from the instrument-the Medium."

Mrs. Macfarlane said : "Oh, but I had that experience once and felt hands on my head and I was not near the Medium."

Miss Dearie said she had also felt them when at some distance from the Medium, and the reply was:

"Well, that must have been when two of us were working at it."

Miss Colquhoun said: "Mrs. Lang and I will have to change seats sometimes and let some of the others get this experience more often."

The voice said in reply:

"I do not advise that so far as either of you are concerned ; unless you are tired of this."

Mrs. Bowes asked: "Are you the door-keeper?", and the reply was:

"No, I am not the door-keeper."

Mr. Cameron then remarked: "Well, the voice is familiar; it is someone who has been here before," and he received the reply:

"I have never been here before."

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Mrs. Bowes said : "You speak very beautiful English," and the answer came:

"I have been in America—I am a North American Indian. My son has been with you many times in the old days."

Mrs. Lang asked: "Who was that? Would you tell us his name?", and the voice replied:

"I am sure you know his name—Wallaho. I am Wallaho's father."

Mr. Sloan said : **"I remember Wallaho fine—he was the best Indian I ever had."**

The Indian replied:

"Thank you, friend. I have been a long time in the spirit life mixing with those of your country, and have steadily set my mind to acquire fluency in your language. I may be taking undue credit to myself, but I do the best I can."

Mrs. Bowes asked the question : "When we come to your side of life, are we freed from this lack of memory that we really are so troubled with in the body? You speak of learning our language. Did you retain all you learned without any effort? Do we remember everything when we pass on?"

The reply was:

"Yes, to a certain extent, but things which happened in the body, and are not to your benefit on the spirit side, gradually fade away."

Mrs. Bowes explained that what she meant was "If we are wishful to learn anything new on the spirit side, could we retain the knowledge received and not forget things as we do in earth life?"

To this she received the interesting reply:

"Forgetting things you have been told, or taught,

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is purely a physical thing. You do not forget anything you are taught on the spirit side of life. The Indians talk by signs, more particularly in our homes -symbols or signs."

Mr. Cameron asked: "Can you explain how thought is turned into sound?", and this was the reply

"Well, that is physical to a certain extent, or has something to do with it. Sound is a projection of thought, and it is the waves on which these thoughts are transferred which makes it difficult for you sometimes to understand what is meant. There is one thing I can tell you—if you think fondly of someone you loved in the earth life who has gone from you—thought carries here and we get it immediately. I see you are writing all this down, my dear scribe. You are a marvelous man, and I see also that you have got an opponent, the lady with the beautiful name. I am not going away. I am standing by for a little and I would like you to sing again."

We sang The Lord is my Shepherd, and a man's voice joined in from the other side. We thanked him for his singing, and he replied

"Oh, yes, I can do a little bit of singing yet, and I have now got our friend away for a little without any trouble."

(Mr. Sloan was now in a trance.) Mrs. Bowes said: "Now that you have got him in trance, I hope you will be able to help him physically a little. He has not been very well lately."

The reply came:

"Well, you know from your own experience what a loss is. We come to him sometimes at night;

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he does not always know it, and we do our best to cheer him up. He leads a pretty lonely life now, you know."

Mrs. Sloan (called Mammy Sloan), to whose death the above remark refers, then spoke, saying:

"I do not want to take him away from you yet. I want him to stay for a little while beside you yet."

Then there was silence, when a man with a very powerful voice said to Mr. Cameron:

"You are a very thoughtful man, Mr. Cameron. I am very pleased to speak to you. You weigh everything up and take it to the seat of reason, allowing room for what the other man has to say. You put two and two together, and out of the two you make the whole. I have been listening interestedly to what you have been discussing. It is very beautiful to see you all sitting there so happily together."

Mrs. Lang answered : "All in harmony," and he replied :

"I am afraid that is a phase which cannot be acquired completely on your side of life. Here we have complete harmony which knows no barrier; that love which never dies. That is one thing God brings into your heart in the earth life, and, if it is true love, it will never die. It may dwindle a little, or twinkle like a little star, but at the end of the road, when you meet again, it will be illuminated once more and bright, when the trammels of clay have been thrown off, and you are received bright and beautiful into this glorious land. I am one of the Indian friends."

A child's voice then broke in saying :

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*"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Telling us we never die."*

A Scottish voice then said:

"I doot (doubt) your clock has lost its voice tonight." (The clock had just struck but sounded rather faint.) "I wonder at you keeping a thing like that."

To this rather tactless remark Mrs. Lang said: "Well, it is very difficult to get these things mended just now."

The voice replied :

"Are you no mechanically minded, Mr. Hart ? Could you no dae something with it ?"

Mr. Hart laughed and said : "Not very, so perhaps I should leave it."

We asked who was speaking, and received the reply :

"We're a' Jock Tamson's bairns." (His usual introduction.)

Mrs. Lang said: "Oh, it is you, Mr. Lamont; we are pleased to hear from you. Tell us what you are doing, and how you are getting on."

Mr. Lamont replied :

"Ah weel, ye ken I am dealing with things in the physical the noo ; you are all looking fine."

We asked: "Can you see us?", and he replied:

"I see you sometimes when you would not want me to see you."

Wallaho now spoke first to Mr. Lamont on his side, and then to us :

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"That is one thing, Mr. Lamont, which the spirit side has guarded against; anything done by friends in the earth life who have erred, if it would hurt those who love them who have gone before, a veil is thrown across, that they do not know about it. If it is conducive to their happiness this veil will be thrown, and they will not be permitted in the surroundings if it is going to make them sad and hamper their progress on this side of life. The Great Spirit of all Love is too far-seeing and too loving to have it otherwise. The higher ones know all, but they guard such knowledge from those it would hurt. I am Wallaho. I have just come in because I got a thought message from my father who has just left you. It is a long time, I think, as you count time, since I heard your voice, Mrs. Lang."

Mrs. Lang replied: "Years and years."

Wallaho said:

"It seems such a little space to me here. Yet it must be long to you, and some of these years were weary and sad ; but there was something said tonight while I was standing near you. I listened to my dear little friend repeating these words : `Then, ah, then, you will understand.' I am just going to stand by. I am not going away, and may have the chance tonight of talking to you again. You must pull yourself together, friend Sloan ; loving friends are watching you here, and loving friends are watching you on your side as well. I am sure you will not shirk your duty if we can use you. Try your best to be patient. Don't wish for the time to come when you can be over here; it will come by and by when you hear the Master's voice. I am Wallaho."

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Mr. Sloan was now out of trance, but before he could reply to this advice another voice spoke

"I was going to ask you to sing."

So we started singing They are winging, they are winging. During this hymn, and immediately after, we heard a little bell tinkling; such a sweet, silvery sound. It was Mr. Hart's little friend, letting us know she was present.

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

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of those on this side. Certainly this veiling-off helps you in the earth life ; in your case with regard to the future. If you had known beforehand the trials you would have to come through, you would not have had the strength to go on. It is better that a veil should also be drawn on the material side of life. Place, therefore, your trust in God, and do the right.

"With regard to what was said about certain things being veiled off on this side ; you might have a gentle spirit on this side of life-I am speaking to you all in general—someone you loved very much and who had always led a very sheltered life. Well, you would not like her progress here to be barred by any mistakes you made. Such as these do not know details of any wrongdoing or sorrow. They, however, sense immediately when anything goes wrong with you, and will help you all they can with their thoughts of love and their prayers ; for we remember here those we love, just as you do. We know instinctively when you are in a tight corner, even if we do not know details, and then you are influenced by our prayers for you.

"Freewill, however, obtains even on this side, and it is left to yourself whether you are willing to progress or otherwise. Without that willingness you will not progress very far. I have progressed somewhat myself; but I am a missionary, helping my brothers and sisters over the stile all I can."

Mr. Sloan said: "You are doing a noble work, friend."

Someone asked if he worked on the Earth Plane only, and he replied :

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"No, on both sides—on the Earth Plane and also on the lower planes on this side. I have progressed to a higher plane myself, but am doing this work for the Master's sake. The fields are ripe for the harvest, but sometimes the reapers are few. In God's Garden of Life, however, there are many helpers and workers in the fields of Paradise who go out to help their weaker brothers and sisters. It is one of the Indian friends speaking, I am Pathfinder. I have found a path that led me to higher heights, more beautiful and glorious heights, my lovely home, but I thought of those left behind and prayed that I might be allowed for a little time to act as pathfinder for my brothers and sisters who need help when they come to this side of life."

The trumpet then touched Miss Dearie and Pathfinder continued

"I have a message to deliver to you from your Mother. The lady says: 'Tell Jeanie I am watching over her and loving her all the time.' She says you are her darling daughter, her own wee girlie. She will keep near you ; helping you over any of the difficult parts of the road which you may still have to pass. It is the Indian Chief who delivers this message to you from your beautiful Mother. I am Pathfinder."

Miss Dearie said: "Oh, thank you, Pathfinder; that is a beautiful message. Please thank my Mother for sending it to me."

Pathfinder said :

"I will do so. Mary is here now, your sister."

Miss Dearie said: "Mary, are you there?-come and speak to me, dear."

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Mary said :

"Jeanie, Jeanie, I can see you so well-I can see you all ; you are so beautiful."

Miss Dearie remarked : "I just wish I could see you, Mary-I hope you are very, very happy, and that you will now get joy for all your past troubles, darling."

Mary replied

"I have no troubles now. I have left them all behind, and now I will try to help you, Jeanie."

Miss Dearie said : "Yes, do, dear, and Tom too, won't you?"

Mary said :

"Yes- if I could caress you I would love to do so, darling."

Several voices now spoke at the same time and it was very confusing. A Scottish voice from the other side then said

"We seem to be a bit jumelt(jumbled) together."

Mr. Sloan said: "That is a new one to me-I have never heard that word before."

The voice replied :

"Where were you brought up, Sloan ? That is a good Scotch word,"

and Mr. Sloan replied : "Well, I am Scotch enough, Guid kens" (God knows).

The voice retorted :

"You are only half a Scotsman-your mother was a Highland woman."

(Scotland is divided between the northern Kelts and the southern Anglo-Normans.)

A lady's voice then said :

"Yes, I was a Highland woman," and Mr. Sloan's Mother spoke, saying:

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"Oh, Johnnie, do you remember the wee song I used to sing to you at night ?"

Mr. Sloan said : "Aye, Mother dear, I remember it fine; my, but you were awfu' good to me, Mother." She replied :

"You were a good boy, Johnnie. I must go now. Oidche Mhath." (Good night in Gaelic.)

We were talking about different languages, and Mr. Hart made some remarks.

When he finished, a voice said:

"I like to hear you talking like that, Mr. Hart. I have a heart too, but my name is not Hart."

Mr. Cameron said: "And your heart will function all right; it will beat."

The reply came :

"Yes, it functions-all our organs function, but not just as in the human body. I do not understand very well myself, but I like to be near when some of the beautiful shining and advanced ones come to talk to us and teach us. Do you know, I just plunk down and listen as earnestly as you would do yourselves."

One of us said: "'Plunk' is a good word," and we laughed.

Then he said :

"Did that 'plunk' make you laugh ? Well, I am a Scotchman and still have the Scotch way of expressing myself; and if there is anything I like to hear in a little company such as this, it is your laughter. It is good to know that you can keep bright, it helps so much to relieve the sorrow and tragedy on your troubled earth, which is so upsetting to us when we draw near to your plane. I cannot see the end of it, either, though I know it will come in a hurry when it does come."

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Mrs. Bowes said: "When we think of those who are suffering from oppression and cruelty it makes us very sad; and the boys passing over in agony and pain."

To this remark he replied :

"Yes, that distress is also felt here very acutely, but you need not worry about those who are passing over. There is not a battle area on the whole of your plane, either on land or sea, that has not thousands of Ministering Angels to help those who suffer. Even those who are very badly mangled feel no pain. Very gently they are carried over to the other side by those who are engaged in this merciful work. They will not be allowed to suffer or sorrow. It is those who are left behind to mourn for them we are so sorry for, more particularly for those who have not the bright hope and knowledge which you have here, who know that dear ones gone are out of all care and trouble, their struggles over, and they are home at last, among friends."

We asked who was speaking, and he replied:

"Just an old pioneer-Jock is one of my names. I have never been here before. Most of the friends who usually speak to you are otherwise engaged at present, and I have been honoured by being allowed to step into the breach and do a little for the Master's sake. God bless you."

Another voice then said :

"The regular friends are engaged in other work. I would like to ask your opinion, friend Cameron. Who is responsible for the condition in the world today ? I would like your opinion, and yours too, Mr. Scribe"

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(referring to Mr. Hart).

Mr. Cameron said: "You want to know who is responsible for the war?", and back came the question

"I will leave it to you-what is the cause ?"

Mr. Cameron said: "In my opinion we cannot be held responsible. We are a peace-loving people, and, although we are fighting at present, it is to protect ourselves and not for material gain."

Mr. Hart differed from this opinion, remarking "I cannot agree with that. I think we brought it all on ourselves by not being properly prepared."

Mr. Cameron then said he thought the Church was responsible in so far that it had failed in its duty to teach the people the truth, namely, that in the body we are in the schoolroom as it were, the starting-off point of an eternal journey, that as a man sows so shall he reap, and that no one can shoulder his responsibilities for him.

To this the reply came from the unseen world :

"But you are the Church, each man and each woman."

Mr. Cameron explained : "In speaking of the Church I am speaking of the men who are supposed to be the custodians of God's truth to the people, and it is for each and every one of them to do their duty so far as God has given them light to do so. The question was asked: `What is the cause of the war?', and my answer is: `Lust for power and lust for gain, brought about by lack of understanding.' "

The reply came :

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"That is the real cause-lack of understanding. There are many in the world today who have feet of clay, but they too some day will understand. God's love overcomes all."

We then heard voices talking together, very low and indistinct, and the trumpet touched Mr. Crawford. Mr. Crawford asked:

"Thank you, friend, is it someone to speak to me? I will be very glad to hear you."

A very low voice then said:

"My teacher."

Mr. Crawford then said : "Oh, were you a pupil of mine? Can you tell me your name, please?" The voice said several times "**John-John,**" and something else which we could not make out. He may have been trying to get through his surname, and to help him Mr. Crawford said : "Come away, John, if you could just speak a little louder it would be a great help."

Then we heard faintly :

"I want you to help me," and then

"My teacher."

Mr. Crawford said : "Of course I will help you, John, if you will just tell me who you are. Do you want a message taken?"

"No, no, no, no message."

Mr. Crawford said: "All right, we will not take a message if you do not wish us to. Try to speak a little louder."

Then came the words :

"Libya-crash."

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"So you have been out in Libya. Did you pass out there?" enquired Mr. Crawford.

"Yes, yes, Air Force; I, 2, 3, 4-three of us al I away."

We then heard what sounded like a 'plane zooming upwards. This was repeated three times and then we heard a crash.

Mr. Crawford said: "Is that how it happened? Can you give us any more information? Give us your names?"

The low voice replied :

"Not yet, not yet."

Someone else spoke at this point saying :

"It would be better not to press the matter too much. It would only hurt the friend who has been trying to get through. Some day he will come back in a better frame of mind. His heart is still very sore."

Mrs. Bowes remarked : "Dear boys, no wonder. I know exactly how they feel. All their life was in front of them and to be cut off before they had the chance to live their lives."

Someone was evidently much touched by this remark and replied :

"That is beautiful. Thank you, my dear, you have the heart of a Mother and understand. Their homes are upset by the tragedy of their passing. Do give out your love to those dear ones who are mourning. I know it will help them."

This we all promised to do, and then we heard :

"Jim the first fore gunner, John the pilot, Jim the second," and here we heard the Morse Code, so took it that Jim, the second, was the wireless operator.

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The voice then said :

"We are going away now. Good-bye, Ars longa, Vita brevis."

Mr. Sloan said: "What kind of language was that?", and Mr. Hart replied: "That is Latin." (Art is long, life is short.)

Another voice then spoke in a foreign language, very rapidly.

Mr. Sloan remarked: "What horrid language is that?", when another voice said:

"That is Dutch, Dutch, and it is not a horrid language ; it is a good language."

The foreigner who had been the cause of Mr. Sloan's remark then said :

"Me Dutch, no speak English ; two words."

The trumpet then touched Mrs. Bowes all over her face, and a Dutchman who could speak English now spoke :

"You are mein friend, God bless you. I look after the boys for you-all of them."

Mrs. Bowes replied: "Thank you, dear friend how good of you. I wonder if you could tell me anything about my old friend. His name is Mr. Beverslauss. I was just wondering if he was now over beside you."

The Dutchman replied :

"I do not know, but I will try to get in touch."

Mrs. Bowes said: "The last I heard was that he was at Rotterdam, but he is over eighty, and I just wondered how he had fared."

Shortly afterwards the Dutch gentleman said: **"Your friend, I have tried to get into touch. All is well, we will guard him."**

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Mrs. Bowes said: "He must still be in the body, they have been enquiring. Thank you, friend." The Dutch speaker replied:

"He is still with you, but many of my countrymen have come home."

Then another voice spoke :

"There is a sweet home where wondrous beauties await you, that Home is my portion now. I have gone on beyond this ; excuse me saying so, but it means coming back to get into your surroundings. There are sheltering arms outstretched to shield and guard you and those who are dear to you, bearing them up with supplication and prayer, and we will do the best we can for you all the way. It is one of the Indian Chiefs who brings this message to you. You know something of the power of what you call prayer, but it has a much more wonderful power than you realise, so you know what to do."

The trumpet then touched Mr. Cameron, and went all over his head.

A lady's voice said :

"Don, Don, my darling, I would like to caress you. Don, can you hear me speaking? If I could use my hands, my beloved, I would caress you."

Mr. Cameron thanked her, and asked who it was. We thought we heard the name **"Mary"** (his wife), but were not sure.

A man then spoke, and Mr. Cameron asked: "Who was that who has just spoken?", to receive the reply

"I do not know, but a very beautiful spirit at any rate, a lady."

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The trumpet then touched Miss Duff, and she asked who it was, when a voice said:

"Come right in, William, and speak to the friend you want to speak to."

Miss Duff said: "Is it Willie? I am awfully glad to speak to you. How are you, Willie?" He replied

"I am very well. If you were just in as good health as I am now, I would be very happy, my beloved."

Miss Duff replied : "I am so glad about it. Did you think, Willie, that I might have done more at the time of your passing?", to which he answered:

"You did super-humanly,"

and then Miss Duff said: "Oh, no, Willie dear, not that," but he persisted :

"Oh yes you did, I know. I have thought of you so often since."

Miss Duff asked: "Are you all right, Willie? I am so pleased that you appear to be less shy than you were."

He replied :

"Yes, I left that behind, but now, on coming into these surroundings, I feel my shyness coming back."

Miss Duff said: "You must not let that happen. You do know how glad I am to hear you speaking to me," his answer being :

"I know that, and all your dear friends here are sending out their loving thoughts to me. God bless you. It is my supreme delight to hear you. I am often near you at home and elsewhere, but I hear you speaking better here."

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Miss Duff said: "Thanks very much for coming," and then enquired : "Have you seen my Mother, Willie?"

He replied :

"I have just left her, she is here beside you. We all hear your voice, and we bring you all our love, and David's too. Do you still like me, darling?"

Miss Duff answered : "I do, very much," and to this he replied:

"I am going now, but I shall meet you at the Golden Strand, and the years will not be long. I shall wait for you, beloved. God bless you."

He then concluded:

"You are not to cry, darling. Before I go I will tell you I am very glad I have shaken off my shyness and am able to talk to you like this. It is a beautiful thing, the passing; to come to the crucial point, and then be speedily with your loved ones on this side."

Miss Colquhoun's Mother then spoke to her, and seemed a little upset.

"Crissie, I am so worried about you."

Miss Colquhoun replied: "Now, Mother dear, you are not to worry about me. What are you crying for?"

Mrs. Colquhoun answered :

"Because you miss me so much and I do not want you to be left alone. You must have somebody for a companion."

Miss Colquhoun said: "I have lots of friends, Mother dear, and I am not really lonely. I am sure the neighbors think I am never in."

Mrs. Colquhoun then warned her :

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"You are not to be like Mr. Sloan, and sit by yourself."

Miss Colquhoun replied : "I have rarely had time to sit, dear," and her Mother concluded: **"But you will have more time now."**

Then another voice broke in :

"Time, time-more time, a beautiful thought. More time now, you must use your energies in another way. It is not to you alone, Miss Colquhoun, that I am speaking, but to everyone. I wonder how many in the world today look for a lonely heart ? Those who look will find plenty, and those who help such will reap a harvest beyond all earthly joys when they come to this side. Do you know this hymn, Miss Duff ?

**"I sing you a song, a beautiful song,
Of the far-away home of my soul,
Where storms never break on its glorious sands,
And full tides of joy ever roll."**

The trumpets at this point fell to the floor, and Miss Colquhoun and Mrs. Macfarlane tried to pick them up, but they again fell with a clatter.

Mr. Hart remarked : "There seems to be a free fight going on down there," when a voice came from one of the trumpets, saying:

"it beats you to catch me."

The trumpet then hit Mr. Sloan on the head several times, and a voice said :

"Wood, Jock, wood."

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Voices then spoke through both trumpets at the same time. Someone was speaking to Mrs. Lang on one side of the room, and someone to Mrs. Bowes on the other side. It was difficult to follow the conversations, but the one near Mrs. Lang said:

"David-it's Dave, just trying to speak through this 'phone of yours."

Mrs. Lang said she was very pleased to hear him, and asked how he was getting on. He replied

"I am getting on very well. I can see you all."

Mrs. Lang mentioned "Tom", and received the reply :

"He is in a much further advanced sphere than I am meantime."

The name "Letitia" was also mentioned, and then Mrs. Lang's sister-in-law spoke to her:

"You have altered, Crissie, but you are nearer home, a beautiful home. I was afraid to go over, Crissie. It is Nellie. I do not need any stick now."

Mr. Sloan said : "Yes, lassie, when I last saw you, you needed a stick and I was fine, and now it is me that needs a pair of stilts and you can dae without your stick."

A man's voice replied to this :

"It will be many a long day before that happens, Mr. Sloan. You have a lot of work to do, and the joy you have given others will scatter far and wide."

Mr. Sloan enquired who spoke, and got the reply:

"Robert Barr, of Carlung."

Mr. Sloan exclaimed: "Mr. Barr, I am real glad to hear you speak, though you did not agree with me at all in the old days."

Mr. Barr replied :

"We will let that fly stick to the wall."

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Mrs. Bowes then said: "What about the daft Spiritualists now, Mr. Barr? Yes, that was what you called us."

Mr. Barr replied:

"I was a complete imbecile in those days."

Mrs. Lang could not let that pass and remarked "Oh no, not that, Mr. Barr," but he maintained

"Well, Crissie, I was stupid. I might have known that sensible people like you and Bob (Mr. Lang) would not have told me nonsense."

Another voice on the spirit side then spoke to Mr. Barr, and we heard him saying

"Just wait a bit, Robson, I will see you later; I am engaged at present,"

and then Mr. Barr said to us :

"That was Robson-one of my own tenants (on earth). How are you getting on, Crissie ? You ought to get on well because you know far more than I do about it. I have a lot to learn, but I am quite willing to learn, and that is why I am getting on."

Mrs. Lang enquired : "Can you not get into touch with Bob? I know he would be very pleased to help you."

He replied:

"I get more help from Arthur (Mrs. Lang's son) than from Bob ; he can get at me easier." Another voice then said :

"You are here yet, Sloan. What do you think of Barr ?"

Mr. Sloan replied: "That is an awkward question to ask. I always thought a lot of him." Mr. Barr then said :

"Ah, well, you have no ill-will at me; I am glad of that,"

to which Mr. Sloan replied: "None in the least, Mr. Barr."

Another voice then said:

***"My latest sun was sinking fast,
My race was nearly run,
The bright and glorious ones, they came
And bore me safely home.***

"Once my latest sun was sinking fast, and I thought it was setting for ever. That is not true-my friends."

Mr. Crawford asked if anyone knew what time it was, as he and Mr. Hart had a train to catch. A voice from the other side said :

"It is exactly 10.15," and this turned out to be correct, as usual.

Mrs. Lang said: "I think we must close now. Will someone close for us?"

A voice from the other side started the Doxology, which we all sang. This ended the Sitting.

This Meeting opened with Sloan's well-known remark to the effect that little would happen. How often I have heard it, or something like it, during the five years I was investigating his Direct Voice phenomena.

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. He was paid nothing for the séances recorded in this book, and, between his grumbles and grouses, he has declared that his services are given willingly for the good of humanity and to comfort the bereaved.

Hundreds of different people have received this comfort and satisfaction during these past fifty years, and 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, and it would still have gone on if he had been deaf, dumb, blind and frail in health. When he is present the voices speak, when he is not present there is silence.

It was the ectoplasm in his body, to an unusual degree, that enabled the etheric men, women and children to materialise their vocal organs and vibrate our atmosphere. That was all, nothing more or less, and his mind had nothing whatever to do with what took place. 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.

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There was no hallucination about what took place, what one heard all heard; in fact this has been proved at other séances, from time to time, by recording what was said on gramophone records or on the dictaphone. I remember on one occasion a voice shouted so loudly that a man living on the other side of the street came across to ask what was wrong.

The Direct Voice needs no scientist to prove its claims. No Biologist, Anthropologist, Physicist, Chemist, Astronomer, Psychologist, or other expert in his own line of research, is needed to tell the people what is true or false about it. We do not call in these learned men to find out whether we hear each other speak or not. Likewise we do not need their help to fathom the mysteries of the Direct Voice, because there is now no mystery, it has been explained to us by the Etherians themselves, and we in turn ask them the necessary questions about what we wish to know, and get satisfactory answers.

So let the scientists go on sleeping in their own physical wonderland, believing, as so many do, that nothing but physical matter exists and telling B.B.C. listeners, most of whom are as ignorant as they are, that the brain is a physical mechanical organism and nothing survives the death of the body. The Anthropologist may know everything there is to know about the physical body and brain, but his knowledge ends there. When I told an eminent Anatomist that we have a duplicate etheric body and brain, which is controlled by an immaterial mind, he ridiculed such an idea because he is blankly ignorant of a subject about which he has never gained any experience.

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The so-called stupid, credulous and deluded Spiritualists have adopted the true scientific attitude, which is to explore every avenue of knowledge, to follow up every known fact, and, by observation and experience, to account for everything, even although it runs counter to preconceived theories and beliefs. For adopting this the only scientific attitude, Spiritualists have been denounced by the theologians and ridiculed by the scientists, besides being denied the expression of their discoveries by the British Broadcasting Corporation, which is in the grip of organised and orthodox science and religion.

The séances under review make clear that our mind, the seat of our memory, and a duplicate etheric body which we now possess, survive death, and that memory is as potent a factor in the life to come as it is here on earth. Likewise Telepathy is much more developed in Etheria than it is here on earth, and our thoughts reach our friends in Etheria in a way we cannot understand. The set prayers of all the orthodox religions have doubtless a soothing and comforting mental effect, especially in time of trouble, but it is the daily thoughts and aspirations which reach Etheria, though I am always doubtful if our Etheric friends can guide and order our lives as much as they profess to do.

It is unwise to be dogmatic on this question, as who can say why strange thoughts come into our minds at times which may have far-reaching effects on our lives? Etherians claim so much about the help they give us, that the only way to explain this is to try to understand why it is they feel superior to us, both mentally and physically. They feel that they are solid and everything about them is real and tangible,

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whereas to them we are flimsy ghosts and everything that we consider solid is intangible which they can pass through without noticing. It is well to remember that their world is solid to them, just as our world is solid to us, and that only when we come together in conditions where the two worlds meet do we get on speaking terms.

Another claim they make is that they live together in much greater harmony than we do on earth, that peace and contentment reign, the development of the mind, to the cultured, being their chief desire. Love, one towards another, seems to be their watchword. This being so, how far behind we are on earth from achieving their standard of living which alone brings happiness, peace and contentment to everyone.

Those who speak to us seem desirous of following, and being guided by, the wishes of "the higher ones" -those who have advanced to higher realms. I have never heard, or read anywhere, during the past thirty-five years, of a religious belief being advocated, always they stress the importance of the virtues and that as we sow on earth we reap. We never hear of the need of a belief in a vicarious sacrifice, of a saviour, or the necessity to believe

something before we can get into Etheria. All theological superstition is passed by in silence, and stress is always placed on how we live. A few talk of "the Master," but always rather vaguely, and it will be found that some say they follow one Master and some another, but those who spoke at these séances seem to have a common belief in God under different names.

However, they do not take up the line that we on earth must prepare to meet our God, as has been the theme of all this world's

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supernatural religions, but rather that we should live on earth so that we become good and respected denizens of Etheria. In this Sitting the advice is given that we fit ourselves on earth "to be able to take a reasonable place and a reasonable responsibility on the spirit side when you come over." That seems reasonable and rational, and quite devoid of the theological beliefs which have both comforted and hindered mankind throughout the long age of ignorance in which the great majority still live.

All are free to live in Etheria as they wish to do, and, though progress is open to everyone, all have freedom to choose to do as they like so long as there is no interference with the liberty and happiness of others. If they have not the will or wish to progress, then mental stagnation persists. Progress consists of mental unfoldment and, as that continues, Etheria becomes, to the individual, a place of greater beauty, greater prospects, greater opportunities and greater joy and happiness.

It is interesting to be told that we each have a heart, and all the other bodily organs which we have on earth, though they function rather differently there from the way they do here. This confirms the information given to us so often about our duplicate etheric body in which we live after death, and everything just fits in to make the complete picture of the etheric man, woman and child. We have the same feelings there as here because we have the same mind, the common factor between the two worlds. Everything is at a higher pitch, everything is more vivid and beautiful, which makes life more real and worth living,

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the absence of illness and the freedom from pain and discomfort enabling the vitality of the body to have full play, so that it does not tire or weary.

Mention should also be made that Etherians, when they come down to our level of vibrations, can see in our darkness which is no darkness to them. They can tell the time on our clocks or watches, and I have never known them to make a mistake. Moreover, they can touch any part of us with the trumpet

or their materialised hands, and never make a mistake. Often have I asked to be touched on different places, and it was done at once without hesitation or fumbling, right on the spot. I have held my hand and fingers in many different positions, and asked that different fingers be touched and this was done, all of which shows that intelligent people were present who could hear me speak and do as they were asked.

As these séances were held during the Second World War much is said about the help the Etherians gave to those who passed over during its tragic years. I remember being told by an informant from Etheria that some Etherians were always commissioned to follow all our 'planes crossing the sea, so that their occupants would be easily found and looked after if they were killed or drowned.

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

Monday, 1st June, 1942

Present: MRS. CRISSIE LANG, MISS MARY STOVE, MR. ALEXANDER HART, MISS JEAN DEARIE, MISS ISOBEL MCROBBIE, Miss ELIZABETH DUFF, MRS. LILLIAS BOWES, MISS CRISSIE COLQUHOUN, MR. JOHN SLOAN.

WE opened the Sitting with the hymn, Nearer, my God, to Thee, and then repeated The Lord's Prayer.

Nothing happened for a few minutes, and Mr. Sloan said : "I don't think anything is going to happen the night-I am just done now."

A Scotch voice suddenly said

"Dinna heed him; he is no done yet. Ye all feel doon at times, ye ken, and at ither times you feel as if you could loup (jump) ower a dyke (wall). What kind of cullivant is that you are using, Mr. Teacher ?" (Mr. Hart.)

We asked him what that word meant, and he said :

"A pencil, a pencil ; that is a new kind of pencil for me, Mr. Dominie (schoolmaster). There is a wee girlie here who wants tae speak to the schoolteacher lady; come awa in, my dear."

A child's voice then said :

"Auntie Isobel."

Miss McRobbie said: "Come away, dear, and speak to me; are you adopting me as your Auntie? That is nice."

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The child replied :

"You are my Auntie; I am your little girl."

Miss McRobbie said : "Can you tell me your name, dear? What was your name?"

The child replied

"I have no name on your earth."

Miss McRobbie said: "I quite understand, dear, but whose little girl are you?"
The reply came

"I am Willie's little girl."

Miss McRobbie thought this might be a child of one of her nephews, and she asked: "Where did Willie stay on the Earth Plane?", and received the reply:

"It was far away from you-Australia. My daddy is away helping the soldier men-he is working."

We then heard a puffing sound like an engine starting off.

Miss McRobbie's brother then spoke to her from the other side, and she asked him who the child was who had just spoken to her.

He replied :

"There is such a mixed family now, Isobel, I do not know them all."

Miss McRobbie said: "Well, she claimed to be one of the family, Willie's girl, she said." He answered:

"I will make enquiries."

Miss McRobbie said : "Perhaps you are not able to place them all : there are so many," and her brother replied

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"Oh yes, I can place them all on this side, but I have not heard anything about the child. I have just been with Mother and the two Fathers. I am very happy with both of them ; we have just had a nice talk together."

Miss McRobbie explains the meaning of the Mother and the two Fathers. Mrs. McRobbie, her Mother, was married twice, first to Mr. Thomson and then to Mr. McRobbie. Miss McRobbie was the first girl of the second marriage. Before Mrs. McRobbie passed on, she and Miss McRobbie had a Sitting with Mrs. Helen Hughes, the well-known Medium, when Mr. Thomson, Mrs. McRobbie's first husband, came through and said that he was going to adopt Miss McRobbie as his daughter. From that time onwards, whenever Miss McRobbie was in contact with the other side, she has been addressed by Mr. Thomson and by her own Father, Mr. McRobbie, who is also in Etheria, as the one with the two Fathers. Moreover, it seems that Mrs. McRobbie and her two husbands are on friendly terms, and this disposes of the old question about a wife in Etheria with more than one husband and a husband with more than one wife.

The little girl spoke again, saying :

"Nobody knows me; they did not think I was there at all. I am Willie's little girl, and you are my second Aunt Isobel."

Miss McRobbie said: "Of course I am. God bless you, darling. You will come again to speak to me, won't you? Will you come and see me at my home?"

The little voice replied :

"Oh yes, I will come to your home," and gave some kisses.

The door-keeper with the Scotch voice then said :

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"You will understand about that bairn (child), Miss Duff. Ye ken (know) how that might happen, She had no earth life at all, and her parents didna think she ever existed."

Miss Duff replied: "Yes, I understand very well, I was just thinking about that."

Miss McRobbie explains this incident about the child without known parents. The Sunday previous to this Meeting she had a Sitting with Mr. Phoenix, the well-known Direct Voice Medium, and there a number of young children belonging to some of the sitters came through and spoke. They adopted as aunts those who were strangers to them, and presumably the one who came through on this occasion was one of these.

The Scotsman now turned to Miss McRobbie:

"I got your thoughts. I was just hearing somebody tell me the day (what you call 'today') to look out when I got into the surroundings here; it was a man who happens to be your Father, and he said you would be able to redd (clear) up this matter of the child. This is not a house to me, ye ken."

Mrs. Bowes remarked : "Well, it is Mrs. Lang's home," and he replied:

"I hope I am not intruding."

Mrs. Lang said: "Certainly not, we are very pleased to have you with us."

He answered :

"If you could see the house I have !"

Mrs. Lang asked if we knew him, and he replied **"Well, I am not anonymous, you know."**

Mr. Sloan did not hear properly, and said : "Did you say your name was Amos?" We got an indignant:

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"No, Amos indeed! What a name! I would not claim such a name as that."

Miss Duff asked: "Will you not give us some further particulars about yourself?" and he replied:

"Do you know a place called Crieff ? Well, I came from somewhere near there. Were you brought up in the country, my dear ?"

Miss Duff replied: "No, but I love the country." He enquired :

"Ah well, you will not ken what a `but and ben' is ?"

We all replied: "Oh yes, we all know that" (a room and kitchen), and he said :

"Well, I lived in a but and ben, with an ingle neuk (seat in fireplace) and a big fireplace that had a swee or swivel for the muckle pat (big pot). I mind my Mother baking bread in it, and, my faith, I can tell you it cam' oot a fair treat. Here's a wrinkle in cooking for you ladies. You put your pot on the swee wi' a good fire underneath ; turn the lid of the pot upside down, and pit a fire in the lid-it was peat we used-and that cooks the top of the loaf for you."

Mrs. Bowes remarked: "This is as good as 'The Kitchen Front' on the wireless."

The Scotsman continued :

"My advice to you all is: 'Keep a calm sough (mind). It would have been better for me had I kept a calm sough sometimes, and kept a few things to mysel'. It is good to have self-restraint and be able to haud (hold) your tongue at the right time. I don't mean by that you should hiddle (hide) things and be deceitful, but it does not do to bare your heart to everybody. Keep your tongue bridled

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when necessary. There is a place, an allotment, for all classes when you shuffle off this mortal coil ; it is up to everyone to make their own Paradise on this side by the life you live while in the body.

"Your reception, and the place occupied immediately when you come to this side of life, will be in accordance with the condition you have built up on earth. There is no limit to your expansion afterwards, but I love to be near the Earth Plane as I feel I can help those who are coming over. I let my supplications arise to the Great Ruler of all the worlds-Who made them all-that this old earth which I used to inhabit will soon find peace. Let us link our prayers together ; a chain of prayer is a good thing, a powerful thing, if you have faith to believe it. I will say good day now. You all look couthy (kind) and canty (cheerful) and nice. God bless you."

Miss Stove then felt a hand in hers, and said: "Oh, what a lovely warm hand : thank you, friend." A voice replied :

"It is just the touch of a vanished hand, and this is the sound of a voice that was stilled. Mary it is John. I tried to hold your fingers, but I was, not sure whether you felt me or not."

Miss Stove replied: "Yes, I felt you, my dear. Oh, thank you so much for coming."

He replied :

"I wish I could do more for you but it is beyond my power at present. I will support you with my spirit thoughts and energy as far as I can. Pardon me, Ladies and Gentlemen, encroaching on your time so much."

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We replied that we were delighted to hear him, and he went on :

"You have been so generous and kind to Miss Stove. I would like to put on record your wonderful kindness. God bless you. There has been many a dark day. You know what dark days are, Mary, and I know what dark days are too, but there is a glorious day to follow, which has already dawned on me, and which must dawn some time on you also. Daybreak will shine; brightness will come; be of good cheer, darling, I will stand by you."

Miss Stove replied: "I know you will, dear, thank you so much for coming."

He said :

"Now I will just stand aside, as I do not like to encroach too much on your time when other friends are now coming in. I will keep close to you tonight. You are all so wonderfully generous in your kindness. May I thank you all ? I was so happy, Mary, when your Father came and spoke to me. I wish-well, I will say nothing about it now, but when the long last comes, which I hope may not be for a long time yet and that much happiness may still be your lot in the earth life, but when the time does come, dearest, then at the end of the road we shall clasp hands again. There will be no more partings, no more worry, no more care. Hand in hand, through the aeons of eternity, with spiritual love in our hearts, we will help others along and find service and joy in that work. God bless you, darling; no more just now."

The trumpet then touched Miss Dearie, and a man's voice asked :

"Miss Dearie, who is Mary, may I ask ?"

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Miss Dearie said : "She is my sister," and he continued :

"Well, Mary wants in. I was bundled in here to act as temporary door-keeper. I hope I am doing it fairly well."

Miss Dearie said: "Thank you, yes, do let Mary in. Come and speak to me, Mary."

The door-keeper said :

"I do not see her now. Mary was here wanting in, but I do not know where she has gone. Ah, there she is."

Miss Dearie said: "Mary, dear, where are you? Were you hiding? Do come and speak to me."

The trumpet then touched Miss Dearie on the face and shoulder, and Mary exclaimed :

"Jean, I am getting on wonderfully. How are you, Jean ?"

Miss Dearie said : "I am all right, dear. How are Mother and Father? Are they with you?" Mary replied

"Not just now, Jeanie. I am not beside them all the time; they are much more advanced than I am, but I am allowed to see them often, and, oh, how happy I am when they are with me!"

Miss Dearie answered: "I am sure you are, dear, and perhaps you will be able to be with them altogether soon. May I ask what you are doing, Mary? Is it a nice place you are in?"

Mary replied:

"Oh, Jean, it is beautiful, and I have such a dear little cottage to stay in with a beautiful garden. I had never seen such a lovely garden before with glorious flowers of all colours, flowers that we never see on earth,

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and they do not fade. They bloom all the time, and, when you pick them, others just seem to come in their place. What beautiful perfumes they have, and, Jean, there is honeysuckle growing up at each side of my door, masses of it. I just wish you could see it, it is so lovely, but you will see it some day, dear. I will show it to you."

Miss Dearie replied: "I am so glad, dearest, that you are in such a lovely place."

Mary continued :

"And now I am going to help you, dear, all I can. Isn't it fine that we can speak to each other, and that you got to know about this ?"

Miss Dearie said: "Yes, dear, I have known about it for some time, but you did not know before you passed over."

Mary replied :

"Mother and Father told me, and it was my first earnest endeavour to find a means of returning to speak to you."

Then Miss Dearie asked: "Give me a wee message of love for Tom, will you, dear?", to receive the reply:

"Tom knows he has my love. He has always had it. You have both been in my heart all the time."

Miss Dearie said: "Yes, dear, I know."

Mr. Sloan then remarked : "I see your sister quite plainly-building up beside you," and Miss Dearie said

"I hope you will be very, very happy, Mary, and that you will get joy for all your sorrows, dear." Mary concluded

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"They are as nothing to me now. I am glad to be away from it all. I am so happy here. I love you, darling, and will do all I can to help you and keep you company, for you are lonely sometimes."

Miss Dearie said: "Yes, dear, sometimes, and I know you will help me all you can."

A man's voice then spoke :

"I wonder who amongst you realises what a comfort to each other two lonely people can be when they meet and can understand and sympathise with each other."

Mary's voice was then heard in conversation with this man on her own side of life, and we heard her say to him:

"I know what you mean exactly-you must mean that when lonely and sad and an understanding friend comes in to see you, it relieves your weight of sorrow."

He replied to her:

"Thank you, my dear, that was beautifully put, and expresses what I meant to convey. Miss Dearie, you have a beautiful sister here ; she is so bright and happy."

"Thank you," said Miss Dearie.

Mr. Sloan then went into trance and was controlled by one of the Indians. He came over to Miss Stove and took her hands, saying

"Miss Stove, it is the Indian Chief speaking to you. It is Bobo. I was asked by your friend here to try to help you ; to stimulate you."

Another voice spoke at the same time to Miss Stove, saying

"Just listen to what he tells you, and do as he tells you."

Bobo went on speaking :

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"I am not able to tell you much, because your friend made me understand that you were not well, and I find you most robust. I thought he meant you were not well, and I see beautiful complexion, good circulation, and strong heart-beat. You are in quite good health ; many people would be pleased to have your vitality."

Miss Stove said : "I did not think I was so well as all that; I have been so worried lately."

Bobo replied :

"I am not able to define worry. I had plenty of worry in my earth life too, you know what I mean from my past record. I have got over it now, and I am trying to relieve other people. Could you not shake the worry off ?"

Miss Stove said: "I will try," and Bobo went on to say:

"You must do more than try-try double hard, and put your faith forth very strong."

Another voice broke into the conversation **"I will help you all I can."**

Bobo went on :

"Do what the friend behind me impresses you to do and all will come right. Give me your hand; I know my hand, the hand of the Medibox (his name for Sloan), is cold, not like that other man who shook hands with you before. I wish you God speed ; I wish you well. God bless you, from Bobo."

Miss Stove replied: "Thank you, dear friend, thank you very much."

He then came over to Miss McRobbie, and put his hands on her head. Miss McRobbie said: "Thank you, Bobo, that is lovely. I have spoken to you before."

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He replied :

"I know you know Bobo. You are not like the other little lady I have just been speaking to; you are not so robust."

Someone remarked : "Oh, but she is wiry." He replied :

"I do not know that word, but you are not able to stand up to much. You take it easy. I know by the touch of you that your physical constitution is not able to stand very much. You are wiry perhaps -but what wiry means I do not know."

Miss McRobbie said: "Bobo, could you help Mrs. Temple? She is so very seriously ill; she is the lady I am living with at present."

A new voice broke in :

"Tell her John is keeping near and will help her." Miss McRobbie promised to do so, and then Bobo asked

"Is she able to walk about ?",and Miss McRobbie said: "No, she is very, very near your side, my friend."

Bobo went on to say:

"I do not want to make what you call flatteries, but I mean it. You have a firm will, and when you make up your mind to do anything you will go through with it. You have made a good change from where you were, you will be better, but you must feed more. You know what I mean."

Bobo then went over to Mrs. Bowes, and said :

"Bobo likes to come to Mrs. Bowes. Your Dutch friend-he tell me to come."

Mrs. Bowes said : "Thank you, dear friend. Oh, that is lovely."

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He seemed to be giving her some massage. At the same time as Bobo was speaking, a voice spoke in a foreign language, and Bobo said :

"That is the Dutchman. He says I am to put my hands on your head. I do not feel anything wrong with you, except the vibration from your two hands, when I hold them, tells me that you have what you call `frayed nerves' ; thinking about things that will never happen. Trust more in the friends on my side of life, and the loving eyes that watch over you. Think of him; it is William, is it not, whom you love so much ?"

William, Mrs. Bowes' husband, now spoke:

"I will never, never leave you. God bless you, darling."

Miss Duff, who was then spoken to, and taken by the hand, said : "Thank you, Bobo," and received the reply

"It is not Bobo who touched your hand; it is your Father. I am working with this lady just now." (Bobo was giving treatment to Mrs. Bowes.)

Bobo then spoke to Mrs. Bowes :

"The Med's (Sloan's) hand is not too fine to touch you, but he will get the power all the same."

Mrs. Bowes said she felt the power, the vibrations going through her, and Bobo went on:

"I am very pleased if I can be of any assistance to you, so that you may feel well and feel the joys of life."

While Bobo was speaking to Mrs. Bowes and holding her hands, different voices spoke through the trumpets. Miss Duff's father spoke to her, and, with his materialised hand, held her hand. Miss Colquhoun was spoken to,

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and felt hands on her head. She said they felt warm and very natural. Bobo then spoke to Miss Duff:

"I thought, Miss Duff, when your Father was here that Bobo would just let him speak himself and give you the intimate message."

Miss Duff said : "Thank you, Bobo, that was nice of you." He then seemed to stand in front of Miss Dearie, and said

"I do not know how to address the lady here. It is the name."

Miss Dearie replied : "It is `Dearie'," and Bobo continued :

"I know that, but that name is sometimes used in an affectionate way, and I did not know if I might be allowed to use it."

Miss Dearie said: "I will be very pleased if you like to use it in that way too."

He then took Miss Dearie's hand, and said:

"Could you give me your other hand, please ?"

Miss Dearie said that she seemed to feel a sort of vibration or power coming from him, and she heard a voice which seemed to be speaking from just behind him, saying

"Jean, dear."

Miss Dearie said: "Oh, is it Mary back again?" But Bobo explained

"It is your Father; he is standing behind me so that vibrations may pass from him to me, and through me to you, and you will get our combined vibrations."

Miss Dearie said : "Oh, thank you, Father dear," and she felt hands on her forehead.

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Bobo continued :

"You are worried, but you should not be."

Miss Dearie said: "I am not aware that I am worrying," and he replied

"You do not sleep very well-is that not so ?"

Miss Dearie answered : "Yes, that is so-sometimes.I take a long time to get off to sleep."

Bobo replied:

"That is because you are worrying-subconsciously, perhaps. You want to do many things you feel you are not able to do, but do not worry ; everything will work out all right. You must sleep better, and then you will feel better and happier."

Bobo then took Miss Dearie's hands, placed them palms together, and slowly opened them, saying :

"Everything will go well with you ; things will open out to you just like a flower; like this."

Bobo then patted Miss Dearie several times on the hands, and went away saying :

"I must be going now, but I will first get this old Medibox back into his chair," and we heard him moving about the room, saying "He will be all right; I can leave him if I get him seated in his chair."

Someone said: "Bobo, are you not going to say something to Mrs. Lang?", and he replied:

"Mrs. Lang, you are all right. You have such beautiful friends who are able to help you on the spirit side of life. When you are in a quandary they will help you on the instant. Who said the landlady (Mrs. Lang) had need of Bobo? She is wonderful ; she would put the lot of you in the shade. The vibration I get from her is very, very good."

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Mrs. Lang said: "Thank you, but I have a very sore knee all the same."

He said **"What is the matter with your knee ?"**

Mrs. Lang replied: "I think it is a nerve; I have been told so, but, whatever it is, it is very painful." Bobo suggested

"Could you not get someone to massage it for you ? Could you not bathe it ?"

Another spirit voice spoke, and Bobo said to him **"What do you want ?"**

The voice replied :

"I want Mrs. Lang to get that knee cured. I shall get Dr. Barrie to look at it, or you might get Dr. Laidlaw on your side; he would be all right."

Bobo replied **"When I leave my Medibox I will get into touch with this Dr. Barrie."**

Another voice then spoke **"Get Charles Laidlaw, Mrs. Lang, he was a friend of mine."**

Mrs. Lang asked: "Is he in Glasgow?" He replied :

"I cannot just place him now. He was in Dumfries Infirmary the last time I heard."

Bobo spoke again, saying:

"I will now say good-bye to Landlady; Bobo does not want any doctors. I do not know them. I help with my healing."

We then sang the hymn They are winging, they are winging, and heard the little bell tinkling very clearly. This ringing went on during the singing, and for some time afterwards. It was Mr. Hart's small friend.

Another voice then spoke, saying :

"It is Robert Taylor. Mrs. Sloan brought me here."

Mr. Sloan, now out of trance, said: "Bob, I am so pleased to hear you."

He replied :

"This sweet little lady brought me. It was she who told me on the day I was going away (from his last séance with Sloan) that I would never come back in the earth life again, and so it was. She told me I would meet my Mother, and I met her whenever I came over. God bless you, Mr. Sloan. I wish I could help to cheer you up a bit. It was always the other way, you know. John Sloan is such a sterling fellow. It is an awful tragedy, ladies, this terrible war, and it is only coming to the worst now.

Miss Duff said: "Oh, I hope not," and Miss McRobbie said: "Yes, I believe that. I think it must come to a climax before it can end."

We asked when it would finish, and he replied :

"We are not sure. It must come in the hearts of men on your side."

Mr. Sloan said to Robert Taylor: "Well, you knew what it was last time-you went through it all."

Mr. Hart then asked: "Can you help the boys who spoke to us the other day? They were in the Air Force and crashed in Libya."

He replied **"They are all being helped, but I will try and get in touch with them."**

Another voice spoke "My dear friend Sloan."

Mr. Sloan said: "Who is that? You have an awful nice voice," and received the reply :

"You do not always have such a high opinion of me ; it is Whitefeather speaking. John Sloan-you must look after yourself better. He is just what I would call it, Mrs. Lang, a little eccentric in his ways. If you ask him to do a thing, that is the very thing he will not do. He is a little contrary. I am sorry for him."

Mr. Sloan said: "Now, Whitey, I am not as bad as all that, surely?"

Whitefeather replied:

"I do not say it in disparagement. You have a record which has gone before you, my brother Sloan, and when life's journey is over you will surely get your reward."

Mr. Sloan said: "I am not wanting any reward, Whitey. I have done nothing to get a reward." Whitefeather said :

"Every service gets a reward. The reward which I have received, Mrs. Lang, for what I have tried in my humble way to do on your side of life is that I have a little more knowledge of your language, and can talk somewhat in the way Mrs. Lang's son can talk; not at all in the same way, of course, but I can now make myself understood better. You always said that you understood me before, but it was a difficult thing sometimes to understand my way of talking.

"If I could carry each and every one of your burdens, the little worries and the big worries and cares that sadden your hearts today, I would take them all away, and it would be another jewel in my diadem, another bright jewel in my girdle, my reward. So call on me at any time,

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and, if I catch your vibration and can be of any assistance, I will come to you through the associations here, my connection with this home, and with my good old friend who is sitting beside you. Call, and I will answer that call."

Miss Stove said: "I think you come to see me sometimes, Whitefeather. I have felt that you were near me." Whitefeather replied :

"Often on winter nights on your plane, when the wind is howling and your heart goes out in loneliness, and you are seated at the fire which is brightly burning on your hearth, we are with you, and I say to John : 'She is quite happy.' Unfortunately you do not know we are there. You will know by and by. Miss Stove, I am sure in your heart of hearts you realise that it has mellowed life for you—this knowledge which you have gained of the communion with the spirit side of life. It has smoothed the road. The cross is not so heavy to carry.

"There is a day coming when you will be home at last to meet all those you love, and to meet those who love you too. I will return some little time later. I like to come in, Mrs. Lang. I just wish I could find the right word ; if I was with Mr. Lang he would give me the proper words to say to you, to expound my feelings with regard to each individual home

represented here. I do not mean exactly the separate homes, but in connection with this beautiful communing together. I have seen tears of sorrow in many of your homes and the light of joy. I have been near you when partings came and you have had to say good-bye to those you love, and I have tried to support you all I could.

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By your faith and the knowledge you have now gained, you know that it is not really a parting, it is only just a little step ahead.

"Some day the veil will be drawn aside, and I hope it will be drawn aside in a beautiful way, that will usher each of you into the spirit land beside those you love. May the Peace, the Joy, which cometh from the great 'I Am,' be in your hearts and minds, and your souls today, and guard your steps all through your journey in life, preparing the way to your beautiful home, and making those on this side rejoice in your efforts and successes, and give you a joyous entry into your life on this side."

Someone on the other side then sang :

"There is a light in the darkness for you, There is a light in the Valley, There is a light in the darkness for you, If you nurture the light that is in you."

We were not sure of the last few words, and asked the singer if he would repeat them. Whitefeather replied :

"That was just extempore, and I do not think we could ask the friend to repeat it at present."

Mr. Sloan remarked : "I don't know what you are talking about, Whitey."

Whitefeather replied :

"You are so dense, my dear old friend ; you used not to be so dense, you know, but there is a beauty in your denseness-God bless you."

Mrs. Lang mentioned that "We twa" (Lord and Lady Aberdeen) had been speaking to them at a

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previous sitting, and also some of the Generals from the Boer War, including Lord Kitchener, and how nicely "Ishbel" (Lady Aberdeen) had spoken. A gentleman then spoke from the other side, saying:

"Just like yourself, my dear. I like to hear you speak of my Ishbel like that. I like to dispense with decorations and titles, prefixes and affixes, and just to be content with 'We Twa' (or `We Two'). `We Twa' are working jointly to lighten and alleviate the sorrow and suffering in the world to-day, to the best of our ability, and trying to impress upon the hearts of those in authority the right thing to do, so that this strife may be ended. It will, however, take a little time yet."

After Lord Aberdeen ceased speaking he was followed by a very clear, distinct, manly voice:

"I fought for peace in my lifetime-both on the Home Front and elsewhere. It lies in the hearts of men."

We asked who was speaking, and he replied :

"I speak at a distance. It would not be conducive perhaps to your happiness if you were to say to anybody who had been speaking to you tonight. They would only laugh at you, most of them, and say `You fool'."

Mrs. Lang replied: "But we will not say it to those who would be likely to call us fools, and we would very much like to know who is speaking.

To this request the reply came :

"I am William Ewart Gladstone, and have come along with `We Twa'."

Miss McRobbie remarked: "A grand old man," and he replied

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"Thank you very much, that came very spontaneously from you, but my time was before yours, you cannot have known that."

Miss McRobbie said : "I have heard my Father speak about you, and you are known by that name, you know."

More will be said about the return of the Aberdeens and Gladstone at the end of this chapter.

Miss Colquhoun's Father then said to her :

"How are you, Crissie, my dear ? I am keeping near you and helping all I can. Keep your spirits up; it is Father."

Miss Colquhoun replied : "Thank you, Father dearest. How is Mother?"

Her Father said : **"She is here, standing at your side."**

Miss Colquhoun asked: "How are you, darling?", and then her Mother spoke to her.

"I do not like to see you worried, Crissie."

Miss Colquhoun said : "I am not worried now, dear. I am all right now. I miss you terribly, darling, but I am so glad you have got Father." Her Mother replied

"Uncle Cuthbertson was talking to me and we spoke about Aunt Mary."

"I remember her when they were in Shields Road."

Miss Colquhoun agreed, and then asked : "You are happy, aren't you, darling?", and her Mother assured her:

"I just wish you were half so well and happy as I am ; all my worry is to see you worried and nobody with you. I would not want to be back, Crissie, but I am so glad to come and talk to you. I would rather stay here, and get everything very nice for your homecoming."

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Miss Colquhoun asked: "Mother, have you ever met Aunt Agnes ?"

Her Mother said :

"No, but I have spoken to her, just as you would talk to someone on the phone. It is not the same, but that is the only way I can describe it. When I get the condition, I am able to speak to her. She is on beyond me. You will get many surprises at what happens here."

Another voice then spoke :

"I am just an Indian speaking. I am not like my friend, Whitefeather. I have not got the tuition but I have learned, by mixing with the people who come from the Higher Spheres, something of those advanced spheres, where they live. You know, my friends, in the Spirit World, space is beyond expression. We cannot measure it or limit it, and beyond in space are worlds beyond worlds, all peopled by those who have advanced far beyond us, and we on this side are only on the fringe of that journey towards those spheres where they dwell, gorgeous in their light, their beauty and their love, so that I must fail in my description of it."

"I do not want to go very far on my way until I get the members of my own family with me. Meantime I understand that once we pass beyond

these spheres in which I have been for a very long time, we shall at once acquire the knowledge of a language which everyone knows."

(Communication by telepathy, which requires no words.)

We asked who he was, and he replied:

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"I cannot say whether you will all know me in this little company of friends, as it is composed today. It is Blue Moon who is speaking. I am so delighted because I have learned to speak in your language, and am able to come to the home (Mrs. Lang's house) of my dearly beloved friend and brother (Arthur Lang), with whom I am a co-worker on this side of life. God bless you, my little hostess, and give you joy. They are all waiting at the Golden Gate, and when the sun shines bright on it earth will fade.

"I use the name `Golden Gate' as an expression symbolical, as the entrance from the physical to the spirit side of life ; where you shall all meet again and there is no more parting; where all misunderstandings are cleared away, and the little pin-pricks prick no more, and every tangled thread is straightened out for ever; where we are all brothers and sisters, helping and cheering each other on our eternal journey through life. This is Blue Moon. It is so true, as I have said before, that, when it comes to the parting of the ways, you cannot but have a feeling of sorrow at leaving friends on earth. As I tried to put it to you before :

'One last fond look from the friends who stand, One last hand-clasp of the parting hand, Ere the barque slips out on the evening breeze, For the shores of God's Summerland.' "

Another voice then spoke to Miss Stove, saying:

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"Miss Stove, it is Faithful speaking. I have been asked by friends, John number one and John number two, to speak to you, and to accompany you on the way home when you leave here. This I will have pleasure in doing. They are all busy, your friends here, not unduly so, for to be busy on this side is not an irksome job. It is a beautiful land."

(John 1 is Miss Stove's brother, and John 2 is John Hardman, her fiancé on earth, who has spoken to her on other occasions in the presence of Mr. Sloan and the other gifted Glasgow Direct Voice Medium, Mr. Phoenix. We shall hear more from John Hardman, a lawyer and author on earth, as this book proceeds.)

Faithful went on without a break :

"If I could just take you by the still waters and through the green pastures, through our lovely gardens, and show you our hillsides, our mountain ranges, and all the beauties of this wonderful country. Flowers that bloom in all colours which you will never know in the earth life, and which never fade or decay. The beautiful birds that sing in the trees, without fear. It is a wonderful country, and I worship the thought of the Mighty Chief who made it all, the Happy Hunting Ground. I found, when I came to this side, dear friends, it was not a hunting ground, unless it was hunting for friends known on earth, and who were as anxiously seeking for me."

Mr. Sloan said : "You have changed, Faithful. You do not speak as you used to do."

Faithful replied :

"Would you rather that I spoke in the old way ?",

and Mr. Sloan said : "Oh no, not at all, friend. I think you have improved."

Faithful replied :

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"You know it is the march of evolution, and such a wonderful evolution for me to get away from the cares and troubles of the world, for when you feast your eyes on the Spiritland beauties, earth fades into insignificance, except for the loved ones left behind. There is nothing to fear; the only thing I would advise you to do is to prune your earth plumage by good deeds and actions in a quiet unassuming way. You will find that not one of these little actions will be forgotten on this side; gems for your raiment, diamonds for your home. Everyone is reaping the labour of love which you have sown on earth life helping others ; it will all go to your heritage in the land of spirit."

Then came silence. Faithful, in a loud clear voice, without hesitation, had told us of the beauties and happiness in store for us, but we were soon to be brought back to everyday present realities by Mrs. Lang asking if some spirit friend could tell us the time. She explained that she did not want to have people hurrying away without tea as they did last time. In a few seconds someone from the other side said

"It is exactly twenty-five minutes to ten."

A very powerful voice then spoke. He said to Miss Colquhoun :

"Now keep of good heart and keep cheerful, Miss Colquhoun. There are many good friends helping you, and cast your care and your worries on the spirit side of life."

Then, addressing Mrs. Bowes, he said:

"Think of your big chief - if I may say William, whom you love so much; he is still anxious and willing to help you. You cannot load him too hard, it is the price he wishes to pay."

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To Miss Duff he said:

"The little lady who is always ministering to others who are in trouble and pain-may you also be of good cheer. You have changed very much in your life's work, in a new sphere, so to speak, and I am sure you will fill that with precision. I wish you luck and I wish you happiness in that sphere." (Miss Duff was a wartime nurse.)

To Miss McRobbie he said :

"The little lady who needs cheering again, that is your Mother standing beside you, my dear. She is very glad to know that you have changed from where you were, and have come to a different place ; she says it will be to your advantage. John will be all right, and she mentions Stranraer. I should have said Jim, not John. She has put me right, and you will understand now."

Miss McRobbie agreed, and then he spoke to Miss Dearie with some hesitation

"I am in a difficulty about the next name Dearie ; am I allowed to call you that ?"

Miss Dearie said : "Certainly, I will be very pleased."

"Thank you, my dear; your sister is getting on very nicely on this side, she is extremely happy. Have you a brother in earth life ? Your sister seems to be specially interested in him just now. Tell him to work with care and make his decisions very carefully at the present time."

Miss Dearie replied that this was quite correct, and then the nameless speaker addressed Mr. Hart

"I am rather timid about speaking to the schoolmaster. I might make a slip grammatically."

Mr. Hart replied : "That will not matter," to receive in answer :

"You are a beautiful writer. You write such beautifully small letters with a big meaning, and you have a bright mind, which, if you don't mind my saying so, you can express in writing better than in words. Well, I would suggest if you are going to speak, put it down on paper first and then give vent to it afterwards."

The speaker then said to someone on his own side

"No, I am not going away yet. I am going to speak to some others here."

Evidently he stood aside for a little, as a different voice now spoke to Miss Stove, saying :

"It is Father speaking to you. How are you, my dear? You know how hard it pinches me to see what you have come through. I am so happy that you know we are happy here, and often with you."

Miss Stove said: "Thank you very much, Father; and Mother-how is she?"

Her Father said :

"Mother sends her love to you. She is away at a distance just now, working amongst the dear ones who have been transported from the Earth Plane to this side through the War. She is a wonderful woman, your Mother-and my darling."

Miss Stove replied : "Yes, Father dear, she is wonderful. God bless you."

The previous speaker then spoke to Miss Stove, saying :

"As your Father was beside you, I thought it better to let him give that message himself, so I took a back seat, Miss Stove, but I join in the sentiments of what he was saying. I think I must go now."

Someone said : "Are you not going to speak to Mrs. Lang?", and he replied:

"Mrs. Lang will be quite satisfied to know that Blue Moon spoke to her. You may take it from me, my dear friend, Mrs. Lang, the subject which he delivered to you is part and parcel of the expressions of myself and

of your own dear ones who are often with you ; and, as for my old friend here, I need not speak to him because he would not believe me."

Mr. Sloan said: "I wouldna say that, but who is talking to me?"

He got the reply:

"You should know who I am. You are glad that I have progressed ; you know I did not understand many of the things you used to say, but now I understand all that is said. I am Pathfinder. My dear friends, I wish I had the power and that I could direct you all into the path of rest, the path of joy, and the path of happiness, but unfortunately, during the earth life you are in, you cannot always take these paths. I have tried to show you the pathway which leads from the cares and troubles of the world life, to rest and peace, to home and friends at last, never more to part again. God bless you. I am Pathfinder."

Mrs. Lang said: "Thank you, Pathfinder. Will you close the Meeting for us?", and this he did in these words

"Spirit of Purity in Whom there is no guile, Who knows every heart and understands every soul, let the blessing of Thy holy harmony and the blessing

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of Thy holy love rest upon and remain with them. Overshadow them with Thy wings of love, guard them with Thy Almighty Power, and keep them from all harm and care until life's journey is done, giving them a final and glorious entry into Thy glorious Home at last, and to Thee be the Glory for ever and ever. Amen."

Mr. Greenlees (Mrs. Lang's father) started the Doxology from the other side, and then said

"Crissie, you can sing it best yourself," which we did and this ended the Sitting.

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*, and, if the reader, as I do, feels that many questions occur to him in the record of the Sittings reported in this book he is now reading, the answers will probably be found by referring to these, my earlier works.

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Because of war conditions most of the sitters at the Meetings reported in this book, *Where Two Worlds Meet*, were women, anxious to speak to their friends and relations on the other side. They were familiar with the conditions, having sat at previous séances, and those matters they had wished to know about had doubtless been already cleared up. So they sat, listened and spoke when spoken to from Etheria, and, when everything is added up, it will be found that they obtained a great amount of valuable information.

Consequently, in this book, we shall find many homely talks, interspersed with sermonettes and lecturettes, in each of which there is something of value to remember. Several of the sitters were mediumistic to a certain degree, and sensed individual Etherians who were present and sometimes they referred to them by name before they spoke.

It is not easy or natural for Etherians to produce the sound of their earth voices, especially when the vibrations of their vocal organs have been reduced by absorbing ectoplasm and the other ingredients they add to it, to bring them down to the level necessary to vibrate our atmosphere. So only occasionally do we recognize their earth voices, and the wonder is that we hear them so distinctly that we can easily distinguish them as the voices of men, women and children. We can easily tell the sex of the speaker, and sometimes the men's voices are so loud that the sitters wonder if neighbors will be disturbed and think a quarrel is going on.

To the novice it is all very strange, and the darkness makes it rather eerie, but that feeling soon passes off.

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General conversation between the sitters, besides the necessary singing to relieve any tension and keep the atmosphere in movement, prevents us from concentrating too much on our strange situation. A relaxed individual is more easily drawn from than one strung up, as, besides getting the ectoplasm from the Medium, the sitters are also drawn upon to a certain extent.

The Medium gives his ectoplasm in more abundance, but each one supplies a quota which is returned to Medium and sitters when the Sitting comes to an end. Neither the Medium nor the sitters are any the worse. So we are told not

to cross our legs, as to do so prevents the orifices of our body remaining naturally open, and, from time to time, a sitter is asked by an Etherian to put his two feet on the floor. They never make a mistake as they have their own light and can see everything because our darkness means nothing to them.

Our minds can also be read by them without difficulty, and they can tell all our thoughts. Each mind produces pictures which we call thoughts. We picture a horse, or a table, or a house when we think of them. That is what thinking is, and they can see these pictures as we see pictures on a cinematograph screen. Thus they can read our thoughts and tell us what we are thinking about. Not only have they told me that they can see the pictures made by my mind, but I have tested them and been told time and again what my thoughts were. So this makes us understand what the Scotsman meant at the beginning of the foregoing séance when he said : "I got your thoughts."

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Our friends in Etheria tell us repeatedly that our position and condition, when we reach them, depends on how we live here, and that as we sow we shall reap. We will not come across angels and devils when we pass on, but men and women like ourselves in form, feature and character, both good and bad. Our character will decide for us with whom we shall live, but all who speak to us seem anxious to progress and develop mentally.

It is this mental unfoldment which goes on in Etheria, in a much more marked degree than here on earth, that accounts for the different planes on which they live. Evidently our thoughts influence our etheric body in a way we cannot understand here, and its vibrations are affected by thought. As they think, so do their bodies vibrate, and, as they vibrate, so Etherians live in a place harmonious to these vibrations, but, by lowering their vibrations by thought, they can come right back to earth and take on earth conditions.

Our memory, being part of our mind, goes with us when we die, because our mind is housed in our etheric body, and it surrounds and interpenetrates our etheric brain in our etheric head. We notice that our friends who come back to us remember what took place on earth, and their affection for us seems as strong as it was before they left our earth. Much evidential information has been received from Etherians over the past hundred years, and some of this is contained in hundreds of different books recording messages from Etheria. They remember what happened on earth and, when an Etherian recalls things to our minds which we have forgotten, or tells us something that happened, about which we know nothing, and later find to be true, we come to the conclusion that the person speaking is none other than the one he (she) claims to be.

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This conclusion comes to us as we read on, and voice after voice speaks. Each voice speaks to the right person and has something to say which interests that person. No systematic attempt is made in these recorded séances, by the speakers, to remind the sitters about past events, but, when relations or friends speak from the other side, they carry on just as if they were part of the circle and speak to those they know. They know their friends here and their friends on earth recognise them by what they say, just as happens on the telephone where one understands the other. Our first name usually is used when in conversation by telephone with relations, so perhaps it is not so strange that sometimes their second names are not always given by our Etherian relations when they speak to us.

Only one conversation between a mother and son, or between a sister and brother, or between two friends, one here and one in Etheria, would not convince us, but, when we get them by the hundred, and everything is understood and natural, we must conclude that, when added up and brought together, there is an overwhelming mass of evidence that those who speak are none other than those they claim to be. Otherwise whose voices are speaking, whence comes the affection and personality, and who is it who gives these talks to us about the land they live in, and how best we should live on earth so that we can join them when we die? It must all be real and true, because all this undoubtedly has happened, and still does happen, and all we have read, and will read, could never have taken place unless men, women and children, though unseen, had taken part in the conversations reported.

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Take, for instance, the return of Lord and Lady Aberdeen and Mr. Gladstone. How natural it all is when we know what went before. Lord and Lady Aberdeen were both Spiritualists and I knew them well. Lady Aberdeen told me that Lord Aberdeen, the first Marquis, died in his chair while reading *On the Edge of the Etheric*. Later on my brother took Lady Aberdeen, who was unknown to Sloan, to a sitting with the Sloan circle when Lord Aberdeen, Lord Goschen, Mr. E. Gladstone, Lord Rosebery and Mr. Bonar Law spoke to her. In my brother's book *Reunited* he tells how Mr. Gladstone made a number of correct references to his home, Hawarden, about which only Lady Aberdeen could have known, as she had stayed there.

Then Lord Aberdeen said to his wife, "Do you remember, Ishbel, the 25th of July? That was a very happy day. Mrs. Gladstone sent you a picture." This was the day they became engaged to be married, and on the same day they were driving down Bond Street in London when they saw Mr. Gladstone on the pavement. They stopped and told him of their engagement, and that evening a letter of congratulation, and a small water-colour picture, were received by her from Mrs. Gladstone. The two families are still friends, and Gladstone said that he was brought to the séance we are now considering in this book by "We Twa," the name Lord and Lady Aberdeen gave themselves from their book of that title recording their happy married life.

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

Present: MRS. CRISSIE LANG, MR. ALEXANDER HART, MRS. HILDA MORITZ, MR. GEORGE MORITZ, MISS MILNE, MISS JEAN DEARIE, MISS ELIZABETH DUFF, MR. DONALD CAMERON, MRS. LILLIAS BOWES, MISS CRISSIE COLQUHOUN, MR. JOHN SLOAN.

WE opened with the usual hymn, Nearer, my God, to Thee, and then repeated The Lord's Prayer. A voice from the other side joined in the "Amen."

We were talking about gardens, and Mr. Sloan asked Miss Dearie if she had a garden.

Miss Dearie replied: "No, just a small patch at the back which could hardly be called a garden."

He asked Miss Duff if she had one, and Miss Duff replied :

"Oh, it is just a little patch, but I have been trying to grow some vegetables on it."

A voice from the other side broke in :

"You are just a sweet little patch yourself."

We laughed, and Miss Duff said: "Thank you very much, friend."

Miss Milne then said she was getting a lot of names through-both of places and people, but she did not know who they were for.

A voice said :

"Well, if you give them out, it might bring some other person who could explain, my dear."

Miss Milne replied : "Well, I am getting the names Benjie and John, and someone is saying `the Colonel is here'."

No further explanation was given at this time, so we sang The Lord is my Shepherd.

After this we heard two spirit voices talking to each other in a foreign language, and the trumpets touched Mrs. Bowes, who said: "Oh, thank you, friends. Have you a message for me? How kind of you. How I wish I could understand what you are saying. Can you understand what I am saying to you?"

A voice in very broken English then said:

"I am your friend. I Indian."

Mrs. Bowes said: "Oh, thank you, friend. Were you a North American Indian?"

The voice replied

"No, no, East Indian. I say : `All right-all well with Bill'," who was abroad in the Forces.

Mrs. Bowes said: "Oh, that is lovely, friend. Thank you very much. Are you the Indian who is attached to my Bill?"

He replied:

"Lady, I that man. I help Bill all can. India very troubled and I do all can to help. Good day."

Mrs. Bowes said: "God bless you for what you are doing."

He replied:

"Thanks." (Pronounced "tanks".)

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Mrs. Bowes said to us: "Bill knows he has an Indian Guide. He is a little psychic himself, and he understands about this."

The Indian replied

"Bill-much psychic."

Another voice then said:

"Did you make out what was said ? Did you understand ?"

Mr. Sloan replied: "Well, it would be a job to understand some of your talk sometimes, friend."

Mr. Moritz said: "Oh no, Mr. Sloan, that friend is talking very plainly indeed: yes, we quite understood, friend."

The voice replied :

"Friend Sloan, you are not very complimentary to me."

Mr. Sloan said: "I apologise, friend (friend), I didna mean to disparage you at all, but some of the foreign freens are awfu' difficult to understand-222 is a terror."

Mr. Cameron said: "Oh no, 222 is very fine and a beautiful speaker."

Another voice from the other side remarked :

"You are just the same old John Sloan, you must get it off your chest."

Miss Colquhoun here remarked : "It is very wonderful when you think of all the friends who come to talk to us here. It should make us all very happy."

To this a voice replied

"Thank you, my dear, that is the proper spirit to come here with, my dear girl. Knock, and it shall be opened unto you. Seek-and wait, and you shall see. We must obey; we cannot hurry anything here, or anyone. If they are not present, well—we cannot help it."

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We sang next, Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing, and a sweet little bell rang all the time, keeping time to the music. One of us remarked that this was done by Mr. Hart's little friend and how nice it was to hear the bell ringing so beautifully.

A reply came from the other side :

"When we love someone then nothing is a trouble; nothing is too much and no work too tedious to bring joy to those we love. This, however, is not tedious work, but a great joy to us, getting these little messages through to you."

Then another voice said:

"I am one of these. Oh, how I long to get a message through to one I love."

Mrs. Lang asked: "Can we send a message, friend? Tell us who is speaking."

The voice replied:

"I have not been here long, and I do not know any of you, Ladies and Gentlemen, but, oh, how I long that one I loved so well should know that I still live, that I am not dead."

Mrs. Lang asked: "Does she know about this?", and received the reply:

"She does not know. I do not think so. I am afraid not ; I am afraid not, but, oh, how I long to be able to tell her that I still live."

Another voice from his own side then spoke to him:

"You must go now. We only brought you in here to see the possibilities. Do not brood too much, and the door will be opened to you. You may get in contact later."

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To this he replied :

"God bless you for saying that. I thank you. I am indeed privileged in being allowed to be a spectator here, and it gives me joy and lightens my soul that the possibility will come my way of getting through to the one I love."

The other voice said to him "It will come, my brother," to which he answered :

"I am willing to let my case stand over for a little while until those who know better than I do think I am more fitted to let my case come forward again."

Miss Milne said: "He sounds as if he had been a lawyer. His speech has a legal sound about it."

We then heard what sounded like the name "Robert", and asked if that was right.

The reply came :

"It is Robert. How are you getting on, Mrs. Moritz? Your responsibilities are growing all the time."

Mrs. Moritz said she understood what was meant by this message. A voice then spoke to Mr. Sloan, and he asked who was speaking, to get the reply

"It is just your old friend, and if I were to tell you, you would just say 'Your are an auld nuisance.' It is Downie."

Mr. Sloan said : "I wouldna say that, Mr. Downie, though you were a bit cranky." Mr. Downie replied

"Cranky-well, what about yourself? We would not be human if we were not all a bit cranky at times. I do not like anyone thinking they are so perfect that they are not touchy sometimes. The

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little irritations of life irk everyone. We cannot all see through the same glasses, Mr. Hart. We cannot all enjoy the same appreciation of the beauties round about us. Some things appear more beautiful to one than to another, and we carry that feeling over here until we advance further in this lovely land towards perfection.

"It is a constant source of wonder to me to understand why I can speak to you here so that you can hear me. I think I must be speaking very clearly tonight, because I sometimes come into your surroundings, not only here but in your home, and talk to you in the same manner as I am speaking at present, but you do not appear to hear me. I must give the credit for you being able to hear me now to our old friend here."

Mr. Sloan replied : "Well, friend, I do not know whether it is a credit or an affliction," and to this characteristic remark Mr. Downie replied:

"It is a most glorious affliction."

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

"How are you, Mr. Moritz, and you, Mrs. Moritz ?" Mr. Moritz asked who was speaking, and heard in answer:

"You should know who it is. These were the good old days. I have not managed to change the bank notes yet, Mr. Moritz. I am giving you a clue, you know, and you are getting pretty hot, Mr. Hart. You are thinking of Greenock."

Mr. Hart said: "Is it Mr. Wink?", and the reply came :

"Precisely."

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Another voice from the other side then said rather loudly :

"You must be brief, friend."

Mr. Wink said :

"How are you, Mrs. Moritz ?"

Mrs. Moritz replied that she was very well, and glad to hear him speaking. One of us asked if the name was Wink or Winks, and got the reply

"Wink, Wink. I would not carry such a name as Winks."

The trumpet fell suddenly and Miss Colquhoun lifted it up as Mr. Wink remarked

"Your speaking-tube went away and I could not speak. Thank you, Miss Colquhoun, for assisting me to get it back."

A voice then broke in:

"It was not the old fellow's trumpet so he need not get riled at me."

Mr. Sloan said: "It does not matter to me, friend, which trumpet you are using," and to this the same voice replied

"It was not Mr. Wink who said 'the old fellow's trumpet.' It was me."

One of us asked, "And who is me?", to get the reply :

"I am I ; that is all you are going to be told meantime."

Mr. Cameron remarked that he had a dominant voice, and received as the answer:

"If you were feeling 'I am it,' you would have the same voice yourself, friend Cameron."

Miss Duff passed the remark that he sounded very well pleased with himself, and he replied:

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"I discharge my duty to the best of my ability, Miss Duff. I hope I am not speaking rudely to you."

Miss Duff replied : "Not at all, friend, and I hope you did not take offence at what I said." To this apology he answered

"Certainly not, but when I give an order I expect it to be obeyed, and, when I receive an order, I try to obey it as best I can."

We sang again, *They are winging, they are winging*, and several voices sang the hymn along with us. There were at least three spirit voices singing at the same time, two of which were very clear and distinct; and besides this a lovely light floated about, keeping time to the music. After we had sung two or three verses, a lady's voice said

"Oh, do sing it again, my darlings! I love to hear you sing and I love to join in these hymns. It brings back the old days when I was in the body."

Mrs. Lang asked who had spoken, and the reply came back :

"Ina."

Mr. Sloan exclaimed: "Ina! I knew Ina very well; what a dear wee soul she was. I had her husband up seeing me a couple of months ago, and he was awful cut up when we were speaking about her."

The voice said

"My Jack, my dear Jack."

Another voice then said:

"Now, now, Mr. Sloan, you are not to get upset. I am Billie, and I am looking after Mother."

Mr. Sloan said : "Wee Billie, are you looking after Ina, your Mother? I am real glad to hear you speaking. You were just a wee fellow when you went over.

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You just hunt up 'Mammy' (Mrs. Sloan). She was real fond of you and will help you to look after your Mother."

Billie replied:

"We were speaking to her not long ago."

A voice then said :

"Margaret; good evening, friends."

We asked who she was for, and got the reply:

"It is Margaret Cochrane speaking. I bring a message for Isobel McRobbie. All our love to her. She will know who it is-James and Margaret Cochrane-and our love to Jim too."

The message was sent to Miss McRobbie, who afterwards mentioned that James and Margaret Cochrane were brother and sister, and her close relations, Jim being her eldest brother and still on earth.

A lady then spoke to Mrs. Lang, and said:

"Mrs. Lang, will you give Bessie a message ? This is her Mother speaking. Tell her I heard her asking for a message, and please let her understand that I am here tonight. I am often with her, and in all the turns and twists on the road of life my hand will guide her. Tell her that from Mother."

Mrs. Lang promised to do so, and received the reply :

"Thank you so much. I may be able to do something for you some day. You spoke to Bessie on the 'phone one day as well. I tried to chip in but I could not do so. Tell Bessie to keep her spirits up. Tell her, Mother thinks she has done nobly. God bless her. She must keep going. None of you will go away until your duties on earth are completed,

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and may God give you grace to say to the end `Thy will be done.' It takes a big heart and a big fortitude, sometimes, to say `God knows best,' but you will see that this is so when you come to this side. God bless you.

Mrs. Lang said : "Bessie will get your message, Mrs. Stevenson, as soon as I can get into touch with her in the morning."

A man's voice then said:

"Well, Mr. Cameron, what do you think of that now ?"

Mr. Cameron replied : "It was very interesting and very nice," and to this the voice replied

"Was it not very lovely to hear that beautiful message sent from a mother to a daughter ?"

Mr. Cameron replied : "Very nice indeed," and the voice went on :

"As I heard one of the Indians say to you recently 'If once perfect love has flowed in your heart, nothing can eradicate that love. It will burn through all earth life and through eternity.' "

Miss Colquhoun asked: "Who is speaking?", and the voice replied:

"You should know who it is, Crissie."

Miss Colquhoun asked: "Is it Father?", and he replied :

"It is Father. You know my love for you will never die, my darling. It is stronger than ever. Now bear up, my darling."

Miss Colquhoun said : "Thank you, Father dear, and how is Mother? Is she not with you as usual?" Mr. Colquhoun said

"No, Crissie, she is doing other work tonight,"

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and to this Miss Colquhoun asked: "Is she getting on, Father?", his reply being :

"Splendidly."

He then placed materialised hands on his daughter's head as though blessing her, and then clasped her hand. Mr. Cameron asked a question about this, and then he too felt hands on his head.

Mr. Colquhoun asked:

"Can you feel my fingers, Sir ?"

and Mr. Cameron replied : "Yes, I do, Sir, and quite strongly too."

Mr. Colquhoun said :

"You know the saying-'Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand.' Well, you have got that tonight."

Mr. Cameron replied : "Thank you, my friend."

Mr. Cameron remarked that he wondered why there was often a sad condition brought along when friends were speaking to us, and received the reply:

"We are not sad. Some day we may make the meaning clear and you will understand."

Mr. Cameron said : "I was asking a very natural question just now: is it that you take on something of the Medium's condition when you appear sad at times?"

A new voice replied :

"We are not sad—quite the reverse ; it is only when we see and feel the unhappiness of others on contacting this plane that we take on a

kindred feeling. You would not be human if you did not feel sad and sorrowful for others at times. We would not be brothers and sisters to each other if we did not get this mutual sorrow, and this applies not only to your own friends, but to all those ministering angels who watch over you. They have kindred feelings with you, and enter

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into all your sorrows and all your joys, and try to help you at all times. You know in your heart. I am an Indian speaking to you.

"Each individual heart in this little gathering today has some little care and worry at times that you cannot talk about to anyone. Then the flight of memory goes out and you think of one you have loved very much, and you say-'Oh, if I had only Jeanie, James, Mary, or John here, I could tell them all about it,' and probably the one you are thinking of is standing beside you at that time, trying to help you and sending out love to you. God bless you all."

We heard another voice speaking apparently to the Indian who had just spoken:

"That was fine-good for you."

Then came a strange noise through one of the trumpets, like a rocket going up, to be followed by tapping like a morse code message. Then came the word

"Poona."

This was repeated twice and then stopped. We were not told what it meant, and Mrs. Moritz could not catch the morse message-if it was morse.

We sang the hymn *Count your Blessings*, and after singing it a voice said very gently

"Count your many blessings, count them every one, and it will surprise you what the good God hath done. I am Walter Howell."

Mr. Sloan said: "Mr. Howell. I am so glad to hear you speaking. I was always so fond of Mr. Howell. He was always so kind and gentle. A good man."

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Mr. Howell replied :

"Thank you, my friend. May I return the compliment, brother Sloan ?"

Mrs. Lang enquired for Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, and Mr. Howell replied that they were engaged in some other work and could not come tonight.

Mr. Howell then asked:

"How is my friend, Mr. Thomson? Do you know ?"

Mrs. Lang replied : "Oh, well, he is getting on in years like the rest of us, but I think he is all right. I see his daughter sometimes."

Mr. Sloan added : "I am glad you remember us all," and he replied :

"Yes, I remember very well. I could not forget old friends. I am just waiting to see you all when you come over. I remember with joy many incidents in my earth life but God has given me a great blessing, Ladies and Gentlemen. He has given me eyesight that I may see and render a little service and succour to many of my fellow brothers and sisters in earth life when they come over here. I hope I did my little best while in earth life. It was very little but I did the best I could.

"To all here I would say, in the troublous times you live in, when you seem up against it, leave all your troubles and cares entrusted in the love of God. Victory will come if you persevere. Count your many blessings. If you just take a retrospective view, any one of you, I am sure in your inmost souls you will say—'I have come past many a tight corner and I must count my blessings for the guidance received'. God will enable you to find a solution for all life's troubles.

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I have found it, and all of you will experience these good things if by faith you cling to the good old way."

The trumpet then touched Mr. Cameron and a voice said:

Jim.

Mr. Cameron said : "Yes, I know Jim, come away.

The voice said :

"What have you got to say to me ?"

Mr. Cameron replied : "I am very interested in you, Jim, and I am very pleased to contact you here. You are Jim Black, are you not?"

The voice answered :

"Yes, and John is here also. We are both beside you."

Mr. Cameron replied: "John, I am delighted you have come. How are you getting on?" John said :

"Throw out your thoughts to us sometimes, and if you are in trouble. I don't want trouble to come to you but, if it does, don't be above letting a little message go out to us. It would make us so happy to be allowed to help you in any way."

Mr. Cameron remarked : "Thank you. Would that be helpful to you?", and received the reply :

"It would be beneficial to both sides."

Another voice addressed Mrs. Lang:

"You know, sweet lady, there are so many in trouble today on your side of life. I tread the path of your earth way at times and my heart is sad. I know you are wondering at me saying `My heart is sad', but I take on the feelings of sadness, distress

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and sorrow which are around, and I just wish I could lift them all away. I just wish all in the Earth Plane could get into harmony with divine love and leave their cares and sorrows behind them. Yes, friend Sloan, I see you sitting there moping. I know you would not listen to me if you knew who was talking."

Mr. Sloan replied: "Oh yes, friend, I am always pleased enough to listen, and I suppose if you are talking I will have to listen to you whether I want to or not, but I will not promise to do what you tell me."

A girl's voice then broke in:

"Daddy, my own dear Daddy!"

Mrs. Lang asked: "Is it Nessie or Peggy who is speaking?", and the voice answered:

"I did not know my Daddy well in the earth life, but, oh, how I love him now. It is Nessie, Daddy. I saw you looking at the only photograph you have of what was my little frame."

Mr. Sloan said: "God bless you, my wee girl. I was just looking at it yesterday."

Miss Dearie asked Mr. Sloan how old Nessie was when she passed over, and he replied : "One year and a day."

Mr. Sloan continued: "I was looking at a lot of photos the other day, and that one I have of Mr. Lang. It is not very clear, Mrs. Lang "

A voice interrupted what he was going to say :

"You lost the negative and it was taken off an old photo."

Mr. Sloan replied : "I dinna mind (I don't remember) losing any negative," but the voice insisted

"Yes, you lost the negative and it had to be taken off an old photograph."

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Mrs. Lang exclaimed : "Yes, that is right, Mr. Sloan. I remember you lost the negative and hunted all over for it. Who is it that knows all about the photos? It must be someone who knows me very well."

Miss Colquhoun said: "Yes, and he is a very clear speaker."

The unknown voice replied:

"Thank you, my dear. It is very difficult to tune in to your conditions just now. The vibrations around you are so difficult to manage, and more energy is taken from our reserves to try and ease the pathway, to show the light, to open the way to those who are making the crossing through this War, and that is a beautiful duty-to feel that we can bring comfort to someone, to convince them that they are no longer the tenants of their earth body.

"The most surprising thing to many is to find that they are just the same and that they are not in Heaven and they are not in Hell. They are just where the good God has meant them to be for the time being. It is a beautiful world. Those they have left behind are their chief anxiety, and their greatest desire is to get into contact with them and let them know that they are still alive. That desire will be granted in time when they get a little rest and have recovered from their crossing.

"I wish I could portray to you the startled look on some of the faces of those who have made the change and find they are standing, firmly

grounded. We try to explain to them that they have passed from the earth life into the Spirit World. As one

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young man, a young soldier, said to me: `But I am myself; it is amazing-look-this is my hand; these are my legs; I am myself; I still have my body.' Then it dawns upon them, and immediately their thought is of those left behind whom they love. It may be a mother, sister, brother, wife or sweetheart. How to get into touch with them and let them know that everything is all right; that they still live. Their chief plaint is: `Oh, that I could tell them.' We explain that this may be possible later on and then things are much better.

"No one is left alone on coming over here; not one passes the border-line without some ministering one receiving them, and they are the more favoured who get their own friends. Many of those who are coming over at the present time are not conscious of their passing. They had given little, if any, thought to the spiritual side of life while on the Earth Plane, and they are very confused. They had not been schooled in the way of life that you, my friends, have been. You know what to expect in a general way, but they had not that knowledge."

The trumpet then touched Miss Dearie, and a voice said :

"And how are you, my ain kind Dearie oh ?"

Miss Dearie replied : "I am very well, thank you. Who is speaking?"

He replied :

"It is Jim-James, you know."

Miss Dearie said: "Thank you, James, but I am afraid I do not know who you are yet. I would like to know what your second name is." He laughed, and said

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young man, a young soldier, said to me: `But I am myself; it is amazing-look-this is my hand; these are my legs; I am myself; I still have my body.' Then it dawns upon them, and immediately their thought is of those left behind whom they love. It may be a mother, sister, brother, wife or sweetheart. How to get into touch with them and let them know that everything is all right; that they still live. Their chief plaint is: `Oh, that I could tell them.' We explain that this may be possible later on and then things are much better.

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The trumpet then touched Miss Dearie, and a voice said :

"And how are you, my ain kind Dearie oh ?"

Miss Dearie replied : "I am very well, thank you. Who is speaking?"

He replied :

"It is Jim-James, you know."

Miss Dearie said: "Thank you, James, but I am afraid I do not know who you are yet. I would like to know what your second name is." He laughed, and said

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"I am not going to tell you, my dear. I am going to keep you guessing."

Miss Dearie said: "Well, I have not guessed yet." The trumpet patted her on the knee several times, but nothing more was said.

Then another voice exclaimed :

"Bob, Bob, Bob."

We asked who it was and got the reply:

"It's Bobbie. Where is Mother? I used to speak quite often to you, John Sloan. It's Bobbie Humble."

Mrs. Lang said: "Bobbie, I am delighted to hear you speaking," and he replied :

"Yes, I got the sensation that I should come to you, Mrs. Lang. When you see Mother, tell her that Bobbie is still Bobbie, with all his mischievous ways, the same laughing ways that she loved so well. Tell her I am waiting but not worrying, until the sands of time run out and she joins me here."

Mrs. Lang promised to do so. Then someone remarked that there was no message for Miss Stove to-night.

Mrs. Lang said she had had a letter from Miss Stove and that she had got her affairs settled very well and was quite happy again.

A voice from the other side said she was Miss Stove's mother.

"I am sure I told her all would come well, Mrs. Lang. Just to have patience, and I know she trusted my word. Everything will workout well by and by."

Another voice said :

"It is a peculiar thing-the web of life ; different for each one, and still it must be woven correctly."

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You are all weaving the web of life for yourself. You are all weaving personality and character on earth. You are living a life that will go with you when you pass the barrier, and fit you into the condition on this side that you have prepared for yourself here on earth. This is an Indian not known to you who is speaking."

We asked: "Do you know anyone here?", and received the reply :

"I am not known to anyone in your immediate association. It is a doorway where I saw the light and came in. I call it a doorway; there is no door; I saw the doorway, Ladies and Gentlemen. I know you will understand what I mean by that ; a beautiful doorway where I can step through and be in the presence of kindred spirits. We love to mix with the old fellowships which on earth used to be ours, and we strive and yearn to be of some comfort."

Miss Milne said: "Don't you know me, friend?"

He replied :

"I have been with you many times. I have been attached to you for some time, and when I saw that I could get into contact with you here, I came. It is difficult for me to speak in a language which you may be able to follow. I am Blue Mist."

Miss Milne said that "Blue Mist is what his name signifies. He used to talk to my Mother and me. He had to go away for a time but he said he would come back, and that I would develop but I was not to let myself go until I saw Blue Mist in front of me."

Blue Mist said :

**"I wonder if you realise what a beautiful word that is you used just now-
'Mother'-'My Mother'**

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it is beautiful. I am sure there is not one of you here who can speak these words and not think that there was nobody like that Mother to you. You know how much emphasis can be put on the `My'. I am speaking, lady, now to you." (Mrs. Bowes.)

Mrs. Bowes said : "Oh, thank you, dear friend. How nice of you to speak to me."

He replied :

"You are so gentle and kind, as you always were."

Mrs. Bowes remarked : "I do not remember my own Mother very well. She passed when I was very little."

A lady's voice then said :

"Mother never forgets. I watched you while you grew up, studied your little life and your little ways. I am your Mother. I have opened my arms and I hold you. God bless you, darling. What I can do, for you, I will. All will be done for you to the very utmost. I was present at one or two tragic episodes in your life and I held on to you, especially at one time when you were very low down."

Mrs. Bowes replied: "God bless you, my own darling Mother," and received the reply:

"My child."

Mrs. Bowes then said: "Mother, could you pass on my love, dear, to the one who tried to take your place?", and she received the answer:

"I will do so. It is easy to pass on love. There is no thought of jealousy now. It is only love we can give. We could not convey anything other than love. There could be no message conveyed to anyone on this side if it was not a message of love. God bless you."

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Another voice spoke, and we heard the name "Winnie". Mr. Moritz said this would be his sister. She spoke again though not very clearly, and Mr. Moritz asked if she could not speak a little louder as she had managed to do last time. We heard her reply:

"I had the help of such a fine friend last time, but I cannot get into touch with him just now."

Mr. Moritz said : "Winnie, I have written to Fred about this in my letter, and gave him your message."

Someone in the company asked if he (Fred) accepted this truth, and Mr. Moritz replied : "Well, he is interested and said he had an open mind on the subject."

Here Winnie exclaimed :

"Dear Fred, but it would need a great demonstration to make him believe it."

A man's voice then said:

"It will be opened up to him, we shall see to that. Is it Geo. ? Forgive me for calling you that, but I have heard them here speaking about Geo. so often. I only know you, Mr. Moritz, by 'Geo.'."

Mr. Moritz replied : "I am well known by that name amongst my friends," and to this came the reply:

"I am pleased to hear that you do not take offence at me using it. Love seems to emanate from the one here who uses the word 'Geo.'; she is a beautiful lady with lovely hair, and, above all, she has a beautiful soul. She passed in Los Angeles, I think-if I am not mistaken, your beloved sister, Mr. Moritz."

"That is true," remarked Mr. Moritz.

Then we heard what we took to be the name "Edward", but the voice repeated more distinctly:

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"It is Edwin. I have longed so much to speak to you, Mrs. Lang."

Mrs. Lang replied: "I am very glad to hear you speaking, Mr. Foster."

He asked :

"Are they still in the same place ?"

Mrs. Lang said : "They moved away to Devonshire,

you know, Mr. Foster. Do you see Harold?" He replied :

"Just sometimes. We are at different work altogether, but I do see him frequently. We send our thoughts to those we love best on earth and I think they get them."

Mrs. Lang enquired : "Do you see your son-in-law sometimes?"

He replied :

"I have never seen him. I know where he is. I think you will understand that for yourself. You can read between the lines. There are different stages of progress here. I hear of him but no further than that. I cannot say I have seen him as you see each other. I am more interested in the ones I loved so well."

Mrs. Lang asked: "How is Harold getting on?", and he replied:

"Harold is doing fine. It is very difficult for me to send a message to Ruth. You know I mean it is difficult for me to send a message from Harold, to put it in phrases which she would understand, except that he is getting on well, and is always thinking of them. The difficulty is to get the contact. That is the best we can do."

Mrs. Lang said : "The message will be conveyed," and he replied:

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"Thank you, you were always so kind. I am sure the duties and obligations that you take upon yourself must be very difficult to fulfill, Mrs. Lang."

Mrs. Lang said that it was a pleasure for her to do so. A rather high-pitched voice then said:

"Hello, how are you living: how are you living ?"

Mrs. Bowes replied: "That is a happy voice you have got. Who is speaking, dear?", and received the reply

"Just myself. I am Bunty. Mr. Hart, just you put it down as Bunty, and you, lady, scribbling here, just you write it down as Bunty," and the trumpet jumped about on Miss Dearie's knee.

She said: "All right, Bunty, but what is your other name? Bunty what?"

Bunty replied :

**"Just Bunty, Bunty. I have not got speaking before. Can you hear me ?
Bunty likes this gentleman over here. He is such a nice man. I love you."**

We asked if it was Mr. Hart she meant, and she replied :

"No, it is you, you, you, and Mrs. Moritz loves you too."

Mr. Moritz replied : "Thank you very much. Do we know you, Bunty? Are you a little girl?" She replied

"No, I am grown up but my tongue is not good at your words."

Mr. Moritz said: "Where did you live in the Earth Plane?" and she replied:

"California."

Mr. Moritz said: "Do you know Winnie?", and Bunty said :

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"Yes. I have been speaking to Winnie."

Mr. Moritz said: "Well, will you help her, Bunty?", and she replied:

**"No, no, I have to help myself first ; I have just discovered today, tonight,
tomorrow, how to speak. I speak to you before but you did not hear
Bunty. I know Whitey (Whitefeather). He is fine. May I come yet ?"**

We heard another voice speaking to her, saying:

**"That is not what you should say. You ought to say : `May I come again,
Mrs. Lang**

So Bunty repeated :

"May I come again, Mrs. Lang ?"

and Mrs. Lang replied: "Certainly, Bunty, you may come as often as you like.
We will be glad to hear you.

She replied:

"Bunty will not forget."

She then said to Miss Milne :

"Hello, little lady, always keep laughing like Bunty. Bunty can cry too but I laugh through my tears."

Someone on the other side spoke to her again, and she replied to him:

"I do not want to tell them all my troubles at all. I am not going to tell them all my worries. Bunty is not going away."

She then said :

"I like you, Mr. Cameron. You smile so much. I love you. Yes. I love you all, all. I look around and I try to catch the beautiful thoughts that come from you, from the house on your tops (our heads), and sometimes it is not so full of knowledge as you think."

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Someone now remarked : "Well, we are getting it straight from the shoulder," and Bunty replied

"No, you are getting it from my lips."

Miss Milne asked her if she was a squaw, and Bunty replied :

"I was a papoose (a native North American Indian child), not a squaw."

Miss Milne said: "You had not got that length. You were not married then."

Bunty replied:

"It is not the beginning and the end of everything to be married. It is sometimes the beginning of trouble for you, and you never know where that trouble will end."

One of us then asked : "Where did you get your knowledge from, Bunty?", and she replied:

"All knowledge comes from the Great White Chief of all ; I have got you to smile and laugh, but Bunty would do anything for any of you. Bunty is going to help. There are many sad hearts in your world. Bunty sighs and cries with the weary ones who do not know what to think and what to do. I know there are some of you who have got friends who are far away and Bunty will try to look after them. I like you, Moritz, Chief," and at this point we heard a man's voice from the other side saying

"Just a minute, Bunty," and she replied :

"Whitefeather, I love you." He answered her :

"I know that very well, Bunty. These are all my friends of the old days, and I want you to be very

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careful what you say. You are so very outrageous in some of your remarks and you do not fully understand, but I know you need not worry because they will understand you when I have told them about you.

He then said to us on earth:

"She will do you no harm. It is Whitefeather speaking."

Mrs. Lang interposed: "We are so glad to hear you, Whitefeather, and you sent Bunty to make us laugh."

Whitefeather replied :

"There is not much laughter in your world today, and I have not much comfort or cheer to send you. We just await the Will of the Great Chief that all may be well, but it is not the making of the Spirit World that you are in this condition today. Ladies and Gentlemen, it is made on your side, and there is a limit to what Whitey and the others who work with me can do to help. Just thus far and no further, Mr. Cameron. You understand, I know."

Mr. Cameron replied : "I understand very well," and Whitefeather continued:

"I am so pleased just for a few brief moments to be with you, and hope you will still remember me as the Whitey of old-just passed through a little stage of progression, for which I owe thanks to many friends on my side; particularly to your beloved son, Mrs. Lang. It is still the old Whitefeather's heart which throbs and beats for anyone in trouble, and, if there is anything I can do to cheer you and comfort you at any time, I will do so. I am Whitefeather."

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Mrs. Bowes now enquired: "Whitefeather, I notice you said 'all may be well' and not 'all will be well', as you usually do. Had you any special reason for saying that?"

Whitefeather explained :

"It cannot be `All well' for everyone ; if it comes `All well' for certain on this side of your plane, it cannot be `all well' for the others. There would be no unification, but I am indebted to someone for giving me that word. I do not know what it means myself but perhaps what I was going to say will explain the matter. There will be no unification of the peoples of the world until they all reach this plane of life, where no enmity, no jealousy or hatred to anyone can intervene. That is what I meant by unification, and then all will be well for all, but until that time be up and doing, by prayerful thoughts and kindly deeds, to help to bring comfort and cheer to the lonely ones. Good day."

A long weird Indian call then came through and spoke:

"I regret I have not been able to come to you at an earlier stage of your gathering ; other things prevented me but my thoughts were with you. I hope you hear me, friends, and I also got the thoughts that were coming through your minds tonight, or what you call tonight-this space, I call it. Time does not count with us here. I have sensed your feelings, your desires, your thoughts and aspirations, and you, little lady (Miss Milne), I have also got a strong impression to say to you—'Walk warily'-I think you understand what I mean. There is something, but don't decide too quickly. I will leave it

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at that. Take it to the seat of reason first and wait with patience for that spirit help which the Great Father God will send your way. God bless you. My dear friends, I know in the fleeting time of earth life one has many duties to perform, and I do not wish to detain you. I will come some other night. I find the power is going down and dwindling away, but I feel the love that is in your hearts."

Mrs. Lang asked if he would start the Doxology for us, and he replied :

"You do me an honour, but I am not a singer, and I am afraid my voice would not be very musical; someone else might do it. And now-May the Peace which Thou alone, O Great White Spirit, can give, come down and rest upon these Thy loved ones and give them peace. Amen. God bless you all."

He then gave again his weird Indian cry, and went away, to be followed by a voice which shouted:

"Alexander will have to hurry or he will be left."

This referred to Mr. Hart, so Mrs. Lang started the Doxology, and the Sitting ended.

At the close of the last chapter I said that this book must be judged as a whole, and not only by the evidence of survival given by individual speakers. When judged as a series of nineteen separate dramas, the evidence for their supernormal origin is overwhelming, so much so that no other conclusion can be reached than that they were staged and produced in an unseen world by unseen men, women and children who played their parts remarkably well. That these parts

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were not played by one or more individuals on earth is certain, because to have done so would have been quite impossible.

Let us suppose someone attempted to stage a similar production to last for two to three hours, the time occupied by an average Sloan Circle séance. What would he need to do to produce effects similar to what occurred at the Sloan Circle? First of all he would have to engage a script writer. Between them, they would have to think out each week a new performance, showing an intimate knowledge of the lives and ancestors of forty or so different individuals who attended the Circle at irregular intervals, but who provided an audience of six to eight people each week.

These people change week by week, and those who are coming are only known on the day of the Meeting. Consequently the producer and script writer must continually be finding out fresh information about their possible audience, past incidents in their lives, their dead friends and relations, the pet names they used, and all the intricate family relationships of the living and the dead. Not until six or eight out of the forty are actually seated in the Circle will the producer know who is to be present and the script must have been written for these sitters only. Many hundreds of different people have attended the Sloan Circle over the past fifty years for weekly sittings, large numbers coming anonymously with regular sitters, and few have ever been disappointed.

When the script is finished, and everything is ready for rehearsal, the actors and actresses would assemble in considerable numbers, as on an average forty separate voices speak at each séance. Moreover,

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the private house where the séance is being held is decided on at short notice. No one would be able to visit it prior to the performance and they can bring nothing with them. They would be given their parts to learn which they must memorise, and then would come the final rehearsal, but their parts would vary according to the sitters who are to be present. Everything on the night of the séance would take place in the dark, and there must be no

fumbling or hesitation. Bells must ring, and other weird noises be produced, without any appliances to make these noises, and for fifty years this must go on without the performers being seen, or any neighbour being interested or surprised, or discovering that secret enquiries were proceeding all the time about different people. Moreover, the cost of this imaginary production would come to at least a hundred pounds a week, but no member of the audience who attends is ever asked to pay anything.

Can anyone imagine that all this is possible?

But in the Sloan Circle much more happens than merely the conversations between the living and the dead. So our producer must also arrange for two trumpets to fly round the room, without knocking into each other, but frequently touching the ceiling and beating on it, the movement being at a great speed, without wires, attachments or any visible contrivances. Never must they touch anyone to hurt, but they must touch, stroke or caress the sitters, and at other times hit Sloan on the head without hurting him, or beat in time on the floor. Fingers are to be passed through the hair of the sitters and over their faces. Lights, which cannot be felt or

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caught, are to dance about the room, and any part of the body must be touched on request. Moreover, a sitter has only to ask the time to have it correctly told. All this is accompanied by a regular flow, of intimate conversation and takes place in the dark, where nobody can even see the person sitting next to him.

Finally, the actors and actresses must be present in the room whenever the light is put out, and disappear from the room just before the light is put on again. How they would manage to do this it is impossible to imagine, as in a small room, with the Sitters present, movement is difficult. However, all this shows the absurdity of attempting to explain the phenomena as if it were produced by material beings. This can be definitely ruled out, and every time we come back to the fact that what happened was not produced by any individual living on this earth.

There can be only one explanation of all these various supernormal phenomena, namely that unseen intelligent individuals are at work at the Sloan Circle. Anyone who believes that these occurrences can be produced by ventriloquism, conjuring, faking or any such fraudulent means, must either have a warped mentality or be an irrational thinker. That is why I say this book must be judged as a whole, and, as its contents rule out a normal explanation, a supernormal one is all that is left. So read on to the end, keeping the foregoing considerations in mind, and you will, I am sure, come to the same conclusion, when a new world will have been revealed to you, one in which you will some day dwell.

Nevertheless, when we reach that world, we shall get many surprises. When we were born into this world our minds had just begun to develop. So we accepted everything and, as we had no previous experience, we acquiesced in life without question and slowly accustomed ourselves to the wonders around us. A baby has no surprises and everything is taken for granted.

At death, however, if we pass over after early childhood, we are more mentally developed and we shall find much that is different from what we have been accustomed to here, and yet much will be similar. What has been told us by our friends in Etheria will be of great help to us, not only for the remainder of our life here on earth, but also when we get to the other side. This educational side receives much prominence in the lecturettes and sermonettes given in this book, and, if we remember the facts they contain, these will be of help to us both here and hereafter.

One surprise for some will be to find children who claim them as their parents. These children were either stillborn or had been conceived and then miscarried. Many holding orthodox religious opinions will perhaps get the greatest surprise of all, to find those they considered unbelievers still in their midst, or to have progressed beyond them, and that all the priest-made beliefs, to which they attached such importance on earth, are treated as of no consequence in Etheria. Equally surprised will be those who never gave a thought to anything beyond the material, and those who believed that death ends all.

Another surprise will be to awaken as from a dreamlike sleep to find everything real, objective and solid. It will be a great surprise to look at your new

body and realise that it is perfect, and the same in every respect as the old one from which you have just parted. For those who were blind to see again, for the deaf to hear again, for those who have lost arms and legs, or were infirm, helpless, maimed and diseased to find themselves strong and well with active minds and perfect healthy bodies, in no way misshapen, will be a great and wonderful satisfaction. It will be noticed that throughout these Meetings the Etherians mention nearly every part of their body, their hands, fingers, face, lips, mouth, tongue, throat, legs, arms, feet, heart, head, hair, eyes, tears and internal organs, thus confirming that the etheric body is a duplicate of the physical body.

To find everything real and objective, to look about and see friends and relations as they were in their prime of life, living a life much as was lived on

earth, visiting each other, living in houses, and going out and about just as we do here on earth, must be a great surprise and pleasure. To find that our neighbours are neither angels nor devils, that there is no judgment, and that each individual judges himself justly and finds his right place, will be a great relief to everyone. To discover the absence of money, that it is unnecessary to earn it and that our needs and desires are free to all, will be a great satisfaction to many. To be able to live in a delightful climate and look upon the rich verdure of the countryside, the beautiful mountains, hills and valleys, to see and bathe in sparkling rivers, lakes and seas, and be surrounded by beautiful birds, trees, animals, and exquisite flowers, which bloom, dematerialise but never decay: to be able to move from place to place

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with speed and the utmost freedom, to be able to eat and drink and enjoy life to the full, must be welcome and surprising.

Equally surprising must it be to see stately buildings, comfortable homely houses to live in, garden cities, to be able to continue those things which were of interest to us in earth life, to have pet animals like the ones on earth, to be able to ride horses, enjoy all kinds of games, sports and amusements, and experience the pleasures that science, art, music and literature can give, besides being able to cultivate and enjoy a garden producing fruit, vegetables and flowers.

This life of harmony and happiness will come to all who are not overburdened with the memory of a life of selfishness or wickedness on earth. For these latter, whose evil deeds on earth have fitted them for something very different, the outlook is gloomy but not hopeless, as even the worst can progress and work his way into the company of the good. After much mental suffering, contentment and happiness can be attained.

However, for all who live honest, decent, upright lives we shall discover, as we read on, that happiness is in store for them. Why, indeed, should we not be the inheritors of a great and glorious heritage after the trials of earth life, which are for the purpose of fitting us for this happier and more harmonious life we shall some day experience?

For some inscrutable reason a part of the Universal Mind became associated with physical vibrations and, for a time, was conscious of them only. Consequently, as it developed individuality and produced individuals, we human beings have been blinded to this intenser land of greater delight.

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Uncertain faith has helped us, though it came largely from instinct and seldom from reasoned proof.

Why we are unable to see the other world around us during our physical life, is because we live within a range of vibrations which confines our senses to material things, and these make up our earthly life. In consequence much of reality, truth and beauty are withheld from us during our life on earth, and none can deny that this book reveals a new and enlarged vista of what will be ours some day. The wonder of wonders it reveals has been denied to mankind during his earth life, and moreover, nature has misled us into thinking that death was the end of conscious thought, We have been cut off from the joys and beauties in store for us by our limited range of sight, and the majority of us and our ancestors have lived under a pall of doubt and uncertainty.

Today these doubts have been cleared away, a new world around us has been discovered, and we can take heart in the knowledge that one of life's great certainties is the fact that life and consciousness do not end at death. Far otherwise, because we are ushered into a new world, much more beautiful and much easier to live in than we experience here on earth.

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CHAPTER VI

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

Wednesday, 26th August, 1942

present: MRS. CRISSIE LANG, MR. ALEXANDER HART, MISS JEAN DEARIE, MR. DONALD CAMERON, Miss ELIZABETH DUFF, MRS. LILLIAS BOWES, MISS CRISSIE COLQUHOUN, MR. JOHN SLOAN.

WE opened the Sitting with the hymn, Nearer, my God, to Thee, and then repeated The Lord's Prayer. A voice from the other side joined in the "Amen".

We were talking about Barrie's plays, and one of us said he must have understood this truth or he could never have written such plays as Mary Rose, The well-remembered Voice, The Boy David, etc., when a voice from the other side said

"Did Barrie write them, or was it McConachie ?" (Barrie's name for his unseen guide.)

Mrs. Lang remarked that she thought most people had a "McConachie" somewhere, and Mr. Sloan said "I never could understand this McConachie business at all."

A voice from the other side said

"It would be difficult to find the double of you in some ways, anyway."

We then sang O God, our help in ages past, and, when we finished, a voice from the other side remarked:

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"That is someone for you, Mrs. Bowes."

The trumpet came right on to Mrs. Bowes' lap, between her hands, and a voice said

"Take hold of it, and see how you get on."

Mrs. Bowes replied : "Oh, thank you, dear friend, have I to hold the trumpet?", and a lady's voice answered

"Hold it for a little while."

A child's voice then said:

"I am thinking about you, Mother. It is Bobbie."

Mrs. Bowes said: "Yes, darling, you want me to give that message to someone else." Another voice replied

"That is Bobbie. He came along to see if his Mother was here. It is Bobbie Potter."

Mrs. Bowes answered: "We will give Mother your message, dear." Mrs. Bowes then said she felt as though she was being charged with some electric current through the trumpet.

A voice concurred :

"I am giving you vibrations so that you can pass it on to Jim. I was always very fond of Jim; it is Gladys. I have been with him sometimes lately, and he will come all right. One of our spirit friends is standing by him."

Mrs. Bowes said : "My love to you, Gladys darling; I know you always loved Jim, and he also loves you very much," to which Gladys replied:

"You may lay the trumpet down now, dear."

Another voice then said:

"God bless you, Alex (Mr. Hart). I said Mr. Hart to you several times, but you did not hear me. Excuse me calling you Alex."

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It was Mrs. Sloan who was speaking. A lovely light floated about while Mrs. Sloan spoke, and one of us asked : "Is that your light we are seeing, Mrs. Sloan?"

She replied :

"I did not know whether you could see it or not; it is my light. I try to make Daddy see it at home, but I cannot manage it. Sometimes I manage to show it better than at others."

Mr. Sloan answered : "I cannot see the light at all, Mammy, but I hear your voice and that is enough." Mrs. Sloan continued :

"You are not tired of me, are you, Daddy God bless you."

Mr. Sloan replied: "Tired of you, my dearie? Never, never," and then he started to weep. Mrs. Sloan went on

"I am so sorry, Daddy. I did not mean to hurt you," and she gave him some kisses.

Mr. Sloan said : "You would not hurt me, Mammy, whatever you said; it's all right."

Mrs. Sloan then spoke to us all:

"Daddy calls his home his `Internment Camp' -where he lives just now, I mean."

Mrs. Lang started to tell us about Mrs. Culme Seymour (an old friend) who was coming to a Sitting shortly, and spoke about her daughter, Marjorie, who had been drowned at Fairlie in 1934.

Miss Colquhoun remarked that the people she had been staying with must have felt it very much, when a voice from the other side said

"It is all right now, they were not to blame, you know; it is Marjorie speaking."

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I hear you arranging, Mrs. Lang, about my darling Mother coming. Oh I do hope I will be permitted to come also."

Mrs. Lang replied : "I am sure you will be allowed to do that," to which Marjorie replied:

"We are very, very busy at present on this side, you know. They are coming over in thousands and thousands, and we have great difficulty sometimes in getting them to realise that they are actually out of the body. Mrs. Bowes-I got your name and I know you are interested in what my beloved Mother is interested in also. (Red Cross work.) Your dear boys will be looked after from this side. God guard and keep them for you ; and your dear boy at home. I trust he will make a speedy recovery. I will pray for him."

Mrs. Bowes thanked her, and Mr. Sloan remarked: "I do not remember hearing anyone on that side say before that they would pray for anyone."

Marjorie answered:

"Mr. Sloan, don't you think we pray? I have prayed for you many a time."

Mr. Sloan said: "Thank you very much, my dear," and she replied :

"How could I do otherwise, when you have brought so much comfort to my darling, darling Mother ?"

Mrs. Culme Seymour writes to say that it is quite correct that her daughter, Marjorie, has spoken to her on many occasions, and that the knowledge of her survival has been a great comfort to her. "I have had the most wonderful sittings with Mr. Sloan," she writes. She has also seen her daughter materialised

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on various occasions. Since Marjorie's return at the Séance here recorded, communication between mother and daughter has been frequent.

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.

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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 tonight. I have been in the vicinity of such a Meeting but have never spoken. Tonight, 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

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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.

"The day I passed out of the body I felt very much alone. I knew I was out of the body and I felt afraid. I looked down at myself and found I was nude, and then a voice out of the haze said to me: `Come hither, my brother, and be not afraid.' I approached the light, and immediately I drew near to the light I was instantly clothed. I have progressed since then, and now I am able to return to the surroundings of earth life and be clothed in apparel like what I used to wear.

"The clothes change. I cannot tell you how, but, as we draw near the physical, the clothes change, there is no doubt about it. Perhaps I have not put it very clearly to you, but, when I draw near to the Earth Plane, I find myself standing in the surroundings where I used to stand, with similar garments to those I used to wear in earth life, and the robes I wear on the other side of life - the Summerland

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side-change, imperceptibly to me, when I cross the border through the mist. Of course, there are others who can come, more advanced than I am, and they always come in their spirit robes. I wish you could see them-they are very beautiful."

Miss Duff asked: "Can you see us, friend?", and he replied :

"I can see you all. I can see you just as you are sitting in that chair and appalled, just as I had clothes in earth life. I see your hair has a beautiful curl and you have a nice complexion."

Mr. Sloan said : "I am afraid you are a bit of a flatterer, friend," but Miss Duff did not agree. "Oh, no, Mr. Sloan, I am sure he means no flattery; he is just trying to describe to us how we appear to him."

The voice then said to Mr. Hart:

"I see you, my worthy friend. I am rather timorous of saying what I think of you. I hope you will not think I am flattering. You will understand, my brother, but your disposition, as I see it just now, is so full of that beautiful composition-that description of a boy in earth life who wants to help everybody. You seem to be moving among many people. I do not know how you are fixed in earth life, but you always find an excuse for everyone's failings. You must be coming up against some who do not work just according to your liking, but you have an excuse for every wayfarer."

Mrs. Bowes said: "What a beautiful description, and that is just like Mr. Hart."

A new voice then said :

"Services rendered to each other. Just talk together for a little while, while we get the conditions right."

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And how is McConachie tonight, Mrs. Lang ? I think Miss Colquhoun has a McConachie as well. What you call an impression or thought sometimes comes your way, Miss Colquhoun, and alters your decision. That is McConachie; he may not be a relative, but McConachie will be your stalwart friend ; never serious, perhaps, but just to give you a spirit of hilarity to lift you out of the dumps. He will never do you any harm. I had a few myself in earth life, in fact they were a bit of a nuisance to me-the McConachies which I had with me and around me-but they were also a great help to me. I have been credited with much that McConachie actually did for me. God bless you all. I am James Barrie. It is not McConachie who is talking to you now. I am speaking from my soul's self to you, whatever man I may be."

One of us said The Little Minister, and he replied :

"I was very pleased with that."

Miss Colquhoun then remarked : "All that you wrote was lovely," and he replied :

"Not I, but my beautiful Inspirer who wrote through me. I was simply a human channel to convey those magnificent thoughts ; inspirational thoughts through a human instrument, and I think sometimes they have done good to the world. If you cannot make the pathway trod in earth life brighter for those who follow, you have failed much in your duty. You have all something to give, and I am sure you will endeavour to give of your best that those who follow after may say : `She did it well,' or 'He did it well.' Do so, my friends. Do so, my dearest friends. What a record to carry with you. God bless you."

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Miss Duff asked if she might sing four lines of a hymn, and Sir James Barrie replied:

"Yes, sing, my dear, and I will join in-that's old McConachie again."

Miss Duff then sang a verse of the following hymn

*"Then day today along life's way,
The seeds of promise cast,
And ripened grain from hill and plain,
Be gathered home at last."*

He then said

"God bless you, my dear,"

and the trumpet came and tapped Miss Dearie all over. She thought this was meant for Miss Duff in answer to her singing, and said: "Who is it? Is that meant for Miss Duff?", when a voice replied in broken English

"It is for you, my little lady. Be not afraid. I will be with you all the way; all the way. Though the way may be dark, and the road may be twisted at times, I will never leave you. I will support you. I will guard you to the best of my ability, little dear. I have been with you helping you for a long space now."

Miss Dearie acknowledged this by saying : "Oh, thank you, friend. How nice of you. Where did you live on the earth plane?"

He replied

"I am African."

Miss Dearie enquired: "Can you tell me your name?", and he replied:

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"My name is Koroo, and your name-it is Dear, is it not ?"

Miss Dearie said : "My name is Dearie-Jean Dearie."

He said :

"You are Dearie altogether-your name and all of you. When I say Dear-I mean exactly you. You Scotch. The English they are good people but Scotch better."

Mr. Sloan said : "I am afraid you are flattering us, friend, and just saying that," to which he replied:

"I mean it. There is more love in heart generally in the Scotch people. I come into a vibration easier here than in the south. You are more psychic, and your hills, your beautiful land, appeals to me. It pleases me much. You are more willing to help others not so fortunate as yourselves. Your willing hands never withhold that help from anyone. God bless you, my little Dear, and may the Great White Chief bless you each and all at the end of the day, when life's journey on your plane is terminated and you step forth a free soul into the glory ahead. God bless you. Hallelujah. Amen."

A girl's voice then spoke, saying :

"That is a very beautiful spirit-he who has just spoken to you. It is Nell speaking."

Mrs. Lang said : "Nell, how pleased we are to have you. Have you come with your perfumes? Ah, yes, here it is."

Nell said:

"Mrs. Lang, I cannot do any more tonight. I cannot stay. I will come back again and give you all perfumes. The world you are in at present makes so

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many calls on us, and we here are all so busy. I think about you very often, and I love you still. I love you all. Tell my dear old Chief I would like to stay but I cannot."

Mrs. Lang said : "The perfume is not so strong as it sometimes is," and Nell replied

"It is not the liquid. You will get it by and by when I have got time."

A lovely light floated about the room and then seemed to spread out.

A voice exclaimed :

"Can you not see what that is meant for ? It is the `V' for Victory. I hope it will come soon."

Mrs. Bowes inquired : "Can you tell us, friend, when it will come?", and received the reply:

"I wish I could tell you, but keep your hearts up. Keep smiling."

At this point Mr. Cameron had to leave the Sitting because of an urgent business telephone call, and Mrs. Lang remarked : "I hope Mr. Cameron has some kind friend with him."

A voice replied

"I know the meaning of the vacant chair. The gentleman who occupied it has been accompanied by a helper who will do what he can."

The trumpet then touched Miss Duff, and a lady spoke, saying

"My darling, it is Mother. I got a good vibration tonight, and I am speaking a good deal clearer, am I not ?"

Miss Duff replied : "You are speaking very clearly, Mother darling. I was just thinking about you." Her mother said

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"I get all your thoughts. I get them very, very often."

Miss Duff continued: "You know how much I love you, darling," and her Mother replied:

"I know, and you have all my love in return." A man's voice then said

"And I am thinking a lot about you too. It is Grandfather speaking, Grandfather Dodds."

Miss Duff replied : "It is very funny to hear you say that, because I was thinking about you yesterday, Grandfather."

He answered in broad Scotch:

"I ken (know) that because I was gie (very) near you. You have some ticklish jobs to do sometimes. I am nae doctor, you ken, but I try to help you. I get the inspiration here to pass on to you, and your wee nimble fingers are gie willing to tak' it up. I am no' deid (dead), ye ken—there are nane (none) of us deid. We have just reached the land of light supernal that gleams so bright afar. We have reached our home eternal. We have met our loved ones there. Now, ladies, and you too, friend-but I should have said gentlemen, there are two of you."

Mr. Sloan replied: "You dinna need to mind me, my boy."

Mr. Dodds replied :

"My boy ! That is good ; that is a compliment you have paid me, sir."

Miss Duff said: "I am very glad to hear you speaking to me, Grandfather. You know I have not spoken to you very often before," to which he correctly answered:

"I have spoken to you exactly four times, my dear."

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I hope you will get a wee bit inspiration from me. It will not be muckle (much), but it will help."

Miss Duff replied: "Thank you very much, Grandfather," and then he said

"I know how hard the little worries pinch at times. There are some worries which are met with on life's road that are gie (very) difficult to deal with, but, remember, the corner is not far away. Take it from me, you cannot see round and it is a case of contemplating what is round the corner: what is round the corner will be very bright for you, my lassie. I must watch you with the greatest of care, but I am afraid I am taking up too much time. The atmosphere in this home tonight is very congenial to me."

Mrs. Lang then assured him: "You are not to think you are taking up our time. We are very pleased to hear you," and Miss Duff remarked: "My dear, I am very glad indeed to hear you speaking to me."

He replied :

"I would like just to say to you all you are very dear to me and dear to others in the spirit side of life, because you help us, when we come to the borderline, to get into touch with those whom we love. Without your

help that wee (small) door would remain steekit (shut) and unopened. You ken what I mean. It is the blending of the thoughts, the sympathy received, that lifts the latch and enables us to get through to you and let you know that we still live-still love you. God bless you."

Miss Duff said: "I have never heard my Grandfather speak at such length to me before. As he told you, I have only spoken to him four times and he had to wait seventy long years

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before he could get a contact to enable him to speak to anyone on this side." Her Grandfather replied:

"I am laughing at you, my dear, hearing you talk about seventy long years. It is only a span ; just a wink on this side. It seems no time since you were a wee bit birkie (smart kind) of a lassie running around with your wee short skirts. I feel very happy that I have managed to get the conditions which are present here tonight. I heard about the vacant chair. I do not know the worthy gentleman who left, but friends have been sent to look after him and all is well."

A lady then spoke to Mrs. Bowes, saying:

"My dear, I want to talk to you about dear Jim. Don't let his spirits get down. Don't let him get down. He will be all right again. It's Granny speaking."

Mrs. Bowes replied : "Thank you, Granny dear. Jim always loved you so much."

Granny replied :

"Jim was always my boy. It is such a delicate question-you understand what I mean, my dear. I hope, friends, you will forgive me for speaking to you as I am doing because it does not appeal to you, but I know it appeals so much to you, my dear. God bless you. What I can do I will do to help you. Give dear Jim my love. He was my boy. They were all my boys, you know, but Jim especially. My dear, it is so difficult. I will say no more. Keep a good heart. We will help to smooth things out for you, and I thank you all for making the conditions so that I can speak to my lassie."

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Mrs. Bowes agreed with everything and said she was very grateful. Then the trumpet touched Miss Colquhoun on the head and a voice said

"Pardon me, I hope I did not hurt you."

Miss Colquhoun replied : "Oh no, you did not hurt me at all, friend; I like to feel you touch me." A man's voice replied :

"I will do it again, then, but more gently."

Miss Colquhoun asked: "May I ask who is speaking?", and he replied:

"It is only a voice from the other shore towards which you are all traveling, but you are more fortunate than some of us. We made the journey in bygone days without your knowledge and understanding. Nearly all of you have some understanding of life on this side. I do not mean those present, but people in general do know more positively that there is something beyond the terminus. To me it was a problem. I did not disbelieve it, but I could not fully grasp it. Oh joy of joys, when the time came when I reached the end of the road, little lady ! I had no doubts, no dubiety, about the other side of life then.

"That shining light which greeted me as I left the old tenement of clay dispelled all doubts, and that lovely face which I had loved so long, long ago, was the first to smile on me. I saw the light from the other shore while in the body. I was hoping for it, but I had no certainty. I was hoping and dared to think that my hopes would be realised, and, oh joy of joys, just the one I wanted most was the one dear face that through the mists looked down on me."

The Etherian in control then said to the one who had just spoken:

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"That will do now, friend." and he replied :

"I am coming; I am coming."

The controller's voice, now speaking to us, continued :

"I am not averse to his speaking, but he is not ready for staying any longer, you will understand." Again the voice said to him

"You must go now,"

and the man who had spoken to us answered him: **"Oh, thank you, thank you, my brother, for permitting me to speak."**

Another voice now spoke :

"I thought I would hear some sweet music when I came in here. You know I love to hear you singing. I never was much of a singer myself but I like to hear you."

Mrs. Lang asked: "What would you like us to sing?", and he replied:

"Do just what McConachie tells you." He then started to sing:

"O God, our help in ages past,"
to an old psalm tune, and we all joined in.

Mrs. Lang asked who he was, and received the reply :

"You didn't think I could sing, but you heard a sample of it the noo (now). Did you like it ? It's John Lamont speaking. We're aw' (all) JockTamson's bairns, ye ken."

Mrs. Lang said: "John Lamont, I am delighted to hear you again. I like to hear my old friends speaking,

Mr. Lamont replied :

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"Thank you, Mrs. Lang. It is a joy to me to hear you say that. You have been very dear to me, and so also are the friends I have met either in this or any other house connected with it. Mrs. Lang, many of those I have met in the past in your home are over here now, and when I meet them they speak of the happy times they had when I used to come and talk to them. Some of them say they were never very sure if it was really me who was speaking, but now that they are over here they find to their joyful surprise that it is all true."

Miss Colquhoun's Mother then spoke to her, saying :

"Crissie, we leave all our doubts behind when we come here. How are you, dear? You know I love you."

Miss Colquhoun replied: "And you know I love you too, Mother."

Her Mother replied :

"Don't I know that."

Miss Colquhoun said : "Take my love to Father also," and her Mother said

"Yes, Crissie, I will do that, dear. I am so pleased to get a look at you."

Miss Colquhoun said: "I wish I could see you, darling."

A man's voice then said :

"You will get a beautiful surprise when you come over to our side and see your Mother."

Miss Colquhoun asked: "Has she regained so much of her youth?" and he replied:

"She is-no, I cannot say this to you. I cannot say it."

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Miss Colquhoun said: "Oh, please do, friend-say whatever you like."

So he rather timidly remarked :

"I was just going to say she is much nicer-looking than you are. I mean much more youthful-looking. You would not believe what a beautiful straight form she has now."

Miss Colquhoun agreed: "I am sure she has and I am delighted to hear that, friend. How I wish I could see her!"

Her Mother continued :

"I have my little girl now and I can look right down into your heart. I just put my arms around you and I love you so much, my darling, but you have nobody now. You are alone with no one to help you."

Miss Colquhoun said: "Oh yes, dear, I have lots of good friends, though I miss you very much, my darling," and to this her Mother replied

"You have lots of things but you have not me" ;

and then she said to Mr. Sloan :

"You are just as bad, Mr. Sloan. You feel alone too."

Mr. Sloan replied : "The world came to an end for me when I lost Mammy."

A man's voice then spoke :

"The world is just beginning for you, my dear old friend. A beautiful world is just beginning. Though your friends are lost to sight, they are

just starting afresh in a new and glorious experience of life. You will all have that experience by and by. Don't worry, don't faint by the way. Take up all the little crosses you meet on your journey. Shoulder them nobly. They are the stepping-stones to the brighter day and the brighter world beyond, when, duty achieved, labour done, you come home at last. God bless you. I am Pathfinder."

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Mrs. Lang said: "Thank you, Pathfinder. Could you tell us the time or get someone to do so, as Mr. Hart has to catch a train?"

Pathfinder replied :

"I hear someone making a request to Pathfinder," to which Mrs. Lang said: "It was just to tell us the time."

Pathfinder answered:

"I am going to look at a clock."

Mrs. Lang suggested: "Not the one in here-the clock outside."

In a moment or two, Pathfinder said :

"Is it the big one ? Is it correct ?"

Mrs. Lang answered: "Yes, it is correct." Pathfinder explained

"Well, you know where the hands go round, the quarter round, to the bottom, and then three-quarters round. Well, the big hand is there, and the little hand almost under it."

From this we gathered it was a quarter to nine, which proved to be correct.

Pathfinder concluded :

"We have had difficulty in getting the right one to look after your door today. Not that there is any need, but we have to guard the portal-that is all."

The voice of a Red Indian then said :

"This is what you would call a minor duty. Lady of the house, the open door has to be guarded, you know, and I am not just proficient in the duties thereof unless I see some guiding light to help me."

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I hope, however, to enjoy again the sweet felicity of the beautiful presence of those here tonight for the little space for which you come together, and get the joy that has flowed to me in my brief association with you.

"May this joy be equally received by each and every one of you, and may the Great Father of all, who understands and knows every thought and aspiration of each individual present, grant the desires of your hearts in so far as they are in accordance with His Holy Mind and purpose. May you, to the last, be able to say, 'Nevertheless, not my will, Great Father, but Thine be done.' God bless you all. Good night. Before I go, if I might be permitted, I would like to leave you in the terms of my supplication before the Great Father God.

"O Thou, Prince of Peace, loving Eternal Father, look on Thy faithful children to-day, and from each heart before you, oh, accept the desires and wishes that are shown therein, and those which are in accordance with Thy holy purpose, grant unto us the fulfilment thereof. Bless those in sorrow and let them not sorrow as those without hope, knowing that those they love have just passed from the scene of time into the happy land of those who have gone before. Be with us to-night and grant us Thy evening blessing, and to Thee shall be all the Glory and Praise for ever and ever. Amen.

"Peace be on thee, dear comrades. God bless you. Good night."

When the Red Indian concluded Mr. Sloan remarked : "The longer I live, the more lonely the road gets. I think I must be a grumblin' auld crater

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(creature), Miss Colquhoun, but when I think about Mammy, I want to get beside her, and then I think about you all and the losses you have had, and all the good friends I have still got, and I know I shouldna complain. I think of Mr. Lang-what a good friend he was to me, and I know he is my good friend still. I will never forget him-never, never."

A voice from the other side then cheerily remarked:

"You have been a good friend to us here. Yes, that is right, John Sloan. I know."

Mrs. Lang then asked: "Is that you, Bob?", and her husband replied :

"Yes, it is Bob."

Mrs. Lang said: "Oh, Bob, my dear. It is a long time since you have spoken to me." He replied:

"It is not so long, my dear. Sometimes I cannot get through. I have so much to do, but I am all right. I left you with a charge—'Just to carry on and you have done so very faithfully, Crissie. God bless you."

Mr. Lang then turned to Mr. Hart and said :

"God bless you, Alex,"

and Mr. Hart replied : "Thank you, Uncle," to which Mr. Lang replied :

"I am at home again," meaning that this Meeting was being held in his wife's house.

His son Arthur Lang then spoke :

"My Mother, we are both beside you, sweet p Mother, Father and I. I have stood in silence listening to the beautiful heartfelt words that friend-that Indian friend-spoke just-now, and I felt my heart

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rejoice that my labours on this side have been of some use because he is one of my pupils. Oh, that I could draw the curtain aside and portray the beautiful picture to you of what is to come! We are not able to do so. There are certain things you are not allowed to know until you join us here. It is an amazing time we are living in, dear friends, just now. Mother dear, I am just looking at you."

Mrs. Lang asked: "Yes, dear, and do you see a difference?"

Arthur replied :

"I do."

Then he said in an aside :

"Please watch what you are doing with that trumpet. There is someone going round about you. Don't do that any more.

"Mother, darling, I could stay with you for such a long, long time, but I know you have all got so far to go, and you, Alex, have got the furthest. Someone will go with you, and you will feel your heart sing all the way. Goodnight."

Mrs. Sloan, in her clear cheerful voice, then spoke to Miss Colquhoun:

"You have been such a wonderful friend to me, and from the Summerland I greet you once again. God in His mercy bless you."

To Mr. Sloan she said

"You see I just pass you, my dear old man. I am not going to talk to you again to-night for it will just upset you. I will just say good night to you before I go away. God bless you, Mrs. Lang. I wish I could just make you think I was sitting among you tonight as I used to do."

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Mrs. Lang replied: "I can just think of you sitting in that vacant chair, Mammy. It was just there you used to sit."

Mrs. Sloan replied :

"I have looked at it also. I have had some vacant chairs too."

Mr. Sloan said: "Your old chair is not vacant very often, Mammy, for I sit in it a lot, my dearie." Another voice then said :

"Mrs. Lang, is Mother coming here (to this house) soon ? It is Roy Richardson. I heard you speaking tonight about some old friends coming soon."

Mrs. Lang said: "Your mother is not here, Roy, but I will tell her you were speaking. How are you?" Roy replied

"Thank you, I am very well and very busy."

Mr. Sloan remarked: "Roy is not speaking so clearly as usual."

Roy replied :

"My dear old friend, you must remember that the power is used up pretty well now, but I am still Roy. Also, I have not my special lodestone here drawing power for me-I mean my Mother. I know she is picking up nicely. What a Mother!"

Miss Colquhoun interjected: "What a son!", and he replied

"Yes, she has that as well but she certainly is a great Mother, and God bless you too for your sympathy, kind thoughts, and kind words. I pray that peace may soon come again into your troubled world. When you see Mother, Mrs. Lang, just give her Roy's undying love, and any sad thought or any little care she has at times, tell her just to think of Roy, and

that will ease the tension ; the lever will be used at once. I have such a strong lever when I come to work for Mother. Good night."

A new voice broke in:

"It is only a step over here, and you will have no difficulty in finding the door. We will be watching, and loving hands will welcome you on the shore. You know we love you and will always stand by you."

We asked who was speaking, and he replied:

"I am not permitted to say. I think you will understand ; heart talks to heart."

A voice from the other side then started the Doxology, but it was far too high for us, so Mrs. Lang re-started it on a lower key. A lovely light floated about while we were singing, and then a voice said

"God bless you all. It is Pathfinder wishing you good night and shining his light on you. May the path be a shining road to you, all the way as you travel on straight and true to journey's end, and you reach home at last. I am Pathfinder."

A voice with a Scotch accent then said to Mr. Hart :

"You from Sugaropolis (Greenock), I think you go a wee bit further than Sugaropolis. You will need to put a spur to your steed, sonny."

(Mr. Hart lives at Gourrock, a few miles beyond Greenock.)

This ended the sitting.

We were born into, and live in, what is termed the physical world made up of matter which we can see and touch. That makes it real and tangible to us, and

the reason is that our body is likewise physical and in tune with the earth and the physical universe. Besides our physical body we have a duplicate etheric body which is unseen on earth, and this invisible, intangible body is guided by our immaterial mind. This trinity of three in one, these three parts which constitute the individual on earth, are all necessary for our earth life, but nature has so ordained things that a time comes when a separation takes

place and the mind and the etheric body leave the physical body and function elsewhere.

To us, with our physical senses, this is difficult to grasp. What we cannot see we find difficult to understand, and what is not understood we term mysterious and relegate it to an aspect of thought apart from our every day practical life. The unknown and the mysterious in life we put away in a special section of our mind under the label Religion, and with it is associated Mysticism and kindred beliefs. Many have been helped and comforted in life by what are called religious beliefs, ritual and ceremonial. On the other hand others are quite indifferent and largely ignore that aspect of thought, and live as if nothing exists beyond our sense perceptions.

Since sub-man became primitive man, to develop into the human being we now know, religion has greatly influenced the life of most individuals, and anthropologists have only occasionally found a tribe entirely wanting in religious feelings. Until modern times mankind in general has believed that he was guided by the gods, the saints or the spirits of the dead, and nothing could be done without consulting them by means of oracles, priests, divination or

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prayer. Man has often inwardly felt that he was something more than a material being, and his psychic sense has flickered, and sometimes flared to guide him onwards on a road which was dark and difficult to walk upon without stumbling.

Nowadays the road is smoother, the light guiding us is brighter, and the knowledge we have gained by the revelations of physical and psychic science makes much that was hitherto mysterious no longer so. Physics, by its discovery of the atom and the electron, and by its discovery of radiation, has reduced matter to nothing more than vibration of the ether, that something which pervades all space. All space, including physical substance, is vibration, but we only sense that small portion which vibrates in harmony with the physical body. That which is beyond, or is of a greater frequency than the material universe, Spiritualists term the Etheric, which contains unseen worlds around and interpenetrating this planet, and probably elsewhere in space.

The one next in vibrational activity to our earth we call Etheria, and there lives, or from it has passed onwards, everyone who has died on earth and slipped out of his or her physical body. They live, guided by the same immaterial mind which was theirs on earth, each with an etheric body (unseen but interpenetrating the body when on earth) which is in harmony with the higher range of vibrations. So the etheric body feels solid and real to those who have made the change, and consequently their surrounding conditions feel solid and real because they are made up of substance vibrating at the same frequency as the etheric body.

We on earth have not the power to increase the frequency of the vibrations which make up our physical body. If we had we could visit the etheric world at will. Etherians can reduce their vibrations and come back to earth, and see and hear what is going on. They can cause their bodies, by thought, to reduce their frequency, and come through their own surface to the earth's surface. There is a constant coming and going between the two surfaces, but only by clothing their vocal organs with ectoplasm, and the other ingredients they mix with it, can they be heard by us on earth. By changing the ingredients they can make themselves seen by us, and this is called materialisation.

The reason they can come back to earth is because of memory. Their memory of earth, and those they love here, enables each mind to lower its body vibrations and make contact with earth. But their bodies still vibrate at a higher frequency than physical matter, and, this being so, walls and doors mean no more to them than do etheric walls and doors to us. But the physical order, and the etheric order, can communicate conversationally with each other when ectoplasm is provided by someone on earth, and, after they have treated it, they can use it to enable them to speak to us. As to their seeing and hearing things on earth, that seems to be possible without the aid of a Medium. Normally we cannot see or hear them, but they can see and hear us and, at a séance, they tell us what we have said and done elsewhere if they were present at the time.

Certain of their vibrations have healing powers. They can impregnate a handkerchief held by a medium

which, when put on the human body, helps to heal what is wrong. The Apostle Paul was a healing medium, and we read in The Acts that he held handkerchiefs which were then applied to the sick. So, when Mrs. Bowes said in the foregoing séance that she felt that she was being charged with some electric current through the trumpet, she was told that she was getting vibrations to pass on to her son, Jim, who was suffering from a mastoid.

We pass into the Etheric World naked and are met by friends who welcome us sometimes before we are clothed, which is rather embarrassing. Our memory makes us think of clothes, and in Etheria the vibratory power of the mind can mould substance in conformity with our thoughts. So Etherians clothe themselves by thought. As we progress, our earth-like clothes change to beautiful robes, but, when we return to earth, our robes again become like earth clothes. That is why so many ghosts are seen in clothes similar to those worn in the period in which they lived on earth. This matter of dress was clearly told by an Etherian in this chapter.

Etherians always claim that they help and guide us, and this will be found repeated in their conversations recorded in this book. Certain psychically endowed people of the past have acknowledged this guidance, Socrates always emphasising that the voices he heard never misled him. Joan of Arc followed the guidance of the voices she heard, but her tragic end was not due to their misguidance. If she had retired from public life after she had seen her king crowned, she would have accomplished her mission, and we have no evidence that her voices urged her to go to

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Compiegne, where she made no effort to escape capture. Psychic influence is real to some, and imaginary to others, and the ordinary individual would be well advised to remain always natural and rational. Use the reason with which you have been endowed and make your own decisions. Otherwise you are in danger of being like a ship without a rudder, blown and tossed by every wind. Always remain sane and practical.

Since ancient times it has been believed that the gods can foretell the future, and through seers the people on earth were guided what to do. This idea has no scientific evidence behind it, because as many of their prophecies are wrong as right. The gods, or Etherians, can tell you to expect a letter because they have seen it being written and posted. They can tell of some incident, such as a death, before you receive notice that it has taken place, and things like that, but some, who were bold enough to prophesy, were right and some wrong about peace or war in 1939. We will notice that in the séances given in this book they could not tell when the second world war would end, and no attempt was made to do so. This makes us feel that the sitters were speaking to sensible people who spoke only about things they knew.

We shall now pass on to the record of the next Meeting.

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

15th November, 1942

Present: MRS. CRISsIE LANG, MR. ALEXANDER HART, MISS ISOBEL McROBBIE, Miss LOTTIE ANDERSON, MISS MARJORY MILLAR, MRS. ELEANOR POTTER, MISS JEAN DEARIE, MR. DONALD CAMERON, MISS ELIZABETH DUFF, MRS. LILLIAS BOWES, MISS CRISSIE COLQUHOUN, MR. JOHN SLOAN.

SHORTLY after entering the room, and before the Sitting actually commenced, a voice from the other side said:

"Hello, friends."

We then opened with the hymn Nearer, my God, to Thee, and afterwards repeated The Lord's Prayer. A man's voice from the other side joined in the "Amen" very fervently.

One of us remarked that it was nice to know there were people in our surroundings, when a voice said

"Have we got an open invitation to come in ?"

Mr. Sloan said : "What are you chipping in for?", and the voice replied :

"I am waiting for my invitation."

Mrs. Lang said: "We are very pleased indeed, friend, to have you with us," and the voice enquired

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"Miss Millar, do you know a Ralph in your surroundings, or it may be 'Alf' ? It sounds like that. He is not here. He is a good way off, but I get the vibration from either Ralph or Alf, and he wants me to convey to you that he is here."

Miss Millar was pleased and thanked him.

We were speaking together about the church bells ringing that morning, and one of us said it was a bit premature, another saying it was in thanksgiving for deliverance from the evil we had overcome. A voice from the other side broke in with the question

"But are you delivered from the evil so far? There is a lot to do yet before you can say you are delivered from the evil."

Mr. Sloan remarked: "I think you are a bit out of date, whoever you are."

We laughed, and Miss Colquhoun said: "It is a good thing they understand you on the other side, Mr. Sloan."

The voice replied :

"I understand him all right."

We then heard the name "Peter, Peter," but could not place it.

So we sang The Lord is my Shepherd, and a man from the spirit side with a fine deep voice joined in and sang it along with us, while a lovely light floated about and seemed to keep time to the music. We all seemed to see the light except Mr. Sloan, and he remarked: "I canna see ony light; I don't see nothing at all."

A voice from the other side asked:

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"How can you see nothing ? It must have been something. You must have extra good sight if you can see nothing."

We all laughed, including Mr. Sloan.

Mr. Cameron remarked : "That was a very fine voice which joined in the singing along with us," and Mr. Sloan said

"I didna hear it. It couldna have been much of a voice.

Miss Millar disagreed : "Oh yes, Mr. Sloan, it had a fine bell-like tone."

The voice replied :

"Thank you, my dear."

Miss Colquhoun started to tell us about a house in Clydebank where continuous knocking was heard which no one could account for, and that no one would live in it.

Mr. Sloan remarked : "I often hear knocking in my internment camp (his room), but I just let them knock away and tak' no notice of them."

While we were speaking knocks started to sound all over the room, on the walls and under the chairs. Miss Dearie heard knocks under the chair she was sitting on, and so did most of the others present.

Miss Colquhoun remarked: "It must be someone wanting help. Can you speak, dear friend? Can we help you in any way?"

A voice replied

"It is my own fault. I did not want to go away. I was trying to get near them."

Mrs. Bowes asked: "Do you mean those you left behind? Can you not make them hear you?" He replied

"I have been near them but nothing can be done now. I am often there but they don't know. It is Clydebank. I lived there."

Miss Colquhoun said : "And are you trying to attract the attention of those at home?" He replied

"I know I am done with it all now-aye, I understand."

Miss Colquhoun asked: "Is it your Mother or your Wife you want to speak to?", and the voice replied

"It is a cauld (cold) world for the auld (old) folks. No one can look after them like me. I was their all."

Miss Colquhoun enquired: "He must mean his Mother," and he replied :

"I am looking after her but she does not know. She was my all in all."

Another voice then spoke to him, saying :

"You must come away now; come away."

After a short silence Mr. Sloan remarked : "I knew nothing would happen the day. This is an awfu' flat meeting."

Mrs. Lang was more hopeful: "Now, now, Mr. Sloan, that is not right. I am quite sure Whitefeather and some of the others will be coming shortly to speak to you."

Miss Colquhoun added : "We will need to get Bobo to come and cure your cough."

Mr. Sloan replied : "I'm sure nane (none) of them are near me. Whitey hasna been near me for long enough, and, even if he does come, he is naethin' like the auld Whitey."

Whitefeather then spoke, saying :

"I have never been away from you for many nights now, my brother. It is Whitefeather speaking. I know you, and understand you better now than I ever knew you before. I hope I understand you all a little better, and I thank you for your kind consideration in bearing with me in the old days."

May the God of peace be with you all. May the shadows of life go past thy dwelling and may the Angel of Love overshadow you during the dark times you are passing through at present. Trust in the God of all might, and leave your loved ones in His keeping. Nevertheless, not our will but Thine, O Father, must be done. It is Whitefeather."

Miss Duff then sang a verse of a lovely hymn: He doth Understand, and a voice from the other side said

"How true. If you could just realise that in the midst of all your trials and your cares and troubles `He cloth understand' ; that those you love most and who have passed into the beyond are still near you in every moment of life, trying at all times to help you to understand the way of life, how much happier life would be. You cannot but have your ups and downs during earth's journey, but fight on bravely. In His strength you will find a never-failing power. I will not, however, detain you further."

Mrs. Lang asked who was speaking, and he replied :

"222."

Mrs. Lang said: "Oh, 222, we are very pleased to hear you. We would like to have heard your `Peace call', but perhaps we may hear it at the end."

Mr. Sloan was coughing a lot, and Miss Duff

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remarked : "Poor Mr. Sloan," when a voice from the other side said :

"With such a heritage, such a great gift, how can you say `poor' ?"

Miss Duff explained: "I did not mean it in that way, friend. I said `poor' because I was sorry he had such a bad cold."

Mr. Cameron remarked that he had heard it said that people with psychic gifts, like Mr. Sloan, were used in a similar manner on the other side, but the voice did not agree.

"I do not follow you, friend Cameron."

Mr. Cameron said: "My question was-does that great gift which the Medium has follow him to the other side of life? Can he be used on your side as he is used here?"

The voice replied :

"I have not heard of that. Oh no, oh no, he may be able to impress others from this side to take up the mantle that he left behind but it is not needed here ; that is a physical qualification."

Mr. Cameron replied : "Quite so," and the voice went on :

"We cannot come back and go through the same again. Any time I come to you in these surroundings I am dependent on the human element-the friend whom you call John Sloan. Without him, or one equally gifted, we could not make you hear us, but although you do not hear us unless he is present, we do come back and watch over you from time to time. He is just the vehicle for the transmission of sound. I could not speak to you if I could not draw from you collectively. I am not Whitefeather."

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Mr. Cameron remarked: "I do not think you quite got my meaning, friend, but that does not matter." The voice replied :

"Well, let me have it again and I will try my best."

Mr. Cameron said: "An individual when he develops the power or gift of Mr. Sloan, if he proves himself a worthy instrument here, would he be used in the next condition of things in the same way?"

The voice asked:

"To come and function in the Earth Plane again ?"

Mr. Cameron said: "No, but I understood that in some of the earlier planes you use the same kind of communication to contact those on higher planes."

The voice replied:

"I have not found that to be the case so far as I am concerned. It is not needed here. We use our own thought vibrations to reach the higher planes, but it may have been explained to you in that way to let you understand, or to clarify to some extent the method of communication which is used here. I, however, have not heard of it. You know there are planes and planes on our side of life that I have not evolved to yet, and to which I cannot hope to attain for along time to come, but I have had conversations with, and the company of, those who live on these planes. They are able to come to us but we cannot go to them till we evolve a little higher.

"Those who love you on your side of life and come here before you, will cling around your plane and will try to pick you up just as they left you

in the old days, and then you will all progress together. There is nothing lost. It is only a case of `gone before'

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for a little while. There is nothing forgotten. There is no good deed, no little kindness shown, no little good thought deep in your heart, but is accounted for, and goes to perfect and beautify that emancipated soul of yours when it passes out of the physical into the spiritual side of life."

Mr. Sloan remarked : "Weel (well), freen (friend), maybe that's true, but you are too deep for me. I cannot understand all you mean."

The voice went on :

"Mr. Cameron, there are many from the spheres beyond who can come to my plane, but I cannot go to theirs, and you will find there are many of your loved ones, who love you well, who will be on a different sphere from you, and until you rise to a condition of spirit equal to theirs you cannot be in constant contact with them, though you may have them often in your company. You have, in these troublous times you are passing through " Here he was interrupted by another voice, saying

"You must come away now," and he replied :

"Yes, Sir. Yes, Sir."

The interrupter said :

"Come away, you had better not touch on that subject just now,"

and he replied :

"I obey. I obey."

Mr. Sloan then said : "I am sure that Mammy will wait for me. I know she will," and Mrs. Sloan then spoke:

"That is true, my dear. You know I will wait for you."

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She then called :

"Lottie. How are you, little Lottie ?"

Miss Anderson had no chance to reply as Mrs. Sloan immediately turned to Miss Colquhoun and went on:

"How are you ? I saw you toddling up the stair, my dear, to see Daddy."

This remark referred to a visit Miss Colquhoun had recently paid Mr. Sloan.

A man's voice then made a remark, and Mr. Sloan said: "What do you want, fren?", and the voice replied

"I want you."

Mr. Sloan said : "Send someone else. Hardly any of you that have been talking are worth anything at all."

A voice then said

"I would like you to sing again,"

so we sang I to the hills will lift mine eyes, and afterwards the voice said:

"I would like you to sing again, please. Could you sing something bright ?",

so we sang Count your blessings.

A voice then said :

"I wonder myself when I look back on those whom I loved and still love who are coming through such trying times, and I cannot do anything but pray that you may be assisted and supported through it all, though I know you will be compensated for it all. There are very few today who have not their own particular worry or care. I think you know what I mean, just that little care and heartache that you can tell to no one but yourself and your spirit friends ;

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and I, although I have not exactly earned the right to call you my friends, am eager and willing to help you in every way I can. I know there are others over me who are ready to help you.

"The spirit of the evening breeze, the spirit whose ears are strained to catch the supplications of those whom they love to answer, to catch the deep call from your heart and succour you, are ever ready to answer that call. There is nothing hid, so you need not fear to tell them all, and, if it is possible, they will help you. We have trod the path before you, we know its roughness, we know the uphill pull, we know how the plain-so clear and smiling-can suddenly be transmuted into a mountain difficult

to climb, but be not dismayed, helping hands, beckoning fingers, are near trying to guide you and help you onwards and onwards.

"It was in the stillness of the evening, when I was on your Earth Plane, I used to get into some secluded spot in the twilight, delighting in the evening breeze, and listening to the vibrations of those whom I knew were near me somewhere, although I was not physically conscious of their presence. I had the intuition that higher beings than myself were present, and that my immortal soul was being drawn higher towards Heaven, and messages of love, though not in an audible sense, were poured into my heart. That attribute is yours, each and every one of you, so set apart a little time to commune with those you love, and who love you still, although just a little way ahead of you on the road of life. We are all going the same way Home. God bless you."

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Mrs. Lang asked if we might know who had spoken, and he replied :

"You do not know me, and I do not know you personally, although I am in your surroundings often. Mr. Cameron, you have a keen sense, my friend, more acute and more keen than even you understand yourself. Apply it well, my brother. Listen for the voices which are guiding you in all crucial matters."

After a silence Mfr. Sloan remarked here : "This is awful. Do you hear the clock ticking, freens (friends), and there is nothing doing yet. Can you not bring some of the folks' ain (own) freens?"

To this doleful remark Miss Colquhoun's Father replied :

"Can you really understand that man, friends But he does not really mean it. Don't you get so exalted, my friend, and think that we are all dependent upon you, but, of course, we are really the better for having you, you know. You are so very anxious to shine that unless every minute is occupied you think there is nothing doing."

Mr. Sloan replied : " I think you are a bit sore on me, freen."

Mr. Colquhoun replied :

"The brilliance of your gift has quite overcome you, and, because you consider it is not so brilliant as it was formerly, you really have come to the conclusion that you have nothing further to give. I know you, friend Sloan, but let me tell you, my dear brother-I mean what I am saying now, and am no longer joking-you are just beginning to get the cream of the best of everything to give to those you love about you. You are reaching a phase of your

life where you will come into contact with those who have been over here for a long, long time, and, of course, with what we know of your wonderful gift, we are going to do something for you.

"The messages you will get, although they will not be in the obscure form of the Indian friends, will be from Indian friends and others long out of the body, attuned more to the brightness of spirit where they have attained their knowledge. After all, have you ever thought that life is a noble thing ? The possibilities you have in your journey through life to do good, grasp them with both hands, for every one of them is accounted for, my brother, and will assist you when you come to this side.

"Your garments will shine with a greater brilliance and place you in the 'Advance Guard', girt with the armour of righteousness, for all you have done to help those stragglers by the way as you go through life. Those records cannot be hid when you come to this side. You will bear the imprint of your actions in earth life, and those which are good will help you all the better when you come to this side of life-every one of you. See, then, that you do all the good you can, while you can. Life is earnest. Life is real and unending. It is merely a changing scene from one phase to another. How readily you all could pick up the connection ; the threads of those that sometimes you thought had gone for ever. Are you learning, Miss Colquhoun, to pick up these threads ?"

Miss Colquhoun replied: "These few lines you spoke brought back a memory to me." Mr. Colquhoun agreed:

"I know it. I got your thoughts."

Miss Colquhoun said: "I wonder if you could tell me who is speaking," and he replied:

"It is not permitted just now, my friends. I seem to be in very close contact with all here, closer than ever before. Your outlook on life is clearer as you journey on, and I hope I will be able to help you all the way. I am speaking to all present, and I bring to you a loving hand. I know what you are thinking just now, Crissie. It is Father-and Mother is here with me as well."

A materialised hand was placed on Miss Colquhoun's head : a soft, warm hand.

Her Mother, Mrs. Colquhoun, now spoke:

"Crissie,"

and she replied: "Is that you, Mother? I am getting on very well, you know, dear. You are not to be sad." Her Mother replied:

"But you are not so well as I would like to see you, Crissie."

Miss Colquhoun replied: "No, dear, you are not to say that. I am just doing splendidly." A voice then said

"Jim-Jim," and Mr. Sloan thought this was meant for Lottie Anderson, but Roy Richardson, after giving his name, now spoke in a very clear distinct voice.

"How are you, Mrs. Lang ? I heard you speaking about Mother lately and you said such nice things about her. Thank you."

Mrs. Lang replied : "Oh, Roy ! I am glad you have come to speak to us. I have just finished a letter to your Mother."

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To this Roy answered :

"I know. I saw you writing it in the back room ; a room just behind this sideboard here-is that right ?"

Mrs. Lang said: "That is right, Roy; in other words, `the kitchen'."

This remark much amused Roy, who replied:

"Oh, Mrs. Lang, that you should have sunk so low as to write in the kitchen."

Mrs. Lang laughed and said: "I am afraid I do more than write in it, Roy. I live there a good deal now to save coal and light, you know." Roy replied

"And you are perfectly right, Mrs. Lang. Of course, you know I was only making fun when I said that."

Mrs. Lang said: "Of course. Have you a message for your Mother, Roy?", and he replied:

"What would be the best message to send to a Mother ? Only to say that I love her more dearly than ever. Mother-there is no more precious name than that."

Turning to Mr. Cameron, he said

"Friend Cameron, I like you."

Then back to Mrs. Lang, he said :

"Mrs. Lang, tell Mother I am waiting, but not impatiently, to give her a royal welcome when she comes here, though I hope that will not be for a long time yet. She is needed in the world today. You will never get Mother to think she is doing too much, you know. Well, some of the Mothers get the heavier end of the stick to carry than the Fathers, but it is nice when they can both pull together. Life

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is easier then. Have you your letter sent away, my dear ?"

Mrs. Lang said : "I don't think it is posted yet. I will open it, Roy, and give your Mother your message."

Roy replied :

"Thank you, Mrs. Lang, that will make Mother very happy. She is a cheery soul, you know. And how are you, Miss Colquhoun ? You are a cheery soul too, and you speak to the point when you do speak. I must congratulate you, Mr. Cameron, on the lucid way in which you explained to me and to my friends on our side, things that you know better than we do. I understood you very well, but I will not disturb you further tonight."

(This refers to a subject discussed at a previous séance but not included in this series.)

Mr. Sloan remarked that he had been looking over a lot of photos and had seen one of Roy, and that he often looked at Mammy's photos when he was alone.

This remark brought Mrs. Sloan back:

"Now, Daddy, you are not to do that. It just vexes you."

Addressing Miss Anderson she said

"Lottie, dear, you are very quiet."

Lottie replied: "I am just enjoying myself,

Mammy."

Mrs. Sloan then addressed Mrs. Potter:

"Mammy Potter-I see you have Marjory with you. Do you remember me, my dear ?"

Marjory Millar replied: "I remember you very well, Mammy," and Mrs. Sloan went on:

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"Mrs. Potter, my heart is full when I remember all your kindnesses to my old man, but I will make it up to you."

A voice said :

"Jim, Jim," and the trumpet touched Miss Anderson.

Mr. Sloan said: "I am sure, Lottie, that is Jim."

Lottie asked: "Is it the same Jim as I am thinking about?", and the voice replied:

"I am Jimmy. It is so nice to see you. So nice to hear you say we will meet again. There are no jealousies here. We all love one another and help each other-both here and on your plane-and I will help you all I can."

Miss McRobbie's brother then spoke to her, saying :

"Isobel, I have not had the chance of speaking to you for a long time. Do not be setting your heart too much on something which you are considering at the present time. Do your best and I think it will come out all right. It will not be through any lack of effort on our side to help you, though I regret you did not think of the matter sooner, you know, my dear."

Miss McRobbie replied: "Yes, I know that. I should have thought of it sooner. It is all right."

Her brother continued, but before going on to what he said an explanation is needed. Miss MacRobbie's father passed on in 1912 and her mother passed on in 1938. While her brother was speaking, her father was beside her tapping her all over with the other trumpet and making his presence known to her. Her mother was present also, but was standing

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by her brother who was speaking to us. This explains what her brother meant by saying "Father is still with you," meaning "beside you," "and Mother is with me."

"Father is still with you, and Mother is with me. You know what I mean. It is a double conjunction. We are all pulling the same way. Jim is getting on fine, and yes, I have Roy here. We are very seldom separate now. Did you think it would be otherwise ?"

Miss McRobbie replied: "No, I did not think it would be otherwise. I took it for granted." Her brother said

"These are things that are all smoothed out on this side and no hitch at all exists here. Bless you good night."

(This was something understood by brother and sister but too private for others to know about.)

Mr. Sloan now said : "Little Miss Millar, do you know anyone of the name of Willie? I can see him standing just beside you."

Miss Millar was not sure she could place him. A girl then spoke to us, saying :

"I am Gertrude. I know you are all very nice."

A man's voice then said :

"I thought I would just let her in to see you thinking it would cheer her up a little. I picked her up just outside your little circle, and she asked me to let her come in. I did not know whether to do so or not."

Mrs. Lang said: "We are very pleased to have her Come away, Gertrude. Have you anything nice to say to us?"

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Gertrude replied :

"There is nothing I can say nice to you. No I cannot say anything nice, except that you are all so kind."

Mrs. Lang replied : "Well, I think you have said a very nice thing just now in saying that."

One of us asked: "Are you a little girl, Gertrude?,, and she replied :

"I am not just little, and I am not just big. It is beautiful to see the light that shines around you all. It was that which drew me close to you. I want to find my Mother."

One of us said: "Have you been looking for her, Gertrude? Where is your Mother?" She replied:

"I do not know. I have often looked in at different people's homes, but I could not get them to hear me, and I do not understand how you can hear me now. Where am I ? What is the name of this place ?"

Mr. Cameron said : "We are in the town of Glasgow at present, Gertrude. Did you know it at all?"

She replied:

"I have a faint memory of hearing of Glasgow when I was in school. I do not belong to Scotland. I have been a good long time on my side, but I did not live in England."

Mr. Cameron said: "Can you not sense any of your people, Gertrude?", and she replied:

"I can sense them but not just here, though I can sense that you are all friends here. I can always sense immediately whether I am accepted as a friend."

Miss Dearie said: "I hope you will be very happy Gertrude," and she replied :

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"Thank You. I shall come back here again. You see, I am looking for my Mother. She is not on my side. She lived in California."

Someone named Walker then spoke-a relative of Mrs. Sloan, and asked about his brother on our side.

Mr. Sloan replied: `He is just the same as ever he was. He will land on your side in a pretty helpless state. He has a lot to learn."

Mrs. Sloan said:

"That is not just nice of you, Daddy, to say that."

Mr. Sloan answered : "Well, I am just speaking the truth, ma dearie. He has nae use for the other side, but he will just have to go there like the rest of us, though I bear him nae ill will, I am sure."

Mrs. Sloan was pleased with this.

"That is more like yourself, Daddy-to be kind."

One of us asked: "Are you still there, Gertrude? Do you know Mammy Sloan?"

Gertrude said :

"Oh yes, and Daddy Sloan. I have heard much about him. He is a very notorious man. There are many people here who know about him."

Mrs. Bowes remarked that "notable man" might be more appropriate as the word "notorious" had a sting in it.

Gertrude said :

"When I said 'notorious' I did not mean that. He is the door-entry and holds the key which can fit the door where little ones like me can get through."

Mr. Potter, the husband of Eleanor Potter, now spoke :

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"Yes, you opened the door, my dear old friend Sloan, to Eleanor and me. We were treading a lonely way, Eleanor-you know the time when we were up against a stone wall, so to speak, and the dear old friends (Mr. and Mrs. Sloan) came down and we heard Bobbie speak. I will never forget that night. God bless you. Do you see Mrs. Motion now ?"

Mrs. Potter replied: "She has been staying at Largs for some time."

Mrs. Lang remarked : "I did not know Mrs. Motion was at Largs. We must have her up at a Sitting some time."

Mr. Potter continued :

"That is very nice of you, Mrs. Lang. I am sure she would like to come."

Mrs. Potter went on: "She has not been keeping at all well lately," and Mr. Potter then addressed Miss Millar

"Marjory, and when is it coming your turn, my dear ? They are all around you. Jimmie-James, are you there ? Come and speak to your daughter."

James Millar then said :

"Are you there, dear ? It is Father speaking. Can you hear my voice now ? I am trying to get it to sound more like my own."

Marjory replied: "Yes, Father, have you a message for Mummy?-but it is not like Father's voice."

Another voice then said to her Father:

"Speak up, Jim ; don't try to force it. Speak up properly,"

and Marjory said: "Come away, Daddy, and speak to me."

Her Father said:

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"What kind of message would you like? I am trying to get into touch with Bob, so that he will give you a bit of help. It is James Millar-that is all. I regret all my mistakes. We have many of them as we go through life, Mrs. Potter. We all make blunders, but I find myself in a very happy condition here. I am only anxious about those I left behind. I just thank Mummy and you all, my dear."

Marjory said: "Thanks, Daddy. We are getting on all right."

He replied:

"Yes, but you could be better. You could be better if you could hear me speaking right to you and helping you."

After a silence of a few minutes Mr. Sloan remarked : "It has been a hopeless meeting this time." A voice from the other side said

"Just go back a little in your lives. Just throw your minds back and remember all the different scenes and vicissitudes through which you have followed this stubborn man's career, and you will find there have been bright gems now and again which have come through to you. God bless you, Crissie (Miss Colquhoun). No, it is not Father this time. It is Willie. We are all busy just now."

Willie was recognised and then another voice said :

"It is not going to be possible to do very much more today, I am afraid. It is not that we are averse to help you in every kind of way, but I think you will understand, Ladies and Gentlemen, the conditions on your side of life at this time make it a difficult matter for us to hold the vibrations, and I think you are all quite anxious that we should do our share in helping

those who are coming over in such numbers through the war, without coming here, when we are needed so much elsewhere.

"Your friends are all thinking of you. They bear you up, and those of you who have dear ones far away, they are looking after them for you, and they will care for you in every stage of life. It is particularly those who are distant from their home surroundings that I am referring to. There is an ever-watchful eye, in keeping with your prayerful thoughts that crosses space, conveying a loving word, a thought expression, which brings back the sense of home, and comforts them in their lonely times. God bless you.

"Mr. Cameron, do you know Harold? You have to travel back a good way in life to find him. He is connected with Mrs. Cameron's side of the house. I am not referring to your wife but your Mother. Ask her about him when she comes through to speak to you."

Mr. Cameron replied : "Thank you, but I do not think I have yet spoken to my Mother through a contact such as this. She was one of these shy, retiring souls."

A lady's voice then spoke :

"There is nothing that would make me too retiring to speak to you, my son. It is out of the fullness of a heart that loves you that I am enabled to see you and speak to you across the border. God bless you, my boy."

Mr. Cameron replied : "Thank you, dear." Another voice said

"Nothing much further can be done tonight, friends. I am not the Indian friend, but I have been asked to guard the door, and I am now called away, so I will say good day to you. It makes me very happy that I have been in contact with you, and I hope to come again because there are so many, many messages that have got to come through which have been waylaid, so to speak, on the way. I cannot explain to you, but I know the conditions and the difficulty of communicating while the ether waves are so confused.

"I think some of you will understand and you will have patience with us. We are trying to do our best. We remember you and love you, and we know you will remember us. If you think of us, you can have our presence at any time. God bless you, Hercules (evidently meant in fun for

Mr. Sloan). **I don't want this opportunity to pass, however, without wishing you all good day, and saying to each individually: `God bless you.' You have been very patient with us."**

We then heard what sounded like a verse of poetry repeated in a foreign language. Someone called Barrett then spoke to Mrs. Potter ; Syd. Barrett and Harry Barrett were also mentioned ; also the Irish friend of Mrs. Potter, called Brian, spoke to her.

We then sang the Doxology, and afterwards a man with a very nice voice spoke the following Blessing

"May the Peace of the Great Father God, and the blessed love and fellowship we have with one another, keep you and guard you now and for evermore. Amen. God bless you."

This ended the Sitting.

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The basic substance needed for the production of the Direct Voice is Ectoplasm. It might be called the connecting link between the physical and the etheric, as it is the substance supplied by our body which, when mixed with etheric ingredients, can be handled by Etherians. It is the thing which is half-way between physical and etheric substance, and it acts as a bridge between the two worlds. Those rare men and women, called Direct Voice mediums, have this ectoplasm in much greater abundance than the rest of us, as we all have it in a lesser degree, and this being so their presence is necessary before the Direct Voice can be produced from Etheria.

So intrigued was J. Gilbert E. Wright, an American research chemist, with this elusive stuff, that he set about making a study of it, to end in setting down ninety-six different observations on its effects and behaviour, but only the most important will here be mentioned.

When under the influence of Etheric chemists, the medium's body is used as a supply basis for the ectoplasm, and they take what they can from the sitters, but under normal conditions it cannot be seen or tasted and it gives off no smell.

This stuff seems to diffuse through the tissues of the body like a gas, and emerges through the orifices because it passes more freely through mucous membrane than through the skin, to become, by treatment from etheric chemists, an amorphous (shapeless), viscous (sticky) liquid which can be seen at times in red light. It has now some of the properties of matter, as it occupies space and can be seen. Its weight is difficult to determine, but, if the medium and

sitters sit on weighing machines during the séance, their weight will decrease, especially that of the medium, to become normal when the sitting is over. This has been proved by experiment.

In my book, *On the Edge of the Etheric*, I tell what was told to me by the Etherians present at the séances I had with Mr. Sloan, for the purpose of learning something about Etheria, and the means its inhabitants adopt to speak to us on earth. When I asked how it was that they could speak to us I was told by Greentree, a Red Indian chief on earth, a cultivated gentleman, from whom we shall be hearing before this book ends, the methods they adopted, and I cannot do better than give the explanation in his own words which were taken down in shorthand by my secretary, who was present when he spoke to me

"I shall do my best to make you understand how this is done, but remember you cannot get a proper grasp of the difficulties we are faced with until you yourself come across to our side. However, I shall explain our methods as clearly as possible. From the medium, and those present, a chemist in the etheric world withdraws certain ingredients which, for the want of a better name, is called ectoplasm. To this the chemist adds ingredients of his own making. When these are mixed together a substance is formed which enables the chemist to materialise his hands. He then, with his materialised hands, constructs a mask resembling the mouth and tongue. The spirit wishing to speak places his face into this mask and finds it clings to him, it gathers round his mouth, tongue and throat. At first, difficulty is experienced in moving this heavier material, but by

practice this becomes easy. The etheric organs have once again become clothed in matter resembling physical matter, and, by the passage of air through them, your atmosphere can be vibrated, and you hear the speaker's voice."

When the supply of ectoplasm is abundant an Etherian can materialise part, or the whole, of his (her) body, which can be seen in red light, and touched. This is called a full materialisation, but for the Direct Voice a partial materialisation is sufficient, namely the materialisation of the vocal organs, and they use either the floor to build up on, or the large opening of the trumpet which is supported from the floor by one or more ectoplasmic—etheric rods. Both the mask and the rods have been photographed in infra-red light, and I and others have seen the rods occasionally. What seems to us to be cold breezes are often felt by the sitters, and this may be the effect of the removal of ectoplasm from their bodies.

No natural laws are violated, and what is taken from our physical bodies is used by the Etherians and then returned to us, but this must take place in darkness as our light waves, above the infra red, break up the ectoplasm so that it cannot be used by the chemists on the other side. Much more could be told about this elusive, yet very real, stuff, but sufficient has been said to give an idea of what takes place, unseen to us, at a Direct Voice séance. We on earth are the passive suppliers of ectoplasm, while they on their side do all the process work to make speech with us possible.

Many people believe in Reincarnation, but in all my many talks with Etherians I have never found one

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who knew anything about it. What they talk about is progress, but never about returning to earth to take up a new physical habitation. Anyone who knows anything about genetics will realise the absurdity of the idea, and why this Eastern belief has such a hold on many people in the West is difficult to understand. In the séance given in this chapter we notice that Mr. Cameron was told: "We cannot come back and go through the same again."

Finally, let me draw attention to the fact that in Etheria it seems possible to live and love without the jealousies caused on earth. Affection in Etheria seems more general and less individual, men and women there seeming to have this devotion in greater abundance than we have on earth, and consequently greater happiness follows when there is love devoid of possession and selfishness. Jimmy, who spoke to Miss Anderson, made this quite clear.

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CHAPTER VIII

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

19th December, 1942

Present: MRS. CRISSIE LANG, MR. ALEXANDER HART, Miss LOTTIE ANDERSON, MISS ISOBEL MCROBBIE, MISS JEAN DEARIE, MR. DONALD CAMERON, MRS. ELEANOR POTTER, MISS ELIZABETH DUFF, MRS. LILLIAS BOWES, MRS. ELIZABETH CAMPBELL, MISS CRISSIE COLQUHOUN, MR. JOHN SLOAN.

WE opened the Sitting with the hymn, Nearer, my God, to Thee, and afterwards repeated The Lord's Prayer. A lady's voice from the spirit side joined in the "Amen". We then heard spirit voices talking to each other, and asked who was speaking.

A man's voice answered :

"I am just visiting Miss McRobbie."

Miss McRobbie asked who was speaking, and the voice answered:

"It is all right, you know, my dear."

We then heard a strange sound through the trumpet, almost like a bird whistling. This went on for some considerable time, and sounded all around the room. Mr. Sloan remarked that he had had trouble in getting up the road today, and a voice said

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"You all have trouble with your feet, you folk. If you would take mair (more) exercise, you would not be bothered so much with sair (sore) feet. Mr. Hart, you were hireling (limping) a bit, too, when you were coming in. I saw you. None of you take enough rest. You go to bed tired and you rise tired, but that is the strain of the strenuous times you are living in at present. Yes, yes, yes, if you just seek a 'quiet harbour,' it will all come right for you, have courage and patience and it will all come right. I have come through it all and I know what it is."

Mrs. Lang asked if we knew him, and he replied :

"I did not know any of you in my earth life. I have not very much to say, though I feel that you are doing a service in some way when you are all gathered together here. I am afraid my speech is not up to much. I 'do not know any of you here or any in your vicinity at all. I was by myself-just strolling about looking at all the beauties which are around me here, when I saw the light and came to it. I will continue my walk now. Good day."

We then sang The Lord is my Shepherd, and voices from the other side joined in and sang with us. One of these voices sang different, but very beautiful words, to the same tune that we were singing.

A voice then said :

"John. John Cameron."

Mr. Cameron said: "Is that for me? Are you my brother John?", and the voice replied:

"It is your brother. How did you know it was me who was speaking ?"

Mr. Cameron said: "I heard you say `John,' and thought it would be you."

The voice inquired :

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"Are you well ? Where is William ? Where is he?"

Mr. Cameron replied : "I think he is all right. He is in Alexandria."

John replied:

"I have been looking for him. Is he in the Forces ?"

Mr. Cameron said: "Oh no, John, he is past that, you know. He was through the last War." John then said:

"Mary."

Mr. Cameron replied : "Mary is on your side," and he agreed :

"I know, I know. She is here now-quite close to you."

But nothing further was said.

Arthur Lang, who was killed in the First World War, next spoke to his Mother, recalling the first time he had spoken to her after his passing. He said:

"It was a wonderful meeting, Mother. You did not understand then just how near I was to you."

Mrs. Lang replied: "Yes, Arthur, it was wonderful. I remember it well."

Arthur continued

"You know what a difference it made to Father. He is with ,me now and has had wonderful experiences here and has seen many things. Some day he may show you."

Mrs. Lang replied : "Yes, Arthur dear, and every day brings that nearer."

Arthur said :

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"Now you must not think of that, Mother darling. You have a lot to do yet, but our love is still the same. It seems such a long while when I look back to my toddling days."

Mrs. Lang replied : "I have been thinking of these days a lot, Arthur. You have been much in my thoughts as you were then."

Arthur replied :

"I was impressing you to think about that, and I want to thank you, Mother dear, for your kindness to me all through life. I was erratic in my manner sometimes, but I know, Mother, you realised I was sincere. God bless you all, friends. You don't mind me speaking to my Mother. She is so precious to me, more precious now as the years slip past. My Mother, I am watching over you."

Mrs. Lang said : "And what about Daisy (on earth). Have you been near her too?" Arthur replied :

"I have been with her often. They are beginning to think a little more about this, you know. It is not far away now. Do you remember the happy times we had, dear ? -You were always so good to me and to all my chums. Nothing was a trouble to you."

Mrs. Lang replied: "No, dear, it was always a joy -those happy times when we were all young."

Arthur replied :

"We will all be young again, my Mother. All traces of age will be gone when I meet you. I am in my prime now and so will you be. I may not perhaps be just as you knew me, but you will know me all right."

Mrs. Lang replied : "Yes, Arthur, I will surely know you, and how are all your chums who went over with you?")

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Arthur replied :

"They are all specially engaged. I just got away to-day as I had not spoken to you for some time, and now I will just say good night, Mother darling."

Another voice then said very loudly and clearly:

"Hang on, Arthur, hang on."

Mrs. Lang said: "Is that you, John Inch?", and he replied :

"Yes, Mrs. Lang, but how did you know it was me ?"

Mrs. Lang replied : "I knew your fine, clear voice. How are you getting on, John?" John replied

"Very well, Mrs. Lang, and very busy, and how are you, Miss Colquhoun ? I seem to know you of old. You are one of the stalwarts who used to come here."

Miss Colquhoun replied : "Oh yes, Mr. Inch, but I do not think I ever really met you in the flesh." He replied

"No, but I heard of you when I used to come about Cowglen House, and who is this doing some writing over here ? Well, I am afraid we are not giving you much that you can put down in your record."

Miss Dearie said: "Do please give me a little message to put down, Mr. Inch. I would like that very much."

He replied :

"Well, my dear, I would like to say something nice to a lady at any time, you know, but I hardly know what to say. I do not see anyone who is closely connected with you in the surroundings meantime."

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Miss Dearie replied: "If you do see them, Mr. Inch, please give them my love."

A voice then said:

"Jenny, it is Jenny speaking. Oh, where is he ? I have been looking for you, Alex."

This was for Mr. Hart, and then another voice said :

"You have been such a wonderful help to me, Alex. You are my comfort on this side. It is Mother speaking. I think you sensed the feeling, Alex, that I was not far away from you."

Mr. Hart replied : "Thank you, Mother," and she continued :

"I spoke to you before, Alex, but you did not hear me. I do not think I had got the right vibration."

A man's voice then said :

"That is so. When we speak to you the right conditions are required. I find the weather has a lot to do with the conditions. I am never so able to contact in this way if it is very stormy."

Mrs. Lang said: "Well, we hear you very well at present. Will you please tell us who is speaking?"

He replied :

"I did not think you were hearing me at all clearly. I know you by coming to these Meetings occasionally. Sometimes I act as your door-keeper, if I get promoted to that position."

Mrs. Lang asked: "Are you our door-keeper today?"

He replied :

"Oh no, I just came in like the wind of the morning. I just blew in, and how are you, my dear ? (addressing Miss Colquhoun). "You are not walking

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very well. It is just a good job, you know, I am an old Scotch fellow, that it is not a little nearer Christmas or I would have been saying that the ginger wine was too strong for you. Never mind, there is a day coming, a happy day coming, when all the turmoil, sadness, tragedy and sorrow will pass. You will soon rejoice, and out of chaos, out of turmoil, out of sadness, there will arise a new world, wherein, we pray, peace and purity may abide."

Pathfinder, a North American Indian, now spoke:

"I am one of the Indians. Let your hearts go out to the myriads of sorrowing ones, suffering ones, who have not the solace of the joy that all here have in their souls. The joy of knowing that there is no death. That those who loved are alive for ever more and very near to you. It is such a wonderful thought that the great Prince of Peace should have made it possible that we, the creatures of creation, can aspire to a position and a portion of His magnitude and His greatness.

"As the evening of days draws near in your short division of time-I do not mean any of you in a particular age of time, I mean the season of the year -may you step forward with a newness of courage and perfect hope, which will not be denied you, that in the New Year, just before you, brightness will evolve. This is Pathfinder."

Mr. Sloan said : "I wouldna' have known that was Pathfinder. He has changed in all his ways since the old days—still, he is no such a disappointment as Whitey."

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Mrs. Lang said : "Now, now, Mr. Sloan, they have advanced. I am sure I don't know why Whitey keeps near you at all. The things you say about him."

Mr. Sloan replied : "I didna mean ony disparagement, I am sure, but they have changed. However, I do think Whitey has been near me for the last week or two. I seem to know he is here."

Whitefeather then spoke, saying:

"Oh yes, I was with you, my brother. I saw you when you were polishing up the little figure which Mrs. Bowes sent you, brother Sloan."

Mr. Sloan said : "That is right, but I was only dusting it, Whitey. I wasna polishing it."

Whitey said :

"You say that is right, and yet you say I am not near you. Where did you get the other figure? Oh yes, there is another one which I did not understand very well from the other side."

Mr. Sloan said : "Oh yes, that is the wee man with the heid (head) that comes off. I don't know where Mammy got that yin (one)."

We laughed, and Whitey said :

"I think you should try and sing a little."

He then remarked to someone on the other side

"You cannot come in here just now. You will get in some other time. Just be patient and wait a little."

We then sang the hymn, Count your blessings, and afterwards Miss Duff said : "I have been thinking so much about a little Indian friend who passed over a short time ago with her baby. She was such a lovely young girl, and she and the little baby passed over. I was hoping that she might get some help."

A girl's voice then said to Miss Duff:

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"I am here with my baby. It is Salva Singh speaking. Thank you, oh, thank you, for all your kindness and love to me."

Miss Duff said: "Bless you, my child." The Indian girl said :

"Salva will pray for you. Salva Singh will always love you."

A man's voice then said :

"Lottie, Lottie,"

and Miss Anderson asked: "Who is speaking, please?" The voice answered

"You are not very well just now, are you ? You must look after yourself."

Miss Anderson said : "I do not know your voice." He replied:

"But there are voices which you do not know, which still know you, and this voice could not perhaps do very much for you when in earth life, but can do a little more now to help you, to give you advice which I hope you will take, to look after yourself. I mean you-you need not worry about the other one, she will be better than she ever was. It is you, Lottie Anderson. Take time by the forelock and see about that right away. You know, madame, it is always right to take things in time. Can't you see me, Mr. Sloan ? I am standing right beside you."

Mr. Sloan said: "I cannot see any of you just now. I used to be able to see you standing about, but I cannot see you just now."

John Campbell, a well-known Glasgow business man, then broke in and spoke to his wife, Mrs. Campbell:

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"I wish I had understood this better when I was amongst you. I realise now that I missed a lot. Had I taken the opportunity of mixing with these nice friends of yours when I was in earth life, I would have understood more when I came over to this side. I wonder if you can hear me. John is speaking to you, my dear."

Mrs. Campbell replied : "I did not recognise your voice, John," and her husband went on

"But you see, my dear, I am speaking through a strange channel."

Mrs. Campbell asked: "Is it difficult for you?", and he replied :

"It is very pleasant for me. I have no difficulties now."

Mrs. Campbell said: "The difficulty was in your passing," and he replied:

"It is all over now, my dear. I am not going to talk about that now. I am perfectly happy and not at all mixed. I am not worrying about the boys. I

know they are quite safe, but all is not well with you, my dear. That is what I am-worrying about."

Mrs. Campbell replied : "There is nothing much the matter with me, dear. I am all right. Are you happy?"

A lady's voice then spoke to Mrs. Campbell:

"Don't you worry about John. He will be all right. It is his Mother speaking. I am with him at present. He is rather excited at times."

Mr. Campbell then said:

"That is right, my dear. I feel it when I am speaking to you, but don't worry about the boys. We will look after them, and there are many on this side who will help in that way also."

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His Mother spoke again to Mrs. Campbell:

"I just wish to thank you, dear, for all the care you gave me, and for the care you took of John, and all the happiness he got through your love and care."

Mrs. Campbell thanked her, and another voice then said to Mr. Nisbet on the other side

"Hello. How did you get in, Nisbet ?"

He replied :

"Never mind how I got in. I am here, and we are all right."

Mrs. Lang asked: "Is Willie all right, Mr. Nisbet?", and he replied

"There are plenty of friends to look after him here, you know. He is quite all right and quite happy. The only thing is, he cannot find a way of communicating with you in the way I am. There are a lot of people here just looking around and trying to get into touch with you."

A girl's voice then said :

"Miss Dearie, Robert is here. My name is Rosa."

Miss Dearie said: "Thank you, Rosa. Can you tell me who Robert is? What is his other name? Is it my Uncle Bob?"

Rosa replied:

"I do not know. I just got the name `Robert' to give to you. My name is Rosemary, and I want you to tell the old man."

Mr. Sloan exclaimed: "What old man are you talking about? There are nae (no) auld men here." Rosemary said:

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"I certainly mean him, but I did not mean to annoy him. I know he is not really old. He is so full of the energy to do good. I want to tell the old man to send a nice message to Mary Stove from John Hardman. I was with him before I came here. He took me for a beautiful walk in my country, which he told me he had not believed existed before he came here to this side of life. When he came to our side of life he found a world which he had not known was there, and I told him all about it. So he said `Well, you will be my guide and take me some days for walks, and now I believe in this side of life.' "

One of us asked if she was the same Rosemary who was Guide to a musician, Dr. Wood, in the North of England. She said :

"That is a different Rosemary, but do you mean the singing man ? I know him quite well, but the old man here did not like him."

The Etherian, Rosemary, was quite correct, and the earth inquirer was wrong. Dr. Wood's Rosemary is the name of the medium he sits with, and consequently she is not his guide. Nona is the name of the control of Rosemary, Dr. Wood's medium.

Strange sounds were again heard through the trumpets, this time like chords of music, bugle or trumpet calls. These sounds went on for some time and moved all over the room.

A lady's voice then spoke to Mrs. Lang :

"I wonder if you know me any better now. I am Nona. I was not able to speak to you that evening with Dr. Wood and Rosemary. I could not get into touch with them just at that particular time, but it is so beautiful to know they understand that I am here."

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Mrs. Lang said: "The Lady Nona—I am so pleased to hear you. Are you going to tell us anything? Can you give us any information?" Lady Nona replied

"I am not inclined for that to-night-to give any musical information, I mean. Some other time I may have the opportunity to do so."

Mr. Colquhoun now spoke :

"I know Miss Stove, and I know that she sits in the window-seat. It is drawing near the time when she will need all the support she can get. It is coming to the anniversary of the time of her friend's passing. There is always a sadness at such a time, even when you know this truth, but if you could just understand the beauty of our anniversaries you would not be sad about us.

"You are also coming to the sad time of the year for you, Crissie Colquhoun. I am sorry about your ankle but it will come all right. You are right in what you are thinking. It is Father. Your Mother is all right, you know, and just you think this when you are sad and mournful-it will react on Mother and she wants you to be happy and cheerful. Never you mind, dear, you know the happy day will come to all of you, to everyone in this beautiful room to-night, when you will step over the border-line, and then you will understand more about all this."

Miss Colquhoun said: "Mother is happy now, isn't she, Father?"

Her Mother then spoke and said:

"Quite happy, Crissie. I am quite happy. We are both together, your Father and I, but not all the time. I would not wish that, as I could not just go into all the pursuits that Father likes and joins in, but

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I have found many friends here, people whom I did not know in earth life, but who claim kinship with me. We are all more intimate with one another on this side."

Miss Colquhoun asked: "Mother, do you ever see Aunt Agnes?"

Her Mother replied :

"I have met her often. She is in a different place, but is happy, and we are often together."

Miss Colquhoun said: "And the boys? How are they?"

Her Father replied to this question, saying:

"All pulling their weight, my dear."

One of Miss Colquhoun's relations in Etheria then asked :

"Who is to give a message to Aunt May? (on earth). We are all here, you know."

Miss Colquhoun said: "Any of you-it does not matter."

Her Father replied :

"But which one would she like best to get a message from ?"

and Miss Colquhoun replied : "I think she would like a message from her husband best."

So this is what her husband said :

"Willie is speaking-her Willie. I was speaking to you before to-night, but I do not think you heard me, Crissie. Tell May I am dwelling on the memories of all the love and wonderful times she gave me. These are memories which will never fade and will never pass away. We often go long walks-it is a beautiful country. I wish I could explain to you the scenes beyond scenes which open to one's view,

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friend Cameron. I like you. You are a thoughtful man. Well, Sir, the vistas and scenes on this side of life-I cannot call them anything other than different worlds-are so vast ; worlds and worlds beyond worlds, and all vibrating at different rates of movement, higher and higher vibrations, but all is happiness and joy complete. Sometimes we radiate in the surroundings of those whom we have known for a long time but who have gone on, and spend a beautiful time with them-just as you would do in earth life when going to visit friends, and then we come back to our associations again."

Mr. Cameron said : "When you go to live in these finer vibrations, I understand you pass through what might be termed another death and waken up to find yourself in a higher condition?"

To this Willie replied :

"Oh no, I am speaking about visiting these places, but we always return. It is all done by radiation, by vibration, and when we go on a visit we cannot go by ourselves, we have not the power, but friends from these spheres come for us and lend, or put forth, some of their own power to enable us to attain these higher levels for a short period only. We could not stay until we have attained that degree of spirituality which would enable us to live there without discomfort. We enjoy these brief visits.

They are so edifying, so beautiful, but I am always glad to get back to my own surroundings where I live amongst friends more attuned to my own condition."

Mr. Cameron asked: "You do, of course, move about in a body similar to the one you had here?", and received the reply :

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"Certainly-similar in many ways, though not exactly the same. We walk, but there is another phase of it which I would like to explain to you. If we are tired-well, we do not tire here as you do but if we feel we would like to go to a different place at a great distance, we just concentrate on that place and we are there instantly. There is a force whereby we can project ourselves to the desired destination, and visit these different colonies."

Miss Dearie remarked : "But you will actually be there in your spirit body?", and he replied :

"Yes, we are actually there in the body. When we have evolved sufficiently to live altogether on a higher plane, it is just a transition. When we acquire that power we go quite readily."

Mr. Cameron asked: " I understand you always make that change in what is like a sleep condition. You make the change without being aware of it."

The reply came :

"That may be so. What I will ultimately attain to I do not know, but I am quite content to remain where I am at present, and to progress slowly from time to time and feel the vision which is opening up to me so wonderfully. When we traverse the spaces with these brighter ones and communicate with those who have gone on, we get glimpses of the glories to come. I would not, however, be content there. I want to get back to my own associates and to the places where I am established at the present time, and wait for the loved ones who are still on your side of life."

A lady's voice then spoke just in front of Miss Dearie, and said:

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"Mother."

Miss Dearie said : "Is it my little Mother?" She replied :

"Jeanie-it's just Mother. How are you getting on ?"

Miss Dearie replied : "I am all right, darling. How are you, dear? Tell me something about yourself. Are you living in a nice home over there?"

Her Mother said :

"Yes, but I have not seen much of my own home recently. I have been on a round of visits-staying with different people-sometimes for such a long time that I hope I do not overstay my welcome."

Miss Dearie said: "I am sure you will never do that, dear."

Her Mother replied :

"I do not seem to, for they are all so glad to see me. I have met many people here I knew long ago and had almost forgotten about, but they all knew me and are so anxious to have me with them. I have a wonderful body now, Jeanie. I am not aged now, you know, and can enjoy going about."

Miss Dearie said: "I am sure you do, dear. Are you often with Grandmother Hunter?"

Her Mother replied :

"I just left her before coming here to speak to you. I see her often."

Miss Dearie inquired : "Do you ever see Uncle John, Mother?"

Her Mother said :

"Oh, John Hunter. Yes, I see him, but he is just a nuisance sometimes. I don't mean anything against him when I say that, but you know what he

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is like, and I was always outspoken and said what I thought about things, and I am still the same. I have also made many friends here whom I never met until I came here-such as Mrs. McRobbie and others I have met through coming into contact with them at these Meetings. But, oh, darling, I do miss you very much."

Miss Dearie quite understood her Mother, and replied : "And I miss you, my dearest-my own Mother. Have you a message for Tom, dear?"

Her Mother replied:

"Tom is not too well just now. He is worried about different things, and one thing in particular you know what I mean, Jeanie, but we will help him. Give him our love."

Miss Dearie said : "Yes, dear, I will." Her Mother continued :

"Jean, do you often meet our old friends, the Smiths and the Palmers and others who used to come ?"

Miss Dearie said: "Yes, dear, I see them quite often and I will tell them that you were asking about them."

Her Mother agreed:

"Yes, do, Jeanie, and give them my love."

Miss Dearie then asked : "And how are Father and Mary getting on? Give them my love, Mother." A voice broke in and said:

"I am here, Jeanie-it's Mary,"

Land she gave such a happy little laugh.

Miss Dearie said: "You sound happy, darling. Are you very happy?"

A man's voice said :

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"And why shouldn't she be ? Do you know who is speaking to you now, Jean ?"

Miss Dearie said: "Is it Father?", and he replied

"Of course it is Father. How are you getting on, my dear ?"

Miss Dearie replied: "I am very happy, Father, and getting on quite well."

He said :

"I mean in your daily life. Are you managing to get along all right by yourself ?"

Miss Dearie replied : "Yes, dear. Of course, I am lonely sometimes, but I am managing all right, and really quite happy."

Her Father went on:

"We know you are lonely and we are trying to help you all we can. We are often beside you, and beside Tom too. As you heard Mother say- Tom is worried about something just now, but we are helping, and you tell him everything will work out all right, not to worry, he will be looked after."

Miss Dearie said: "Father, have you ever met Mr. Wellington?"

Her Father replied :

"I have seen Sam (correct) once or twice and have spoken to him, but not often. God bless you, dear lass. Good night."

A voice then called out :

"Eleanor, are you there ?" (to Mrs. Potter), and then another voice said

"Mother, it's Bobbie. You were thinking about me very much this morning, dear, and you were wondering what is going to happen to ..."

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(The information which was given is of such a private and personal nature that it has been omitted by request. Everything said was correct.) Bobbie continued

"You are coming to the time that makes you think a bit, Mother. Now you are not to have sad thoughts. Take the old man's advice here to be bright and happy."

Mr. Sloan said: "What auld man are you talking about?"

Bobbie replied:

"Well, I just want Mother to think in the same way about me and about Father as you think about the dear little lady who has gone on, and be glad for us that we are over here. We are not dead, you know."

Mrs. Potter replied: "I know that, Bobbie dear," and he continued :

"Yes, but don't ever think of us as lying up in West Kilbride behind the dyke yonder. I have never been there, Mother dear. I am living in your heart and in your memory, and, when the shadows have departed and the mists have rolled away, then we will greet you here. I have so much to show you, so much to tell you, dear Mother."

Mrs. Potter said: "Yes, dear, and I hope it will be soon."

Bobbie replied :

"Not yet, Mother-not for a long time yet."

(Bobbie again gave her some private and personal information which has been omitted by request. Everything said was correct.)

A new voice giving the name John Scott continued the conversation :

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"Tell her to keep her mind occupied. Everyone is better when they are working."

Mr. Sloan remarked : "I am no sure about that. You can get too much of the working business."

Mr. Scott replied :

"Oh, but you are a lazy old fellow."

Mrs. Sloan spoke then and said :

"But you have worked well in your day, Daddy. Take your hands out of your pockets, Daddy."

The room was in complete darkness. Mr. Sloan laughed, and said: "I was sitting with my hands in my trousers pockets."

Mrs. Sloan then turned to Miss Duff:

"I am looking at you, my dear. I am so glad to see you. Sometimes you had it pretty hard, you know. You have a loving heart, and there are many loving hearts here who will help and support you in your work for the suffering. You always were so kind and thoughtful for others."

Miss Duff said: "Thank you, -Tammy dear. Please accept my love in return."

Mrs. Sloan went on :

"Mammy Potter, do you hear me speaking to you ? I often think of the happy days we had in the past,"

to be interrupted by Bobbie Potter, who spoke to his Mother in a loud, clear voice :

"Mammy Sloan wants to tell you, Mother, that when she thinks of all the happy days at the little cottage, she just wants to thank you for all your

love. She says it is beyond her to understand how you used to go through the snow. She says it is wonderful

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how you managed through the snow, and she wants to thank you for all you did."

Mrs. Potter said: "It was no trouble to me-always a joy to do anything I could for my old friends."

Mr. Sloan remarked : "I remember these happy days so well and what good company Mr. Potter was. How he would sing when he used to come down on Saturday nights. My, but he was a happy man."

Mr. Potter then spoke to us :

"There is no show without Punch. We will all be happy again some time in the sweet by and by. Are you there, Eleanor? Can you hear me now? Well, I just wish to say a few words in case I don't get the opportunity of speaking again to-night. I wish you all the joys that life can give you at this coming festive Season, and I send my love to . . ."

(Four names were correctly mentioned, but they have been omitted by request.)

"God bless you, Daddy Sloan. My God, you opened the way of life to me completely. If it had not been for you, I would never have known this truth. I will never forget the night when Bobbie first spoke to us. Do you remember, Eleanor ?"

Mrs. Potter replied : "Yes, dear, I remember, but you have him beside you now."

Mr. Potter continued :

"Yes. I am beside him now, but it was my dear old friend here who changed my outlook on life, and made God real to me."

Mr. Cameron said: "Are there many on your side, Mr. Potter, who do not know of this?" Mr. Potter replied :

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"I beg your pardon, Sir, I do not think I knew you before. What is your name ?"

Mr. Cameron answered: " My name is Cameron," and Mr. Potter went on :

"Mr. Cameron, there are myriads here who do not know about this means of communication at all. I did not know much about it for a time on your side until I lost my boy, and my boy, Eleanor, you know what he meant to me, and that day at Mrs. Motion's, when I first heard my boy speaking to me, the world opened afresh. For all that I owe thanks to my dear old friend, Daddy Sloan." (Correct.)

Another voice then said:

"Are you there, Lottie dear ? Will you tell Mother that Charlie is here and spoke to you ? How is George ?"

Lottie Anderson said: "George is in the army," and Charlie replied :

"I know. He was home recently and I know you gave him a great reception in your house. You two girls were so very kind to him. I have been sitting beside Jean and she is getting on all right, you know. Tell Jean I was with her often since she went into that medical place, and when she gets out she will be in better health than ever she was in her life before. Good night, Charlotte Pegott Anderson. Good night."

Miss Anderson agreed that the foregoing statements are correct, and then another voice spoke to her, calling her "Lottie".

He said :

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"I am Willie—your Father knows I am living. He understands a lot more about this subject since he has been reading all the books. My, he is fairly 'chowing (absorbing) them up wholesale.' Yes, tell him I said that. It will amuse him. Mind you, Ladies and Gentlemen, it has been an awful help to him. It has been a revelation to him. God bless you, my wee lassie. Do you remember me ?"

Lottie said: "Yes, I remember you, Uncle," and he continued :

"But faintly; well, my dear, I met an old friend of yours—a very dear friend of yours ; you ken (know) Jimmie ; I have made his acquaintance and he is keeping fine and always thinking about you. By and by, when the course is run with you all, it is then you will pick up all your old friends you knew in the old days, and all faults, all follies, and forgetfulness will be wiped out, and you will all be happy together. Now, good night, and be happy, my dear."

Mrs. Sloan then spoke to Lottie :

"God bless you, dear. Do try to be happy. I have to thank you so much, and your dear Father and Mother, for being so kind to my dear old man. God bless you. Never mind, I will have a home-a beautiful cottage ; perhaps a better cottage than the old one, and I will invite you all in when you come to this side. We will have a happy reunion on the spirit side of life. Your wonderful care and kindness to my dear old man, every one of you, makes me very happy. Mr. Hart, God bless you, and Mr. Cameron, I like you very much. Miss Colquhoun, God bless you, and Mrs. Campbell-I have not only seen your dear husband but I have spoken to him many a time."

Mrs. Campbell said: "Thank you, Mammy, tell him he is to be very happy," and Mammy replied:

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"He is happy and cheerful and wants you to try to be happy too. There are many friends here who are interested in you, and they want you to know that though they do not speak to you they are close, and will all be looking after you."

Mrs. Campbell said: "Looking after all three?" and Mammy answered:

"The whole three."

Mrs. Campbell asked: "Is no one coming to speak to Mrs. Bowes? She has had no one speaking to her yet."

Mrs. Bowes replied: "Oh, that is all right. I am quite content," and a voice said :

"The day is not done yet. Hello, my dear, because I have not made myself heard before, you are not to think I have not spoken. I have been speaking to you but you have not been getting it."

Mrs. Bowes said : "Well, I hear you now. Is that you, dear?"

He replied :

"It is Willie (Mr. Bowes). You are not to be anxious about Bill. I am just trying to get a message through for you, my dear. You have not heard for a little while, have you ?"

Mrs. Bowes said: "If you can get me first-hand news of him that will just be lovely."

In a moment or two Mr. Bowes said :

"I am not able to contact him yet. Was he on land or sea ? They cannot locate him."

Mrs. Bowes said: "On land, definitely. He was in Ceylon, unless he has been moved."

Mr. Bowes said:

"Did he go to Shanghai or Yokohama ?"

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Mrs. Bowes replied : "I don't think so, but that is just what I have been dreading."

Another voice with a foreign accent said :

"It is Foo Choo speaking, Mrs. Bowes. Cheer up, dear lady. Yes, yes, all is well, letter following. He is not in Shanghai, but is there not someone else you know about there-a friend of your brother Jim ?"

Mrs. Bowes said : "Yes, Foo Choo, a friend of my brother is there with his wife. If you could get near them, it might help them."

Foo Choo said :

"I have been deputed to look after them as they are friends of yours and of your brother Jim. They are prisoners, and in their loneliness they talk about the old times. Foo Choo will ring off now."

Another voice then spoke :

"We hope we have been able to bring you a little further knowledge of life on our side and a little blessing to yourselves as well. We are not in a position to do unto you all that we would wish, but we are in a position to open up the path a little ahead of you, and our wish is that in every day of your earth life you may progress in the knowledge of truth-the knowledge that beyond these passing scenes there is the Eternal Reality, because, as you all know, you will come to the passing, the demarcation line, when you will say good-bye to earthly things and pass to the more beautiful, lasting, and abiding things of the world which lies beyond, where all you love and are dreaming of will be there at the end of the road."

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I often think of that which is supposed to be a comedian's song; it is one of the most beautiful expressions I have heard. Of course, it was not the friend who sings the song who made it. It was composed for him, and the meaning behind it expresses a beautiful thought. The road may be rough and hard and stony, but at the end—all those you have loved, and who love you, will be there `at the end of the road'. I will be there. I will be there."

Mrs. Lang asked who was speaking, and he replied:

"John Hardman (Miss Stove's friend). There have been many letters which you have written, my friend Sloan, and many letters have been written to you, tributes which will live long beyond your passing from the earth side of life. Yes, I know, Mr. John C. Sloan, and now that I am over here I know what a difference it would have been to me had I just been a little less sceptical in earth life. You see, I did not believe in anything of that kind at all. Hardman speaking. I had to alter all my views when I came here. It is a hopeless life to live on earth with no hope, no prospect of any life beyond. Still, I struggled through, but what I missed in that struggle. Yes, I have got into the light which never fades.

"Will you please tell Mary I was here to-night, and that I came specially? Well, perhaps it is not very gallant of me to say it, but I came specially with the hope that I could send a message to her. If there is anything I can do for any of you at any time, it is done. I had a pleasant conversation with her Father the other day—what you call it, but I call it 'space'. Tell Mary that he is going to make a special

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effort to try and let her know that he is in her presence at the passing of the year—she will come out of her troubles all right. Things are pretty secure now.

"Is it you, dear lady (Mrs. Lang), who is going to write to Mary? Tell her I am very sure things will pan out much better than she thought. There is no need to worry unduly—all will be well. Of course, there is the lack of someone to support her. Still, it brings out character and it will shine all the clearer afterwards. She has done very well. Tell Mary that her Father is pleased with the valiant fight she put up when things were so black, and I am also proud of her."

Mrs. Lang promised to send on the message to Mary Stove.

Another voice then spoke :

"Good night, everyone. I am the door-keeper, and I am called away."

Mrs. Lang asked if he wished to close, and he said:

"I am just letting you know I am going and I cannot be responsible now for anything, but you are in good keeping-all should be well. I am not an Indian. I am looking round you just now."

Mrs. Lang asked: "And are you pleased with us?" He replied :

"I am charmed. I hope that is better than `pleased.' I mean it to be. I am not able to articulate your language very well, but is 'charmed' not better than the word 'pleased' ? Well, I am charmed to have been in your surroundings, and I hope that the writing which you have been doing on that paper, my dear, will give joy to all who read it."

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Miss Dearie replied: "Thank you, dear friend, I think I am able to make it all out. Will you please help me to remember bits which I may forget?"

He replied :

"Before you retire tonight, if you think of me, I will come and try to impress you with any incidents which you may have forgotten. I often stand beside you when you are writing and try to help you. Do you not sense my presence ?"

Miss Dearie replied : "I cannot say I do, dear friend, but I am sure you are there helping me and I thank you very much. Can you give me your name? Tell me who I am to think of tonight," and he replied

"Just think of 'Scribe', and I will come."

Miss Dearie said: "Thank you." He then said to Mr. Hart :

"What has happened to the scribe over here ? Are you not writing to-night ? Are you tired, poor old man ? I hope you understand I am just joking when I say that."

Another voice spoke to Mr. Hart

"How are you, Alex? It is your Uncle Willie speaking. Did you know you had an Uncle Willie ?"

Mr. Hart said: "No, I never knew that, but I am very glad to speak to you all the same." His Uncle Willie said :

"I came like a flash in the sunshine, and went again. Out of the vistas of the past I contact you to-night, and, when I look into your eyes, I trace

the kinship. Through all the vicissitudes of life, and there have been many which you have passed

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through, my helping hand has always been held out to you, my dear friend and brother."

Mr. Hart replied : "Thank you very much." His Uncle spoke again, saying:

"In the day of doubt, in the day of anxiety, if you think of the one who passed out as a flash in the morning light, I will come to you and try to bring succour; just call for me in any time of stress or need. God bless you. Peace be unto you all. William."

Mrs. Lang told her nephew Mr. Hart that there had been twins in the family, one of whom had died at birth, and that this would be the William who had spoken. That is what he meant by coming and going in a flash.

A man's voice with a very bad stutter spoke next. We could not make up our minds whether this was meant as a joke, or if he was someone who had really stuttered in earth life and now stuttered so that he could be recognised. Mr. Sloan said he remembered a man with a stutter a long time ago.

Mr. Sloan thought it was time to end the Meeting, saying: "Noo, freens, it has been very poor the night," to hear in reply someone say from the other side

"I will just say—can any of you find the solution of this man's grumbles, or rather, I should say, his capacity of reasoning ? I have the satisfaction of knowing, however, that you all know him and understand his eccentricities. I could not call it anything other than 'eccentricity,' but I suppose he has done his best."

Mr. Sloan said : "Are you now trying to pull my leg?"

Another voice then repeated the following lines :

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**"The day is done, its hours have run,
And evening shadows fall.
O Father, in this evening hour,
Come bless us one and all."
"Spirit of Love and Peace Divine,
Draw near—and from Thy Holy Shrine**

**Bless these our friends who toil below,
And lead them safely evermore to our bright shore."**

"Amen, from 'Indian Chief'."

We then sang Praise God from whom all blessings flow, and this ended a very evidential Sitting.

This Meeting must have given much satisfaction to those who were present, as it contains interesting information and good evidence of survival. Several points arise which will be briefly noted. First of all, both middle-aged and elderly people will be pleased to read what Arthur Lang said to his Mother about all traces of age going when they reach Etheria. He died young and is now, and will remain, in his prime. Older people, when they go over there, come back to their prime and will remain at that, but this will not keep us from being recognised. Our character and individuality remain and we shall all feel young again.

Another point is worth mentioning, namely the statement of an Indian chief that it was so sad that the people of earth had so little knowledge of the life to come. John Hardman, who died without hope, also told us how much happier his earth life would have

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been had he known what awaited him. The Indian spoke about:

"The joy of knowing that there is no death, and that those you loved are alive for evermore and very near to you."

He went on to say what a wonderful future was before mankind, and yet how few give the subject intelligent thought, largely because of ignorance.

Organised and orthodox religions the world over have very hazy beliefs about the other world, their Bibles are contradictory and unsatisfying, the Christian sacred book for instance declaring in one place (Ecclesiastes ix, 5) that life ends at death, and in The Revelation that believers reach a fantastic Heaven and are for ever singing praises and playing musical instruments to the glory of God. But for the great majority, the world over, of all creeds, races and languages, their belief can best be expressed by the short line so common in every Christian churchyard "Rest in Peace."

Even that would be better than the realisation of the theological beliefs which priestly minds have wound round the mysterious subject of death. The doctrines of the long wait of the body in the grave, its reanimation at some future uncertain date, the Judgment, when a few are destined for Heaven and the majority for Hell, and last, but worst of all, the damnation of all unbaptised infants whose "bones pave the streets of Hell" are all revolting and

contemptible. Orthodox religious beliefs have certainly comforted many, but, on the other hand, the firm idea of Hell for unbelievers has caused much unnecessary fear and misery, the intolerance this has brought about having been the cause of countless wars, family disunity and much needless sorrow.

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Each religion claims to be the only true revelation from Heaven, but it is no revelation and no more than theological speculation. It was due to the curse of ignorance, and only after death did believers find how far astray they had been led by those who claimed to represent God on earth. So both believers and unbelievers have been surprised to awaken in Etheria, to find themselves in a world much like this one, but more beautiful, and that their place there was not determined by their theological beliefs, but by how they had lived on earth and had behaved towards their fellow men.

Instead of living our life in the mist of hope, or in the fear of the unknown, we now know the facts of life and death. The revelation has now come from those who have gone before, who tell us that there is no need to fear, that life is something well worth living, something grand and glorious even to the poor, the sick and the helpless. This is so because this earth is but the nursery of humanity, who, if they will, can progress and develop without seeming end, their trials and suffering here being but temporary, each one being destined for a future so happy and bright that we on earth cannot imagine all that is in store for us.

Unfortunately, the curse of ignorance still abounds, and ignorance and vested interests are responsible for placing every obstacle in the way of knowledge. Had the Christian priests, for the sake of their own position, not dismissed the Medium from the early Christian Church, what a different world we would

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be living in to-day. If, instead of adopting creeds and dogmas, ceremonials and eucharists, it had followed the example of the Greeks and protected Mediums, instead of destroying them, how much happier would the Christian era have been.

Instead of this, Jerome, in the fourth century, with priestly support, influenced Pope Damasus to cast out the Mediums from taking any part in Church services, and those who had been called the "Oracles of God" became known, up to our own times, as the "Servants of the Devil." Jerome's anger towards these oracles of God came about from the criticism he received from Etherians at séances, who blamed him for his mistranslation of the Scriptures, a work he had just completed, which, as they knew and we now know, was

full of inaccuracies and in support of the Pagan doctrines the Christian Church had adopted from the other prevailing religions of his time.

Rosemary's talk about a walk with John Hardman in beautiful country, which he never knew existed when on earth, opens up great vistas for the imagination. Throughout these records we realise how natural is life in Etheria, and how social contacts continue. They visit each other, stay in each other's houses, sit on beautiful lawns, and are surrounded by gardens of exquisite flowers, such as we cannot imagine on earth. Their scenery is magnificent, made up of mountains, lakes, seas and rivers, while birds of beautiful plumage enhance the picture they paint for us in words, of

"scenes beyond scenes which open to one's view .. . so vast ; worlds and worlds beyond worlds, and all vibrating at different rates of movement, higher and higher vibrations, but all is happiness and joy complete."

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Their bodies in Etheria are similar in many ways, though not exactly the same, as they were on earth, and they can either walk, or move them by thought where they will, without becoming tired as we so often do on earth. Etherians get glimpses of the further glories which in time await them, and those who speak to us impress us with the idea that they live in a land of beauty, of happiness and harmony. Progress by mental development is their aim and object in life, though some are content to remain where they are until their loved ones on earth join them, when they all will be reunited. Then, as the ties with earth are broken, one by one, they journey on from one plane of thought to another.

It is all a question of vibrations, the mind developing and in turn attuning the body to harmonise with vibrations of substance of greater frequency. If we can imagine this greater world as one of an immense range of vibrations, all can be understood. Etheria is a vast range of ever intensified vibrations, just as this earth is likewise a range of vibrations but at a lower level. So we are not being misled by fairy tales, because all we are told comes within the orbit of natural law which applies in the unseen as in this seen, world of matter.

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

Saturday, 10th February, 1943

Present: MRS. CRISSIE LANG, MR. ALEXANDER HART, MISS ISOBEL McROBBIE, MISS MARJORY MILLAR, MRS. ELEANOR POTTER, MISS JEAN DEARIE, Miss ELIZABETH DUFF, MR. DONALD CAMERON, MISS CRISSIE COLQUHOUN, MR. JOHN SLOAN.

WE opened the Sitting with the hymn Nearer, my God, to Thee, and while we sang it a little bell tinkled, keeping time to the music. We then repeated The Lord's Prayer, in which a voice from the other side joined in and repeated it with us. Another voice accompanied us in saying "Amen."

The trumpets were heard flying around the room, and one of us remarked: "The trumpets are busy early to-day."

A voice from the other side said :

"If the trumpets are busy, what about the people behind them ?"

Mr. Sloan remarked : "It's time you were doing something, anyway."

We sang The Lord is my Shepherd, and voices from he other side again sang with us. A man's voice then said

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"Good evening, all. I was trying to sing."

Mr. Sloan said : "I didn't hear you sing. I didn't hear nothing."

The voice said:

"It is impossible to hear nothing, friend Sloan."

Mr. Cameron asked: "Do you sing these psalms on your side?"

The voice replied :

"Of course we do—often. I joined in that one because it was the last song that I ever sang in the body. Do you remember that, Eleanor ?"

(Mr. Potter was speaking to his wife, but what he went on to say was private and personal. So it has been omitted by request. Everything he said was correct.)

Mr. Potter continued

"Do you hear me, Eleanor? Are you keeping better now? You are not to think of joining me yet, you know. You see that doctor. He was a

wonderful help, and I know he would say 'Take it easy for a little.' He will make you all right. Just take things easy, that's a good lassie."

Another voice said to Mr. Cameron :

"Are you a 'down hamer' (a London Scot) too, Sir ? Do you come from London ?"

Mr. Cameron replied : "No, Sir, my home is in Glasgow, but I go down to London quite frequently. I am going there next Saturday."

The voice replied :

"You will have a tough job."

Mr. Cameron said: "I do not exactly follow that, Mr. Potter."

He received the reply

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"I am not Mr. Potter. What I meant was—you will have a tough job in getting anything there. What you are after, I mean. You will not get it."

Mr. Cameron said : "But I am not getting. I am giving."

The voice replied :

"Blessed are the merciful, those who giveth, for they shall have it returned a thousandfold."

Mr. Cameron replied: "You have not quite got my meaning, friend. I am selling. I am going on business, you know."

Mr. Sloan remarked: "I canna hear what you are all talking about," and the voice replied:

"We would rather you did not hear me at all. We want to get you away."
(In trance.)

Mr. Sloan replied: "Oh, dae ye? Well, I am no going away. I wish you would hurry up and get on wi' the business."

The voice replied :

"If you think you can do any better, friend Sloan, just do so."

Mr. Sloan said: "I apologise, freens, no disparagement meant, but I think you should tak' (take) a back seat and let somebody come in who can do something."

One of us remarked: "It is all right, Mr. Sloan. Perhaps they are gathering power." (All this inconsequential preliminary talk is to help to get things going.)

Mr. Sloan was still not satisfied, and said : "Well, they are takin' a long time to dae it." He, however, remained normal and did not go into trance.

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

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"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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A lady's voice said to Mrs. Potter:

"My dear Eleanor, do you hear me ? Tell ..."

(Correct name given but it and the message, which was understood, are omitted by request.)

A man's voice said to Mr. Hart :

"Hello, Sandy. Is it like my voice ? It is Father. How are you, Crissie ?"
(to Mrs. Lang).

Mrs. Lang said : "Is that Uncle Hart speaking? I am very pleased you have come to speak to Alex (Sandy). He gets so few friends to speak to him.

Mr. Hart, Senr., replied

"That is why I made an effort to get through to him to-night. It is, however, not an effort on my part. It is merely the effort to get a condition whereby I can speak to you. And how are you getting on, Sandy? What I mean is—how is the world treating you today ?"

His son replied : "Oh, quite well, Father, thank you.

Mr. Hart, Senr., said :

"Surely you are not satisfied with life at the present time under present conditions."

His son replied : "Well, we have just got to make the best of it."

Mr. Hart, Senr., went on :

"It won't be long now until you are all right again. The tragedy of it is that there will be so much sacrifice before that. We look on with bleeding hearts at the happenings in your world to-day. Well, you know what I mean, Sandy. I cannot explain it at all why this should be."

Another voice said

"Hello, Sandy, Jimmie is speaking."

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Mr. Hart said: "What is your second name? I know a lot of Jimmies."

The voice replied :

"James, Jimmie Fergie. I was in your class."

The trumpet then touched Miss Dearie, and Jimmie Fergie, being rather out of his natural element, spoke at random:

"You are writing. Just tell the people how much I love them, if they like to look at your copy."

Mr. Sloan said: "This is terrible-just a lot of blethers (nonsense). Can you no bring through someone we know?"

A man's voice replied :

"What can you make of him at all ? He is the most impatient man I know."

Miss Duff asked: "Might I ask if there is someone standing in the middle of the room? I get the impression of a presence there, very peaceful and soothing.

A man's voice replied :

"Thank you so much for giving me the thought. I try to bring peace, harmony and love to all people, and I get the vibration much better when I come into the middle of your surroundings. Mr. Cameron, your brother Jim is here wanting to speak to you."

Mr. Cameron replied : "I have not got a brother Jim. My wife's brother was called Jim."

The voice replied:

"He will be your brother too, although he is your wife's brother."

but things were not straightened out, the vibrations were not right, and then a lady's voice said:

"My dear friend, Miss Dearie. I am so glad to see you."

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Miss Dearie asked who was speaking, and she replied :

"Mammy, Mammy Sloan. Everybody knows me here. You have got my photo now."

Miss Dearie said: "Yes, dear Mammy, I have, and I am so glad to have it. I will take great care of it." Mrs. Sloan replied:

"Thank you. I know you will."

Mr. Sloan said: "Can you not shake them up a bit, hammy? Things are going awfu' slow the day." Mammy replied

"I would rather shake you, Daddy, dear. You must not be so impatient, but he is. not keeping well, Miss Colquhoun, and I am not wanting him over here just yet."

Miss Colquhoun said: "He is neglecting himself, Mammy; not taking his food."

Mrs. Sloan replied :

"That is all right. It will not do him any harm so long as he is not hungry. Thank you so much for looking after him. You are a good friend, and you too, Mrs. Lang,"

and Mammy gave some kisses.

Someone remarked : "If you were back in your cottage, Mammy, you could look after him." She replied

"The cottage does not appeal to me now, nor the district. It is all changed. There is nothing of interest there now, nothing in the orchards, and I am never at the cemetery, so don't let Daddy go there. I never go there, except when you are there, Mrs. Potter."

Mrs. Potter said: "It is just the Garden of Remembrance."

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(What followed is too private and personal to publish. Everything said was correct, but is omitted by request.) A relation of Mrs. Potter then made a humorous remark about what had just been said. Mr. Cameron laughed and said : "Your sense of humour is still good, Sir."

He replied :

"Thank you, Sir. Yes, I had, and have yet, a good sense of humour."

Another voice said

"Faith, and it was not half so good as mine, you know. It is Brian speaking."

Brian is a friend of Mrs. Potter, but he evidently lost contact and could not continue to vibrate the earth's atmosphere.

Another voice then got through and said :

"Tom is speaking-and how are you, Crissie ?"

(Mrs. Lang).

Her brother was the speaker, and he addressed Mr. Sloan :

"Well, friend Sloan, the last time I spoke to you was on the gangway-well, I mean the stair, leading down to the saloon on the 'Letitia.' "

Mrs. Lang said : "They both came home on the Letitia from America."

"Do you remember I shared my drink with you, but perhaps you did not think it was very good?"

Mr. Sloan replied : "It was very, very nice," and Mrs. Lang said :

"How are things going with you, Tom?" He replied :

"Beautifully. If all is well at home, we will be all right."

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Mrs. Lang said: "Do you know Leslie (a prisoner of war) has got released?"

He agreed :

"Yes, I know, because I gave him a little help there."

Mrs. Lang said : "It is a good thing because he was not at all well. However, he is all right now and is posted at home here in Glasgow."

Tom, her brother, replied :

"I am glad of that. Tell them I spoke and sent my love."

A man with a loud, clear voice started singing:

" **'Sailing, sailing, over the bounding waves,'** " and sang right through a verse and chorus. We laughed, and Miss Colquhoun asked: "Is that you, Father?", and he replied

"Just who it is, Crissie,"

and started singing again:

" 'Sailing, sailing, over the bounding waves,' but I cannot sing."

We all joined in and sang the song along with him, and when we finished another voice exclaimed

"Hello, Sandy. Hello, how are you, Sandy ?"

Mr. Hart asked who was speaking, but got no answer.

Mr. Sloan said : "Go ahead, and do something." Mrs. Sloan spoke, and said:

"It is difficult to get through to-day. There are so many anxious souls trying to get in to speak to you. You know what I mean."

Miss Colquhoun asked: "Is there no door-keeper today, Mrs. Sloan, to let in only our friends and relations?", and to this she replied:

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"I do not see anybody just now."

Miss Duff started to sing There are lonely souls to cherish, as the days go by, and afterwards we all sang O send Thy Light forth and Thy Truth. The little bell that we had heard earlier kept time to the music all the time we were singing.

A man's voice now spoke :

"I am working on your behalf, friend Sloan, far more than you realise. We have all much to be thankful for, very much more to be thankful for, both on the physical plane, and when you get over here. You will recognise then that all I am saying is true."

Mr. Sloan replied : "I would be thankful enough if you would dae (do) something. That is all I ask." The voice replied:

"But you don't ask it in a very nice tone of voice."

Mr. Sloan said: "Well, fren, I detest Meetings that drag on, and drag on, and nothing happens."

The voice said very mildly:

"Is there anyone complaining, friend Sloan ?", and Mr. Sloan replied :
"Well, I am."

Mrs. Lang said: "He is too impatient. You should give him a lecture."

The voice replied :

"Well, I could give him a very strong lecture, but I don't think it would do any good. It would, as you say here, simply go in at one ear and out at the other. He is so anxious for things to happen that he has no patience at all. You understand what I mean, Ladies and Gentlemen. I don't need to say to you 'take no heed of him,' but I say 'just let him go on.

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A lady's voice spoke to Miss Colquhoun, saying :

"Can you hear me, Crissie ? It is Mother speaking. My darling, how are you ? I am standing beside Mr. Sloan and am so happy to be near you. I will get Father to come and speak to you."

Miss Colquhoun's Father then said:

"Hello, Chris. How are you ? I was singing `A sailor's life is full and free.' Did you hear me all right ?"

Miss Colquhoun said: "Yes, indeed, Father, we all heard you very clearly."

Another voice said :

"Archie is speaking."

Miss Colquhoun said to her brother: "Why, Archie, this is a family reunion," and he replied :

"Why should it not be a reunion ? I would like to give you all a reunion if I had the power to do so." A new voice then said

"I am Bob Telfer."

We asked if he knew anyone in the company, and he replied :

"No, I do not know any of you here."

Mr. Sloan said: "If you don't know us, what are you coming in for?"

He replied :

"My friend, I am not coming in. I am in. Mr. Cameron, I do not know you, but I heard you speak and the others call you Mr. Cameron. I thought I would like to have a talk with you."

Mr. Cameron replied : "Very pleased indeed, Sir. Tell us something about yourself."

Mr. Telfer replied :

"I will do nothing of the kind."

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We laughed, and Mr. Cameron said: "Well, tell us something about your surroundings. I understand there is no limit to your surroundings."

Mr. Telfer replied :

"You have struck the key, Sir, according to what I am learning over here. Of course, I have not advanced very far as yet and have not had much experience.

Mr. Cameron said: "Well, tell us exactly as far as you can go, what it is like over there?" He replied

"Well, it was a disappointment to me when I came over, because I was a long time on the spirit side of life before I realised I was actually out of the body. The surroundings were so similar to earth surroundings, and I had not been taught to expect that. Then I thought I would be with my old friends that I had liked so much, and I was not. The most remarkable thing was that there were some people whom I had not cared for much in earth life who were my best friends on this side. You know, I wanted to get beside my darling old Mother, but discovered that I had a long way to travel before I could do so. She came and spoke to me. She was the first to greet me when I came here, but I could not go with her."

Mr. Cameron said : "I do not quite follow you there, Sir. I understood you could be with those you loved immediately you passed over, provided you had lived a worthy life on this side."

He replied :

"That was not my experience. I am telling you, of course, of my earliest experiences on this side of

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life. I have progressed much since then and I am now often with my Mother, though I have not advanced sufficiently to be with her always. I

am much with my Father also. It is a beautiful country I am now living in."

Evidently he would have said more, but he lost contact with our atmosphere.

Then a lady's voice spoke :

"Jeanie, it's Jeanie Dearie,"

and the trumpet came on top of Miss Dearie's head and patted her all over her head and face. She asked: "Is that you, Mary?", but all the voice said was

"I am looking for my sister."

Miss Dearie was quite sure that it was Mary, her sister, although the message was a bit confused. A man's voice then said

"Robert Dearie,"

and the trumpet touched Miss Dearie again. She asked: "Who is it?", and he replied:

"Grandfather."

She said: "Oh, are you my Grandfather?", and he replied :

"No, not your Grandfather, my dear, your Father's Grandfather. I have travelled far in the spheres of spirit life."

Miss Dearie said: "I am very pleased that you have come to speak to me. Have you met my Father, and are you ever with him?"

He replied :

"Certainly; I see him frequently, though we are not living in the same country as it were. We are on different planes."

Miss Dearie said: "I understand that, Grandfather. You will be much more advanced than Father is now."

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He replied

"I may be more advanced now, but I was further back than he was to start with. We are both in beautiful surroundings, but they are different. I have much to thank God for, especially those who helped me when I

first came over, because I was not sure, friends, Ladies and Gentlemen, where I was going. It is a lovely land I am living in.

"Most people who come to the spirit side of life expect to be in the same surroundings all the time as the ones they loved on earth. That certainly is so in many instances. It all depends on how spiritually you are akin to each other, but often those we have loved dearly are too far advanced for us to reach them. They can be with us certainly, but cannot take us with them. We have just to wait a little until we attain the condition whereby we can travel and understand the surroundings where we are going. God bless you."

Another voice said :

"This is Jimmie speaking — Jimmie Cameron." Mr. Cameron asked: "Are you a relation of mine?", and Miss Millar said

" I know a Jimmie Cameron-a friend of my Father."

The voice said :

"Of course, I am a friend of Jimmie Millar. I have just come to say `My love to you, my dear'."

A lady then spoke to Miss Colquhoun, and said: **"Crissie, I do not like to see your hair getting grey. What did you do with that painting of me ?"**

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Miss Colquhoun said: "Why, it is Grandma. The painting is on the wall of my sitting-room, dear." Her Grandma replied:

"I did not see it, and I was wanting to show some of my friends here what a beautiful painting you had done of me. I am getting nearer you every day, Crissie. Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, I will not take up any more of your time."

A page or so back the record was given of what was said by Bob Telfer. He evidently had more to say, as he came back and spoke to Mrs. Lang in a clear and distinct voice.

"Good evening, Mrs. Lang. I have added much to my knowledge of the spirit side of life through the valuable teaching I have received from your dear boy. I often go up to hear him speaking when he is lecturing. Am I making myself plain, Mr. Hart? I do not know how I could have understood things so well if I had not heard someone like Mr. Arthur, and such as he, explaining matters to me when I first came over, and, goodness knows, you will all need help yourselves when you come over

here, though, with the knowledge you already have, you will understand it far better than I did.

"When I came here, it was not what I expected. I thought I was going right into the Kingdom of Heaven right away, and was disappointed, but I did find I was in the Kingdom of Friends right away. I am only speaking of my own experience, remember. I was just an ordinary fellow in my earth life, and did not think much at all of the life to come, and when I did get here I expected to have all those I had loved beside me always, but that did not happen.

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"I would fain have you see the beautiful home where I dwell, far superior to anything I knew in earth life, Mr. Cameron. I was in a humble position in my earth life, but the Good Father, as I was told, had prepared this place for me, which I attained to in a short time. I listened patiently to all the big teachers had to say in the Auditorium, and I found the way, the pathway that led to my beautiful home on the spirit side of life. It is just the place I would have desired had I chosen it for myself."

Mr. Cameron said: "I understand you build your home by deeds done in the body?"

Mr. Telfer replied :

"Yes, I was trying to explain that to you. Any little good I had done in earth life which had been a bit of a sacrifice to me, made my home, my beautiful home, more beautiful, and any kind thought I had, any kind action I did, all went to the beautification of my Paradise of Peace, my home, my garden, in all its beauty, and the flowers I love tending as I used to do in earth life. They grow from the little plants to the full fruition of all their beauty and fragrance, and then they just vanish and others grow in their place. There is no decay; no toil in gardening. I have such a wonderful home and I just came in to tell you about my house and my garden."

Mr. Cameron said : "I understand you can be with the friends you love immediately you arrive those you loved here can be with you always?"

Mr. Telfer answered, and continued his interesting talk with these words :

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"Yes, if you are in the same vibration spiritually that is so. If not, they can be often with you, but you cannot live in their surroundings. There

is what we term here a 'classification.' You are among the friends you are worthy of being with immediately. If you have lived a good and worthy life on earth, you immediately go into a condition consistent with the life you have led. You would not be happy if you were in a condition you were not attuned to. You can move to a different home in the old world, according to your tastes and position, but a different method obtains here, where you can only go to the place and condition you have attained spiritually.

"When you come here, you find yourself possessed of a body-almost a replica of what you left behind, only younger-looking, though not immediately. I was resting, as I was told, for a considerable time when I first came over, and, when this rest period was over, I found I had regained my lost youth, but, as I have already said, what troubled me was that I could not immediately go away with those I loved."

Mr. Cameron said : "Yes, I can quite understand that," and Mr. Telfer, remembering what he said in his first talk earlier in the séance, pointedly took up Mr. Cameron and reminded him of his inconsistency.

"But you told me earlier that you did not follow me. We are always willing to help you, brother Cameron, but everyone cannot step into the surroundings of those ahead of them. You will, of course, understand it all better when you come over."

Mr. Cameron asked who was speaking, and Mrs. Lang asked: "Is it still Mr. Telfer who is speaking?"

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He replied :

"Yes, it is Telfer."

Mrs. Lang asked: "Are you long over in the spirit world?"

He replied :

"I could not exactly tell you. It is difficult to reckon time here, but it was before your time. I lived in Montrose. Mr. Cameron, I think there is good news coming for all in the world before long. Of course, there will be sad hearts before it does come, but it will come speedily now. What saddens us here so much is to see the young, the noble, and the good, ushered into this side of life just when they would have been of so much help to humanity. You know what I mean. They will, however, still react and affect you from this side when they come here. I am going now, good day."

Miss Duff started to sing: There comes to my heart the one sweet strain-
Sweet Peace-the gift of God's Love.

A lady's voice then said :

"Mary (Miss Duff's Mother), my beloved girl; it's Mother. My beloved girl, can you hear me ?"

Miss Duff replied: "My beloved Mother, I can hear you very well. I have not heard you for a long time, darling."

Her Mother said :

"I often speak to you but you do not hear me. It is all right. I will show you my light."

A beautiful light shone in front of Miss Duff, and she said : "Oh, Mother dear, I can see it. Oh, thank you very, very much."

A man's voice then said to Miss Duff:

"Have you left the old house ? It is Grandfather."

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Yes, yes, yes, I am here. It is Grandfather Duff and nae other body, and I am no such a duffer as you would think. They said I was a bit eccentric, and maybe I was. You would hear your Mother speaking ?"

Miss Duff replied: "Oh yes, and I saw her light, and I am so glad."

During the silence which followed Miss Duff remarked to us: "I did not recognise Grandfather's voice: that is just the second time he has spoken to me."

Her Grandfather spoke again, saying :

"And how did you think I should speak, my dear? I was aye gie (always very) broad in the speech, but you can be broad and refined at the same time. Good day, my dear."

The light on the wall behind us, already mentioned, became very bright and we asked if anyone could tell us what it meant. It was like sunshine shining through venetian blinds.

A voice said :

"We are just looking through these spaces at you all here. There are many in the surroundings, and I brought them up to look at you, and see if they could find any friends in the little company sitting here."

One of us remarked : "It is as though we were looking at a lovely sunset," and received as answer:

"That is just so. Our light was softened to suit your eyes until you become accustomed to the surroundings which we are in."

The trumpet came on to Miss Dearie's lap, and then patted her head and face all over, a voice saying :

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**"Can I forget ?—ah no,
For memory's loving chain,
Has bound my heart to the one below,
Until we meet and kiss again."**

"These words are for you, Miss Dearie. I live in the light of God's love; His lightness touches my brow; my heart binds itself in love to your heart. It is the Indian girl speaking to Dearie. I be in spirit life long time, but I still have some friends in happy world land whom I love."

**"Maybe I can forget ?-ah no, For memory's golden chain,
Hath bound our hearts with a bond of love,
Until we meet and kiss again."**

Miss McRobbie's Mother spoke next, and said :

"Isobel-Mamma is speaking. You know all my friends. Remember me to them all, Isobel, and all my love to you, darling."

Miss McRobbie promised to do so, and thanked her Mother, who could say no more as a man's voice remarked

"I am looking for somebody,"

and the trumpet touched Miss Duff. She asked who was speaking, and he replied

"I am just beside friends here. I was a house surgeon. Do you remember me ?"

Miss Duff asked : "At Rotten Row?", and he replied :

"Yes. How are you getting along there ?" Miss Duff answered: "We are very, very busy, friend. Thank you very much for coming. Will you help us?"

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He replied :

"That was my object in coming to speak to you here. We do the best we can for you. I know how difficult it is with conditions such as you are working under at present, and I know how difficult it is to—well, what shall I say ?-take it all without grumbling."

Miss Duff asked: "Is it possible for me to know your name or would that not help?"

The speaker lost the right vibration and she got no reply, but another voice said :

"David,"

and Miss Duff asked: "Is that you, Father?" He replied :

"It is Father speaking. That will always be your Father's name. I was just a wee bit cranky and crotchety in the old days."

Miss Duff said : "Oh no, Father dear," and he replied :

"Well, though I did not always see eye to eye with you, I used to enjoy having differences of opinion."

Miss Duff remarked: "You do know I love you, Father," and he replied :

"I never doubted that, my dear daughter."

A new voice broke into the conversation :

"Love is something which is branded on the heart of humanity and can never be eradicated. It lives through all eternity, it never dies, the love which is in the heart for each other grows brighter all the time. Indian Chief is speaking to you as he can explain it."

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Miss Millar remarked : "That was a very beautiful message," and the Indian said :

"What did you say, little lady? It is so satisfactory for me to hear you speaking to Indian Chief in that manner. Indian Chief would like to put this little message so lucidly before your understanding that you would know and understand all that I mean. There is one little episode in your life to which you cling with a fervent clinging, a thought which you would like to mature. Indian Chief tells you that if you do have patience all will be well. You know what I mean. It has been a dark road to walk but you are nearer the goal where you shall acquire the object of your desire which will bring you much joy."

Miss Duff asked : "Are you still there, Indian Chief? Will you please give my love to my little Indian friend and her baby?"

The Indian answered :

"It will be recorded for you. God bless you all for giving me your ear, the hearing ear of understanding, and Indian Chief would like to say to landlady (Mrs. Lang), there is a message which it will give you pleasure to pass on to the lady-Mrs. Bowes-'All is well'. All we can say in the meantime is-all will be looked after for her. I mean the boys."

Mrs. Lang thanked him and promised to pass on the message.

John Campbell, speaking from the other side, had also news which he wished to have passed on to his wife :

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"It is John Campbell speaking, Mrs. Lang. I am so happy, so glad that I can, with clear perception, tell you that I know what I am speaking about. Both the boys are well. Tell my wife she will be hearing from Ralph before long, and Peter is well too. You know, Mrs. Lang, it did not take much to please me. I was always a contented chap."

These names of Mrs. Campbell's sons are correct, and Mrs. Lang promised to deliver his message.

Then one of us on earth asked when did Mr. Campbell pass over, to be immediately answered by Mr. Campbell himself

"I think it was on 21st October, 1942." A man's voice now asked:

"Have you any special photograph in your pocket just now, Mr. Cameron?"

Mr. Cameron replied : "Yes, I have." The voice asked :

"Why did you put it in that particular position ? Has the result been achieved ? Have you got satisfaction ?"

Mr. Cameron replied : "I hardly follow you, Sir. It is simply a photograph of my wife and my grandchild which has been in my pocket-book for some time."

The voice said :

"Yes, I checked you over for that photograph and looked into your pocket-book."

A lady's voice then exclaimed :

"Donald, Donald, it is Mary. Can you hear me ?" Mr. Cameron replied :
"Yes, dear." Mrs. Cameron assured him:

"You are sweeter to me than ever,"

and Mr. Cameron replied : "And you are equally so." Mrs. Cameron went on:

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"I know, Don. We are twin souls in many things. You know what I mean, and the great mystery of life is—I had to leave you sooner than I would have liked. You have been so brave, Donald, and you have been so good to your charges left in your care. There have been some little things that have worried you, but I am always helping you, Donald. Good day. At the end of the road, my dear, when the good Spirit God will call you home, Mary will be waiting there."

Mr. Cameron replied: "Thank you, my darling." (Mr. Cameron joined his wife about two years later.)

A man with a marked American accent then spoke in a very loud voice :

"It is John B. Arrol speaking. John Benjamin Arrol."

We asked if he knew anybody here, and he replied:

"No, but I saw the light, and came in. I just wanted to speak to you. How are you getting on ? I have not been with you for a long time."

Mrs. Lang asked: "Were you ever here before?", and he replied :

"Sure, but not for some time. Well, what are you laughing about, young lady ?" (to Miss Millar).

Miss Millar replied: "It was just the difference in the voice-the difference between your American voice and the others."

He replied:

"I have an American voice, but I am not an American, and I still say `Keep clear of New York. It is not a good place. Keep away from Coney City, my dear."

Mr. Sloan said : "There is nothin' wrong with Coney City. I have been there and it is just a showground."

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He replied :

"Sure now, and you have struck it right away-a showground."

Mr. Sloan inquired: "What did you come in here for if you don't know anybody?"

Mrs. Potter remarked : "I wonder if he is any relation of the Arrols in this country. My husband knew Sir William Arrol."

He replied:

"I am a brother of Sir William Arrol. Sure, that is how it is. I am John Benjamin Arrol, and I went to the States and spent most of my life there. We are working together now-the two brothers."

Later inquiries confirmed all that Arrol had said.

An American Indian now spoke :

"It is all right, Mrs. Lang. I know what you are thinking; that the night is far on. Well, as far as I can make out from your clock outside, it is ten minutes to six, but I am not sure. I was also an American, though I did not speak in the way that other American has spoken. I was a North American Indian Chief."

Mr. Sloan said : "I wonder where all the Indians are who used to come and speak. Whitey has deserted me; at least he comes sometimes but he is not the same as the old Whitey."

Mrs. Lang said : "But he has advanced, Mr. Sloan."

Whitefeather, who must have been in the neighbourhood, now justified his increased culture:

"My brother Sloan, you surely do not desire that Whitefeather should maintain the same old circumscribed existence which I had when I came to you in

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the old days ? I went to study a little so that I could increase my knowledge and be able to converse more like your friends here, and like some I knew in earth life.

"I have learned a little and I pay that tribute most heartily to your beloved son, Mrs. Lang, who educated me to the language which I now speak and in the tone in which I now speak, but I am still Whitefeather, the old Whitefeather in heart. Only I have gained a little further knowledge and have progressed a little in the life on our side. God bless you, says Whitefeather."

(Arthur Lang was born in 1892 and killed in action in 1916. He was medallist in Mathematics and Classics in 1909. Took First Class Honours in Classics and received his M.A. in 1913, and was Honorary Exhibitioner New College, Oxford, 1913-1914. He left behind many beautiful poems and was undoubtedly destined for the academic sphere, where his mind, given over not merely to cultural learning, but to the happiness of his fellows, would have been able to develop its latent power of teaching others. "That boy has a Master mind" was the expression of the padre of his regiment, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.)

Mrs. Lang said : "Thank you, Whitefeather. Perhaps you will close the Meeting for us," but the choice was made by the other side, as a loud voice called out

"Mr. Greenless; now is your chance,"

and he (Mrs. Lang's Father in Etheria) started the Doxology, in which we all joined. Someone on the other side then gave the following blessing

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"Bring Peace in Thy good time, O Great Father. Look down in pity, in mercy, and in love, on these Thy children in the body living in such distressing times, in such distressed days, and bring to an end this terrible, terrible conflict on the Earth Plane, in a way according to Thy Holy Will, and to Thee be Honour, Power, and Glory evermore. Amen."

All who study the absorbing and all-embracing subject, called Spiritualism, come to the conclusion that there are worlds of different density surrounding and interpenetrating our globe. Each one is much larger than this earth, but

we have no idea of their size or how far apart is each surface. When thinking in terms of vibrations we enter a region beyond our three dimensional world, where size and distance have no comparative meaning. These greater worlds, one beyond the other, evidently reach far out into space, and yet each one interpenetrates the other and this earth, to form a vast range of vibrations, of which those which make up our world might be taken as an inch in comparison to a mile.

Within this immense gamut live myriads of men and women who once lived on earth, to die and start their climb onwards and upwards on this ladder, each rung of which is made up of another world, and each world is composed of vibrations of ever greater frequency. This vast population is forever moving up and down between the surfaces of these different worlds on which they live, and those living on surfaces nearest to this earth, who retain their earth memories,

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are our constant but unseen visitors, who still take an interest in us and keep in touch with what we do and think. This subject is made clear by diagrams in my book, *The Unfolding Universe*.

From early historical times these visitors were known as gods and goddesses, to whom was credited the management of this earth and the heavens. Nothing, it was believed, could happen without their sanction, and the phenomena of nature, when pleasing to us, were attributed to the good gods and that which was harmful to mankind to the evil gods. From what transpires at the séances recorded in this book it is evident that Etherians are subject to natural laws, just as we are, and that they are not its masters as has hitherto been thought.

"I cannot explain it at all why this should be,"

was the reply Mr. Hart received from his Father who was speaking to him about all the suffering and tragedy caused by the war. To me, the obvious answer is mankind's ignorance of the right way to live.

War seems to be confined to this earth, and the power of the mind in Etheria over etheric substance seems to be the reason why this is so. When it is possible to obtain our desires by thought, when, by thought, we can get what we want, when, by thought, we can be where we wish to be, and move freely between our own surface down through lower surfaces back to earth, organised regimented fighting seems impossible. Moreover, a higher ethical standard, and ample space for everyone to move about in at will, are two other factors making for peace and harmony.

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There, mental development plays a much greater part in their lives than here on earth. To do something here, to go somewhere, and to make something is a task which brings our hands and legs into action, but there substance can be moulded by thought. The more powerful and the more developed the mind is, the more can be accomplished there, whereas here we require machines, tools, instruments and all kinds of gadgets before we can change physical matter into the forms we desire.

This power of the mind in Etheria over etheric substance is one of the most remarkable facts which has been told us by our communicators from the other side, and we have nothing on earth to correspond to this power of mind over substance. We, however, get an inkling of the influence of mind over substance when we remember the recent discoveries made by the youngest of our sciences, known as Psychokinesis, or P.K. for short. Dr. Robert H. Thouless, Reader in Educational Psychology at Cambridge, recently told me that after having made 16,232 experiments with dice, he is convinced that the mind of man, by thought alone, can influence their fall and also the movement of a spinning coin. This confirms the claims made by Professor Rhine and his colleagues of Duke University, U.S.A.

Our mind, this picture-making substance, vibrating with a much greater frequency than our etheric body, normally influences substance on earth through our physical body, and, in turn, it is influenced by physical substance. In Etheria the process is more direct and less laborious, the result being that life there is easier than it is on earth, and money is not necessary. To be able to think oneself well, to be as you think, and

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produce what you want by thought, is a vastly intriguing idea, but this, and all else this book relates, is no more difficult to believe or envisage than the astronomical figures and discoveries which astronomers have recently told us about the Universe.

All this being so, we can better understand how people in Etheria live in different planes of thought. The mind there is so powerful that it conditions our place of abode. Minds at the same stage of development live together because they are in harmony with each other's thoughts. Etherians cannot rise to a higher plane of thought than they are fitted for mentally, but they can come back to lower planes and visit their friends, just as we can enter the schoolroom or the nursery and be happy with the children. We can enjoy their way of life for a time, but we return to our own environment after our visit. Here on earth we have many grades of culture and mental development, but both high and low have to mix together because we all live on one surface. Like others, I have many times been in the company of people, who, with their inanities, have completely bored one.

In Etheria the demarcation line is more obvious, and instead of the advanced and cultured living alongside the lesser developed, they congregate together on a higher surface where everything is more in harmony with their thoughts, and in every way more intense. However, they visit their friends on the lower planes of thought, but they would be unsatisfied to remain always there. Only by mental development can the lower reach the higher way of thought, and we can now understand the reason why

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Bob Telfer, as related in the foregoing séance, was able to meet his Mother from time to time, but could not permanently live with her.

Bob Telfer described this grading of Etherians by the word "classification", and perhaps this is as good a way to describe it as anything else. Take, for instance, a school, in which are children being educated from all ages up to, say, eighteen. The children are divided into classes according to their mental development. Those in the lower classes are not mentally capable of being educated alongside of those in the higher classes, but the children in the higher classes can go down to the lower classes and understand what the less developed are being taught.

This, however, would only be in the form of a visit as they would not stay long, but return to the class for which they are mentally fitted. This classification, under the influence of mental development, evidently takes place in Etheria, where everyone sorts himself or herself out according to his or her mental standard. Everyone, therefore, is fitted for the place occupied, and it is accepted without question just as children accept their position in school. The children are happy wherever they are placed, and so are the Etherians, as happiness does not necessarily come from mental development but from mental contentment.

It does not, therefore, follow that Etherians on the lower surfaces are less happy than those further on, the probability being that they are just as happy, and, in many instances, just as good ethically. Those on the lower surfaces say that they live in beautiful country, but that it becomes more and more beautiful as they advance. This is reasonable, because on earth

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the more developed the mind is the more it can appreciate. Historically this is so, as our ancestors did not appreciate beauty as the cultured do to-day, and we would not expect a yokel to become as enthusiastic over a beautiful scene as one with artistic tastes.

Consequently, it comes to this. Those anxious to advance, and reach higher realms of thought, attend Universities, Colleges and Schools where come the Masters from the higher spheres to teach them in the arts, the sciences and about the advanced way of life prevailing in the realms in which the Masters live. The more developed minds of the Masters greatly influence their students who, in turn, influence their companions and neighbours, and, by this means, law and order is maintained. The influence of the Masters thus reaches down to the lower spheres, because in each the people are educated and helped to advance.

A united mental concentration against unrighteousness makes it difficult to perform an action contrary to the welfare of the community. Those having a criminal mentality, and those who disturb the peace and harmony of the people, can be willed out of their midst, and these backward people consequently congregate together on a surface in harmony with their mental outlook, to be visited by missionaries and teachers, who devote their time to their advancement. As the people and races of the earth are at many stages of development, and the people of each race are more in harmony, one with the other, than with other races, Etheria, on the lower surfaces, is consequently populated much as is this earth, the people of each race living together, and above in space where dwell their fellow countrymen on earth.

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Etheria is therefore a very different place from that envisaged by the different world's religions. What we sow here we reap there, as our mind, which is oneself, makes our place there and determines our happiness. So Bob Telfer was disappointed when he was not ushered into the Christian Kingdom of Heaven, and only gradually did he find the way to advance by his own patient and determined effort.

I shall now close this chapter by making three further observations. The first is that some of the poetry they write is the other way round to ours. I quote two lines as an example

"Has bound my heart to the one below Until we meet and kiss again."

This, of course, is as it should be, and it makes its source clear. It certainly was not composed by an earth poet.

Secondly, it will be noticed how parents and relations were kept informed during the war about the condition of their children and relations who were fighting abroad. Many times did I meet people, with sons or relations abroad, who received at séances accurate and reliable news of their health and whereabouts. Etheria had certainly a very reliable intelligence service, which gave much comfort to many on earth who were fortunate enough to know how to get in touch with it.

This service of communication did not commence with the Second World War as the following two examples will make clear. Mrs. Bowes has sent me, for inclusion in this book, particulars of two instances which happened in 1939, and this is what she experienced:

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Mrs. Bowes took a trip to Canada in 1939 to see her sister, and her son Bill and her daughter Margaret accompanied her. At a sitting with Mr. Sloan some time before she sailed, an Etherian, who gave his name, spoke to her and said that in earth life he had had a Sitting with Mr. Sloan. He was often in the surroundings when Meetings were being held, and had heard the conversations about Mrs. Bowes' trip to Canada.

Mrs. Bowes had never previously heard of him and knew nothing about him. He said his wife lived in Canada and gave her name and address. Mrs. Bowes promised to get in touch with her, and he said it made him very happy to hear that she would do so.

Mrs. Bowes, as promised, wrote to his wife in Vancouver, to the name and address given her by her Etherian communicator. She explained to her how she obtained her name and address and asked if she would like to arrange a meeting when Mrs. Bowes reached Vancouver.

The lady in Vancouver was very thrilled by what she read, and replied she would be delighted to meet Mrs. Bowes on arrival. This she did at an hotel in Vancouver, and they spent a very happy day together. Everything stated by the husband from the other side proved absolutely correct in every way. Mrs. Bowes thinks it is wiser not to make public the lady's name and address without her permission.

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The other incident happened when her son, Mr. Bill Bowes, was on a trip round the world just before the Second World War in 1939. On his world trip Mr. Bowes went via Alexandria to visit Japan, and then around the Pacific, visiting many places. While he was away, etheric friends came through to Mrs. Bowes at Mr. Sloan's weekly Meetings, told her where Bill was on the date of the Sittings, what kind of weather he was having, what he was doing and the place he was going to next.

All the information given, including the statements as to where he was on each date, was confirmed later when letters came to Mrs. Bowes from her son. Everything was correct.

Lastly, with regard to Bob Telfer's disappointment about not being received into Heaven as he expected, this reminds me of the first return of my Mother to earth, a week after she had passed over. She died an orthodox Christian, and expected to be met at the gates of Heaven by Jesus the Christ. She came back and gave me and my brother 188 facts as evidence, every one of which was correct, not one being known to the Medium, and, besides this, she made the following interesting remark: "When I woke up here I saw a bright figure standing beside me, and I thought it was Christ who had come to welcome me, but soon I realised that it was your Father, and that made me very happy."

We shall now proceed to receive further enlightenment.

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

20th May, 1943

Present: MRS. CRISSIE LANG, MR. ALEXANDER HART, MRS. HARVEY (Sen.), MRS. MARY HARVEY (Jun.), MRS. ELEANOR POTTER, MISS JEAN DEARIE, MR. DONALD CAMERON, MISS ELIZABETH DUFF, MRS. LILLIAS BOWES, MISS CRISSIE COLQUHOUN, MR. JOHN SLOAN.

WE opened the Meeting by singing the hymn Nearer, my God, to Thee, and a man with a very fine voice on the other side joined in and sang along with us. Then we repeated The Lord's Prayer, and someone from the other side joined in the "Amen." We heard a voice speaking, and asked who it was. The voice replied:

"Pardon me, I was speaking to friends over here just now."

We sang The Lord is my Shepherd, and again voices from the other side sang along with us.

An Irish voice then said

"Good evening, Mrs. Potter, I just wanted to tell you that this is Denny beside me. I am keeping a strict eye on him."

Mrs. Potter asked: "Is that you, Brian? Are you looking after Denny?"

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Brian replied :

"Sure, now, I can say that without doing a lot of blowing. Any notion of a job, Mr. Hart? There are a lot over here who could be doing with the eye of a teacher on them, and I would keep my eye on you.

He 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."

Addressing Mrs. Harvey, Jun., a man's voice said:

"Mary, I am with you. I have difficulty, Mary, after such a transition. My love, my love. I am never far away but you do not seem to realise it. You are sometimes sad too. Were you very happy this morning ?"

Mrs. Harvey replied: "Yes, I was quite happy." Her husband replied

"I know. I saw you. I will always be with you. I am speaking now from a great distance, but there

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are times when I can come quite close to you-can touch you."

Another voice said to Mrs. Harvey, Jun., whose husband had been killed in a road accident

"My friend, you are not to think of that tragedy at all. It is over, and all is well. God bless you. The one you love will be often with you. My work is with the soldiers who come over here, but I am practically a novice myself: I know I have your sympathy with that."

A man with a foreign accent then spoke to Mrs. Bowes, and said in broken English:

"I have just come from Bill. Come to say to you -all is well." (Bill, her son, was abroad in the Forces.)

Mrs. Bowes replied: "Oh, thank you, dear friend. I wonder if you are Bill's Indian friend."

He replied :

"Not Indian-no, Dane, Danish, Danish."

Mrs. Bowes replied : "Thank you very much, dear friend, and have you just been with Bill?" He replied

"Bill well, all well. I go again to see him."

A different voice, a man's, said to Miss Duff:

"Good evening. How are you, Miss Duff? You gave me some trouble to-day, not knowing it, of course, but I have simply looked in to say to you that I really enjoyed it."

Miss Duff asked: "Where was that?", and he replied :

"At Rottenrow."

Miss Duff asked: "Oh, is that you, Doctor?", and he replied :

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"Yes, of course, I am often with you there. It is so pleasant to get near and help in the work that interested one in earth life ; also I like to make you laugh and smile a little. You are far too serious, you know."

Miss Duff then said: "That is good of you, Doctor," and he replied :

"Mine is the pleasure, Miss Duff. It is so nice, friends, to know and realise when you come to this side of life, if you have not realised it previously, that you can still be in touch with what interested you in earth life, by getting into contact with, and speaking to those whom you knew before, letting them know that life on earth is not the end of your journey. It is just the beginning of that perfect day which you find when you come to my side. May God bless, comfort, and cheer you in these troublous times, may He cheer those who weary and wait for loved ones they will never see again in the physical ; many of them without your knowledge of the bright future awaiting them. It is up to you who know and understand, who have the Light, to pass it on to others. God bless you, and good day. A special good day to you, Miss Duff."

Another voice followed on :

"Pardon me, but I think I heard one of you speaking about the privilege of having your own ideals and ideas. Well, I would just like to say that it is also good to listen to other people's opinions and ideas as one walks along the path of life. Try to see through your brother's spectacles clearly, and then the world may seem a little different to you, I am speaking to no one in particular but to all of you, and to myself. When I was in the body I had no opinion but my own, and I was right, of course. How foolish that seems to me now.

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"I am speaking about my earth life, of course, but now that has passed away. I am sorry for disturbing you, but I came in and I like to look at your faces. I can see you all perfectly, and when I come close to you I see you better. I see the darkness of shadow around some of you, and the bright light around others, but I know that the shadow which is over some of you, and it seems rather overbearing, is caused by worry over those you love. Do not worry over-much. Dear lady (to Mrs. Bowes), you worry about your boys, but they are being looked after, and all worry will be removed, my dear. God bless you."

Immediately after this a bright light flashed about the room, and we asked the meaning of it. A voice replied :

"We are trying to signal to you by writing, Mr. Cameron. I was trying to signal 'William.' He is outside my sphere and I am getting it signaled to him that you are here."

We then heard tapping like a Morse Code message. A lady's cheerful voice then said "Good evening, Mr. Hart." Mr. Hart replied: "Good evening, Mrs. Sloan." She replied

"It is nice to think you recognised my voice. I often see you but you don't see me. And this is Mrs. Harvey-I recognised you, but your daughter-in-law I do not know her, but I know my dear (to Mrs. Harvey, Junr.), you have come through trials and troubles. I came through many myself, and I

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sympathise with you. And how are you, Mrs. Potter ? Thank you for all your goodness to Daddy. I know he is now in the care of Isa, but I thank you for all you have done for him. I have not had an opportunity of

speaking to (correct name given but omitted by request) lately, but just tell her that wee Mammy is keeping a watchful eye on her."

Mrs. Potter replied : "Thank you, Mammy dear. I always feel that you are looking after them all." A man's voice said to Mrs. Potter:

"God bless you, my Mother, my darling. Can you see me, Mother ? How I would like if you could just look and see me as I am. It is lovely to be able to see you all when I contact you as I do now. Are you keeping all right, dear ?"

Mrs. Potter replied : "Yes, dear. I am in another house, you know, Bobbie."

Bobbie, evidently referring to Mrs. Lang's house, remarked :

"I am in a beautiful house now, Mother dear, and the best corner of that house is where I meet with my beloved Mother."

Mrs. Potter replied : "God bless you, Bobbie. Is Father with you?"

Bobbie replied :

"We are both together."

Mrs. Potter's husband then spoke, saying :

"The Lord has been my Shepherd. Cheer up, Eleanor, but I am a wee bit emotional myself. That comes yet, you know, when we get near you like this."

Mrs. Potter said: "God bless you, Daddy. I know you are doing good work."

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Mr. Potter said :

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"Kiss (correct name given but omitted by request) for Grandpa, will you ?"

A relative of her husband now spoke to Mrs. Potter :

"Hello, Eleanor, it is Archie speaking to you. Bob (Mr. Potter) is a little bit upset to-night. He is so sorry that you cannot hear as you used to do. Sometimes my hearing was not good when I was in the body, but I can hear all right now. Do you remember those fine old days in Pollokshields ? They were happy days and the recollection of them is with me still. Happy memories of the past are never forgotten. I am speaking to all of you now. Happy memories of the past will compensate, I am sure, Ladies and Gentlemen, for the sad memories that creep in between. (All correct and understood.)"

"It is nice to know that after life's turmoil and trouble, we can reach this haven of rest, this home of peace, and can still do what we will to help one another along life's path. I am looking after some of the dear boys who are coming over at present who have mothers in the earth life who are sad about them, wondering how it can be God's will that they should be taken. We try to impress on them that their boys can still be very close to them, but my duty does not stop there."

"I meet those boys and try to comfort them with the knowledge that they have now done with the earth life and have entered into a new and fuller life. I refer to those who do not know. God bless you, Eleanor. When I look at you it brings back the old days in Glasgow clearly."

Another voice said to Mr. Sloan :

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"You are sitting there cross-legged and that is not polite. Take your one foot off your knee and just remember that I can see you and it will perhaps make you watch your ways when you think folks are not looking at you."

Mr. Sloan said: "Dear me, I am in the black books to-night, but I certainly was sitting cross-legged as he said."

The voice replied

"It is all right, friend. I only wanted to waken you up a bit."

Evidently Sloan was getting too tense, but there may have been another reason which will be mentioned on another occasion.

A lady then spoke to Miss Colquhoun, saying **"How are you, Crissie, my dear ? It is Mother."**

Miss Colquhoun replied : "I am all right, Mother, dear. Did you know about Annie?"

Mrs. Colquhoun said:

"Yes, I heard about her, but she will be all right. That is Archie tapping your shoulder. It is not very easy to speak sometimes. There are so many people here to-night. I find my voice varying from time to time but I cannot help that. It is very difficult to-night, and it is all to do with the vibrations."

A man's voice then said :

"Hello, Chris. It is Archie speaking. How are you ?"

Miss Colquhoun answered her brother: "Hello, Archie. I am very well. I suppose you are busy." He replied

"Well, you know, it always took a good deal to make me busy, Chris. Yes, I am fully occupied. No spare space at all, except when I come along like this to have a little talk with you."

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Miss Colquhoun asked: "Are you happy, Archie?" and he replied:

"I just wish you could all be as happy as I am."

Another voice said :

"Is that Crissie Colquhoun ? It is James Cuthbertson speaking. Archie has opened the door to let me get in to speak to you. Just tell Annie that I am still deeply interested in her, and will do the best I can for her. I think she is round the corner. There is a lot of work for her to do yet in the body, you know. You are looking very well, and I would not be James Cuthbertson if I did not have a loving thought for Crissie Colquhoun."

All this was correct and then another voice, very guttural and foreign, spoke to Mrs. Bowes, saying:

"Have seen Will. He is well. Thanking you."

Mrs. Bowes said: "Is that the Danish friend back again?"

The voice replied :

"Nodre sie Danish-Kobe. Kobe. You have two boy. Well. Two well."

Mrs. Bowes replied : "Thank you, friend. Can you tell me what nationality you are?" He replied

"Afrique. African. Tom-tom,"

and then we heard the sound of tom-tom drums beating. He continued

"I speak ver' good English. I British. British. British race best part of the world. I now speak and write like you."

We then heard another voice say to him:

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'Come away. You have got to go now. I am very sorry Mrs. Lang, that this African managed to come into your home.'

Mrs. Lang replied: "The African was very nice, and we are very glad to have him."

Pathfinder replied :

"I am much obliged to you for that assurance, but you do not know all the reasons, and the one person present who should know them (Mr. Sloan) is the one who seemingly does not know. However, that African has evidently been in touch with some of your friends. He has been seeing them, and apparently they are all well."

"It is very difficult to understand, Mr. Cameron, but I have to keep a watchful eye on some of those who enter through the doorway. It is for their own good. It does not do for all on this side of life to be mixed up too quickly with this contact. They are not ready for it yet, and it may possibly bring discredit to them. It is one of the Indian friends speaking. I am Pathfinder.

"I try to find a pathway for the struggling ones of earth life, which will be a pleasant pathway for them to tread in, and lead to the glorious day. In the distressed atmosphere in which you reside, we pray that it may be possible, in God's good time, to bring, out of chaos and turmoil, sorrow and sadness, a new era—a better day which shall arise out of the ashes of despair, a new happiness which will bloom afresh, and joy will come, and hope, in the morning.

"May you tread the pathway, the pathway that Pathfinder has trod before you, with great care and diligence, until you reach the pathway wherein no darkness can abide—when you come into the glorious

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light. I was an Indian Chief, friend Cameron, in the old days. I have now been on the spirit side of life for many years as you know time, and I am glad to be able to walk with you along the pathway of the long lanes of life, trying to direct you in every way I can. I am Pathfinder."

After a short silence Mr. Sloan remarked : "It is awful slow tonight. I don't know where all the Indians have got to—Whitey and all the rest of them."

A man's voice then said

"Hello, it is Nicole Cameron speaking. God bless me! Is this Mrs. Lang's home ? It has altered altogether. It is different entirely."

Mrs. Lang replied : "You will be thinking about Cowglen House, Mr. Cameron," and he replied:

"Bless me, yes, is that Mrs. Lang speaking ? I had a long conversation with Mr. Lang the other day -what you call `day'. This is Giffnock, isn't it ? Well, where I lived was not far from here."

(Correct-Nicol Cameron was Provost of Pollokshaws, which is not far from Giffnock.) His voice was very faint and when we remarked on that, he said :

"Can you expect anything else in the condition the world is in to-day ? There are cross-currents and we are picking up words of people who are trying to get through to you, and it is not possible to catch them up correctly just now."

Several voices now spoke at once, very excitedly. Then one cried out very loudly:

"Look out! look out!! look out!!!"

and both trumpets fell on the floor with a crash. Mr. Sloan said: "I don't like that at all. I think we should just close the Meeting."

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Miss Colquhoun said : "It is all right, Mr. Sloan, f think I know the meaning of that." A voice from the spirit side said :

"That was just describing a big smash on the road,"

and another voice said:

"We had not a second to save ourselves. It is all right now."

As previously stated, Mrs. Harvey Jun.'s husband was killed in a road accident.

A girl's voice then said to Mrs. Bowes :

"I am Molly. I do not belong to anyone here, but I came in to see you. I like you very much."

Mrs. Bowes replied: "Thank you, Molly dear.

"Will you not tell me who you are?"

She got no reply, and a man's voice broke in:

"There is a Stanley Percy wanting to talk to you. I am trying to contact, but the names are getting mixed up so badly that I cannot manage it. There is someone called Dearie-William Dearie, wanting to talk."

The names were recognised, but neither Stanley Percy nor William Dearie could make contact. Then came the voice of Robert Barr :

"I am Robert Barr. Stanley is here and is telling me to come and speak to you-and how are you, Mrs. Lang ?"

Mrs. Lang replied : "I am very well, Mr. Barr, and glad to hear you speaking to us again. What do you think of the daft Spiritualists now?"

He replied :

"I remember, I remember. I thought you were far gone. Aye, there are one or two things that I would like to elucidate-that is a big word for me, but Arthur told me to say that to keep up my

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reputation. Well, I want to say to you that I was not responsible for putting poor old Sloan out of his house, you know, but you did not write me that letter after all, Sloan."

(This statement is correct. Sloan had to leave his cottage because it was required for agricultural workers during the war. It was situated on Mr. Barr's estate of Carlung at West Kilbride, Ayrshire.)

We then heard Mrs. Sloan speaking to Mr. Barr on their side, and she now continued the conversation:

"Daddy did not mean to do that. It was just in the heat of temper he said he would write that letter to you, Mr. Barr."

Mr. Barr replied :

"Yes, yes, yes-I know that."

He then said to Mrs. Lang :

"You never could convince me that you were on the right track, Crissie, but it was I, Ladies and Gentlemen, who was so dense. Mind you, when I began to advance in years, I was beginning to wonder what was going to happen, and in my quiet moments, Crissie, I often thought-well, she is not so far wrong, there is something in it after all."

Mr. Sloan remarked : "You would never give in that there was something in it, Mr. Barr."

Mr. Barr replied :

"Dear me, no, friend Sloan. I thought both you and Mrs. Motion were daft, but you were the daftest of the two. When I felt I was drawing near the end of my earthly career, according to my years, I think I tried everything. You know, Crissie, I went to the Church pretty regularly, but I realised that that was not giving me much solution. When the sands of

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time were running out, friend Cameron, I tried to get comfort in many ways. I am, however, all right now, and I am willing to wait, or do whatever I may be allowed to do on this side of life, to overcome my failings and my faults. Crissie, if I had had the intelligence of your Bob, I would never have made such blunders. John is telling me that Kerr is here - Findlay Kerr."

All the foregoing is correct and understood. Then came another voice :

"We are not getting anywhere at all to-night. The conditions are not satisfactory. Sometimes it is difficult to get a clear and adequate understanding of why that should be, but conditions are not very good to-night, probably due to the vibrations coming from your plane at the present time."

Mrs. Sloan spoke again, saying:

"The conditions are very, very difficult to-night. I will try and get someone for you some other time, Miss Dearie."

Mrs Dearie replied : "Thank you, Mammy. It is quite all right."

Mrs. Sloan continued:

"God bless dear Mrs. Campbell. Perhaps someone will take a message to her. You know, Mrs. Lang, I find you are always doing all you can to help us. God bless you, and God bless you, Mr. Hart. I like to call you Alex. I have the advantage of you, Alex, because I am a long way ahead of you in this life, so I will be your teacher instead of you being mine. I never saw your boy, Mrs. Lang, until not so very long ago. He has such a lovely way of impressing people. Good night."

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When this was recorded Mrs. Sloan had been in Etheria for just over three years. She passed over in 1940. She never knew Arthur Lang on earth. Mrs. Lang now wondered what time it was, and someone on the other side said

"According to the clock outside it is a quarter to ten at present."

This was correct.

So we sang the Doxology, and the Sitting ended.

I wonder why it was that no one amongst the sitters at the Meetings recorded in this book ever asked how it was Etheria obtained its light. They were told

about its beauties, its fine houses and noble buildings, its delightful countryside, its garden cities, its exquisite flowers, its dazzling colours, its wonderful vistas and marvelous fruits. The sitters heard about its magnificent scenery, its rivers, its lakes, its seas and its trees, in which lodged birds of striking plumage. All this is impossible to imagine without light, and, as they never asked, all that they were told was that there is no darkness in Etheria.

Etheria is a land of varying light. One surface differs from another. There is shade and shadow, brightness and dullness, the hills are brighter than the valleys, and this light comes from an etheric sun, not our physical sun, but its counterpart, vibrating at a greater frequency than our sun. The sun, like our world, is made up of vibrations of ever greater frequency. Its physical vibrations are seen and felt on earth, and its radiation, of increased frequencies than those we sense on earth, is appreciated by Etherians, each surface reflecting the radiation with which it is in harmony.

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I know this because I asked about it, and that is briefly what I was told. Those who read my book *The Unfolding Universe* will find out how it all happens, and how it is that we can relate everything we are told about Etheria to our present-day scientific knowledge. Broadly speaking, the various surfaces of Etheria receive their light from an etheric sun in much the same way as we receive our light, and it is because Etherians live in a world vibrating at a greater frequency than our earth, but in harmony with their sun, that their colours are more vivid than ours on earth.

From the many answers to my varied questions on the subject of light I shall quote only one:

"We receive our light emanations from our etheric sun, concentric with your sun, whence comes light of great splendour, and this is reflected to our eyes by the vibration of our substance, just as is your light by the vibration of earth substance. The reason for our not having darkness is because the rays of our sun are reflected by our atmosphere at a greater height than are the rays of your sun."

This light, I was told, is soft, radiant, brilliant, beautiful and blending. The atmosphere of Etheria is more luminous than is ours on earth, and consequently the colours are more brilliant and varied than they are on earth. There is daylight and twilight but no night, though, as they do not need sleep, they do not miss having no night. That is why at a séance they are in their own light, though we are in darkness.

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Light is radiation, and substance is vibration which reflects the radiation known as light.

Let me explain in a few words how we see, and how we feel both heat and cold. When our mind pictures things it is due to vibrations, as every atom of substance contains electrons moving at immense and different speed which vibrate the ether of space. A house is made up of many colours which are just vibrations which appeal to us as follows. Those of the greatest frequency, or shortest wavelength, we call violet, and then, in the following order, are indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red. These constitute what we call light, and, when a substance reflects them all, like a cotton sheet, we have white light. These are the colours discovered by Sir Isaac Newton through his instrument, the Spectroscope, based on a prism, which broke up the light into these, its seven constituent parts. Colour consists of each of these alone or their blending one with another.

So, when we look at a house, what happens? Its various parts, made up of countless vibrating atoms, are vibrating at different frequencies from violet to red. Light waves from the sun strike them, and each part reflects the light with which it is in harmony, or which has the same vibration, the red light vibrations being reflected by what we term the red brick and so on. The light that strikes the house is reflected by ether waves to our eyes, and these numerous vibrations pass through our nerves and brain, to become a mind picture, made of mind substance. Our mind is like a technicolor film, ever changing as we look about us, with each colour in its place, to form the objects seen.

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Our mind substance makes pictures of what it sees in colour or, to be scientific, it vibrates at different frequencies, which we call colour, and all these colours together give us a mind picture of what we call a house. It is not the house but the mind picture that is real to us. Stop the vibrations by closing our eyes and the house vanishes. We carry with us to Etheria our picture-making mind which, through our etheric eyes, pictures the vibrations from the substance making up Etheria so that the same process goes on there as it does here on earth. Heat is likewise caused by vibrations which affect our skin, to be taken up by our nerves, and then carried to the brain which can make the mind feel in harmony or disharmony with its surroundings.

It will be seen that colour largely makes up our lives, and what we do not get from the sun in daylight comes from electricity, gas or oil which produce the light vibrations. Twilight and dawn are caused by the rays of the sun being reflected by the numerous minute particles floating in the atmosphere around our earth. So we receive light at dawn before the rays of the sun directly strike our earth, and at twilight when we get the reflection from the sun after it has set. The atmosphere in Etheria reaches to a greater height and the reflection is for a longer period, so much so that there is twilight but no darkness.

This is a vast subject, but I trust that the foregoing will at least make it sufficiently understandable for those who wonder how all that this book relates is possible, and how much of it is in accordance with our present-day scientific knowledge. It is all a question of ether vibrations at a greater frequency than those that make up this earth. So I shall now pass on to another

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matter which is exerting a considerable influence on thinking people to-day, namely, Psychic Healing. Miss Duff's doctor friend told her that he was often at her hospital, helping with the work that interested him on earth.

Today we are discovering that there are many healing mediums in our midst. They are known as psychic healers whose bodies are used by etheric doctors to pass through etheric vibrations, or what are called healing rays. The bodies of these mediums can be likened to a copper wire which carries electricity, and they are no more than that. The healing rays are passed through the medium's body by etheric doctors, who can influence the medium to place his or her hands on the place to be healed, as it is through the hands that the rays are directed to the place where they are needed. Etheric doctors can tell our health from our auras, and diagnose what is wrong, because they can see through us like an X-ray camera.

These etheric rays affect the etheric body, which, in turn, stimulates the physical body to again become healthy. Many striking cures have been effected by these healing rays, which can be so strong that one has to withdraw his hand if he puts it between the medium's hand and the part being healed. I myself have felt this, and, in the presence of a healing medium, my spine has been made to feel uncomfortably hot, the heat also being felt moving up and down from the top of my spine to the bottom and then up again.

Psychic healing, just like the Direct Voice, is recorded in the world's literature since early times. The ancient Greeks knew about it and practised it at different centres. Jesus, Paul, and Vespasian, the

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Roman Emperor, to mention only three of many, were psychic healers, and Livy, the Roman historian, gathered together many accounts of people being healed in miraculous ways by the healing hand.

In the séance covered by this chapter we find another instance of an earth disability having come right in Etheria. At a previous Meeting someone told how he could now see again, and, in this one, Archie, speaking to Mrs. Potter, says that he can hear again. A man once spoke to me from Etheria, and was

so delighted that he now had both his arms again, one having been cut off on earth. Our etheric body cannot be damaged, and whatever we may lose, or have impaired, of the physical body does not affect the etheric body. Some who have lost arms or limbs have the feeling on earth that they still have them, but it is the etheric duplicate that they feel.

One final remark which arises from the Sitting reported in this chapter. How do the people on the other side know when we are having a Meeting on this side? The answer is that someone keeps a watch on Sloan, but this does not mean that the watch is constant or close. A telepathic system operates, so that the watchman knows at once. When I was sitting regularly with Sloan, Whitefeather had this role of watchman, and summoned the director, the chemist, the door-keeper, the one in charge of the trumpets, and the others he knew who wanted to be present. When the director saw the earth people who were present, he sent messages telepathically, or by other swift means, to their friends in Etheria, and quickly the news spread that the opportunity had again come to speak to friends on earth.

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CHAPTER XI 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. MURIEL 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

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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?"

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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."

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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."

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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

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"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"

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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 :

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`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,"

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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."

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"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.

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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."

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(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 Doubting 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 :

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"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.'

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"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

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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 :

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"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 :

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"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.'

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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."

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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.

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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.

We have now reached about half-way through this book, and 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

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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 pitiful attempt to turn man into a machine, to which no Spiritualist was allowed to reply, and to which the Church was silent because of ignorance, had doubtless a depressing effect on the majority of listeners, who knew as little about man's psychic makeup as did the professors of anthropology and biology who gave these talks. 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.

Materialism has an answer for everything. Nothing exists apart from physical matter which is all and in all, omnipresent, omnipotent and omniscient. Physical matter is the Universe, and nothing exists beyond what our senses can perceive. 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

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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.

Consequently, only one professor was interested enough to attend a lecture I gave in the lecture-room of the Glasgow Philosophical Society in 1923, my

subject being the phenomena that occurred at Sloan's séances. Only one became a member of the Glasgow Society for Psychical Research when I founded the society in 1923. Moreover, when Sir William Barrett, F.R.S., a founder of the London Society for Psychical Research, came to Glasgow that year, at the request of the Glasgow Society for Psychical Research, to address a large audience in the St. Andrew's Hall, at which I presided, the University life of Glasgow was conspicuous by its absence, though all its leaders were invited.

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

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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, and yet official science still maintains its indifference to a subject which upsets its materialistic conception of the Universe.

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

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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

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the day or night. That attitude is stupid as, to be truly scientific, we must take things as Nature gives them to us and adapt our experiments accordingly. 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.

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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.

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

1st December, 1943

Present: MR. JOHN SLOAN, MRS. CRISSIE LANG, MR. ALEXANDER HART, MRS. JANIE RICHARDSON, MISS JEAN DEARIE, MR. DONALD CAMERON, MRS. MARY LONDON, MRS. ELIZABETH CAMPBELL, MRS. LILLIAS BOWES, MISS CRISSIE COLQUHOUN.

WE opened the Sitting with the hymn Nearer, my God, to Thee, and afterwards repeated The Lord's Prayer. A voice from the spirit side joined in the "Amen" along with us. Something dropped on the floor, and Mr. Sloan said : "Some of our spirit friends have pulled the pencil out of my pocket and dropped it on the floor."

A voice said

"What are you doing with a pencil, anyway? You can't write shorthand."

Miss Dearie said: "Perhaps he was keeping it for me in case mine broke." The voice said

"And can you always see the point, my dear ?" Miss Dearie laughed and replied : "Oh yes, I think I usually see that."

He replied :

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"It would be a pity, my dear, if you did not. We are pretty natural on this side of life, as you will find out when you come over here. I find it so, anyhow. Is this not Mrs. London who is sitting here .

Mrs. Campbell said: "Yes, it is. Do you know her."

The voice replied :

"Well, I know her husband. I have met him on this side."

Mrs. London said: "Have you got a message for me?"

The voice replied:

"There is so little I can say."

Mrs. Campbell said: "Tell her about her husband. I am sure she will be delighted to hear about him."

The voice replied :

"He would be far better to do that himself, you know."

But no further contact was made because another voice broke in. Mr. London was, however, standing by, as he spoke later to his wife.

"Jim, Jim is speaking."

Mr. Sloan said: "That is not telling us much. Jim is a common five-eighths name. Anybody could claim a Jim."

Mrs. Lang said: "Well, Jim, we will be very pleased to help you if we can."

Jim replied :

"It is not a case of helping me. I am more inclined to try and help you. It is my duty, and my work, trying to assimilate some of the words of your tongue, and help all those I can. I am not British,

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though I am British always in heart at all times. We are all one family."

Mr. Cameron asked: "Is colour absent when you leave the earth here?"

He meant the colour bar, but his vagueness caused the Etherian speaking to say :

" I do not follow you. What do you mean by `colour' ? We are all one family, all brothers and sisters, and we acquire the knowledge that the Great Teacher wants us to obtain. We must stay in the surroundings we find ourselves in until we acquire the knowledge necessary to pass to higher planes, and, having ability to rise, we obtain the counsels of the great leaders. There are things you cannot know, friend Cameron, until you come to this side of life, educated as you are, as you have all become, and as we all must become in time."

Mr. Cameron remarked: "You seem to have reached a stage of understanding yourself, friend."

The voice replied :

"It comes overwhelmingly upon us when we see intelligences so far ahead of us, and we desire to follow in the footsteps of the Great Master Teacher. In method of progress it means assimilation of the Truth which we must take unto ourselves, and that we are willing to obey the will of those above us, and follow in the higher footsteps of those advanced far beyond us. It is not a theme of a day, as you call it, a month, or a year. It is of long duration before some rise to this discernment. Do you see what I mean ? The urge to rise has no limitation. It remains with us, our desire to follow in the steps of the great teachers who have gone ahead."

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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."

Mr. Cameron asked: "Do you ever receive our thoughts in colour?"

The voice replied :

"I receive them in impression first, and then I hear. I seem to understand you very well. You are very lucid in your explanation, friend. I love to hear you. I dropped in to your Meeting and am delighted at the way you have received me. Sometimes I drop

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into a Meeting elsewhere and I am not so well received as you have received me here."

Mrs. Lang said : "We are delighted to have you."

He replied :

"This knowledge should be a comfort to all in the body. In the world you traverse to-day, Sister, when one has relations and friends one loves

and adores, and the Master in His wisdom takes them home sometimes, how you grieve and sorrow. You should not do so, you know."

Another very deep voice said :

"Very difficult not to do so."

The first speaker said :

"I am speaking to this little lady now. However, her sorrow is past. It is more mellow now."

Miss Colquhoun asked : "Is it easy for all on your side to get our thoughts, or is it more difficult for some than others?"

He replied **"Very difficult for some."**

The trumpets were touching Mrs. Campbell, and a voice said :

"Grandfather. It is Grandfather speaking."

Mrs. Campbell said : "Is it my Grandfather who is speaking?"

He replied:

"John's father. I am surprised you did not know me."

Mrs. Campbell said: "And how is Jack? Is he going to speak to me?"

Mr. Campbell, Senior, said :

"He will certainly be speaking to you shortly. He sends his thoughts, and they are reflected through various channels."

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Many you love are in the surroundings but I cannot get at them all to-night for you, my dear. It is a happy family."

Another voice then exclaimed :

"Margaret, my dear Margaret."

Mrs. Campbell asked who was speaking, but the conversation was broken into by a new voice which said

"This is another friend speaking-the husband of the lady beside you."

He then asked:

"Did you find me a difficult subject, Mrs. Campbell ?"

Mrs. Campbell asked who was speaking, and he replied :

"I am Norman. You thought I did not understand, that I did not follow you, I suppose. Did not believe what you were telling me. I find now that it was all true. Thank you very much."

Then he addressed his wife, Mrs. London:

"Norman is speaking to you. My dear, how do you do ? I am away at the other side of the room so that I can amplify my voice a little better for you. It is not tuned in yet as I would like it to be. The love which is in our souls, my dear, is still burning strong, and, as your days run past, I am watching you. God bless you. I will never be properly happy until we shake hands and clasp each other when God's good time comes. In the interval I will guard you to the best of my ability, as far as the spirit friends who guide me here allow me to do so."

Mrs. Sloan spoke here, and said :

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"Mrs. London, I was so pleased to see you here. Do you remember when you came to see me ? It seems a long time since. You remember, Mrs. Campbell, when Mrs. London came up to our wee cottage. I am so pleased that you are still keeping in touch with the dear ones whom you knew and who are now on our side of life. I promised to try and help them to get into touch with you from time to time; that is my work, you know, and it is such a wonderful labour of love. Your dear ones are often surrounding you, though you do not know it. Have you got a bad cold, Daddy ?" (to Mr. Sloan).

Mr. Sloan replied : "It is all right, dearie. I will not have any cold when I come over to you. Make the time short, dear. When God's time comes, I will be ready to jump."

Mrs. Sloan replied :

"Yes, I know that, dear. I think most people when they reach your time of life and those they love have gone before them, are anxious to get away, but you must wait God's good time, dear, and then we will meet and be the same to each other as we were in the earth life. God bless you, Mr. Hart. I loved to see you trotting down the field when you came to the cottage, and I knew it would be a good Meeting when Mr. Hart came. We will have another grand meeting by and by. We will have so much to talk

about and tell each other. (A pause and then came): Don't ask me that, Daddy, because it would not be right to tell."

Mr. Sloan must have asked a mental question.

Mr. Sloan replied : "I did not ask it, Mammy. I was just thinking it. I have more sense than ask these things. I was just wondering if it was so."

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Another voice, evidently speaking to someone on his own side, said:

"Is that Harry? Are you there, Harry ? Just take your feet out of the way, my friend."

Mr. Sloan laughed, and said: "I am sorry, friend. I admit I was sitting with my legs stretched out. I am sorry, friend. I did not mean to get in your way."

The voice replied:

"Yes, but I am sure I have the sympathy of those on your side if I say we are working to maintain the conditions which bring your friends a little nearer to you, and if I tell you to pull your feet out of the way, you will not be annoyed."

We said: "Of course we are not annoyed. We will keep our feet in."

He replied :

"It is not you ladies at all. It is our old friend here. He had them stuck right out, but I am glad you take it in the way it was given-just a hint."

Another voice said:

"It is Jim. It is not easy to speak. Do you recognise my voice ? I tried my best to speak to you before. Keep looking up, my dear. I am often beside you, and will be so all the days that remain for you on the earth side of life."

This message was for Mrs. London.

Harry then got through, as a voice said :

"It is Harry Wincombe speaking. That was my name."

Mr. Cameron said: "Did you live in Scotland, Mr. Wincombe?"

He replied :

"No, at least not all the time. I do not know any of you personally."

Mr. Cameron said : "Tell us something about yourself."

Harry replied :

"Well, I am not inclined to do that. I do not like to talk about myself. This is Glasgow, is it not ? I have been a long time on the spirit side of life. There are descendants of my family who are still in England. There is a Dr. Wincombe. Do any of you know him ?"

One of us asked: "Is he in Glasgow?" He replied :

"If I knew that I would not trouble you by asking. I thought I might learn something about him here. I have been some time in spirit life, and found it very difficult to be persuaded that I had finished with the old world. I found it difficult to realise that I had left the physical body behind when I found myself possessed of a body as real as the one I had had. One that I could travel with and could go and see people who were still in earth life, until I realised that they could not see me. I thought it was such a funny thing, and at first I found it difficult to be happy on the spirit side of life. It was a very hard struggle for me at first, but I ultimately came on someone who showed me the way whereby I could get into contact with those left behind, and from that time I made progress. I have not progressed very far, but I am now on the right way, and am happy."

Then a man, who turned out to be Thomas Armstrong, addressed Mrs. Bowes

"It is Thomas speaking now. Do you know me ? Is that Mrs. Bowes ? It is Thomas speaking. I have just been away getting into touch with your boys, and will do all I can to look after them for you, and lighten your burden. The light will shine and you will be happy once more, but the world is such a tragedy at the present time, we cannot contact you as we used to do."

Another voice on the other side chimed in and addressed Thomas before Mrs. Bowes could reply:

"Oh, Thomas, I see you have got someone to talk to to-night. I am an old school friend of Thomas. I notice the conditions at the present time are not so good. I think if you would sing something softly, it would help us

to smooth the way a little for those who may be able to come yet and talk to you."

We sang The Lord is my Shepherd to the tune "Crimond", and afterwards a very clear voice said

"I was just watching you, Mother dear. It is Roy speaking to you, Mother. Are you going to Nancy's? Well, I will be there when you arrive."

Mrs. Richardson said: "Thank you, Roy dear. I am very sorry to go away from Glasgow. I thought M might spend the winter here."

Roy replied :

"Well, there is perhaps a purpose in it, Mother dear. I know it is a wrench to come away, but you will be happy at Stratford. It is such a joy to me, friends, to speak to my Mother like this. When I found I could do so, it was a great joy to me, and I have tried to help others to get the joy of speaking to those they love on the Earth Plane. It makes me very happy to talk to you and try to help you."

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Mrs. Richardson asked: "Do you come across your Father at all, Roy?"

He replied :

"Oh yes, sometimes. You know he is on a different sphere, but we meet now and again, and are very happy, very joyous together. We also see James."

Mrs. Richardson asked: "James Chalmers?" He was beside Roy and now spoke

"James Chalmers is speaking. I met you, Mrs. Lang, in some other person's house when the Indian was speaking to you. I did not like them very well, you know. I mean the Indians. I did not pull with them but I have since discovered that they are wonderful people."

A new voice continued the conversation:

"We pull together, my friend, my worthy Scotch friend. The Indian people are always trying to help you as far as we can. We all pull with a strong pull and a long pull, and all pull together, and we pray that you and we together may get a blessing from the one Great Spirit God."

We then heard a voice speak rapidly in a foreign language. A long, strange cry then came through the trumpet, like "Boo-boo" and a voice said :

"I am able to speak to you now, Sister Colquhoun, in your own language. I have studied with much assiduity and am able to perform the duties to your dear soldiers. I am working with them on your side just as they pass over."

Miss Colquhoun said : "Well, Bo-Bo. I wonder if you could help me to find out about a boy called

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Roy Mc—? (Full name given, but omitted by request.) He is missing, and his Mother is in great distress about him, and I wonder if he has passed to your side."

Bo-Bo replied :

"It is in the hands of the Great Father to find that out. I got your thoughts and have tried to locate him. He is not a prisoner of war at all. I fear; I fear for the Mother's sake that he is with us, but I have not found him. Bo-Bo, working all he can for you. There is not much hope that he is in the physical. He is not a prisoner of war, yet I cannot see him. It was the long time on the water in which we lost trace of him."

This boy's aeroplane crashed in the sea. Another voice said :

"William-William Coltart."

Miss Colquhoun asked if he was any connection of Coltarts, the drapers, in Queen Street. He replied

"One of the firm. I do not know how long I have been over. I am not able to speak to you very plainly. I am passing my thoughts through another channel so that you may get them. I am passing my words through an intermediary source to get through to you. It is a great joy to me that, after having finished my earth life, I have been able to be of some service to my Maker, and be allowed to put a message through from this side to you. When you leave the body you will find, if your life has not been a onesided service for yourself alone, but of service to God as well as man, not by lip service but by a conscientious striving to help others, all will be well with you when you make the crossing. These are the things that count."

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A pause, and then Mrs. Colquhoun spoke to her daughter :

"Hello, is that you, Crissie ? A Mother's love is always with you. I feel so happy, and I have the clear recollection and memories of all our happy times together. It is coming near to what has been a trying time for you, my dear. I wish you were just as happy as I am. When the end of the year comes, just think it is the opening of a new year, and I will always be with you to look after you and hold your hand. I have been with you in your sleep-time.

"It is coming near the anniversary when I know you will be thinking of me, dear. God bless Archie. He is always so good to me. He was a good father, you know, and he loved you too. He had got such a beautiful home for me. Mrs. Lang, thank you for your kindness to my girl. I cannot see all who are here, but God bless you all. I know Mrs. Bowes. I know what it is, Mrs. Bowes, to have an anxious heart for those you love, and I will remember you in my prayers on this side of life."

Mrs. Bowes replied : "Thank you very much, dear Mrs. Colquhoun."

Miss Colquhoun asked: "Do you remember Nellie McWilliam? I was asked about her."

Mr. Colquhoun then answered his daughter:

"Of course, I remember her. She was my friend too. Nellie was always good and kind to me. Well, I suppose you will forgive me speaking just now. I do not think you will object, friends, although it has taken a little time up. God bless you, Crissie.

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It is Father speaking to you. Here is someone you know wanting to speak to you."

A very Scotch voice then said to Miss Colquhoun:

"Hoo (how) are you getting on ? Aye (yes), you will no (not) remember me, lassie, but I used to know you when you came for holidays to Arran. It is John Cook of Banchory Hill, Slidery Coome. I had a look through the farm the other day, and we were that amazed when we were speaking to them and they did not hear us. Aye, I thought I would like to have a bit word with you. I had aye (always) a soft corner in my heart for you, and lookit forward to the time when you came down in July and August."

John Cook was a farmer in the Island of Arran, with whom Miss Colquhoun and her family spent their holidays. Everything said was correct.

Mr. Colquhoun now spoke to Mrs. Lang:

"It is Archie Colquhoun speaking. I thank you, Mrs. Lang, for allowing these people to come and talk to my girl."

One of the trumpets fell on the floor and Miss Colquhoun went down on her knees to lift it up, when it was pulled right out of her hand, and a voice said :

"Take care it doesn't bite, Crissie. Yes, this is my trumpet. I was working with it down on the floor. I was trying to see if I could talk through it. Can you hear me quite clearly ?"

Mr. Sloan said : "Oh, we hear you quite plainly, but you are no (not) saying much that is worth listening to."

A reply to this typically candid remark by Mr. Sloan came from Thomas Armstrong.

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"What do you wish me to say ? We are doing the best we can for you. It is not easy to direct the course of things in the world today, either from our side or your side. It is difficult to come into contact with those who are passing, and then go and try to console those who have lost their dear ones for a little time, for not all have the beautiful knowledge, and the beautiful understanding that you have here, that in the body we have no abiding city and will all pass over in God's good time to The Great Reality.

"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

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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."

A new voice then addressed Mrs. Campbell:

"Mrs. Campbell, when were you here last ? It is a good long time ago. I think your John has come over since then. I don't forget the old connection. I have been often around the Square watching how things were going on."

Mrs. Campbell asked : "What did you do on earth?"

The voice replied:

"I was the old dispensing chemist to the Cockburn firm." (Messrs. Cockburn have chemist shops in Glasgow.) "It is a big concern now. Did you know Mr. Kelly ?"

Before an answer could be given someone shouted from the other side

"Has anybody here seen Kelly ?"

Mr. Cameron remarked : "There seems to be a fairly wide open door here for anyone to come through."

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Pathfinder then spoke :

"You are candid in your opinion, friend Cameron, but I understand what you mean. You do not have the door-keeper you used to have. They are all too busy working with those who are passing suddenly to this side of life to have time to spend coming here. The time will come when we will have more time; knowing that the Great Master, in His love, and the

good souls in the world to-day, are working in harmony with those on the other side of life to bring a condition of peace, a fraternity of opinion that peace may be secured, Ladies and Gentlemen, and the world may return to its normal condition. May God bless you all. I am Pathfinder.

"I would like to make a pathway clear for you, Ladies and Gentlemen, to tread the devious paths of life, which just now is a very difficult matter. It comes hard to the human heart. I am speaking more like one of yourselves today. You understand what Pathfinder means. I am trying hard to enter into your sorrows and your joys, and to assist the friends you love who may be passing just a little ahead of you on the road of life. I try to bear you up in the arms of love, to bear you up beyond the shadow to the substance where Pathfinder lives, and where some day you will be co-partners in the labour of love.

"I will come again when I have time to talk to you. I have memories, sweet memories, Sister Lang, of some of our Indian friends-I was one of them when we could speak to you in a way I would like to now. Pathfinder is much advanced now, though I know his old friend, Sloan, here does not seem to care much for his advancement. He loves him all the

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same for all that. God bless you. If at any time you are in difficulty or trouble, or upset, just think of Pathfinder, and I will try, if I get the condition, to get into touch with you.

"If any of you call me, I shall try and show a little light to let you know that I am near. I do not say that I shall succeed, but some day I will. In any case, you will get an impression that will bear upon you. I will find some way to let you know it is Pathfinder. I have seen the hand, the beautiful fingers, writing the words portraying what has been said, on the paper. Pathfinder is speaking to Miss Dearie now. Pathfinder watches your labour of love and you will be blessed, my Sister."

Miss Dearie replied: "Thank you, dear Pathfinder." Another voice then addressed her:

"Robert Dearie speaking."

Miss Dearie said: "That is not Father, for his name is not Robert."

The voice replied :

"No, it is not Father. It is an ancestor, not your Father's Father, further back still. God bless you. No, Miss Dearie, I do not know what beautiful name is affixed to that."

Miss Dearie replied: "My name is Jean." He said

"That is a family name. I shall come again. Yes, yes, I hear the clock in the hall all right, but it does not bother me now. I am just watching you and I would like to get a message through to you that you can understand, because you do not understand half of what is coming through. It is not lucidly explained to you."

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How Robert Dearie proposed to enlighten her we know not, as another voice broke into the conversation:

"Friend Cameron, it is Harry speaking. Don't you know Harry ?"

Mr. Sloan said : "I think Tom, Dick and Harry are getting in here. It is nae (no) use at all." Harry replied:

"That is too bad of you. I don't like you to say that about Tom, Dick and Harry."

Mr. Sloan replied: "Sorry, friend, I did not mean to offend you. I did not mean to say that."

Mrs. Lang said : "No, but you said it all the same." Harry continued :

"You would not like us to speak that way to you."

Another voice then broke in :

"Did you ever hear the like of that ! What are you worrying about ? He did not mean it. This is my house."

Mrs. Lang said: "Who are you, friend, if this is your `house' that we are all in?" He replied:

"I am Moritz's father. This was my son's house."

(Mrs. Lang bought Mr. George Moritz's house in Giffnock after leaving Cowglen House. His Father may have thought it was still his son's house.)

Mr. Moritz stopped speaking, and Mrs. Lang said: "Well, friend, I think for those who have to go home we had better draw to a close." So we sang the Doxology.

Mrs. Campbell remarked: "One does not like to think of some landing on the other side in chaos, when one thought all was law and order."

Thomas Armstrong came back to put right a misunderstanding :

"I did not say that they landed in chaos. I said there was a condition of chaos in their passing, those who are coming over through the war. I will explain that to you some other night. May the blessing of the Great God, the Father, Who knoweth the secret of every heart, knoweth the desires and aspirations of every soul, guide your aspirations, your desires, and your life, so that all will be well with you when you come to our side of life and traverse this beautiful land, and may the Great Father God, whom, not having seen, we know and revere, and to some extent understand, keep our hearts and minds in perfect peace, now and for ever more. Amen."

This ended the Sitting.

One of the most conclusive proofs that the voices heard by the earth sitters at these séances were those of men and women, with personalities like our own, was the way they displayed human feelings just as we do. They showed emotion, affection, humour, annoyance, memory and so on, but, besides that, they came back and corrected misstatements if a sitter misquoted them or was inconsistent in his remarks. For instance, Mr. Cameron, on one occasion, was corrected because he said one thing to an Etherian earlier in the Meeting, and, when speaking to the same Etherian on the same subject later on in the séance, he said the opposite.

So Mr. Cameron's inconsistency was exposed by a thinking unseen being who remembered correctly what was said, and reminded Mr. Cameron of his mistake. Here we have an unseen individual behaving just as we would have acted under similar circumstances, to show himself to be human like ourselves.

At the end of the Meeting reported in this chapter Mrs. Campbell misquotes an earlier statement made by Thomas Armstrong, and this brings him back into the conversation to quote what he had said earlier in the same séance. Not only was he right and Mrs. Campbell wrong in what she said, but it will be found that he repeated almost word for word what he said and so justified himself.

Mrs. Campbell, it will be remembered, said : "One does not like to think of some landing on the other side in chaos." Armstrong came back and said: "I did not say that they landed in chaos. I said there was a condition of chaos in their passing, those who are coming over through the war." Now, if we turn

back and read what Armstrong did say on this subject, when he was speaking earlier in the Meeting, we find that his words were: "If you could just realise the condition of chaos in which they come over." What he meant was that their minds were in a state of confusion, or greatly disturbed, but not the world to which they had passed. This proves Armstrong to have a retentive memory, and, though he was not seen, he acted throughout like an ordinary human being. Moreover, it proves that Miss Dearie is a very accurate stenographer.

When I sat regularly with Sloan between 1918 and 1924 I sometimes thought, when in the darkness of his little parlour, that I was in the very same position

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as I would be in if I were blind. If I had taken a blind man with me, both he and I would have been on the same level, except that he would not see the lights floating about and I would. Otherwise I had no faculty that he did not possess, as he heard the voices and felt the touches just as I did but we could not see the person speaking to us. When the séance was over, when the light came on again, and when the Etherians were silent, I would have the advantage over this blind man because I could see the sitters and he could not. He could feel us but not see us.

Now, if he had started to argue that because he could only hear the sitters, and not see them, he was either hypnotised or under some terrible delusion that we were with him in the room, and that he really was not hearing what we were saying, we would consider him insane. No blind man thinks like that of the unseen people he mixes with, even if he is born blind. All blind people accept the fact that others like themselves are near to them and speaking to them.

It is quite natural to do so, and, at the Direct Voice séances, we accept the fact that someone is present when we hear a voice. Like a blind person we mentally picture what we are told, and, when a voice gives a name and address, and refers to incidents in his life on earth, we naturally picture in our minds the person who claims to be speaking. Even though the invisible speaker misleads us, and he is really someone else and has read our minds, or heard about us from someone else to thus delude us, he cannot keep us from knowing that he is an individual, a personality with memory and the qualities that make up the human being. He may mislead us because of his invisibility,

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but he cannot keep us from knowing that someone is present who speaks as we do, thinks as we do, and acts as we do.

Hidden memories, or telepathy, cannot produce a voice which is sometimes recognised and which shows memory, affection and emotion towards the person the voice is addressing, but that is not all. At Direct Voice séances it is seldom one can see the speaker, but at materialisation séances we can see and hear and recognise the speaker. This is no delusion because we can be photographed together, and what the materialised Etherian says can be picked up, as has been done at Direct Voice séances, on a gramophone record to be repeated at will.

Unfortunately, materialisation mediums are rare, as few people have the necessary supply and quality of the ectoplasm required. Direct Voice mediums are rare but more plentiful than materialisation mediums, because the quantity of ectoplasm required to materialise the Etherians' vocal organs is not so great as is required for a full materialisation. Lastly, trance mediums, clairaudients, and clairvoyants are still more plentiful. In the presence of them all we get the same statement, namely, that the speaker once lived on earth, slipped out of his earth body at death, to live in a beautiful happy world in the duplicate etheric body he had on earth. Moreover, that we likewise will follow in our turn, and that as we sow we reap, that only our character counts, and that we each judge ourselves and go to the place in Etheria for which we are fitted.

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The critic who asserts that everything Spiritualists believe is moonshine, that their superstitious nonsense is the result of deranged minds, that they suffer from illusions, and that they have neither proof nor reason for their beliefs, is so ignorant and prejudiced that it is impossible for him to think rationally. Equally unbalanced is the religious zealot who thinks that the Devil has sent his angels, or messengers, to misguide us, and delude us so as to secure more souls to burn in Hell. All such people are unworthy of notice, and should be treated with the contempt they deserve.

At one time, not so long ago, there were many such stupid people, because of so much ignorance and prejudice. Slowly knowledge is overcoming ignorance, but the truth will take a long time to penetrate through the hide of religious orthodoxy and materialism, as it prevails today, supported by both the Church and science. We have a material body, and we live on a material world, our senses being adjusted to physical conditions. Only by attending séances, sitting privately with mediums, or by reading about the subject, can those who lack the psychic sense appreciate the conditions beyond our physical environment. Otherwise they cannot imagine anything to exist apart from what their physical senses perceive.

Spiritualists can understand why it is their opinions receive so little consideration-the reason is ignorance and prejudice-but that is no excuse for all the abuse and persecution they have received in the past. At least they have a right to be heard, and, until they are, they should not be judged. They

have such a very strong case to put over, but the vested interests in favour of theological and scholastic ignorance are so strong that neither the B.B.C., nor the Press in general, will give them a fair hearing.

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The cry of humanity down the ages has been "If a man die, shall he live again?" (Job xiv, 14), and when Spiritualists come forward and say that they have found the answer to this question, it is surely sensible to examine and discuss their reason for this statement. Instead of discussion the past history of the injustice meted out to Spiritualists is deplorable, and until 1951 they were classed as rogues and vagabonds in the criminal law of Great Britain and treated accordingly without recourse to a fair trial.

In the Meeting just reported we have another case of mind reading when Mr. Sloan thought of something. Mrs. Sloan saw this picture-making taking place in his mind and asked him not to speak about it. Sloan agreed that she was right in telling him to keep quiet but, as he said to her: "I was just thinking it." By attending séances like those recorded in this book psychologists would discover how our mind works, because, to understand what the mind is, and how it thinks, they must consult, as I have done, with the Etherian scientists-who can see it working and who know all about its behaviour. The mind is immaterial and not to be discovered by material instruments. The testing of the brain's electrical impulses is only dealing with the physical effects and not with the primary cause of these effects.

I hope these few words of advice will be taken seriously in the right quarters, and that some day, when scientists discover the mind in the only way it can be discovered, they will make grateful acknowledgment to the Spiritualists who put them on the right road to find it.

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CHAPTER XIII
MEETING AT MISS COLQUHOUN'S HOUSE, POLLOKSHIELDS,
GLASGOW

Tuesday, 11th July, 1944

Present: MR. JOHN SLOAN, MRS. LILLIAS BOWES, MRS. JANIE RICHARDSON, MISS JEAN DEARIE, Miss AILSA DOUGLAS, MISS WINNIE DOUGLAS, MR. ALEXANDER HART, MRS. MARY (MAY) CUTHBERTSON, MISS CRISSIE COLQUHOUN.

WE opened the meeting with the usual hymn, Nearer, my God, to Thee, and, while we were singing it, the trumpet came round to each of us in turn and

gave us gentle pats. We then repeated The Lord's Prayer, and a voice from the other side joined in the "**Amen**".

A man's voice then enquired :

"Are you still seeing these French boys, Mr. Hart ?"

Mr. Hart replied : "They are all away now." He continued :

"There are so many passing over at present, Mr. Hart, and a great number of them are in a state of bewilderment-yes, the boys that are being thrown over at present."

Nothing more was said for some minutes, and Mr. Sloan said : "Nothing will happen to-night. I just thought that before I came, that nothing would happen, and this might as well be my last time."

Miss Colquhoun rebuked him: "Now, Mr. Sloan,

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you are not to say that. What would Mammy say to you about that? We are perfectly happy just to sit and wait awhile."

A voice from the other side then spoke:

"Thank you, Miss Colquhoun. My dear friends, you cannot command, you know, Ladies and Gentle men. The door is open, and that is all that we can do. The world is in a terrible state meantime. Just put out your thoughts, then, to those who are in a terrible predicament. Put yourselves in the place of those who have dear ones away and do not know what has happened to them, and send your prayers, for these are needed as well."

Miss Dearie remarked that it must be very difficult for those on the other side to contact us at all at the present time, when they were so busily engaged helping the boys who were passing through this war.

A voice replied :

"Thank you, Miss Dearie, for that beautiful sentiment,"

and Mr. Sloan remarked: "Fancy, he knows your name."

The voice answered :

"Why not? I know your name as well as you know it, John Campbell Sloan."

Mr. Sloan asked : "Are you the door-keeper?", and the reply came back at once :

"It is better to be a door-keeper in the House of God'-oh, well, you know the rest of it.

"Well, Mrs. Richardson, you were in the Poet's Corner."

Mrs. Richardson inquired: "The Poet's Corner, and he explained :

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"Well, were you not in Shakespeare's birthplace ?"

Mrs. Richardson said : "Oh, yes, I was in Stratford, and it was beautiful. I was very sorry to come away." Mr. Sloan remarked:

"Who was it that came from there? Was it not one of the poets-was it Burns?"

A man from the other side was shocked:

"Oh dear, oh dear, I am surprised at your lack of memory, Sloan. Did you ever hear of Shakespeare -well, that was his birthplace."

Mr. Sloan replied :

"Oh aye, I have heard of Shakespeare all right, but my memory is awful bad the noo."

Then we heard the following from the other side :

"Just wait until you come to my side, and you will understand what poetry really means. You have no conception of the loveliness of the country wherein we dwell. Take the rough places with the smooth, Ladies and Gentlemen, and do your little bit while you are in the body. Serve God and help your fellow men and sister women, and all will be well with you when the parting comes. Just think of the friends you have known in bygone days, the loved ones, the specially beloved ones, who will be waiting to say to you `my darling, come home'."

We asked if we might know who was speaking and he replied :

"I am just filling up the time until we see what we can do. I have never been in the immediate surroundings before, but I liked the lights which come from your auras

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**"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us.
It would frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."**

Miss Dearie remarked that she had not caught the last line, and he repeated it.

Then he continued his conversation:

"I am afraid, my dear, you do not know your Burns."

We laughed, and he said:

"Ah, that has taken the sombre look from your faces."

We asked: "Were we looking sombre?", and he replied :

"You can smile sometimes, especially when someone comes in that you know. However, you would not be human if you did not feel a bit sorrowful just now. Even supposing there are none of your own in danger, others are. However, do try to keep happy."

We sang: They are winging, they are winging, and afterwards Mrs. Sloan spoke to us.

"Daddy, dear, try to keep happy."

Miss Colquhoun remarked that the black-out of the room was not very good, and Mrs. Sloan answered:

"It is not as dark as we used to have it at West Kilbride, but it is all right, dear. I used to see you coming through the fields, Mr. Hart, and say to Daddy: 'There is Mr. Hart, now everything will be all right.' We shall all meet again in God's good time. I twill be a superb reunion. Daddy, I know about Sam."

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Mr. Sloan replied: "I knew it was you who told me to go back, Mammy, and I just went down and Sam came in immediately afterwards." Mrs. Sloan continued:

"Well, I knew he was coming and I wanted you to be there when he came. God bless you, Mrs. Bowes."

Mrs. Bowes replied: "God bless you, Mammy, dear."

We sang, The world bath felt a quickening breath, and afterwards the trumpet touched Miss Dearie, when a voice said

"Well, Miss Dearie, God bless you."

Miss Dearie said: "Thank you, dear friend. Can you tell me who you are?"

He replied :

"You do not know me, but someone told me before you came that you would be here. A friend of yours told me that Miss Dearie would be here, and I was to tell you that things are going to brighten. That does not apply to yourself but to someone very near to you, and for you, you will have your reward, my dear, for the work you are doing here. I am speaking for another. You will get your reward for everything you have done."

Miss Dearie understood all this and replied : "Thank you very much indeed."

The trumpet then touched Mrs. Richardson, and her son Roy spoke to her.

"Hello, Mother, hello, darling, so you were down in Willie's country."

Mrs. Richardson said: "Is that you, Roy? Yes, I was at Stratford, and you said you would be there when I was there, that you would get there before me."

Roy replied :

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"And so I was, Mother dear, and I am with you now. I am with you many a time when you don't know it, when you are not thinking about me. I know that you think about me often, but often, when you are not, I am beside you, helping you out of difficulties because you have difficulties sometimes, dear, and you wonder often how things have smoothed out as they do."

Miss Colquhoun remarked : "You sound very happy, Roy," and he replied :

"Why should I not be, Miss Colquhoun ? I am full of love and full of joy, and I try to impress it on others -a bit of my joy—and, by imparting it to others, I get it increasingly back again. Come away, Mother Colquhoun."

(Addressing Mrs. Colquhoun on his side, and asking her to speak.)

Mrs. Colquhoun then said :

"God bless you, Crissie. How are you tonight ?"

Miss Colquhoun replied : "Is that you, Mother? Oh, I am so pleased."

Her mother answered :

"I am always pleased to be here with you all, and to say God bless you."

Miss Colquhoun said: "Do you see who is here, Mother?", and her Mother answered

"Yes, is that you, May ?"

Mrs. Cuthbertson replied: "Yes, Annie. Are you happy?"

Mrs. Colquhoun replied:

"Don't worry about us. We are so happy, so very, very happy. Of course, we miss you all and the happy times we used to have."

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She then gave a lot of kisses.

Miss Colquhoun asked: "Have you seen ?" (Miss Dearie did not catch the name.) Mrs. Colquhoun replied:

"I do not see him just now. We are all so busy. Now, Mr. Hart, you are the mathematician. You will know how many thousands and thousands of dear boys are coming over, and it is difficult to get in touch with the right one. We do try to help them all we can. We are all traveling home. I am speaking to you all. The people who ordinarily come to you, Crissie, at Mrs. Lang's home, cannot readily come at present. They are busy otherwise. I do not forget things now, Crissie. I am sure I must have been a tremendous annoyance to you, dear, but I have got my memory now, Crissie."

Miss Colquhoun replied : "Now, dear, you are not to say that. I never thought so, but I know you are all right now, dear."

Mrs. Colquhoun replied :

"I would just surprise you if you could see me standing beside you."

Miss Colquhoun said : "Yes, you are the young one now, Mother. Can you see me to-night, dear?" Her Mother replied

"Not very clearly tonight."

Mrs. Cuthbertson asked: 'Is Archie with you?', and Miss Colquhoun asked "Is Father with you, Mother?"

Her Mother replied correctly to the double question

"Not just now. Paton, Willie, and Archie are all working like the others."

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Someone else on the other side then said to Mrs. Cuthbertson on earth:

"It is Davie Johnston, that is who it is. I would not have thought of finding you in a place like this."

"David Johnston is Miss Colquhoun's grand-uncle. Mrs. Cuthbertson then said: "Don't be surprised at anything," to receive as answer:

"Well, I'm not now. You are in a grand place."

Mrs. Cuthbertson said: "I see Jessie occasionally." He replied :

"What is Jessie doing the noo ? (just now) What's wrang wi' Jessie ?"

Mrs. Cuthbertson replied : "Nothing, except rheumatics in her feet."

He replied:

"It's no' her feet. It's her engine (heart) that is bothering her. She was aye (always) inclined to talk too much and the engine will not stand up to it."

Mrs. Cuthbertson said: "She is getting on, like me," and then another voice spoke to Miss Colquhoun:

"You will never grow old, my dear, and, when you come here, time will stand still for you, and you will never be old. You build the house which you will have on the spirit side of life by your actions on earth. I am not speaking to you individually now. I am speaking to you all, and when you cast aside the trammels of the earth life, and pass over, no matter how old you are, you come back to your youth again and your fullest vigour. There will be no forgetful memories in these days. God bless you, Crissie. I am going away now."

Miss Colquhoun said : "Is it Mother?", and she replied :

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"Just Mother-God bless you both."

Miss Colquhoun said: "Thank you for coming, dear." Miss Colquhoun spoke again about the blackout not being good enough, and a voice said

"Have you not got a smaller room, friend ? If so, it would be easier for us. We try our best to give the messages, but we cannot always get them through. It is a greater strain when there is any light."

(A smaller room conserves the ectoplasm.)

A child's voice then said to Mr. Hart :

"I am not coming any more with my bell, Mr. Hart. They tell me I am too big a girl to play with the bell now. It is Mr. Hart I am speaking to now, and Tinkle Bell will try and tinkle his own bell at home, and no one will see me doing it."

One of us said : "Will you not tinkle your bell for us now, dear?", and she replied

"I am not going to. You see, I did not get bringing it."

Miss Dearie said: "Never mind, Tinkle Bell. You are just as nice a little girl without your bell." She replied

"Thank you very much for that nice message."

A pause followed, so we sang Shall we gather at the river?

When we finished, Mrs. Sloan spoke:

"Daddy, I mind (remember) the first time you took me to see the hole in the cave."

Mr. Sloan said: "We got permission from Mr. Clark at Douglas Hall. Aye, many a one I took there."

Mrs. Sloan asked:

"But you do remember the first time you took me there, Daddy? You got two candles but you forgot the matches. "

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Then she addressed us all:

"He did not smoke in those days. He was a decent fellow."

Mr. Sloan said: "I canna just mind that, Mammy. Do you forgive me? I am not very sure." Mrs. Sloan replied:

"My darling, I have nothing to forgive you, dear."

Mr. Sloan said : " My darling, my darling. I just owe everything to you, dear. Aye, it was called `The Piper's Cave'-I remember that."

Mrs. Sloan asked:

"Do you remember when I played your organ ?"

Mr. Sloan replied : "I remember. God bless you, dear. I wish you would do it again, but maybe not, for you might frighten the wits out of the others in the house."

Miss Colquhoun remarked: "I have a feeling that we are all sitting round a large table," and Mrs. Sloan continued:

"You will sit at a table on my side of life, and we will have a beautiful spread for you, one that you like best. You will find no old people here, no bent backs, dim eyes or tired faces, but a band of loved ones, full of holy love and glorious youth, welcoming you to our side of life, when God's good time comes. That is for you all, God bless you. You will understand when you come here and meet those whom you love-fathers and mothers, uncles and aunts, sisters and brothers, some of them in an, advanced state of years when they left the body You will get a passing glimpse of them as you knew them last, and then they will come to you in the buoyancy of their youth as they are now."

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Pathfinder now joined in:

"They will come in the stature and the bloom of manhood, the beauty of womanhood. This is Pathfinder speaking to you now. I saw you were rather in difficulties to-night, and I thought I might be able with my humble words to cheer you a little."

Miss Colquhoun asked: "Is the room too light, Pathfinder? Is that what is making it difficult?"

Pathfinder replied :

"Light detracts a little, but it is not that. It is the troubled state of your world to-day. I am sure, the way you all have to go, each and every one of you has your varied worries and anxieties, but trust to those who have gone before. They will help you and they will look after those you

love who are away from you. The path which you have to tread on earth, do so with steadfast steps, firm and true ; an example to those who falter by the way, remembering always there may be a weaker brother taking an example from you, lest you detract from the straight path that leads to the light. Keep the light ahead, and the course straight, and the goal will come in sight when all you love so well will be with you, and eternal peace. Good night. I am Pathfinder."

Miss Dearie remarked : "That was a beautiful message of Pathfinder."

The trumpet then touched Miss Dearie, and Pathfinder went on:

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"What an understanding mind you have, Miss Dearie. This is just a message to cheer you. You were very happy before you came in here, and you will shortly have greater cause for happiness."

Miss Dearie understood and said: "Thank you very much, Pathfinder."

A new voice now asked us to sing From Greenland's icy mountains.

So we started to sing this hymn, and the man who had spoken sang with us.

He then said :

"Charlie Robertson speaking. God bless you, John, my old pal."

Mr. Sloan replied: "Yes, you were, Charlie-just my dear old pal."

Mr. Robertson said :

"John, you promised time and again on your soul to go and see my wife."

Mr. Sloan replied : "But I dinna ken where she is, Charlie. Was it no' your son I promised to go and see, but I have never gone yet? Aye, folk, I remember Charlie came from the other side, and told me that he had passed over and left his wife and three little ones, and the next day there was a cable from China saying that Charlie had passed out in the Foo-Chow Mission, and left Jeanie and three wee ones."

Another deep voice then spoke :

" `Lead, kindly light, lead Thou me on.' It is Fergus Ferguson speaking."

He said no more and Mrs. Cuthbertson remarked that Dr. Fergus Ferguson had been her minister. When Miss Colquhoun's sister Paton died, they had

had a white casket and Dr. Ferguson had remarked about it in his sermon. Dr. Ferguson spoke again and said:

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"Yes, but you did not see the beautiful soul that left the bodily casket, a soul full of purity and love. She comes back and speaks to you at times."

Miss Colquhoun remarked : "Oh yes, very often."

Paton then spoke herself, and said :

"God bless you, Crissie. It is Paton. Yes, you have always had my presence. I have never been very far away from you. Some day

**'At the dawning of the morning Of that bright and happy day,
When the mists have all departed And the shadows rolled away',
we shall meet again, and Mother and you and I shall part no more. God
bless you, dear."**

Miss Colquhoun asked : "Do you see Aunt May who is sitting beside me?"

Paton answered:

"I remember my Aunt May. God bless you, dear," and she gave a lot of kisses.

Miss Colquhoun asked : "How are Father and the others?"

Paton replied :

"They are very busy just now. You will just have to excuse them meantime, Crissie, because there are so many coming over here, and I am sure you would never ask us to step aside."

The trumpets came and patted Miss Dearie all over her head and face, and a voice said

" 'And the Spirit said unto me, write, and I wrote.' When the Spirit speaks to you, Miss Dearie, don't hesitate to write."

Miss Dearie replied : "Thank you, dear friend."

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Miss Colquhoun wondered if that message might be for her, and the voice said

"Miss Colquhoun, the writing you do will bring you a reward in the after-life, my dear."

Dr. Ferguson spoke again, and said :

"You have not sung my hymn yet, Miss Colquhoun. It is Fergus Ferguson speaking. You have not sung my hymn yet,"

and he named an old forgotten one ; evidently his return to earth brought back old recollections. We tried to sing the one he asked for but no one knew it or the tune. So that did not last long.

Mrs. Bowes asked: "Is no one there for the Misses Douglas?"

One of them replied: "Oh, it is all right. We are really quite happy just sitting listening." A voice said

"It is very nice of you to say that, Sister, because, with the condition in your world to-day, we have not time to come and cater for everyone."

Miss Colquhoun remarked: "I often wonder if we should have these Meetings in these times, or do we help by having our Meetings?"

The voice replied :

"We are all, every one of us on this side, delighted to come, but it is a difficult matter to get through under present conditions. If we cannot speak to you properly at the present time, we shall try and return at some other time."

The trumpets then touched Mrs. Bowes, and a voice said

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"Were you not thinking about Jim just now. Yes, you have a Jim, and you have a William." May God bless you, my love. You are still my dearest, dearest one."

Mrs. Bowes said: "Oh, your fingers, dear. I feel them on my head and on my face." Her husband said

"I did not get saying good-bye to you, but I will say 'Welcome Home' some day."

Mrs. Bowes told us her husband's fingers were all over her lips.

Pathfinder now spoke :

"There is no dividing line between the hearts which beat in harmony and love, and the passing of one from the physical side to the spiritual side of life does not sever them. This is Pathfinder. Did the little lady not hear me ? I am sorry. Yes, there is no dividing line at all. Those that you have loved best, little lady, those that are nearest to your heart-I mean your earth life heart-will be the ones who will come very near to you when you pass over, and you will know them, no matter how long they have been over."

A voice kept calling :

"Jim. Jim."

We asked if he could tell us who he was, and he replied :

"I want you to get it for yourselves, and I am sure you will do so one day."

Another voice repeated:

"Ina. Ina."

Miss Colquhoun said: "Ina is not here to-night." The voice replied :

"I know she is not here but I am asking for Ina. It is Uncle Tom."

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He said no more, and then another voice spoke.

"Granny Johnston. It is just myself, and it is fine to speak to you across the border-line. The flowers are just beautiful, my dear (to Miss Colquhoun), but they are nothing to what we have on our side. They can beat them altogether. God bless you, May dear.,,"

Mrs. Cuthbertson asked : "Is it Mother?"

Her Mother replied :

"It is Mother, and it is just like yesterday since you were a wee prattling thing running about my feet. God bless you, my dear. You are toddling down the hill now."

Someone said **"Jim,"** and, on asking who it was, Mrs. Richardson was spoken to :

"If I say James, will you know better ? It is James Richardson. My darling, I wish I could find adequate words to describe to you the beautiful country that, in God's love and goodness, I have been allowed to land in. Across the border-line I am reunited with you and those whom I loved so well while in earth life. Be steadfast and true, keep fighting onwards, never get downhearted. There is a bright day coming. God bless you, from James."

"Thank you, James," she replied, and then the trumpet touched Mr. Sloan, when a voice said :

"Is that you, John Sloan ? Oh, I know you very well."

Mr. Sloan replied : "I am not wanting your old trumpet-keep it away from me."

Mr. Sloan got some bangs on the head in reply. Pathfinder spoke again :

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"Pathfinder would like to do more for you, but the conditions surrounding your world at present make it very difficult to get in touch with the friends you wish. There is someone standing beside the lady over there just now." (Miss Douglas.)

A lady's voice said **"Mother, Mother."**

The Misses Douglas said: "Come away, Mother, and speak to us, dear." She seemed to lose the vibration, however, and nothing more was heard. Pathfinder asked

"Do you remember a picture which faced you just when you went into a certain room ? Your Father was always very proud of it."

The Misses Douglas could not remember just which picture was meant.

A new voice apologised for speaking. What he said was understood by all the sitters present.

"Excuse me coming in, ladies. I walked a zig-zag course in life, you know."

One of us replied : "Many do that," and he answered :

"But I ought to have known better."

Mrs. Bowes said: "Well, dear friend, you will be able to make up for it now."

One of us remarked that the voice sounded Irish. He replied :

"I am far from being Irish. All glory to them all the same—a fine old race. I am a Glaswegian."

We asked him if he would tell us who he was, and he replied :

"I am afraid if I told you that, you would not listen to me. Ha-ha-ha."

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Mr. Sloan remarked : "Well, you are welcome friend."

He replied :

"Yes, so long as you don't know who I am. Mr. Hart, I know your name by hearing it spoken here once or twice, and I think you may have heard of me."

Mr. Hart replied : "I could not say, I am sure." One of us asked: "Are you a connection o Mr. Hart?"

He replied :

"None whatever, but he may have heard of me. I suppose you all will have heard of me. I was a notorious party, and I was a good singer."

Miss Dearie asked if he was J. M. Hamilton, and he replied :

"No, no, I did not sing like him at all."

One of us said: "Well, we are very pleased to hear you speaking," and he replied:

"Well, you see, I am here whether you welcome me or not. Have you kept a copy ? Did you buy a copy, Mr. Hart ?"

Mr. Hart said: "Yes, I think I know who you are. I must have bought a copy, for I have read it." The voice remarked :

"You did not like my expressions."

Mr. Hart replied: "They were very original, any way. Won't you tell the ladies who you are?"

He replied :

"I was not just very nice to them, I think, and I liked to be nice to them, but they did not take it in the right way. Have you heard of `The Clincher - Petrie, the Barber ?"

He was a likeable, well-known character, who paraded the streets of Glasgow with a sandwichboard, selling his own composed newspaper The Clincher, which expressed his personal, rather peculiar views. Petrie, the Barber, was known by everyone in Glasgow as "The Clincher", and his reference to his not being nice to the ladies was very apt, as he was reputed to tell many stories not fit for a drawing-room.

When he gave his name, Mr. Sloan exclaimed "Good old Clincher. I ken't you fine."

The Clincher replied:

"There are few who go through the world straight, and many of the straightlaced ones, when they come to my side of life, will find that they have also left a zig-zag trail behind."

Miss Colquhoun remarked: "He was a well educated man, and he spoke very well in public."

Mr. Petrie appreciated the compliment:

"I bow. I bow. I bow. You are the only lady that has recognised my merits, and I thank you. I walked a crooked path, but I have got behind that now, and somehow there were so many friends on this side of life whom I did not know, but who came to help me when I got here, and have helped me to get to this stage of discernment.

"I am willing to try and help the boys at the front, the boys at sea, the boys, wherever they are. My heart bleeds for them and I am often in homes when the sad news comes, and I say to the sorrowing ones there-I wonder if they can hear me-I say to them, 'Cheer up, you can be proud of your boys,' but I was a wayward character. Apologising for my intrusion, and my deep gratitude to you, Mr. Hart,

for so nobly acknowledging that you knew your humble servant. From the bottom of a regenerate heart which the Good Father has given me, I say `God bless you.' "

We replied : "Good night, Mr. Petrie. God bless you."

He spoke again and said :

"I appreciate your condescension in recognising me. It is not the surface, not the outward shell that counts. Many a time when I went home, well, I called it home, I thought of all the selfishness of life, and then I got in tune with the beautiful spirits on the other side of life, and one of them met me and has taken me by the hand and has enabled me to talk to you now in this way. Again good night."

Mrs. Sloan spoke again to bid farewell:

"Good night, Mr. Hart. You are not running up the field to-night, but you must not miss your bus. Good night, Mrs. Bowes. Don't worry about the boys. They will be looked after. God bless you."

Mrs. Bowes replied: "God bless you, dear Mammy."

Mrs. Sloan said :

"Good night, Miss Colquhoun, I feel my heart full when I think of the boys and the dangers they are coming through. Thank you for all your kindness to my dear old man. Good night, Daddy, dear."

Mr. Sloan replied : "Good night, sweetie." A voice then said :

"I trust that after the Meeting you will feel a little happier and forget your worries and cares. The

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good Father will look after your dear friends, and all will be well."

We sang the Doxology, and the Sitting ended.

At the foregoing Meeting several remarks were made as to how the Etherians conducted a séance from their side. We know by now what takes place on earth when we wish to get in touch with our friends in Etheria. We sit in a small room to conserve the ectoplasm, shut out the light to prevent the ectoplasm being dissipated, and we have a medium with us who supplies this ectoplasm. The trumpets help the Etherians to direct the voice to the person spoken to, and sometimes they use them for building up the ectoplasmic mask which they enter so as to reduce their vibrations. This is necessary in order to bring their vibrations down to a point where the speaker's mouth and larynx can vibrate our atmosphere, which, by wavelike motions or vibrations of the atmosphere, carries the spoken word on earth.

Let us now consider the position from their point of view, and this is only possible by hearing what an Etherian present at a séance has to tell us. During my many sittings with Sloan I asked what séance conditions were like on their side, and I have beside me the notes I made of the answers given to

me. We are the passive and they are the active co-operators with us. One side cannot do without the other, both sides are necessary, but, after we provide the small dark room, the medium and trumpets, they do the rest.

That constitutes our part in the proceedings, while the rest is done by those who are working

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with us beyond the veil. As my investigations progressed, so was I impressed by the complications of the procedure in Etheria which is necessary to produce the conditions to make communication possible. A group of Etherians, who are expert in the handling of organic chemical substances, work along with us. Immediately we assemble they get to work to do their part.

The group consists of a director of operations, one or more chemists, one who moves the trumpet in the direction an etheric communicator wishes to speak, and one who gathers the substance from the medium and the sitters by connecting them up with the chemist who draws from them the necessary material. This extends from the medium and the sitters to a central point, and the substance drawn from them is gathered by the chemist into an etheric bowl into which he also adds etheric substances of his own. Another of the group helps etheric newcomers to speak, telling them what to do; others keep away those whose only interest in the proceedings is curiosity, and Whitefeather, in my time, considered himself the most important of all, as he was detailed off to give warning when a séance was to take place, so that all the operators might be present and at their posts. When they see who are present on the earth side, the etheric friends of the sitters are told by some rapid method in use in Etheria, and they can come from a distance at great speed.

First of all, we must accept their statement that the etheric body is in every way a duplicate of the physical body, both as regards all internal and external organs. In etheric life, communication takes place in the same

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way as in earth life. The vocal organs vibrate their atmosphere, the tongue moves, the lungs draw in and expel the equivalent to our air, everything proceeds as it proceeds here on earth, the only difference being that it is all taking place in substance of a much finer structure and at a much more rapid rate of vibration.

Thus their vocal organs, though they can operate in their etheric world, cannot do so in our grosser world. Their texture is too fine for them to have any effect

on our atmosphere. New conditions must be created in which vibrations are slower. To obtain these, absolute darkness, or subdued red light, is necessary, as the rays of white light break up and disintegrate those finer forces and substances with which they work. The best results are obtained when the nights are clear, and the atmosphere is free from moisture. At the best the conditions permitting speech are very finely balanced, and, besides the foregoing, the sitters must be in good health and harmonious amongst themselves.

Now let us imagine that we are sitting in a circle, the medium being with us, that by singing we have vibrated the atmosphere for about five minutes, when suddenly a voice, clear, distinct and away from the medium, breaks in upon us, and, after giving name and earth address, engages one of us in conversation. What has actually happened? It was this question that was always uppermost in my thoughts after I became accustomed to these strange conditions. Was it the medium impersonating someone, or an accomplice among the sitters? For many reasons I became satisfied that this voice did not proceed from any human being, but that there was a personality behind it, which was not one of this world, present in the room.

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I therefore set myself to find out what actually was the cause behind this effect, and, by a series of questions and answers, over a period of time, was told the following, which, for the sake of brevity, I shall put in my own words.

The chemist, to whom I have already referred, after mixing the substance he obtains from the medium and sitters with his own ingredients, takes the finished preparation and with it first materialises his hands and then forms a rough mask in the likeness of a mouth, throat and lungs. This, when finished, is placed in the most suitable part of the room, often in the centre of the circle. The Etherian wishing to speak then presses into this mask, slow in vibration, and with it clothes or covers his mouth, throat, tongue and lungs. These organs then take on a thicker or heavier condition, the tongue requires more exertion to move, but with a little practice it all becomes possible. The speaker then, for the time being, has taken on the necessary conditions to make himself once more such as we are, so far as his capacity is concerned, to form words which we can hear.

He is again to this extent an inhabitant of matter, slower in vibration, so that when he speaks he produces the same effects on our atmosphere as we do when we speak. He and we are in the same room, within a few feet of each other, he standing speaking to us, and we sitting, answering.- He hears us and we hear him. This condition lasts only for a short time, not often for more than ten minutes. When dematerialisation begins the material falls away, and, though his mouth may continue to speak, he

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is not heard. This, briefly, is what they mean by saying that they take on earth conditions from our surroundings.

All Direct Voice mediums possess a certain vital force, or substance, all sitters have it in a lesser degree, and to this is added, by the etheric chemists, other etheric forces or substances, the combination of which is a material sufficiently slow in vibration to vibrate our atmosphere. The only thing we cannot understand is how the speaker clothes himself with it, or absorbs it. What is the exact chemical effect which is produced when he presses into it, and becomes covered with it? Some day we shall doubtless find out the explanation, but what I write is in substance all that has been told me, and it is enough to give us an intelligent idea of what takes place.

Finally, let me emphasise the difficulties Etherians find in getting down to the level of physical vibrations. The ectoplasm with which they coat their vocal organs requires adjustment and, if several are tuning themselves in to our wavelength at the same time, we need not be surprised at the number of interruptions. They speak and are not heard and then suddenly they get the right wavelength and are heard. So they go on talking, sometimes two at a time, but the previous speaker usually stops, and at times just at a point when everyone is anxious to hear what he is about to say.

I hope that this explanation makes clear the reason for these interruptions which occurred from time to time, and which must have been as disappointing to the Etherian who was interrupted as they were to the sitters on earth. Our friends and relations are just as anxious to prove to us that they still live, as we are to know that they are not dead and that we shall meet again.

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CHAPTER XIV
MEETING AT MRS. BOWES' HOUSE,
MAXWELL PARK, GLASGOW

Tuesday, 25th July, 1944

Present: MR. JOHN SLOAN, MRS. LILLIAS BOWES, Miss GRACE MCKINNON, MR. ALEXANDER HART, MR. GEORGE MORITZ, MRS. HILDA MORITZ, MISS JEAN DEARIE, Miss AILSA DOUGLAS, MISS WINNIE DOUGLAS, MISS CRISSIE COLQUHOUN.

WHEN we entered the room, one of us remarked that the blackout Mrs. Bowes had made was perfect.

Mrs. Bowes said : "I was busy at it this afternoon, and wondered if I had got it right," when a voice from the other side said

"I was helping you,"

Mrs. Bowes replied: "Thank you for your help, dear."

We then opened the Meeting by singing the hymn Nearer, my God, to Thee, and afterwards repeated The Lord's Prayer. A man's voice from the other side joined in the "Amen".

Mr. Sloan said : "We will need to watch the time to-night, and finish up so that Mr. Hart will not be running for his train."

A voice from the other side said:

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"It is not for you to dictate when we should finish. It is the hostess of the house who should do that."

Mr. Sloan said: "Weel, fren', I'm sorry. I apologise."

The voice replied :

"It is accepted."

Miss Colquhoun remarked that she had received a letter from Mary Stove, and it would be nice if there was a message for her to-night. A voice said:

"It is very beautiful at Stromness at the present time. John Hardman speaking, at your service."

Miss Colquhoun said: "Oh, that is splendid. Have you a message for Miss Stove?" He replied :

"I will have to think a little. I have some sweet things to say. You understand."

Miss Colquhoun said: "She will be delighted when she hears you have been here and thinking about her." Mr. Hardman replied

"It is also beautiful to know that you also should think about her. That is for Mrs. Bowes, and the rest as well. My gratitude to Mr. Hart, and to Mary's friend, Mrs. Lang. There is difficulty just now in getting close to this plane. I would just like to tell you, friend Moritz, that conditions are very hard at the present time. I think you will understand. I know you have some friends away, and all of you are thinking about your own, but you also have a fine regard for the other fathers and mothers who have boys away."

"At the last meeting you had here, Mrs. Bowes, I could not get in. You were engaged, and the others who were round you were so strong, I could not get through. It is all right. I can wait, and Mary can wait. I know she has patience. Good-bye just now. There are some friends waiting to get through. I am John Hardman, but I am not just away yet. Tell Mary, in a note, someone will transcribe it for you and send it on, tell her that I am waiting at the Golden Gateway until the day dawns in God's good time when her little pilgrimage is finished. I will be there with outstretched hands to meet my Mary. God bless you, Mary, from John Hardman."

This was a message for Miss Mary Stove, his fiancée.

Mr. Sloan now passed some remark about how long it was since Mr. Hardman had died.

Mr. Hardman spoke again, and said :

"Not dead, John Sloan, but alive, and I was very much in the land of wonder for some time. I will explain it to you, and I hope you will forgive me for taking up so much of your time. You see, I did not believe in the after-life, and when I came here I was bewildered with the wonder of the knowledge that it was all true. I did not deserve the kindness showered upon me by those who came to help me. I knew then that I had made a mistake. It is all over now, and I will try to help you, all of you who come here, if the opportunity comes, now and again.

"I know what it is to be lonely. That is how I felt when I first came over, until some friends took me in hand and led me kindly along. Thank you for your kindness and consideration in listening to me. I will not interrupt you further now. When I say 'God bless you', it is not lip service. I mean it.

May it please the Great Master to safeguard all those whom you love, and who have been taken from you to a condition of living that you do not know, and, if He has willed it, bring them all safely home again. I know what it is, the love of a Mother. I loved my Mother, and I have her still, more beautiful than ever she was in earth life. Good-bye, just now."

A voice now called out :

"Hello. Helen," and then a new voice gave the name of John.

Miss McKinnon was getting touches from the trumpets, and a very Highland voice said : **"Hello, my dear, John speaking."**

Miss McKinnon asked: "Which John is it?" He replied :

"It should be a bit clearer if I mentioned the Mac, my dear. Do you wear the tartan ? I have to wait until I am allowed to speak. If I got on to my native tongue, you know, I would take up your whole evening."

He then spoke fluently in Gaelic for a few moments, and finally said :

"Oidche Mhath" (Good night).

Another voice said to Miss McKinnon :

"John has been waiting a long time to speak to you. He is your Grandfather; that is what he has been trying to tell you. He is not able to enunciate the words very clearly in your tongue. You have a brother John who was named after him. Your Mother wanted him to be called John. That is your Father's father. This is one of the Indians who is trying to explain to you."

This was all correct.

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Mr. Moritz then said: "I do not think that is a Red Indian. I think he must be from India, a Hindu, from the way he speaks."

The voice replied :

"Hindu. I greet you, Sir, for recognising me."

He then spoke some words rapidly in a foreign language, and, touching Mr. Moritz, said:

"I saw you coming from 'Apnaghar.' "

Mr. Moritz agreed and said: "By the way, Ap-naghar is an Indian name, you know. It means `my own home.' My Father was out in India for a time, and he said: `If ever I buy a house I shall call it 'Apnaghar,' as it means `my own home,' and he liked it."

A very clear distinct voice said:

"Yes, but it is not your home now, George, my beloved boy."

Mr. Moritz said: "Is that you, Father? Thank you very much. This is remarkable." His Father replied

"I am very busy looking after one you know your boy. He has had what one might describe as very close shaves, remarkable escapes from danger, and I am doing my best to look after him. The country I love. It is desecrated now, George."

Mr. Moritz replied: "In the meantime, very much so."

His Father, who was born in Poland, said **"We shall hope for better times by and by."** A voice said

"Jim" and Miss McKinnon said the trumpet was touching her. Mrs. Bowes asked :

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"Which Jim is it ?"

The voice spoke to Miss McKinnon:

"You may call me Hamish (Gaelic for James). I am a brother of your Mother. Have you finished the letter you were writing ?"

Miss McKinnon recognised the speaker and replied : "Not yet."

He went on :

"Think well before you finish it. That is the implication I am trying now to bring before you. You must not be afraid to put your thoughts in execution. We will help you to bring about what you wish. You have had something worrying you for a time. We know all about it. You have had a difficult road to travel but it is clearing now, and the way will be clear for you before long. All hail, all hail, to the Chief Eternal. It is a joy to me when I can bring a little of God's sunshine into any of your lives."

Miss McKinnon expressed her thanks.

Another voice continued the conversation, Mr. Moritz being spoken to :

"It is also a crown of rejoicing to me, my friend of the money change. I do not know your name, but I know you work with money. It is necessary to your side. You could not go through life without it, but, when you come to my side, you will not require to buy anything. You will have justice according to what you have done in life and done in love, according to what God would wish you to do. Good-bye, good-bye."

We said it was rather an amusing description of a banker, to call Mr. Moritz a "money changer", and this remark brought the speaker back:

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"I want to explain to you that I do not know the definition of every establishment so well after being a long time away from earth life. We use the love cord which comes from those on your side who understand, and try to get a connection through that. Again good day."

Mrs. Sloan then maintained the conversation:

"He is such a lovely spirit that. Oh, I wish I could get into touch with him too. God bless you, Mrs. Moritz, I am speaking across the border-line to you, and God bless your dear husband as well, and bless all you dear ones. I can do a little now and again to help you. God bless you, Mrs. Bowes, my dear, and God bless you, Crissie (Miss Colquhoun). I love to dwell on that name now. I do not think I called you Crissie before, but you seem to be nearer to me when I say `Crissie' instead of Miss Colquhoun."

She gave some kisses, and continued:

"I am often with your dear Mother."

Miss Colquhoun replied: "I love to think of you being together, Mammy, and I am sure you are both happy."

A man's voice broke in :

"There is no doubt about that. Whether you will be in their condition lies with yourself for your life here. I am speaking in a general way."

Miss Colquhoun replied : "We try to do our best," and the voice answered

"If you do your best, that is all that is expected, and the best can do no better."

A child's voice now spoke :

"It is Tinkle Bell. I have not got a bell, but I can speak sometimes when I get a chance. Hello, Alex"

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(to Mr. Hart). **He is my big brother, Alex. Would you like kisses from me ?**" and she gave a lot of kisses.

"I asked them to let me bring my bell, but they say `we shall think it over.' "

Another voice said to Mr. Moritz

"Harry, could you Wink it, Sir ?"

Mr. Moritz replied : "I knew Wink all right, but not Harry. The name was John D. Wink." The voice replied:

"Yes, that is right, Sir. You knew my son, Sir."

Mr. Moritz said : "Thank you, Mr. Wink. I am very pleased to hear you speaking. Do you see your son John often?"

Mr. Wink replied :

"I meet him occasionally. He is working on the Earth Plane. They are all busy just now, but there is a brightness on the horizon. I am sure of it. That is my opinion from this side."

Mr. Moritz replied: "Thank you, Mr. Wink, that is very nice and encouraging." (We will remember Mr. John D. Wink speaking on 11th April, 1942. Both Harry Wink and his son, John D. Wink, were fond of making jokes about their name, so the above banter by Harry Wink about his name was quite characteristic of him.)

A voice from the other side said:

"Tommy, where is Tommy ?" Someone said Tommy was coming to you, but I do not see him just now."

Tommy, however, was there as a very clear voice called out :

"Thomas Henry Douglas,"

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and Mrs. Sloan from the other side said to Mr. Sloan:

"John, John. It is Tommy speaking."

This was a friend of Mr. Sloan. Mr. Sloan exclaimed : "My -Tommy Douglas, I ken't (knew) him fine!" Nothing further was said by Mr. Douglas just then, but he returned later.

A new voice then said to Mr. Moritz :

"I am Henry, I come from a line away back. Henrique would be our pronunciation. I am one of your ancestors in many life stages back. I see and applaud the heroism of your boy. Many close corners has he come through. God bless you, Mother Moritz. Keep that beautiful spirit bright and he will safely return. Guard him with thoughts of prayer and that the Father of all mercies will keep him safe. We will help as far as we can. God bless you. We saw you two nights ago in what we would call the distress of the doldrums, you know what I mean. We tried to keep near to you and articulate so that you could hear that all would be well. I apologize for the awkwardness of my explanation. I go away saying 'chins up,' and I make what you call the Churchill V sign. The day-star will shine for you all. I am going away now, and leave my parting blessing with you all, everyone. Good night, and God bless you."

Mr. Moritz understood all this, and we had not long to wait before we heard the voice of Pathfinder:

"In all the stress and turmoil of the war, we know your sorrows, but you are reaching out to the calm sea, to peace, light, and sunshine, and all will be well. Indian chief, Pathfinder, talks to his brothers and sisters. All the turmoil which your old world has

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come through, the sorrow, the suffering, the grief and the pain, God grant that the sun may soon shine on each one of you who listen to the Indian Chief's voice, and the path that you travel henceforth be in the light of love and the sunshine of joy, bringing cheer and comfort to your souls. May it comfort you to know that, although there are thousands upon thousands coming over at the present time, there are multitudes of ministering spirits working to help them into the pathway of peace. Give out your thoughts and your love, and we will do all we can to help. I am Pathfinder."

The trumpet now touched Miss Dearie, and a voice said :

"Is that Miss Dearie ? I have often admired you for your painstaking efforts and care in transcribing the thoughts which come from the spirit side of life. I did not realise at first how much they are worth. I know they are worth a lot to all of you, but I did not grasp in full that they are looked upon as heirlooms by those who will keep them in the future. God bless you. Things are brightening on the Earth Plane. I see and feel, by conversing and mixing with dear ones on this side, that the star of peace will shine for you all, and I hope and pray most fervently that it shines soon. God bless you all. Good night."

Mrs. Sloan spoke again, and said:

"My dear Mrs. Bowes, and my dear Crissie, I know what it is to be separated from dear ones. Never mind about the old knees, Daddy, they will be better soon."

Mr. Sloan replied : "They are not sore, Mammy, but they are just no (not) working properly."

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Mrs. Sloan then spoke to Miss Dearie, and said: **"Miss Dearie, talking about Daddy's weak legs, he told me once, when I was with him, that he would live till he was a hundred and ten."**

Miss Dearie replied : "I am sure he would want to, dear, if you were here, but not now." Mrs. Sloan said:

"I just wish I could have stayed a little longer with him for his own sake, but I am quite happy, always ready to do anything I can for any one of you, every one who comes to these little gatherings. God bless you, Mr. Hart. You were always my standby."

Mrs. Bowes said : "Mammy dear, you have not met my friend, Miss McKinnon, before. This is the first time she has been here."

Mrs. Sloan said to Miss McKinnon :

"You will find Daddy all right. Just bear with him a little sometimes."

Mr. Sloan said: "That is right, Mammy dear, you ken what a crabbed auld beggar I am." She replied

"I give you my testimony now, my dear old man. You are the best man that any woman ever had. God bless you."

Mr. Sloan began to cry, and Mammy said:

"I did not mean to vex you, Daddy."

Mr. Sloan said: "You are not vexing me, dearie.

You were just always far too good to me, Mammy dear."

Mrs. Sloan then said:

"Mrs. Bowes and Miss Colquhoun, and my dear friends, Mr. Hart and Mr. and Mrs. Moritz, I will try and get someone more apt and more able to work for you than I. May everything which is in your hearts,

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and which is in accordance with the will of the Father, be granted unto you, each and every one."

Now a voice called out "**Tommy**," and Mrs. Sloan said :

"Daddy, it is Tommy Douglas."

Tommy Douglas then said :

"Hello, John, I have got in touch with you now. Don't you know me ? Think of Isa."

Mr. Sloan said : "You are Tommy Douglas. Ach, I ken't you fine."

Mr. Douglas replied "**I am helping you now all I can.**"

Mr. Sloan replied: "I know what you mean, Tommy, but don't let that matter disturb this Meeting."

Mr. Douglas answered "**It will give fresh impetus to those around you.**"

Then he addressed the Misses Douglas :

"I have the same name as you have. There was a namesake of yours here a short time ago. Oh, he has just come in now. He has a long white beard. He says he is your Grandfather. Do you recognise him from my description ?"

This white beard was doubtless put on for recognition purposes.

The Misses Douglas said : "Yes, we have a photograph of him with the long white beard. Is he going to speak to us?"

Mr. Douglas said :

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"I am not in a position to say. I am practically a greenhorn myself at this. All our energy is taken up with the many thousands of souls passing to this side, just wakening up. I know what it is to waken up on the other

side and it was not through war. However, they are in good hands now. I am sorry I am not able to say much to you. I am not a great orator, friend Hart. I have heard that you can speak with much precision and such convincing opinions that those who listen to you are bound to attend to what you say. You can be jocular, and you can be severe. It is sometimes necessary."

Mrs. Sloan intervened here, and we heard her say to Mr. Douglas on her own side :

"Mr. Hart is just a gentleman, Mr. Douglas, and he was my stand-by at West Kilbride. When Alex Hart came down the field, I knew it was all right.

Then she turned and addressed Mr. Sloan.

Dear Daddy, when you took my poor old finished remains to the cemetery, Mr. Douglas was there. I wished you had not come, for I was not there at all. Of course, you knew that. Just pardon us, Mrs. Bowes, for talking about little things in our hearts that are not of interest to the others present. Don't cry now, Daddy."

Mr. Sloan said : "I am just a ridiculous old man. I owe everything to you, Mammy. God bless you, lassie. I see you, and I feel your hand in mine."

Mrs. Bowes said : "I feel fingers touching me."

Mr. Bowes then spoke from the other side, and said :

"I want you to tell Jim that Father is looking after him. It will not be long now, and we are always doing everything we can, my dear."

Mrs. Bowes said: "And Margaret, you will look after her too."

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Mr. Bowes, her husband, replied **"Have no fear. She will return all right. We are watching over her."**

Another voice said:

"Many a time I try to talk to you here, my dear. I was wondering where you got the name of the house, 'Bonhard.'

Mrs. Bowes said: "Well, it belonged to Walter Munro, and I think he gave it the name."

Mr. Munro now announced himself **"Who is speaking of Walter Munro ? Mrs. Bowes, have you got plenty of coal ?"**

Mrs. Bowes said : "Mr. Munro was a coalmine owner, you know."

Mr. Munro broke in: **"And a bone-hard one at that."**

Mrs. Bowes said: "I thought you a very nice man. I think the house was called after one of the mines, is that not so, Mr. Munro?"

He replied :

"Do you m Bonhard in Fifeshire ? Yes, that is so. I had rather a disagreeable way of doing a good turn myself, you know, but I got more than a hundred per cent. interest, Mr. Banker (Mr. Moritz), for any good I did on earth."

A lady's voice now spoke to Miss Colquhoun :

"That is just what you do, lassie. You never let the right hand know what the left hand doeth. It is just Mother."

Miss Colquhoun exclaimed : "Oh, I am so glad, Mother dear, that you are able to have a word with me." Then a new voice spoke:

"I am James Bowes, how do you do ?"

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Mrs. Bowes said: "Which James Bowes is it? and he replied :

"It is a good bit back, you know."

Mrs. Bowes asked : "Have I got your photograph?", and he answered:

"It is an ancient one."

Mrs. Bowes inquired : "You must be my boys' Great-grandfather?", and he agreed :

"Yes, and I am so glad to have got this first word with you. I shall come again, God willing. Peace be with you all, and all those who have not got the great privilege of the knowledge you have. Let the whispering words of truth penetrate their minds, and say : 'We are not dead, we are alive.' Adieu."

Mrs. Bowes remarked : "That must be my husband's Grandfather. I was looking at a portrait of him lately."

James Bowes had still more to say :

"You did not know him in earth life, and you would get a great surprise if you could see him now, and compare him with that old photograph you were speaking about. He is a much more handsome man now. Are you laughing at my vanity ? I like to say cheerful things and make you laugh. If I could not be happy and joyous when I come back to earth conditions, I would not come at all. Clean joy and clean pleasure are part of God Himself. Had you been all the time, what you call years, on this side that I have been, and got such great help from those who have progressed further, you would be joyous and glad too. I was never a grumbler, and, as far as we are doing the Master's Will (keeping within the law), we can travel about and do what we like."

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Miss Colquhoun remarked: "That is what I would like to do when I pass over - to travel about." Mr. Bowes replied :

"Well, if you are of that mind, Crissie - I love to say that name as I do not care so much for Christian—my tongue gets round Crissie so nicely. I am speaking too much now. (Addressing Miss Dearie): Are you Miss Dearie ? I thought I would like to say Dearie to you, but I did not dare."

Miss Dearie replied: "I would not mind if you did," and he answered :

"God bless you, but you will make me blush. Well, I will leave the frivolous just now, and say to you all-'May the great Father guard you and guide you, and give you the wish of your heart, the joy of your soul, in so far as it is in accordance with His Holy Will. Good day."

Mrs. Bowes was then spoken to by her sister-in-law, who said :

"Lil, it is Gladys. God bless you, dear. I know the sad heart you have sometimes. We are all standing by you, and with God's Holy Will we will bring them all home to you. If you could just all know how happy my Jim and I are. He was my husband in earth life, and we are together here. Au revoir for a little while."

A voice then said :

"You will have to watch your time, Mr. Hart. You are a zealous worker in all you have to do in earth life. You never leave anything to chance."

Mr. Hart replied: "Thank you, but there is plenty of time yet."

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A voice then started to sing The Auld Hoose, and sang a great many verses, mostly of his own composition.

Mr. Sloan said : "That's The Auld Hoose, and he was kinna (kind of) singing it." The voice replied

**"How dare you say 'kinna"-I am singing it
The auld hoose, the auld hoose, Although its walls were wee,
There are kind hearts in the auld hoose, That love baith you and me.
From the new hoose, the new hoose, Which God has given to me.
I send my love, as do all my friends, To bring you victory."**

Another voice said:

"I will take you to Rab's hoose now, and you will find Rowland Hart written on an ancient book. I am a forebear of yours, Alexander Hart. Can you descend through the family tree until you come to Rowland Hart ? I think I am your great-greatgrandfather."

Mr. Hart said: "Where did you come from?" He replied :

"I come from the sphere. Oh, I am not allowed to say what sphere I come from."

Mr. Hart said : "I did not mean where did you come from now—I meant in earth life?"

Mr. Sloan remarked : "It was not from this country, brother, anyway."

The voice replied

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"What do you know about Scotland ? Are you Scotch yourself ?"

Mr. Sloan replied : "Of course I am."

Mr. Rowland Hart then said to Mr. Hart:

"You will come again some night and tell me you have gone through the genealogical tree, that extraordinary demi-semi Encyclopedia, and have found my name. There are no balance-sheets on this side, Mr. Moritz, the clinking cash will not buy you anything here. It is amusing to think how some hang on to it so long, and it worries them even on this side because they cannot get using it as they want to do."

"The glittering gowd (gold) is no good here, but the glittering gowd of the heart-duties done in earth life, they stick to you. Even the smallest acts of kindness count. A pat on the back, a few words of cheer to a weary traveler on the way, these cost nothing but mean so much. I am not speaking now to Mr. Moritz only, but to all of you. God bless you. I am just an old-timer from the spirit side of life, looking for the weary wanderers on the plane of earth, where I did some weary wandering in the old times past, wishing to give them a pat on the back now and again, and by doing so I get a blessing myself, Aye, aye."

Mr. Hart asked: "Where did you tread when you were on earth?", and got the reply

"About the Mull of Kintyre and Ardnamurchan Point. "

Mr. Sloan said : "I would like to know exactly Where you came from, freen," and he received the blunt reply :

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"Well, you will just have to like away. I will tell you some other day. There is not a weary soul on our side of life. If there are weary ones when they first come over, there are always those who help them and show them the way. It is just about ten minutes to nine now. Have you the striking watch, Mr. Moritz ? I think you will find it is just going on towards nine. I am considering the long journey, which my descendant, my friend Mr. Hart, has to take. I hear traveling is difficult at the moment. We can get about with much less trouble over here. We, what you might say, annihilate space on this side, those who have advanced to any extent, I mean. If we are doing our duty, and doing the Master's Will, by one thought we can transport ourselves from the spirit side of life, right down into your own homes. That is chiefly by doing the will of the advanced spirits who are helping us. We can only come so far, and then they take up the thread and give us the necessary power. Good night."

The trumpets touched Mrs. Bowes again, and a voice said :

"It is Mother speaking. My dear girl, God bless you. Oh, my darling, it is the first time you have heard my voice. I know the hard knocks you have had in life. I have a beautiful home, and William comes and sees me many times. We will look after them all for you, and I will come some other time. Thank you, friend, for letting me speak."

This word of thanks was evidently said to someone on her own side. Mrs. Bowes understood everything her Mother said. This is the first time Mrs. Bowes had heard her Mother's voice as previously another had spoken for her.

Her Mother spoke again and said :

"I have been over fifty-one years and a few months. I have never lost the sense of time. I have just had a message about your son Jim -'All is well'. Were you worrying ?"

(Correct. It was fifty-one years and a few months since she passed over.)

Mrs. Bowes answered her Mother's question about Jim: "Well, you know, dear, he has a burden to bear."

Her Mother replied :

"Tell him to try and take it a little easier."

A man now spoke but did not give his name :

"Jim's experience and the knowledge of this truth should be quite sufficient to let him understand that any message given to you, Mrs. Bowes, is authentic, and he should try to act up to it and spare himself a little. The arduous stress of his duties is getting him down a little bit. We like to look after them all as far as we can, and your boy, too, Mr. and Mrs. Moritz, he has come through many dangers. I know all about it. God willing, we shall see him through them all.

"We have a means of investigating some of these things, Mr. Moritz, unknown to you or anybody else in earth life. I shall keep in touch as far as I can, as far as the Director allows me. I shall keep what you call a 'weather eye' on him too. I always try to impress him. He is one that takes an impression to heart right away. If you ask him, you will find that the impressions he gets sometimes are not exactly what he wanted to do himself, and this has saved him from many a serious thing."

We thanked him for his kindness, and then one of us asked: "Are there no friends for Miss Dearie and the Misses Douglas?"

A voice replied :

"They are all such genial souls themselves, they do not grudge this opportunity, this really exceptional opportunity, whereby we have been able to allow past friends to come and greet you. I presume Miss Dearie

and the other ladies will wait with a little patience and we shall see that they do not go unrewarded.

"I will say to this lady (one of the Misses Douglas), you got an impression today to do something, but don't make up your mind all at once. It is going to be a difficult thing for you. You know what I mean. You will find it comes that it is a definite decision you will have to make. It is coming, but don't worry. Trust to your finer feelings and your intuition which you will get from the spirit side. Robert is calling just now-a friend of yours. It is your Uncle Robert."

Then we heard :

"I will come again. Uncle Robert."

A lady's voice now spoke to Mrs. Moritz :

"Hilda, it is Mother speaking now. I tried to touch you by putting my hand over your hair. My love to Nan (the name of Mrs. Moritz' daughter). Tell her that Granny is always looking after her. George (Mr. Moritz), you are a dear soul. She (Mrs. Moritz) is laughing, George, but that is what she often says herself. How much nicer it

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would be, I am speaking to you all now, if you would open out while in earth life, and tell those who are around you how dear they are to you ; just how dear they are to you as you travel along. We are all one happy family here, where we help each other in sweet communion in this life of spirit.

"That is a long speech for me to make, Hilda. Well, you see it just came spontaneously to my lips, George. You will get a big surprise when, in God's good time, you meet me again. You will not see a tottering old woman then, but one in the bloom of brightest youth coming to greet you. The halt, the maimed, the blind carry none of these infirmities to the land of spirit, Ladies and Gentlemen. If you are old on passing, you come back to the bloom of life, and if you are very, very young on coming to spirit life, you come to maturity, but you will know us all, and we never forget the dear ones that we left behind, and do all we can to help you on your journey. God bless you, dear. Good night."

John Hardman now spoke :

"Mrs. Bowes, I am the door-keeper. I am told it is drawing near the time for our special guest, Mr. Hart, to get ready for departure. You are two and a half minutes behind, Mr. Moritz."

Mr. Moritz looked at his luminous watch and agreed with Mr. Hardman: "Yes, Sir, that is exactly so."

John Hardman continued :

"I have been a long time on the spirit side of life, and always try hard to cheer and comfort you before you go away. Never be ashamed to say you know there is a higher life, a God above, a Father,

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whatever name you may call Him by, who looks after you and guides you, who expects you to do the right thing, to take the right course through life. I did not believe in it myself. You can tell my beloved when you write her that I have found proof now, and I have come to this little gathering to talk to you and give you a little cheer and comfort. I was the door-keeper to-night. It is a London friend who helped me to talk. I will say `au revoir' now. God give you that which you desire, in purpose of heart, purpose of mind. I am John Hardman."

John Campbell, a Glasgow business man, who has spoken often before, now addressed us

"Good evening, Mr. Moritz. John Campbell speaking. I am so glad to speak to you, Mr. Moritz. Out of the turmoil of life I have reached that land which I, in a hazy way, knew existed. I believed in it, but in a hazy way. I did not realise the reality of it just so exactly as my beloved partner did, and as she would have liked me to do. I had not the clear knowledge that she had, but I know now that it is the right thing. I have met those I loved so well.

"There is something intrinsically right and superbly precious in doing one's duty in earth life. You understand what I mean. Every little faithful duty performed which has been on one's conscience, or one's mind, will be taken account of. I recognize, through passing, how much I missed which you dear people have from time to time been imbued with, the knowledge of the contact with the spirit side of life."

Mr. Moritz replied : "That is true, Sir." Mr. Campbell said :

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"Not `Sir' to me, Mr. Moritz. I am John to you, and I shall just say George to you as you will say John to me, when you come to this side. God bless you, Mrs. Moritz. I am lending a helping hand to those I love, and will try also to put out a helping hand to those you love who are in the

same circumstances as mine are. As far as I can manage to help them, it shall be done. George, when you come to my side of life, it will be `How are you, George ? How do you do, John ?' We are feeling exhilarated to-night, because we see on the horizon brighter days in store for you all."

A voice broke in to say :

"Now, dear friend, I must call you to halt." Mr. Campbell replied :

"All right, I am coming, Sir. Good-bye, I am John Campbell. I am not forgetting Skelmorlie."

This was understood, and a new voice then said:

"Hello, Mr. Moritz. Invermay, Skelmorlie. I am Tom Smith, and have all the love and affection for the dear old friends in Glasgow that I used to know."

Mr. Moritz replied : "God bless you, Mr. Smith."

Mr. Smith said :

"I am coming again to have a long talk with you some other time."

Mr. Moritz replied: "We shall be very pleased to have you."

(Mr. Smith, an old friend of Mr. Moritz, was a well-known Glasgow chartered accountant. He gave his correct home address.)

John Spence now carried on the conversation:

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"I am John Spence speaking. The time draws near to close, as Mr. Campbell has just said, and he has asked me to say a few words of blessing to you before you depart. Spence is my name. I had a prefix to it in earth life. They called me The Reverend. Good evening to you all. It is a little time since I passed to the spirit side of life. Do you know ? (Place name given but omitted by request.) That is where I was.

"Accept, O God, the thanks of Thy humble servant, and give unto these, our friends, all the help they need, all the support and comfort they need to assist them in these trying times. We have a sure knowledge, a definite assurance that the day is not far distant when the trouble will be over and you will smile again. For those who have lost, or think they have lost, dear ones, may they acquire knowledge such as you have, of knowing that their dear ones have just passed the borderline of life, and gone to a far happier world. God bless you, and now may the peace and

the blessing, the fellowship and communion of those in spirit life be permitted to come and mingle with those on earth, cheering them and bearing them up on their way through life, until they, too, shall pass onwards to better things, and to Thee, O Father, be all the Honour, the Glory, and the Praise. Amen."

The return to earth vibrations of the Rev. John Spence evidently brought back to him his clerical way of speech and expression. When his prayer was finished an old and valued friend then spoke to us

"This is one of the Indians. This is Greentree speaking. When you are gathered home to the spirit side of life, we will have a reunion. I mean all those we have been intimate with. We are prepared to

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wait, and all those who have communed with us in bygone times, and helped the Indian chiefs, as you called us then, to find our pathway into the inner circle of spirit life, we shall repay you for your labours, and give you a royal welcome to the spirit side of life when we all meet again. God bless you. I am Greentree. I have been very, very busy, and it has been a work of love for the Master, the Great Chief's cause. I have tried both in earth life and spirit life to bring joy and cheer to both sides. You know what I mean, to comfort and soothe the sorrowful ones. The blessing of the Indian Chief goes with you all."

A lady's voice then took up the conversation:

"Crissie, it is Mother speaking. God bless you, Crissie, my own lassie."

Miss Colquhoun replied : "My own dear Mother." Her Mother said:

"Good night to you all. This is Crissie Colquhoun's Mother speaking to you. It is the first time I have been able to talk to you all, and I hope it will not be the last-I mean to the entire company. I am allowed to say that bright days are coming for you all. Days that will bring you joy. I am telling you this to bring you a little cheer and comfort. God bless you all, and God bless you, my own lassie."

Mrs. Colquhoun then gave a lot of kisses.

A man's voice then said :

"Good night, Crissie. It is Archie" (her brother). And yet another of the family came, her sister:

"Good night, my dear, it is Paton. Good night, everyone. We are all happy and want you to be happy.,,"

The last voice to speak ended the Meeting:

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"Now, that is the finish as far as we are concerned, Mr. Hart. I am going away now. Good night, all. We commend you to the care and the keeping of the Great White Spirit. Amen. I am one of the Indians."

This ended the Sitting.

In my comments in the previous chapter I dealt with what took place on the other side when we gathered together with a Medium for some two to three hours to have conversation with our friends in Etheria. Here I wish to make some observations on the implications of these conversations, which take place throughout the world. From them has grown a comprehensive and profound literature which can be grouped under the names of Psychic Science and Psychic Geography. The former embraces a wide and esoteric philosophy, and the latter deals with what is called the Greater World. Here I shall devote a few pages to the consideration of these etheric worlds around and interpenetrating this earth.

In the foregoing séance John Sloan asked how long it was since John Hardman had died, to receive the reply from Hardman himself:

"Not dead, John Sloan, but alive, and I was very much in the land of wonder for some time.... You see, I did not believe in the after life, and when I came here I was bewildered with the wonder of the knowledge that it was all true."

One implication we can draw from these conversations between the two worlds is that those who took

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part in them on this side do believe in an after life, and, when they reach the other side some day, they will not be bewildered and surprised as was John Hardman. They have heard about Etheria from the Etherians in their own voices, and, over the past hundred years, thousands throughout the world have been enlightened. Besides this, many people who have not themselves sat with a Medium, have gained their psychic knowledge from reading some of the vast Spiritualist literature now available.

Few, however, had the opportunity to have such direct clear conversations as are reported in this book, in which all the conditions surrounding the conversations have been fully and faithfully reported, besides all that was said and done on both sides. Only a few mathematicians have measured the

distances between our earth and the sun, moon and stars, but we believe their conclusions to be approximately correct. Likewise, those who have not had the experiences I, and others, have had should accept as true what we have to say because, like the Astronomers, we are honest, sane people who make accuracy our first principle just as do other scientists.

I have had many talks with friends in Etheria about the Greater World and my books, *The Rock of Truth* and *The Unfolding Universe*, give the subject earnest and comprehensive consideration. This is a vast subject, but here I shall greatly condense what I have been told, because I have not the space available to consider the matter at length. Until we are able to think in terms of vibrations, the comprehension of worlds within worlds is difficult to understand, and the enigma cannot be grasped all at once.

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Only by study and thought can Spiritualism, and all it stands for, be understood.

To take our own earth to begin with, by a slowing down of vibrations it has reached a stage to which we give the name "physical", but that is not our entire world. To physical people, yes; but theirs is a very limited outlook. In the slowing down of vibrations, and the forming of the earth, can we not imagine how it all happened? Imagine a world at one time vastly larger than our globe as we know it. Imagine this whirling mass of fine substance, let us say ten thousand times the size of our earth. As it cooled the centre vibrated with less frequency than the outer circumference, and so the cooling process went on, a hard material centre forming what we now call the earth. All around this core are various degrees of substances which we cannot sense, but still they exist and are as much a part of the greater world as we are.

The earth is the centre of the Greater World, but much the larger part extends far out into space, and is quite unsensed by normal physical beings. Heaven is no fantastic far-off realm, as it has been painted to us in the legends of the past. It is an astronomical locality, and, this being so, I give it the name ETHERIA, instead of the name Spirit World, or Etheric World, which names have been used in the past to denote the super-physical world.

It is not in some far-off region in space, but is part of our world and goes round the sun along with this earth. Just as our earth turns on its axis, so the etheric world turns along with us. It is all part of one whole. The earth is like the stone in a peach and

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Etheria is like the fruit surrounding it. Just like the stone, so the earth is the life-giving seed to Etheria. Another good simile is that of an onion, which, made up of different skins, makes one connected whole.

The complete world is made up of an immense scale of vibrations, but only a small range of these affects our senses. As time goes on we shall go up the rungs of the ladder, leaving the physical for the first plane beyond the earth, and so on, always appreciating the surroundings in tune with our etheric body; but, though we shall normally appreciate only one range of vibrations, yet, by thought, we shall be able to lower our vibrations and come back and appreciate the lower ranges through which we have passed.

To begin with, in the distant past, mind could only enter into contact with physical matter in a crude state, but gradually the physical was able to accommodate mind of higher and higher quality, or, in other words, of finer and finer vibrations. It is logical to believe that we shall return to the range of vibrations from which our mind originally came, just as the beings below us will reach the range from which their mind came. It seems as if part of the universal mind reached down to the physical and, in each individual, is returning whence it came, like to like. Thus can be understood the saying, "We are all the sons of God, we come from God and we return to God." So also can be understood the reason for all the beliefs, rites, ceremonies and rituals of all religions.

Thus the action and reaction goes on, mind embedding itself for a time in the physical and then leaving it, taking with it the etheric body, which it has shaped

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and which has been encased in a physical garment. This latter returns to the physical earth, to produce at some later date the habitation of other minds. Thus can be seen the true meaning of the resurrection of the dead body.

Our physical bodies, as we know them, in the shape and form in which mind constructed them, are not re-animated at some future date by the return of mind to its former habitation. The particles, however, which composed the body, in one form or another, may be re-animated by other minds, and again give physical form to a living creature. This comes about through plants which give food to animal life. This food replaces the wastage of the physical bodies of all animal life, and what was once an animated physical body decomposes to return to form a part of other physical bodies. The framework, the etheric body, which holds the physical together, however, passes from it at death, never to return to it.

This action and reaction goes on day by day, and each one of us is awaiting our turn to go through the same metamorphosis as has been experienced by all that lived on earth before us. This interplay of the two states of motion, to

which we give the names mind and matter, has taken place on earth since the first protoplasm developed in some stagnant pool. It has gone on by slow degrees until the mind became sufficiently developed to act independently apart from the physical, and, by means of the etheric counterpart, become at death an etheric human being with a seemingly endless career before him.

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With this etheric body the individual is able to develop in a methodical way, and so reach higher stages of development. Mind and the etheric body are inseparable; to imagine mind without a body is unthinkable. Shortly after death the etheric body reaches the level of vibrations to which the mind can respond through the etheric brain. It reaches a surface vibrating at the same frequency, and this surface is as real and tangible to the etheric body as was the physical surface to the physical body while it lived on earth.

Doubtless this individualisation of mind came slowly, and it was long before the individuality could be maintained, but the time came when it could, and then it was that Etheria was man's real home. Step by step, as the mind became more and more developed, so the etheric world became inhabited, and we are now told of seven distinct planes of habitation, real and tangible. Each surrounding plane is more beautiful, and each in turn is inhabited by minds more and more advanced in proportion as the surrounding matter is more refined.

The place we reach immediately following the Earth Plane is of finer substance than physical matter, but of grosser substance than the plane beyond it, and so on, each plane being composed of finer and finer substance. As the mind develops, so it automatically rises to the place to which it becomes attuned. Our mind must reach a state of harmony with its surroundings, or otherwise there is no happiness, and, as in Etheria we can harmonise ourselves with our surroundings more easily than on earth, so we reach the plane of our desire quite naturally. Consequently Etheria can be, to all of a happy and contented disposition, a happier and more contented

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world to live in than is the physical world. As the mind is, so is our happiness or unhappiness.

Mind always responds to the vibrations to which it is fitted, from the physical to the etheric and from the etheric to the super-etheric. We are told that there are eight known planes comprising the Greater World, if we include this earth's surface, and that there is, moreover, a region beyond it, quite apart from this greater world, which we shall eventually enter. Then this world will cease to be for us, and we shall cease to move with it. However, when we get

thus far, all earth memories will have faded, and consequently there are none to return to tell us anything about it.

Wherever life is, all is natural, and so life on the next plane of thought is a natural and rational one. Just as mind is attuned by its body to conditions on earth, so it will harmonise with the more brilliant, the more vivid conditions in the etheric. It is the same mind, and it naturally attunes itself to the vibrations to which its body responds. Nature makes all changes slowly, and the change called death is no exception. It is little noticed by some. Many pass on and hardly realise at first that a change has occurred, because the mind at once adjusts itself to the new conditions, and these conditions, to begin with, are very like those to which we are accustomed in our earth surroundings,

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CHAPTER XV MEETING AT MISS COLQUHOUN'S HOUSE, POLLOKSHIELDS, GLASGOW

Present: MR. JOHN SLOAN, MRS. ELIZABETH CAMPBELL, MRS. MAY DEANS, Miss ANNE DEANS, MISS MARJORY MILLAR, MR. DONALD CAMERON, MISS JEAN DEARIE, Miss FLORENCE YEATES, MISS CRISSIE COLQUHOUN.

WE opened with the usual hymn, Nearer, my God, to Thee, and afterwards repeated The Lord's Prayer. A voice from the other side joined in the "Amen."

Miss Colquhoun and Mrs. Campbell had changed seats, so that Miss Colquhoun could be in her usual place at Mr. Sloan's right. Mrs. Campbell said that some Mediums insisted on having the same sitters and that the sitters should always have the same chair in the circle, as they found better results could be obtained in that way. Mr. Cameron remarked that it had never been proved scientifically that that was so, and he disagreed with that view.

A voice from the other side said :

"We prove nothing scientifically on this side."

Mrs. Campbell said: "Perhaps you can tell us, friend, if better results are obtained by sitters always taking the same seats in a circle," and received the reply

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"It is entirely at your own discretion."

Mr. Sloan remarked that as far as he was concerned, it did not matter one bit where one sat, it "made nae difference."

Then we heard

"Jim, Jim," and Miss Deans got pats from the trumpets.

She asked: **"Are you the Jim I was thinking of?"** The voice replied :

"Anne, Anne, do you hear me ?"

Miss Deans replied: "Yes, dear, I hear you very well. What do you want to say to me?"

No reply was given, so we sang They are winging, they are winging, to raise the vibrations, and Mr. Sloan remarked : "I ken it is no' going to be any use the night. I am just an auld done man."

A voice from the other side said:

"You are just seventy and so many years young, my friend."

Mr. Sloan replied: "Well, you can forget about the so many."

(Mr. Sloan was born in 1869. He was 75 at the time of this séance and 82 when he died.)

We then heard a sound like many birds whistling, but nothing was said. So we sang I to the hills will lift mine eyes.

Mr. Sloan remarked: "I think I had better tak' a back seat. You would get on far better without me."

A voice from Etheria remarked :

"Yes, what marvelous things we would get without you. What do you think, Miss Colquhoun ?"

Miss Colquhoun replied: "I think, friend, that we would not be able to do very much without him."

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A voice replied :

"He is the instrument through whom we are able to prove that we do not cease to exist although we are out of the physical. Good day, Mr.

Cameron, I like the way you express your opinions. There is an amount of weight behind the expression which you enforce it with."

Mr. Cameron replied: "Thank you, Sir, we just have the desire here to get a little further information about life on your side."

The voice replied :

"We all have desires on this side as well, you know, but I may tell you that I do not get all the desires, which I have on this side, fulfilled or granted. Far from it, and, I have no doubt, neither will you. I got more than I deserved, all the same. Had I got my deserts, God knows where I would have been to-day."

Mr. Cameron replied: "Well, friend, you must have early accepted the natural law."

The voice replied :

"Well, you know, it was taught me on this side of life. I did not believe or think much about an after-life while I was in earth life, but dear friends early taught me the way in which I must go in order to progress here. I do not know any of you personally. I was drawn here by the auras around you. I like the aura round about each and every one of you. Good night."

Miss Deans remarked: " I thought at first that was Grandfather. It sounded rather like him, but he always used to 'pull my leg', I remember that."

The voice said :

"What was that you said, my dear ?"

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Miss Deans replied: "I said my Grandfather always used to pull my leg for a lark." The voice replied

"I am afraid, I am afraid I do not understand you, my dear."

Miss Deans said: "It is just a slang expression," and Mr. Cameron remarked:

"Used metaphorically, you know."

The voice replied :

"I am just a stranger. I saw the lights. They attracted me, and I came in to see if I could be of any little service to any one of you, dear friends. I

would rejoice if my own dear ones knew that it was possible for me to contact them and speak to them, but they know nothing of this. I speak to them sometimes, but they do not hear me. How wonderful it is that you hear me. May God the Father lead you to the light that will keep the door still open for you to pursue this truth right along your way of life until the journey ends. Do your level best to keep a clean record and you will have a joyful entrance into spirit life when your time comes."

Mr. Cameron asked if he was an Englishman, and got the reply:

"No, I am not exactly of your nationality. I have acquired and learned a little of your language, and try to speak it as best I can, and as I hear friends of your vibrations talking to you. There is someone Harry calling. Harry is here for someone. I am not able to do much for you. I just stepped into the breach to help you a little."

We asked if he could not give us his name, and received the reply :

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"I am not permitted to say. You will find some funny reasons when you come to my side, my friends. There is a sort of censorship, if you understand what I mean, but we are all brothers and sisters on this side, willing to help each other in every way possible."

A voice said :

"Anne, it is Grand-dad. May, it is Father."

Anne replied : "Hello, Grand-dad." He replied :

"You make me out a very old man when you say 'Grand-dad'. If you saw me now, you would be surprised. I always had a buoyant outlook. I was always a boy amongst the boys, and, of course, a boy amongst the girls, amongst my own girls, I mean."

Mrs. Deans asked: "Is Mother with you, Father?", and he replied :

"She is here."

A lady's voice then said:

"My dear, and Anne, it is Granny, bless you. What a lovely big girl you are."

A man with a very loud voice then said to someone on his own side :

"Come along this way, Nisbet, along this way," and another voice said to Mrs. Deans :

"My dear, it is your Grandfather, Hay Nisbet. (Correct.) I am not so frail as my voice makes me appear. Yes, I thought I knew a lot before I came here, but I have a lot to learn yet, friend Cameron. You are a man of pretty good intelligence, and have assessed fairly well the conditions of earth life, and also the conditions you expect to find here. You

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are a scientific sort of man, weighing the pros and cons. You don't just swallow everything until you can digest it properly. Well, God bless you all, and God bless you both, my dears." (To Mrs. Deans and Anne.)

Mrs. May Deans is Grand-daughter and Miss Anne Deans is Great-grand-daughter of Mr. Hay Nisbet who spoke. He was a Glasgow publisher, and in 1875 he finished the recording of the well known book Hafed, Prince of Persia, from the trance utterances of David Duguid, the famous Medium.)

A lady's voice now said :

"Crissie, it is Mother speaking. Bless you, my lassie."

Her voice died away again, and Mr. Sloan said: "Come on, friends, I ken (know) I am useless, but just come on."

A man's voice said in reply :

"I am sure you would not wish us to do your work for you. If we happen to be able in any way to drop a little word that would be helpful to you, we are always willing to do so, but we are not in a position to impress some of you, because your thoughts are just rather lofty for us. I am speaking for myself, of course. There are many here far above me, who could help you in that way. You have to realise that in your world it is all `cause and effect', and there are certain things that I cannot explain to you, friend Cameron. That is a real nice Scotch name."

Mr. Cameron asked: "Can you see us?", and received the reply:

"I should think I can see you. You are a very handsome man."

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Mr. Cameron asked: "Can you see us as we are in the physical body, or is it our auras that you are referring to?"

He replied :

"I see you just as you are yourself, but you cannot see me as I am."

Mr. Cameron inquired: "Can you tell me this? Supposing you went to a theatre with me, would you see all that was going on, through seeing the pictures made by my mind?"

The reply was :

"Well, I have not studied that point, Mr. Cameron, so I would not like to say. I have not been in contact with a theatre for some time, except when I get in touch through this little lady here. (Miss Deans.) I would like to say to you, Anne, you have a little bit to go before everything comes out to your satisfaction. I think you follow me. It has given you a little trouble for some time, but keep a good heart. I am referring to what is closest to your heart, you know, the thing that is uppermost in your mind. It will right itself in the long run. Just wait a little. You understand what I mean ?"

Miss Deans understood.

Mr. Cameron then said: "I wonder if I might ask a question. How do you sense that? You are giving this young lady a direction of thought which will hold her interest, and you are able to say to her that the ultimate result will be to her satisfaction. How do you arrive at that?"

The reply came:

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"I was close a few evenings ago and heard her and her Mother conversing together, so just thought I would take a kindly interest and see what I could do to help. Be of good cheer, little lady, if I can get into touch with you from time to time, and with your Mother as well, I will help you both all I can. It will have to be carefully dealt with."

Anne Deans replied: "Thank you very much indeed. Could I have a name to know you by? Any name will do."

He replied :

"Jim Two. Jim was your Father's name, and I have got Jim One's permission to talk to you and to help you a little if I can."

Another voice said

"God bless you, Anne. It is Grandfather. Be of good heart, and all will be well."

After an interval of silence. Miss Colquhoun remarked : "I wish some of Miss Yeates' friends would come and talk to her."

Miss Yeates replied : "It is all right. I am quite happy just to sit listening to it all." A voice then said to her

"Thank you for that expression, Madam. If you are helping others to get through you are doing a noble work."

(She probably was a good supplier of ectoplasm.) The grandmother of Miss Anne Deans now spoke to her:

"Anne Nisbet is speaking. I did not manage before. Where is Anne ? I have come back to tell you just to stay a little longer before you act."

A man's voice joined in and said: **"Don't be too impatient, my dear-take time, take time."**

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Miss Deans asked who was speaking, and received the reply :

"You would have to travel back a long way to know who it is. I find it rather difficult to articulate again after being such a long time over. I am not the person who is giving that message. I am only passing on the thoughts conveyed to me. I do not know your friends."

Mr. Cameron said: "Is it thought transference?", to receive the reply:

"It is generally the passing of messages from one to another, through channels, communicating cords. It is only when the person who wishes to speak gets into rapport with the one to be spoken to that you get the Direct Voice."

Mr. Cameron remarked : "It seems we have a lot to learn yet even with the knowledge we have acquired."

The voice replied :

"And you will be studying for many years yet before you fully understand. You will never begin to understand properly until you come to this side yourself."

Mr. Cameron asked if he might know who was speaking, and this is what he heard :

"I am Bob Hannah. I do not know any of you. I was just going around and thought I would come in when I saw the lights, the very bright lights, that surround you, to see if I could be of any help to any of you. I do not say that with any sense of exaltation, but I can see a wee bit further sometimes. I liked your auras and the conditions felt so harmonious that I just thought I would like to come in. I liked the

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look of all of you. I saw so many lights dancing around you that I knew there were many friends, advanced friends, who were throwing their vibrations out to you."

Mr. Cameron said: "Thank you, Mr. Hannah. Now, can you tell me this? When you passed on, were the conditions you found yourself in anything like what you thought they would be?"

Mr. Hannah replied :

"I had not thought much about it at all in earth life. I hardly thought about the after-life at all."

Mr. Cameron said : "What I mean is-what does the place you are in look like? Are there trees, mountains, rivers, etc.?"

Mr. Hannah replied :

"It is just like your own world, and I have never desired to progress any further until I get some of my own people over with me. It was a consolation to me to have some of my own people meeting me, although they did not stay with me, and I cannot go where they are, but I am quite content meantime where I am. It is a beautiful place I am in, and I am doing my little best to help the boys who are coming over, to show them the best way out of their difficulties.

"Yes, friends, I am still far from where you are spiritually. I had many stumbles on my way through life, and I fully confessed my faults when I came here to the Great Ones above me, and have been placed in a condition which was much better than I deserved.

"I am now humbly striving by the little I can do to help, to make up for my faults and failings of earth life, and I get beautiful friends who come to give me

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advice, to teach me, and lead me on the way to a higher sphere. Meantime I am quite content to do my little best here for the boys who are coming over. I saw the lights, and knew I was in, or near, the Earth Plane, and thought I might bring you a little comfort."

Mr. Cameron remarked : "That is how you progress," and he replied :

"It is the only way of progression. By helping others we help ourselves. There are many, many friends who were much superior to me in their spiritual outlook that I have not overtaken yet. I have seen them and talked to them as you are talking to me now, and I am doing the best I can to make myself fit, to attune myself to their sphere. When I do so I shall be with them, and it will be a joyous day when it does come.

"God bless you all, and may the Great Master of all have pity on the old world to-day, and the sad hearts on it, on the suffering and all who suffer with them, and may this strife be speedily brought to an end. Amen. Amen. I do not know any of you here, but I will say now that I knew your Father, John Sloan, and he was a better man than you are. I do not mean any disparagement to Johnny Sloan, but I knew his Father, and a finer man never walked."

Mr. Sloan replied : "Any good that is in me, I owe to my Father and my Mother, to their up bringing.

Mrs. Sloan now spoke some words of encouragement to her husband :

"You have opened the door, Daddy, in a way that Granny and Grandpa could never, have done."

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That greatly pleased Mr. Sloan, and then a new voice spoke :

"It is a great gift, Mr. Cameron, to be able to open the door, and enable the friends who are around you to exchange thoughts and opinions which may be beneficial to you and to your further progress in life. Whenever you put out a thought, we try to help you in every way we can. You are all friends whom I have met here from time to time and I have met a goodly number of people of different outlooks on life, but they are all very willing to give an open ear to anything we may say to them, and what we tell seems to be acceptable. We can assure you it is the truth.

"We are only telling you of our own experiences, which we have had since coming to spirit life, and which may help you when the time comes for you to make the crossing to this side of life. That is one thing that makes me very happy, Mr. Cameron, the thought that those on earth life are still able to come and talk to us, and enable us to help you all in the difficult way of life, to help

to carry the burden which is near to your hearts and which you may not care to tell to anyone."

We then heard voices speaking together, and one said :

"It is not permissible just now." A lady's voice then called :

"Crissie, Crissie, you know me quite well. I am not allowed to say anything just now. God bless you,"

and she gave a lot of kisses. A man's voice was then heard to say:

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"It is all right, Sister. Just come away. I cannot allow it. You must just come along with me." We heard her reply:

"I am coming," and then she said :

"You know me, Crissie. It is Nellie."

Miss Colquhoun said: "Oh, is it Nellie McWilliam? Dear friend (to the man who had told Nellie not to speak), do help her, please."

Before leaving, Nellie was able to say:

"Oh, Crissie, oh, my dear, it is awful to be alone" (and she seemed to be crying).

The man's voice again spoke to Nellie :

"You cannot speak just now. It is going to vex them. You will come away with me, my dear, and I will take you to your friends. You will be all right in a little while. Don't worry any more, Miss Colquhoun. I am glad you recognized your friend, and we will take care of her. Yes, here is a William McWilliam who has just come to meet her now. I sent out my thoughts for some friends of hers, and this William McWilliam has come and is taking her away with him."

So ended this little drama, and then another man spoke :

"You are doing wonderful work, Miss Dearie. It is quite a delight to watch you with your pencil again. Some beautiful messages have been brought through you to someone I love very well."

Miss Dearie replied: "I believe I know who is speaking. It is Mr. Hardman, is it not?"

He replied **"Thank you, Miss Dearie, for recognising me.**

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I am John Hardman. Will you write and tell my dear one that I have been speaking to you directly, Miss Dearie, without any trumpet, just directly to you. Tell my beloved that, and that I send my love to my Mary. I had difficulty in remembering your name, but for all your kindness to Mary, bless you, and accept my thanks."

Miss Dearie replied: "Thank you, Mr. Hardman. I am delighted if I have given her any pleasure."

Mr. Hardman continued :

"I have to thank you also, Miss Colquhoun, for all the love and kindness you have given my Mary."

Miss Colquhoun replied: "It is just a pleasure to me to do all I can for her. I had such a lovely letter from her to-day, and she was so delighted with the beautiful message you sent her from the last Meeting."

Mr. Hardman said :

"Tell her I am now trying to do God's Will as far as I can. I do not know exactly what the Will of God is. We never fathom that even on our side, but we reach forward, stage by stage, doing the Father's Will as far as we can grasp it, doing our best to follow the pathway which is directed to us by the Shining Ones above us, knowing that the only road to progress is by doing the will of the Great Ones.

"Have you ever taken into consideration, my friends; of course, I cannot go into details about it, but you speak about the Word of God. When you say that, are you speaking about the Bible ? If not, I am afraid I have misconstrued your meaning. The Word of God was far before Bible times. You must not have your own understanding of God's Will. I am not speaking about what you believe, it is what

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you are. (Emphatically said.) May I say this, it is not what the world thinks you are, not what your friends around you think you are, it is what you are within yourself.

"Immediately on passing to this side, and friends have got you really wakened up, you land in a condition suited to your spiritual

development, at the stage which you left on the Earth Plane. It is up to your own self, and those who are working with you, how you progress thereafter. For every one who passes over there are some dear ones waiting to receive them, but they cannot take them to the condition which they have not reached. They can only meet them at the 'Gateway,' and then they have got to say good-bye until those who have just passed reach that condition which they have attained. It is service that is the lever which lifts us all up through the spirit planes. The Church is just a symbol of those who attend it, you know. Of course, it is quite all right. It does a lot of good."

Mr. Cameron replied: "Yes, for those who cannot think for themselves."

Mr. Hardman replied :

"If all who go would take the advice that they sometimes get from these churches, it would be better for them in their life here."

After a pause, a man's voice said :

"Mrs. Campbell, is my wife present with you ? It is Swan speaking."

Mrs. Campbell replied: "No, Lady Swan is not with me to-night. Have you got a message for her?" He replied

"Someone tells me I am not to send a message. Thank you, Mrs. Campbell, for all your kindness to her."

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Mrs. Campbell said : "But have you not a message that I can pass on to her? I know she would be so delighted to get one."

He replied:

"Let me think now. She is rather unsettled meantime, in her thoughts, you know, and I hesitate to say anything which would upset her in any way. She knows about this, of course. She knows where to go to get the information, and I do not want to disturb her at present. You know what I mean. I think it would be wise not to say much about this subject unless she comes to you herself. I would like her to take a special interest in it."

Mrs. Campbell said : "She is rather worried at present."

Sir Alexander Swan replied :

"Well, we have all to carry our burdens, you know. I had my cares as well, and so have you, but now you have someone to help you through,

my dear. You also have lost one who has come to my side, and he is a great help to you. Come away, John."

Mrs. Campbell's husband then spoke to her :

"God bless you, my dear, it is Jack. I am just so pleased to be near you, and have been especially near to you for a little time past. It has been given to me to understand that I have to be a shield to you and keep near you just for a little time now, and no harm will come to any of ours in the meantime. I wish you could get my thoughts, my deep gratitude for the lovely life I spent with you, you know. I

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think often you did not understand why I stood aloof from coming to these Meetings. I wanted to go, and yet I felt I could not sometimes."

Mrs. Campbell asked: "Do you remember all the help you got from dear Dr. Kahesdi?" Mr. Campbell replied :

"I remember, and do you remember, my darling, how happy we used to be ? Well, I hope our boys' lives will just have the same brightness as ours have had. If they travel as happy a road as you, my dear, helped me to travel, I am sure they will be very, very happy."

Mrs. Campbell asked: "Jack, are you pleased about the delightful girls they have got?", and he replied:

"Supremely happy. Sometimes I wish, but there are many things out of my reach now that I am not allowed to touch on. I hope you understand that I was in sympathy with you all the time. It is very nice to know that you understand me in that way. I cannot help these things now. I find it difficult not to have resentful feelings about the actions of those I trusted. I meant things to be different. It was not my fault, my dear, but we will forget about that just now."

And he gave a lot of kisses. All the foregoing was correct and accepted.

Mr. Campbell continued :

"It was a wonderful life we had together, dear. Lots of people did not understand us, but we understood each other. It is a difficult matter in life when you find that those you trusted in, friend Cameron, have failed you."

Mrs. Campbell said: "Don't worry about that now, darling. You are not to trouble about that. I do not mind at all."

Mr. Campbell replied :

"But it is you who have had to suffer through it. It has meant such a difference to you. That is what I am worrying about, and I am thanking the friend next to you for her beautiful thoughts. May Nisbet, God bless you."

Mrs. Deans, who before her marriage was May Nisbet, replied : "God bless you, Jack."

Another voice said to Mrs. Deans:

"Well, we do not always do our duty in earth life, but I am not who you think."

Mrs. Deans asked who he was, and received the reply:

"You know who I am quite well. Life ought to have been better for you, but I will make it all up to you by and by. I see you, Anne. God bless you always. That seems funny to come from my lips, but it comes from my heart now to say 'God bless you both.' That is just how I feel, and I will try to make reparation. There are things, Miss Dearie, in my life which I deeply regretted on coming to the spirit side of life, and I want now to help those whom in my ignorance and selfish folly I hurt. I am speaking of myself and my career on earth life. I failed in my duty to those whom I should have loved best, and I have had to suffer for it too."

(Speaker recognised and everything said was understood.)

Miss Dearie replied : "I expect we shall all have regrets when we pass to the spirit side because most of us fail in so many ways."

He replied :

"Thank you so much. I am now trying to do all I can, directly and indirectly, to those whom I ought to have done more for in earth life."

Then we sat in silence for a time, and Mr. Sloan remarked : "This is awfu'. I don't think there is any use going any further. I ken't it would be nae use."

Miss Colquhoun said : "Now, Mr. Sloan, that is nonsense. It has just been splendid to-night," and we all agreed.

A voice said :

"He will be a grumbler to the end of his tether," and Mr. Sloan replied :
"Well, I am gie (very) near the end of my tether noo."

The voice replied :

"You have got a bit of spunk in you yet. There is something in your old pow (head) yet."

The trumpets touched Miss Dearie all over, and a voice said:

"Nessie, Nessie. It is Nessie."

Miss Dearie asked: "Which Nessie is it?", but Nessie seemed to have lost the vibration, as she got no reply.

A man's voice then said :

"Hello, Ralph. He is a good boy, Ralph. I knew Ralph. Hello, Bill, come here. I am speaking to Ralph. Will and I do not want to hear you just now. I am busy. I don't want to discuss that just now."

Mrs. Campbell asked: "Is it my Ralph, you mean?", and he replied:

"Yes, Ralph Campbell."

Mrs. Campbell said: "Ralph is not here. I am Ralph's Mother. Have you a message for him? What is your name?"

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He replied :

"Able Seaman 124. Tell Ralph Campbell I was away from the derricks altogether. Derek was No. 2. I was not there at all."

Ralph was in the Navy, and Derek was his great friend who had passed over. He could not remember who was Able Seaman 124, and this was not to be expected.

A lady's voice then said **"Nellie, Nellie McWilliam."**

This is the same person who was taken away because she became so emotional. The incident was reported a few pages back, and now she returned to say to Miss Colquhoun:

"I am feeling a wee bit happier now. It is always nice to hear your voice, Crissie. God bless you."

The man's voice spoke again, and said:

"It is all right. We will look after her now, and she will be able to come and speak to you later on."

Another voice now spoke :

"It is as far as we can go for the evening, Mr. Cameron. The power, I am sorry for disappointing any of you, but the power whereby we can manipulate the force round about you is going. It is getting exhausted, and anything that might come to you just now, I would not ask you to put any confidence in. You see what I mean. It is coming from different channels, and it has not been, so to speak, censored. You see what I mean to convey. There are so many things on your Earth Plane to-day which are pressing to a crisis, so many cross-currents, that it is difficult

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for us just to contact you as we would like to do, but that is drawing to a close, and the world will awaken once more to the glorious consciousness of 'right' and 'wrong.'

"It is not in my power to tell you because it was not given to me to say, but it is coming very quickly now. That is as far as I am permitted to go, but, in going round your world to-day, we feel that that agonizing time is speedily coming to its termination. I have been a co-worker with those who are helping, standing by the dear ones who are being thrust into my side of life. Some of them do not understand anything about it, and we are trying to help them.

"That is why, just now, we are not able to give to you what we would like to do. There are so many claims on us. So now I will say-may all the thoughts and unexpressed desires which are in your hearts, if these be in accordance with the Will of the Father, be granted unto you, and the best of spirit life come to you now, which you know to be Truth and Justice and Love. God bless you."

We sang the Doxology, and afterwards Pathfinder said:

"May the peace and the blessing which cometh from the High and Holy Ones round about you, assist and comfort you now and all through the journey of your life. Amen. And to our Father God We will give all praise now and for ever more. I am Pathfinder. I just came to help my old friend out of 'difficulty. God bless you, Miss Dearie."

Miss Dearie replied : "God-bless you, dear pathfinder," and he went on :

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"I say to you all, if you have a thought in your heart, a thought in your mind, or a desire which you wish to carry into the spirit side of life, Pathfinder will listen. You only have to think it in your heart, and I will convey it to those on my side of life. Good night."

Greentree now spoke :

"God bless you all, and may you, when the journey is ended, and the evening shadows fall around you, as they fell on Greentree in his earth life too, find the beautiful surroundings of the Spirit World to be just as entrancing to you as they were to the Indian Chief when he passed over. This is Greentree speaking.

"I could not speak in your language as I speak it now, and I say : Oh, I adore you for your kindly thoughts and your loving dispositions. May the Great White Spirit God, Whom we all worship, keep you in perfect peace, and grant unto you the desires of your heart in so far as they are in accordance with his Holy Will, and unto Thee, O Great Spirit Love, Thou Spirit of Spirits, Thou God, our Father God, we commend these, our loved friends, to Thy tender care, and protect all those whom they love who are in danger. May Thou support them with Thy great blessing, and to Thee shall be all the Glory, and to Thy Name all Praise. Amen. I am Greentree speaking."

Pathfinder then concluded by saying :

"Dear friends, we are sorry to leave you, but we have our work to do and our beautiful duties to perform. May you, too, have joy and comfort, fullness of life, and fullness of joy, and may God bless

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you all. May the paths which you find in life be paths of blessedness, and all the by-ways bowers of peace wherein you may rest by the way. God bless you again is the wish of Pathfinder."

When John Hardman spoke to Miss Colquhoun about the Bible, he showed himself to be still agnostic about the Will of God. He was doubtful as to what this is, and Etherians, he tells us, never fathom this eternal question. They are finite, just as we are, and how wise it is not to be dogmatic about the Infinite which no finite being can comprehend. However, Hardman has solved one of his problems, and this he repeatedly refers to in his many lengthy remarks.

On earth, he tells us that he did not believe in survival after death, but now he experiences it, and this thoughtful man gives to us on earth some very wise advice.

Christians have always believed that the Holy Bible contains the Word of God, a name they give to this old and sacred book. To the Moslems the Koran takes that position. The Hindus consider sacred the Vedas and the Bhagavad gita, while to the Buddhists the Suttantas are the most sacred of all divine literature. The Zendavesta is the Word of God to the Parsees, while the Chinese consider that The Great Learning and The Doctrine of the Mean could not be replaced by man.

These holy books have helped humanity to find a certain amount of peace and comfort in life, but each religion thought that its own sacred writings were the Only instructions God had given to mankind. Nevertheless, as Hardman reminds us

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"The Word of God was far before Bible times You must not have your own understanding of Gods Will."

So he passes by the creeds, dogmas and doctrines of all the world's religions, and says emphatically that what matters on both earth and in Etheria is what each one of us is

"It is what you are within yourself."

That, he tells us, and that only, determines our place beyond the veil, and, from that time onwards,

"it is up to your own self how you progress thereafter."

That, simply put, is the teaching of Spiritualism. Its Seven Principles, which were given from Etheria, embrace the essentials of what has been said at the séances recorded in this book. Those who call themselves Spiritualists believe that it can be accepted as true that

(1) The Universe is governed by Mind, commonly called God. That all we have sensed, do sense, or will sense, is but Mind expressing itself in some form or another.

(2) The existence and identity of the individual continues after the change called death.

(3) Communication, under suitable conditions, takes place between us here on earth and the inhabitants of the etheric world, into which we shall all pass at death.

On these three fundamental principles, which Spiritualists believe can be reasonably accepted, the following logical deductions are naturally drawn from the information which comes to us from those who have passed on to this larger life.

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(4) That our ethical conduct should be guided by the golden rule, given first to the world by the great Confucius, "Whatsoever you would that others would do to you, do it also unto them."

(5) That each individual is his own savior, and that he cannot look to someone else to bear his sins and suffer for his mistakes.

(6) That each individual reaps as he sows, that he makes his happiness or unhappiness just as he harmonizes with his surroundings, and that he gravitates naturally to the place in the etheric world in harmony with his mental development.

(7) And finally, that the path of progress is never closed, and that there is no known end to the advancement of the individual.

The message of Spiritualism is that we get away from ancient mythology, that we break down creedalism, intolerance and narrow nationalism, remove by honest education the curse of ignorance, encourage friendship amongst nations, abolish poverty and squalor, set our face against war and all forms of cruelty, raise the standard of living, encourage the development of wisdom and a greater understanding of life and its meaning everywhere throughout the world. Let us get away from the follies and misinterpretations of the past, and remember that in Egypt, 6000 years ago, and not in Palestine, we have the earliest record of man's realization of moral values and that he is destined to be an etheric being.

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Our Old Testament is but a late echo of the moralising of this ancient race which has lived so long by the banks of the Nile.

Putting aside its history of the Hebrew people, the contents of the Old Testament came from either Mesopotamia or Egypt, both countries in which the Hebrews were captives, and from which they brought the laws, myths and legends current in the days of their captivity. The entire Book of Proverbs was copied from Egypt, where such ideas and exalted precepts were current for a thousand years before the Hebrews existed, and where lived a race with a code of morals far superior to those falsely claimed to come from Moses.

Civilization in the countries surrounding Palestine existed for thousands of years before it reached the uncultured, savage Hebrews, whom Christians erroneously claim to be the first recipients of the only revelation that ever came from Heaven. It was in Egypt that the virtues were first practiced, and character and righteousness elevated above force and might. The moral code of mankind we now know to be the result of man's own long chequered social experience, and not the effect of a special privileged revelation to the Hebrews when they were wandering in the wilderness under the leadership of Moses.

Out of prehistoric savagery, because he is a developing etheric being, man emerged. At first might, and might only, was right. That continued for perhaps half a million years. Only 6000 years ago in Egypt we find the first trace of the insistence on righteousness. This developed, and from an acorn grew slowly the tree, the fruits of which nourished

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Mesopotamia, Greece, and at a much later date Palestine. The gods, from being gods of force like Ra and Jehovah, became gods of love like Bel, Prometheus, Dionysus, Osiris, Horus and Christ, who, taking pity on the sins of humanity, came to earth to save and cleanse us erring beings, to conquer evil and give eternal life to all believers.

From force, hitherto the master of the Universe, developed the idea of love triumphant, told to the ancients in these myths and legends. These legends we can put aside as we did the fairy stories of our nursery days, but what is important is the discovery that man came to realise the difference between right and wrong, selfishness and unselfishness, force and justice. The more he has recognized the importance of considering his brother man, the greater has been the moral and social advance of the human race.

This great discovery we find is but six thousand years old and man, or his immediate ancestors, have been on this earth at least half a million years ! While this knowledge gives us great hope for the future, it also explains how our actions fall so far short of the ideals we have, but so often fail to practice. The race in its attainment of the virtues has covered only a few milestones compared with the long road man has traveled on earth. The fight to conquer the material world goes far back into pre-history. The attempt to develop his mind, to conquer himself and discover his social responsibilities is, in comparison, recent history, while those who have been the leaders on earth of mental development are now the Masters, the Great Ones, in Etheria, the advanced ones to whom so much respect is given.

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Spiritualism teaches first and foremost that it is character, and what we are, that counts, that the development of character, of the moral sense, and the increase of knowledge and wisdom are the all important things of life. Material wealth, important as it is, is but a passing possession, the virtues, knowledge and wisdom being eternal, as they are always ours here and hereafter. Such has been the theme of the great teachers of the past, and had the Christian Church preached and practiced that, and that only, down through the Christian era, how much greater would its prestige be to-day!

We are the heirs of the heritage which first took root in Egypt, a heritage which emphasized the importance of righteousness, the fact of survival, and that as we sow here we reap hereafter. The Egyptian Book of the Dead makes clear how important righteousness was to the Egyptians, and that as one lived on earth so one would live hereafter. On this subject of righteous living our wisdom and knowledge in the intervening centuries have increased, and been carried over to Etheria, where they are more easily practiced than on earth. The Egyptians laid the seed, and to-day we are reaping the harvest, but much is still to be gathered in. Isaiah, Socrates, Seneca, Cicero, Zeno, Epicurus and Epictetus, to mention only a few whose opinions have been correctly handed down to us, were even in their time just echoes of men who lived before them, of as great wisdom and knowledge, such as Pharaoh Khufu, who expounded his wisdom some five thousand years ago.

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What a great vista we can now look back upon This has now been revealed to us by the excavations in Egypt, Assyria, and Babylon. What a great vista we as etheric beings can now look forward to. This mediumship has revealed to us. Not only can we envisage this earth transformed by the discoveries of science, but also by the development of man's moral sense. Not only can we contemplate increasing happiness for the human race on earth, but happiness, harmony and content throughout our eternal existence just as we develop in knowledge, wisdom and righteousness. Evolution proceeds in Etheria and is not only confined to the earth.

Development is but another word for the history of the race, and it applies as much to Etheria as to this earth. We look back and see, as a spiral, steady, continuous progress in man, animal and plant. We look forward and realise that this must continue as otherwise we have stagnation or retrogression, which means decay. In spite of nature's warning, Theology never makes any advance, and holds to the creeds and dogmas of an ignorant past. The people must free themselves of these. The Church of the future must free itself of these ancient crutches and shackles, and, casting aside ancient and false tradition, tell the people the truth. It must strike out on a new path or ultimately perish.

Let us strive to follow the life of righteousness and forget the religion of mystery. Let us follow the way of knowledge and reason, which will result in

the civilisation and mental development of humanity. Let us preach the gospel of humanity, and that each should be noble enough to live for all. Let us encourage wisdom knowledge and truth. Pure

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thoughts, brave words and generous deeds will never die. A noble self-denying life increases the mental wealth of the Universe, a life well spent runs like a vine for all to see, and every pure unselfish act is like a perfumed flower.

The message of Spiritualism to all who live is this: From the world, which some day will be our home, come messengers bearing words of good cheer to all who live on earth. They tell us that we need only do our best, and if we do that no more is expected. We should, therefore, cease from wasting our time and wealth on unnecessary religious observance and ceremony, and apply ourselves to useful things which will develop our mind and character, and make us worthy citizens of the country which will some day be our home. We are not born to live only upon this ball of substance called the earth. A great and glorious country of vast and endless beauty and variety awaits us after death. Mind knows no limitation, and each one of us is mind and nothing more.

When the end of earth life comes, let us not think that we have reached the twilight, or that for the last time the golden sky is fading in the west. Let us not think that night has come, but rather that something wonderful awaits us in a land more beautiful and happier than is this earth. We must meet death as we meet sleep, knowing that the morning follows night. Thus should we enter the dawn called death, which is just a change in the appreciation of our surroundings.

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CHAPTER XVI MEETING AT MRS. BOWES' HOUSE, MAXWELL PARK, GLASGOW

Present: MR. JOHN SLOAN MRS., LILLIAS BOWES, MR. ALEXANDER HART, Miss ELIZABETH DUFF, MISS JEAN DEARIE, MR. DONALD CAMERON, Miss AILSA DOUGLAS, MISS WINNIE DOUGLAS, HISS CRISSIE COLQUHOUN.

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 colorings 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 :

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"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.

"May your souls and your inner selves be refreshed and renewed by those around you this evening, Brothers and Sisters. I hope you understand me. I am sorry I cannot make it any more distinct. You know, I am rather out of touch with your side of life. I have been in the surroundings of your Meetings many times, but I had not the opportunity, or the power, to articulate a sound to you. I thank God that I am now able to speak to you.

"It was the earnest thoughts of those of you who are anxious about loved ones who are out of your ken at present that made me so anxious to speak, and I thought if I could bring just a little ray of hope, a little ray of comfort, and a little word of love to you, I would be doing something in the Master's service. God bless you all. I do not find my voice as clear as I would like it to be, but, when we come near the surroundings of the Earth Plane, we have to use the vibrations which are round about, and it may be impossible to attune our voices into the tone that you think is unmistakable.

"It is not my will that you should not understand it, or not my desire that I should cause you

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annoyance. I just want to let you know, as I am positive that all of you on earth know already, that those of your loved ones who have gone before are often very near you, and, although you cannot see them, friend Cameron, you sense the feeling of their presence, the touch of the hand, the sound of the voice, the loving care of the Mother, and the kind thought of the Father. God bless you, friends."

We thanked him and Miss Duff started to sing the hymn They are winging, they are winging, and afterwards Mrs. Sloan spoke :

"Are you there, Mrs. Bowes? That was my favorite hymn. Thank you, Miss Duff. God bless you, my dear."

Miss Duff replied : "Thank you, dear Mammy Sloan."

Mrs. Sloan then said :

"And how are you, Daddy ? I know you heard me the other night when I spoke to you."

Mr. Sloan replied : "Oh aye, Mammy, I heard you all right. You tel't (told) me to go to Sam's, that they were in trouble, but I had to wait a bit, Mammy. I could not go then. It was 2.30 in the morning. I went later and I attended to Sam."

Mrs. Sloan replied:

"I did not mean you to go just then, Daddy, and I know that you attended to him all right."

A voice just in front of Miss Dearie said:

"I have come to thank you, Miss Dearie, for the beautiful, beautiful letter you sent to my darling."

Miss Dearie replied : "Thank you, Mr. Hardman." He answered :

"I appreciate you recognising me, Miss Dearie."

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Mr. Sloan remarked : "Oh, I also wrote to Miss Stove and gave her the message of the last Meeting. I could not remember very much, but I told her all I could."

Mr. Hardman replied :

"It is not necessary, friend Sloan. Of course, I appreciate your valuable services, that you are able to get these messages through. God bless every one of you. Peace be with you, Miss Dearie. Thank you for the comfort and the joy you have brought to my Mary.

"It will be a beautiful stone, a jewel in the beautiful home that awaits you on the spirit side of life. All the beautiful thoughts which you have sent out will be an embellishment to that home. It is not so far distant when I thought such a thing would be impossible. I thought there was no after-life, but oh, I am here, and it is beautiful beyond all imagining.

"God bless you all, and for every little word and thought which you sent out to me during my stubborn time after passing, which I know many of you sent me who knew me at that time, I say thank you. They will be an embellishment in the homes which the Great Father has prepared for you on the spirit side of life, and for the love and help which you have given to my Mary, I thank you all."

Miss Colquhoun said: "I think Miss Stove will be coming down shortly for a little while."

Mr. Hardman replied :

"I have been impressing her to come, but I think the regulations are against it at the present time." (Orkney, where she lived, was a closed area during the war.)

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"I apologise for taking up so much of your time and all on personal affairs. I am sorry, but I felt it a duty and a pleasure to ask you to accept my bountiful thanks, Miss Dearie, for portraying and conveying them to my Mary."

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

Another man's voice said :

"Mr. Hart, it is up to yourselves, every one of you, to have a beautiful dwelling on the spirit side of life, a beautiful home. You are laying the foundations of it while you travel on earth, each one of you. This is the Indian Chief talking to you now, not in the usual way I used to talk to you, but with the same loving heart and kindly interest in every one of you. I am Pathfinder, and may your path through life be a pleasant one. Keep the shining clear light of the Father before you as you travel the devious paths of the earth life, until, in His good time, He says, `Come hither; and take up your new duties on the spirit side of life.'

"Then you will find the embellishments of your labor portrayed in the dwelling which is prepared for you. God bless you and help you to make a beautiful home. I am so pleased, Mrs. Bowes, that you are having a little bit of joy in your home again, and by having that joy it reflects on me and gives me joy as well. God bless your little girl, and I am keeping an eye on the two boys in the Forces as far as the Great Father allows, and I will do my best to make all things well. I am speaking to you now and delivering that message. Do you hear me, Mrs. William Bowes, at the request of your dear husband, who is beside you just now."

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Mr. Bowes then spoke, and said:

"Lillias, my darling. Gladys is here. We are all together."

Mrs. Bowes replied : "God bless you, darling. You will take care of Margaret."

Mr. Bowes replied **"Of course I will. We shall do all we can"** (and he gave some kisses).

"She is a credit to me, a credit to us both."

Mrs. Bowes said: "And she has not forgotten you, darling?"

He replied :

"No, God bless her."

A Scotch voice then said

"Do you ken, Miss Colquhoun, I thought you were laughing at the gentleman. I will call him my brother in spirit life, and there was nae need to laugh at him, Mrs. Bowes."

Miss Colquhoun replied : "But we were not laughing at him, dear friend. We were just happy that Mr. Bowes was speaking to his wife."

The voice replied :

"Forgive me, I am still a grumbling, stumbling old block, but I am doing my level best to smooth out the road for those who find it rough, just as I used to do in earth life. I was a roadman, ye ken, and I am a roadman still, and am trying to get a chance, across the borderline, to speak to those who are left behind, to tell them there is a better road ahead, and to keep on, to keep the shining light before them until God ends the journey."

Mr. Cameron remarked: "You are doing your best to progress, friend," and received the reply:

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"That is right, friend Cameron, and don't think I am against laughter. I like to see you smiling. Good night."

Mrs. Bowes said : "Oh, speak to us a little longer. We love to have you."

He replied :

"My story is told now. I canna speak with any authority except to tell you that I am very pleased to be in your surroundings, and, if I can be of any help at any time, think of the roadman. I always liked to keep a nice road, with a bonny bank for the bairns to play on. My own did that, and some of them are over here now."

One of us remarked that he spoke like a real old Scotsman.

He replied **"It is just my ain language."**

Mr. Cameron asked if he could tell us what he was doing.

He replied :

"When I am not required for the Great Elder Brother's work, I come to this earth side, and try to help those of my own kind, not exactly friends, although they are all friends of mine, but if I can give anyone a helping hand over a stile, I am rewarded myself a thousand times."

Mr. Cameron remarked : "That is how you progress," and he replied :

"It is the only way, but I do not want to progress very far for a bit. It is my desire to stay here because I have some friends I want to wait for. Oh, I loved them well. It is given unto us, if we do what we are told, and behave ourselves, and all work for the Master and the Elder Brothers, to stay a little while where we are until they come. God help me, I loved them awful well."

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"Sometimes, friends, those that are left without a father's care canna keep straight, and I am trying to bring them back on to the right road again, those who have gone off the straight a little way. You can overdo

the things of earth life, you know, at times. I think you understand what I mean, friend Cameron, and it is so very, very easy to step aside."

We afterwards spoke amongst ourselves about healing and Christian Science.

A voice from the other side said **"I do not know the ethics of Christian Science, but I think I will say `God bless them in their efforts to do what they think, if their conception of things is right.' I will leave it at that."**

Mr. Cameron said: "What we were trying to convey was-when one is dealing with the material, one has got to take material means of remedy into account." The voice replied

"Most emphatically."

One of the trumpets fell and, after it was lifted, a voice said :

"Well, Mr. Cameron, do you want to have a try with the trumpet? Did you believe in spirit friends being able to come to earth life, Sir ?"

Mr. Cameron replied : "Not until fairly recently, my friend, but it has been a great source of comfort and companionship to me to experience it for myself."

The voice said :

"When I was in earth life, I could not say I believed it, but I had the consciousness, Ladies and

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Gentlemen, in my soul that there were people around me, talking to me. I seemed to sense their presence and even to know what they looked like, and, when I came to this side of life, I knew them quite well when they came and spoke to me, and they were not relations at all, but they were friends. A friend is a friend who will always remain a friend if he is a true friend. Well, there are a lot of friends in that sentence. Good night, and God bless you."

A voice called **"Jim, Jim."**

Mrs. Bowes said: "Try to tell us who you are, Jim. Can we help you?"

A faint voice replied :

"I do not need help, but I want to help you, friends. In a way I maybe need help, Sister, but I can help others, just through you on earth from

time to time. I am not a relation, but I am a true friend. Can you accept me on that footing ?"

Mrs. Bowes replied : "Indeed we do." He answered :

"Then I am permitted the joy and the pleasure of rendering some little service to you when you need it any time. I will do all I can to help you, and will try to help those you love also."

Mrs. Bowes replied: "Thank you, dear friend." We were talking of Mrs. Deans, when a voice said:

"Did you say I was killed ? I am not dead. It is George Deans speaking, but I am not permitted to say anything more just now. I must go."

A voice said to Mr. Hart :

"Alex, how are you ? It is Mother. God bless you, my boy. How I feel at times I would like to be

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back beside you again and take you by the arm How strongly I would lead you. A Mother's hands and a Mother's arms are very supporting and very cheering to a boy, even supposing she is on this side of time. I am sure, Alex, you will always be glad to have the support of your Mother."

Mr. Hart replied: "Always, always." His mother remarked :

"They are beginning to mix a little, Alex. There are a few grey ones (referring to his hair), but every one is full of honour. There is honour in a grey hair."

Mrs. Colquhoun spoke next, and said :

"God bless you, Crissie. It is just that my heart is running over with love for you, my lassie. I want just to tell you that I am often with you when you don't know, my lovely lassie."

Miss Colquhoun asked: "Mother, were you with me last week?"

Her mother replied :

"I was with you at the telephone last night in your own house."

Miss Colquhoun said: "But were you with me last week, Mother?"

Her mother replied **"I was not there, dear."**

No more was said, and a new voice spoke: **"This is Tom speaking."**

We asked, "Which Tom?" and received the reply:

"I am waiting to see if I can be recognised."

The voice died away as he evidently lost touch with our atmosphere.

Miss Duff was getting touches from the trumpets, and a voice said :

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"It is Mother touching you, and how are you keeping, my dear ? I hope you did not hurt yourself much. (Miss Duff was recovering from a bad fall.) Do you not see Father standing beside you ? He is standing just behind you, and I am standing at your left side. I just wish I could throw my arms around you and embrace you properly. It seems a long time now, not so very long, you know, but it seems a long time to me. Mr. Hart, I am not so very long over, but still I am longing to see my daughter."

Miss Duff's Father then continued:

"I wish I could just transport your vision to the great beauties of the Summerland and show them to you all. There are no words of mine, I cannot just put it in the way I would like, that can describe the beauty and the calm majestic grandeur of the beautiful lands which we visit. Ours is a beautiful world, it is just gorgeous. The Glasgow Botanical Gardens are not to be compared with the exquisite gardens we have here. It is Father speaking."

A man's voice then said to Mrs. Bowes :

"Tell Jim (her son) I was asking for him, and say I will do the best I can to watch over him. It is Jim. (her brother). God bless you, my dear. Although I am not on your side of life now, I am working for you more than I ever did in the earth life. I will help Jim all I can because I love him very much. Excuse me, Ladies and Gentlemen, for being so personal. You are being watched over, my dear, and you will never get really lonely. God bless you."

Her husband, Mr. Bowes, then spoke :

"We are doing our best to help you over the difficult times of life, and, even if you cannot see me,

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just think that I am not very far away. You have your work to do yet. You will have them all home again, and you have your duty to do there also."

(Some very personal and private remarks were now made by Mr. Bowes to Mrs. Bowes. Everything was correct and understood, but these remarks have been omitted by request.)

Miss Colquhoun then got touches, and Mr. Bowes said :

"William Bowes speaking to you. Thank you for all your kindness to my dear. It is nice, the mutual affection between you. I will not say good night. There is no night where I am, no blackouts here, Mr. Cameron. I see you have a clear perception of what the other side of life will open to you. Your life has been very clean and perfect. I do not speak in a flattering way, you know. I can see that outlook in the aura round about you. There are many bright forms on the other side of life waiting to greet you when you come over, all loving you as I love those I left behind in earth life. You could not but love when you have such a one as I have to love."

Mr. Cameron replied : "I sense, in what you say, a depth and sweetness that is delightful to listen to," and to this Mr. Bowes remarked :

"Thank you. Look at my boys, look at my girls (his wife and daughter), there is no one like your own, and still you can work all the harder and all the better for those around you when you love in that way. Good night."

The Misses Douglas then got touches from the trumpets, and a voice said :

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"I saw you sitting there so quietly, my dears. It is Mother."

The Misses Douglas said : "Oh, Mother, do come and speak to us."

She must have lost the vibration, however, because nothing further was said. Mr. Sloan, however, said he saw her standing beside them in beautiful white robes, and also described a brother who had passed over when he was quite young, but had grown up in spirit life.

A voice then said "**Mary, Mary,**" but we could not find out who this was for, as no one got touches from the trumpets.

Another voice said to Mr. Hart :

"Sandy, have you got a disappointing letter ?"

But contact was difficult, and someone else then said :

"Willie is speaking to you, Mr. Cameron. William Cameron. There was a William Cameron, but it is a good way back."

Another voice said **"Annie."**

A man's voice then said he was trying to make conditions better:

"I was just trying if I could get them into rapport with you. It is difficult to tune in sometimes. Give them all your kindly thoughts as far as you can. Don't throw out a sad thought, and perhaps it will make it easier. Otherwise we cannot do much more, you know. It is the best that we can do. It is a difficult matter to contact all the different vibrations at the present time. It is a delight and a joy to us to know that you hear and recognise one who has come

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to speak to you in this way. It is a monumental reward for the workers who help to bring this about. There are many of us trying our best to connect the two worlds, but at the present time it is a difficult matter in the adverse circumstances in which your world is at present.

"If you were going over your life and the family connections, how many of you could go back further than the generation before? Nevertheless, there are dozens surrounding you who are connected to you, perhaps two or three generations back, all trying to work out the family tree, all trying to help you, although you do not know of them. God bless you, Miss Colquhoun. Mother is very near to you today."

Another man's voice said to Mrs. Bowes :

"And Father is very near you, my dear."

Mrs. Bowes replied: "My beloved Father," and he said :

"Thank you for recognising me, my beloved daughter. Tell Jim I send him my love, and the whole lot of them. I do not like to disturb them, you know, in their thoughts, but it is the truth, and it is a truth that I did not understand very much about myself, and which came as a heavenly revelation to me when I found that I could come back and speak to you again. I shall never, never leave you until the shadows flee away and the sun rises, and we meet again in the more perfect life and the more perfect world. I must come back again and thank you for saying 'My beloved Father,' my adorable daughter (and he gave many kisses).

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"God bless you. It will be a happy day, Mr. Cameron, when all earth worries are over and all meet again on the other side of life. I do not mean to hurry any of you away, but you will tune yourself in on the spirit side of life, each one of you, when you come over, and renew again the friendships with those you used to meet in the earth surroundings, even in our house 'Bonhard' too. God bless all of you.

"It is the thought of that great Truth, and the knowledge that you have a perfect understanding of the fact that we still live and love, that helps us to wait with patience for those we love, to join us on this side. We are simply waiting for the day, not longing for it, because to long for that time might shorten the earth life of those we love and long for, but waiting God's good time until the day' dawns and the shadows flee away, and we all meet and clasp hands again. When labour is finished, Jordan passed, and life on earth is ended, there is Summer and sunshine and home of rest at last."

When Mrs. Bowes's father had finished, Pathfinder spoke :

"You cannot think, you cannot understand—I hope I am not interrupting just now—but every little word that you broadcast in the world today, of your thoughts and your ideas of the spirit side of life, if you portray them to those traveling along life's long journey, to those who do not know this truth, it will help them to understand when the dark days come about their pathway. They have not the knowledge that you have, and it will be another brilliant gem in the structure of the house where you are going to reside in on the spirit side of life.

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"Thought is a stupendous word. Your thoughts, they reach so far, and the tentacles of these thoughts not only reach North, South, East and West, but they reach all round everywhere. Have kind thoughts Ladies and Gentlemen, have loving thoughts, and, above all, have pure thoughts. God bless you and guide you ever on that bright road wherein walks nothing that is evil, and into the clear light, the light of love which ends in the rest of eternal day. I am Pathfinder."

Another voice said :

"It is long since I talked with you. I am the one, my friend, my beloved and respected friend always used to call 'Old Whitey.'"

Mr. Sloan exclaimed : "Oh, Whitey, is it really you? I am sure I never called you that."

Whitey replied :

"I am not upbraiding you, my dear old friend, only you have called me 'Old Whitey' many a time, and you have said I am not nearly so nice as I used to be. I think they will all bear me out in the assertion that I am going to presume to make, that I think I have reason to be proud of my elevation to the state which I am now in. I have tried my best to work my way up, to serve, as the Master wishes me to serve, and I thank him and him alone for the position which I hold now.

"I hope and earnestly pray that I may be of some little service to all of you who have been so kind and generous to me when I did not know much about the Light. Just 'Old Whitey' elevated by the love and the grace and the helping hands of the Great One, to work and love nearer to His Kingdom. God bless you, and God bless and shield all whom you love, and may the Great Father throw his sheltering arms around all those in affliction."

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Mr. Sloan remarked here: "He is no sae (not so) bad the night"—a remark which much amused us.

Miss Duff then sang the hymn Sweet Peace, the gift God's Love. Afterwards a voice called :

"Charlie, where is Charlie ?"

We asked who he was, but got no reply. Another voice spoke, to say, before he finished, that he was an Indian chief called Fiery Star :

"Many are near the Earth Plane, who see the lights round about you and are desperately anxious to get in touch. It is the kind thoughts coming from a gathering such as this that brings them. They are sure to return again. It is a doorway which they can come to, to try and get into contact with those they love in earth life, but there are so many diverse vibrations, so many loves and hates mixed up together in the vibrations coming from the Earth Plane at the present time, that they retard any loving message coming through.

"Those of you in earth life, who know something of this subject, are able to co-work with those on our side of life. We appreciate that very much, and we will do as much as we can for you when the time is more opportune. The day is dawning and the shadows are fleeing away, so let the thoughts in your hearts be of love to everyone, although it is difficult to do so, I understand that.

"I am an Indian Chief, come to talk to you in your own—I think it will be your own—language, as far as I have studied it. In my earth life I used to be fierce and vehement against the white man,

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and now the white man is the white soul that I love best. We can work hand in hand, one with the other, pulling with an even pull and a strong pull to do the work and the Will of God, to help those who are left behind on the Earth Plane."

"I have a great desire to thank you for your sympathy and consideration in listening to me. I may say that I was not so able to speak your language in such a fluent way as I can talk to you now. I am progressing higher and higher in my progress, trying to think out, to work out a plan whereby I can do something to ameliorate the suffering of humanity on earth, to express something of the gratitude in my heart, my grateful heart, to the Great Spirit of Love, to show that I appreciate all his kindnesses. God bless you. I will come again some other time."

Mrs. Bowes asked if he would care to give us his name, and received the reply :

"In earth life I was called 'Fiery Star'. Well, it did not suit me very well because I was not a fiery star at all. I was rather backward in my manner, but I know you all very well by being in the surroundings of these Meetings, and I try to impress on you the beautiful thoughts that I gather from those far above me.

"Mr. Cameron, perhaps you have had an experience like this. I am only wondering if you have had such an experience. When you are sitting thinking deeply on some subject, all at once some other thing comes into your mind, something that has no bearing on it has come into your mind, and almost instantaneously the thought or form comes to mind of someone you have known in bygone times."

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Mr. Cameron replied : "Yes, my friend, I have had many such experiences. I think most of us have."

The reply came :

"I am deeply indebted to you, Sir, for your interest, and now I will say 'Hallelujah—all honour and glory to the Great Father God, all for all. Amen."

A voice again called :

Jim.

Mrs. Bowes replied: "Tell us more if you can, Jim. I wish we could help you."

The voice replied :

"Thanks very much, but I do not need any help. I just want to be recognised."

No one recognised him, but, when a new voice spoke, and gave the name of Jim, he was recognised by Mrs. Bowes as her brother, who had brought with him Gladys, who was his wife when he lived on earth.

(Mrs. Bowes' brother, Jim, passed away suddenly in the train going from London to Glasgow. Mrs. Bowes was with him. At one of Sloan's previous séances, not included in this series, Jim referred to this rather tragic episode in these words to his sister "I left you in a very difficult manner—in a very awkward and difficult way, especially in the tragic circumstances of my passing. I am sorry my transition was so sudden, my dear, and caused you such a lot of worry. God bless you.")

Jim now spoke to his sister :

"Lillias, I have difficulty tonight in speaking to you. I am so very pleased to speak to you. It is Jim. We are both here, Gladdie and I."

Gladys then said :

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At Mrs. Bowes :

"God bless you, Lily. How nice it is to hear your voice. You will always be dear to us on this side. Jim and I are so happy together here. Our time on earth life was short, but sweet, oh, so sweet, the time we were together. Darling, I saw Margaret (Mrs. Bowes' daughter) today. I saw her coming in. I was frightened to speak to her in case she was startled, but I got so very near, I could nearly have pulled her hair. There are good times coming.

"Oh, my dear, what a wonderful girl you have got. Don't think we are cut away from the good of life and the gaiety of life, because we have found such a life and such joy and harmony amongst all the dear friends we are meeting. We will all join up by and by. Bless you, and God guard you, dear—that is from Jim and me."

All this was understood by Mrs. Bowes, and then a man's voice said :

"You know, Mr. Cameron, I don't know whether you are the organiser of the Meeting, but you will have to watch what they are doing, and see that they don't overstep themselves and go to sleep."

Mr. Cameron replied : "Oh no, I am not the organiser of the Meeting. I am merely a guest, honoured to be invited here, and we are far from going to sleep, I can assure you."

He received the reply :

"It is not the fact of going to sleep, it is fact of having to get home. Think of poor Mr. Hart, going away off to Doubly Dykes, or something like that, or is it 'Sugaropolis' ? (Greenock) I hope, Mr. Hart, you will get home and feel as sweet, because I have other duties to perform. I am not much worth, but still they call me out now and again to give them a hand, and I am quite willing to work. I was aye (always) a greedy one for work—that is to say, if it pleased me."

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Mr. Cameron asked: "And are you pleased with the work you do over there?"

With emotion, he replied :

"Pleased, Mr. Cameron, is not an adequate word to express it. My work is to me a joy unspeakable, the glory of service fills me with a happiness I cannot well explain. God be with you until we meet again, and may the Great Spirit hover round and shield all of you from harm. Good night, and God bless you."

Mr. Sloan remarked : "I wonder where all the Indians have got to? They have not been near for a long time."

A voice replied :

"You are beyond all talking about, my brother. Wayfarer has been very, very near to you in the late months which have passed, and I have had a very strenuous time to look after you. Just you walk carefully for a little while, and all will be well."

Mr. Sloan replied: "I am all right, Wayfarer, if it wasna for my legs. They are just a wee bit shaky in the walking."

Wayfarer replied :

"You forget the time is past when you can run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. You know what I mean, Mr. Cameron. These are the right words, I think—'to run with the fox and hunt with the hounds.' I came to the same time on my earth travel myself, and you are all coming to the time when you will find the difficulties of life coming

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very near to you, even in walking, and in speaking—conveying your thoughts in the concise way that you would like to do. You seem to lose these gifts for a little time, but they are all returned again on this side of life.

"God bless you, and for Miss Duff I have just a word for you, my Sister. God bless you. Nobody seems to have been taking the least notice of you tonight. I have been looking very intently at you, and you have been a tower of strength to those in trouble, so I think it my duty to say—God bless you and thank you for the work you have done."

Miss Colquhoun said: "Could you not help her rheumatism, friend?"

Wayfarer replied :

"I was just going to come to that. Have you ever tried the hot fomentations, not too hot, you know, and then apply a tight bandage afterwards for a little time ? Try it for an evening or two, and try how you can walk. Have you had a fall ?"

Miss Duff replied : "Yes, I had a pretty bad fall some little time ago."

Wayfarer asked :

"Are you sure there are no small bones dislodged ?"

Miss Duff replied : "No, I don't think so. They say not."

Wayfarer said :

Well, that will be all right, then. If you could bandage it tightly for a little while, you will find it will help. I am just giving you this. I am not a qualified nurse as you are, but I have a knowledge of these things, and I see what is wanted there. It is a strengthening bandage that is needed. Do you think that you have recognised the symptoms that I am trying to describe ?"

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Miss Duff said: "Oh yes, friend, I quite understand. Thank you very much."

He concluded :

"I hope to hear that it is better. Good night, and God bless you."

Mrs. Sloan then spoke to Mr. Sloan, but her remarks about a family matter, which were correct and understood, have been omitted by request as they were too personal to publish.

Mrs. Sloan continued:

"It is such a wee world when you come to think about it. Here I am on the other side of life, Mr. Hart, in the new world, and yet I can come, just by thought, practically instantly to see you as I used to see you in the old days at West Kilbride. You were my stand-by. Many a time I have said to Daddy 'The meeting will be all right, here comes Mr. Hart,' and some day I will say to Daddy: 'Here is Mammy coming to meet you, and we will be always together again.' "

Mr. Sloan replied : "Make it as soon as you can, Mammy."

Mrs. Sloan disagreed :

"Oh no, Daddy dear, not for some time yet. You have work to do yet. God bless you."

Another voice said:

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"Now the day is far spent. I am not speaking about wearying to get away, but we just thought that perhaps there had been enough drawn out of you, because you know that while you are sitting here in a Meeting, I don't know what you call it, communion with the people whom you loved on earth life and who have been promoted to our side of life, you lose a lot of the substance of your physical energy. Sometimes we manage to give it back to you again, but sometimes we fail to do so. It is not by our will, but our inability to complete that which we would like to complete, in returning to you what has been taken. You will never, however, be injured in any way."

Mr. Sloan was, however, more interested in the past than the present. He was uninterested in this important and vital statement, and went on to complain that : "Things are not what they used to be in the old days. The Meetings were far better then, so many things happened."

Mr. Cameron said : "Well, Sir, I don't know what happened in the old days, but they could not be better than what is happening now."

Mrs. Sloan then spoke and said :

"I think you should reconsider that statement, Daddy. I don't think you have ever had any better than what you have had recently. Is that not so, Mrs. Bowes? I know you have had a worrying time lately, but everything will come all right.

Mr. Sloan was still very gloomy: "The world finished for me when you went away, Mammy."

Mrs. Sloan replied :

"But I am not away, Daddy,"

and Mr. Sloan said: "No, you are not away. You are not away, dearie," and he started to cry.

Mrs. Sloan then became severe :

"Now, look here, Daddy, if you don't bear up, you know, I will not come back again."

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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.

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"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 afterlife. 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."

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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."

Now Miss Colquhoun's Grandfather William spoke :

"I am William."

Then emphatically :

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"William Johnston. It is William Johnston speaking to Crissie Colquhoun. Hello, I was just speaking to your Mother, and saying : 'Oh, if Crissie could just see us all sitting here on this beautiful day, out on this lovely lawn, how she would enjoy to mix with us.' It was just a reunion to commemorate—something which your Grandfather likes to remember today, as you would call it today. Our memories go out to you just now, and Mother wants me to try and throw out my thoughts to you so that you can realise and understand what is taking place."

Miss Colquhoun quite understood what was meant, and then her Grand-uncle spoke again, calling himself David this time :

"It is now David speaking again. I want you to understand that your Mother is 'in the pink.' Excuse the expression, but why should I not say 'in the pink ?' And I hope you are too. Hello, Mr. Hart, how are you? I did not know you in earth life, but I like you because you always bring a

feeling of sympathy and love to the Meetings when you come. There is an aura about you and we feel impressed by it."

Mrs. Sloan spoke again and said :

"He was always my stand-by, Daddy. Do you mind (remember) when you used to say : 'This is a Meeting night, and I don't know how I am going to get through with it,' and I would say `Wait, Daddy, till Mr. Hart comes, and it will be all right.' "

(Mr. Hart was a good sitter and supplied more than his share of ectoplasm)

Mr. Sloan replied : "I mind fine, dearie, I was aye a grumblin' auld beggar. I must admit it. I used to say: 'This is the Meeting night, and I am nae use, and I am nae use yet.'"

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Mrs. Sloan comforted him :

"You are all right, Daddy, as long as you can keep your head erect while you are in earth life, and walk the road which God intended you to walk. You will be rewarded for it here. God bless you."

A man's voice said :

"I am going away now. I have another engagement. I am going over to the border-line between Holland and Germany to try and help those that are coming over. Some of them don't understand that they have passed over at all. In your earth life there are

**'Days of joys and sorrows,
Days of tears and smiles,
Which are mixed so much together
In these long and weary miles,
O may the Light of Wisdom
Which cometh from above,
Shine now on all God's children
And bring them Light and Love.'**

"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.

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"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 today that I have been a recipient of the joys and pleasures which you have received in this little Meeting tonight. 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 today.

"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 today. Today 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."

We asked if we might know his name, and he replied :

"I would not be known to any of you. I am too ancient. By that I mean, it is long as time is counted on the Earth Plane, since I walked there. I did not speak your language, and I did not know your country. I know your language now because I have been deputed to work in your surroundings, and recently have been directed to this gathering to look after you. Do your best to live your earth life as it was intended you should, and a wonderful joy awaits you. There is nothing in God's universe that is not used. He is too wise to have anything that is not necessary. There is a use for everything and a purpose for every one that comes to earth life.

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"I will keep in touch with you, and I will come whenever I see that I can be of any service to you and do a little to help. It is always so pleasant and so pleasing for me to give it to you. Adieu. That is right, Mr. Cameron, just what you were thinking. Years and years seem a long time to you, but you are coming to the time when years and years will mean just nothing. You got my thought quite fluently. I am pleased you could follow my thoughts just now, I rather like you and your outlook on both sides of life.

"Just continue, friends, in your walk through life to help others, and all will be well with you. You know, friends, if the world could only realise today that it is the Will of God that men should help each other as they go along, the world would go on quite happily without wars, tumult, and disturbances, but it is still far from that. Mrs. Bowes, I know of your friends far back."

Mrs. Bowes asked: "Do you know my Father?"

He replied :

"Yes, perfectly well. I often have a conversation with him, and a beautiful walk in the planes. Good night now. I fear I have occupied too much of your time. God bless you all."

Wallaho, an Indian chief, then spoke :

"Good evening, all. This is Wallaho speaking. Just before you close there are so many of you here who used to know me in the old days, and whom I know, and many of you whom I am interested in who have come through the furnace of affliction, the furnace of trials and sorrows since last we met, and I Pray that God will bless you and give you courage to continue in the good path in which you go. I will come again."

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"I just dropped in for a moment. Give Wallaho's regards to my friends of long standing, and to my good friend, Mrs. Lang. I have been out of touch with her for some time. I do not seem to have met her recently. I know she has not been in good health physically, and is not fit for these Meetings meantime, but Wallaho and all the others have always a kindly thought for that dear friend, and the dear old home, and the many happy times spent there. Many a one for the first time found the gateway to the other side of life, and the proper road of advancement there."

"God bless my sister Lang, and, as the evening of the day falls, and the shadows deepen, as they do for all as time goes on, may the Spirit of all life be very near to friend Lang and support her, help her, and strengthen her to a certain measure of usefulness yet. God bless her, and God bless you all. I am Wallaho."

Another voice said to Miss Colquhoun :

"Robert Lang speaking. Hello, Alex (to Mr. Hart), it is Uncle Bob. I like to see you and hear your voice, Alex. I think once upon a time you did not think there was much in this. I used to sense that feeling, but, my word, you know now that it is true enough. It was a boon to me and to your aunt when we lost our boy. I thought the world was finished when he went, but we are happy now, and together."

"Bless you, Alex. I have a message of love from your Mother. I met her just a little while ago, going for a walk. I will talk to you again some other time. You will require to watch your time. You are not as supple as you used to be, you know. How is my friend, John Sloan ? You were always a grumbler, you know."

Mr. Sloan replied : "That is not like you at all, Mr. Lang. You were always the best friend that I ever had."

Mr. Lang replied :

"And still am."

Another voice said :

"Now, Mr. Hart, I am speaking for the distance travelers. I do not want them to get caught. A twenty-two mile walk is rather more than any of you can face. I would carry you myself, Alex, before I let you do that. (The distance mentioned is correct)

"O Thou who livest and rulest in the lives of man, be near to Thy people now. I am one of the stragglers on the other side of life who sees the suffering and the sorrow which is in the world today. We pray that in Thy wisdom Thou wilt bring to an end all turmoil and strife, and that peace may again abide on the earth.

"Bless these Thy beloved people and grant that they may be spared to spread the knowledge of the truth of the continuity of life, and to Thee be all glory now and for ever, Amen, and to our Father God Who has allowed me to participate in the glory and the pleasure of life, in this land of spirit, realising that earth life does not finish all, I give Thee praise, O Eternal One, Amen.

"I have no further use for the trumpets now. Thank you for the use of them."

This ended a remarkable Sitting.

When Mr. Cameron asked if the flowers in Etheria, which are used to decorate their houses, required water, the answer was :

"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 did not have the same things as you had in earth life."

Etheria seems to be so like our world in many ways, but there is a difference because of the higher frequency of its vibrations. Consequently, when my sister-in-law in Etheria told her husband on earth about their water, she said

that she could put her hands into it but it does not wet them. She repeated this through another Medium on another occasion, the two Mediums not knowing each other. So, when they tell us that they bathe as we do, they also add that they do not get wet as they did when on earth, but come out dry.

Another thing we should remember is the remark that :

"There is a use for everything and a purpose for everyone that comes to earth life."

How comforting this must be to many who find this world so hard and lonely, and wonder often what is the use of it all. No one cares for them and no one wants them, but now we are told that there is a plan for everything and everyone. Sooner or later their place in the great eternal scheme will become clear to them, and their confidence' and self-respect will return.

Constantly throughout these Meetings reference is made by the Etherians to the auras of the sitters. Each of us has an aura, which is a permanent radiation

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around the human body. This was known to the ancients, because it was seen by their clairvoyants, just as it is seen in our time. When we are angry, we are told, it becomes red; brown when we are avaricious; rose when affectionate; purple or blue when religious or devotional; green when deceitful and jealous; the aura of the intellectual being yellow.

Dr. Walter Kilner, of St. Thomas's Hospital, London, made many investigations into the human aura and published *The Human Atmosphere* in 1911. He claimed that it could be seen by normal sight if a solution of coal-tar dye was placed between two hermetically sealed pieces of glass. His claim was justified, but few had the opportunity to prove it because the subject looked at must be naked. He further claimed that this radiation around the physical body came from our duplicate etheric body, which radiated the above colours to the extent of a foot from and around the human body.

Magnetic currents, good and bad health, and our emotions affect the aura which disappears at death, no aura being seen round a dead body. Other doctors have published their own conclusions about the aura and, in all essentials, they agree. Evidently it is related to our etheric body which radiates at a frequency harmonious to its etheric vibrations. Consequently Etherians can observe these radiations in a way we cannot do on earth, and thereby diagnose and attempt to heal the part which the colour shows is diseased, but in the next chapter they tell us more of what they see.

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CHAPTER XVII

MEETING AT MISS COLQUHOUN'S HOUSE,
POLLOKSHIELDS, GLASGOW

12th December, 1944

Present: MISS CRISSIE COLQUHOUN, MR. JOHN SLOAN, MRS. LILLIAS BOWES, MRS. SAM SLOAN (ISA), MR. DONALD CAMERON, MRS. ANNIE CRICHTON, MISS MCDONALD, MISS JEAN DEARIE

WE opened the Sitting with the usual hymn, Nearer, my God, to Thee, and afterwards repeated The Lord's Prayer.

Shortly after this a voice from the other side :

"Good evening. I am afraid we cannot promise you very much tonight. The conditions are not very good outside."

One of us asked if he meant the conditions caused by the war, and got the reply :

"Quite so; it is the general conditions all over."

Immediately after this Mrs. Sloan spoke :

"God bless you, Daddy. God bless you, Isa dear, and everyone. My dear old man, he lost his road tonight."

Mr. Sloan replied : "I needed you to guide me, dear."

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Mrs. Sloan said :

"I helped you, Daddy. Isa did not know the road very well. Good evening, Mr. Cameron, you are my fail-me-never, and my dear, dear Mrs. Bowes."

Mrs. Bowes replied : "God bless you, Mammy dear," and Mrs. Sloan said :

"Isa had better take a note of the number for next time, and she will not be as stupid as Daddy. But you cannot help it, Daddy dear, your memory is not so good as it was. I can see that."

Mr. Cameron remarked : "Mammy must be watching what you do, Mr. Sloan, and be able to see you. I understand they can see you at times, but not all the time."

Mrs. Sloan replied :

"Our range of vision is very powerful at times. Sometimes we get a vibration from those that are around us."

Mr. Cameron asked: "Do you mean from those who have advanced further than you?"

Mrs. Sloan replied : **"Yes, and the angel friends never make a mistake."**

Miss McDonald was getting touches from the trumpet, and a man's voice said :

"How are you, Miss McDonald? The Doctor has just prescribed the proper ingredients which I wanted him to do."

Miss McDonald replied : "Thank you, friend. Yes, I have just had an old prescription of my former doctor made up. Oh, I see something like clouds of light material, almost like curtains being lifted, one by one." This was probably ectoplasm.

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The voice replied :

"Yes, you are seeing things as I see them, shades and colours. I advised you to get that bottle made up."

Miss McDonald asked if she might know who was speaking, and received the reply :

"Well, you know all about me."

Miss McDonald asked : "Is it Dr. Cameron?"

He replied :

"Of course it is Cameron. The little lady you love was a dear friend of mine—your Mother."

Mr. Donald Cameron, on earth, asked how long it was since Dr. Cameron had passed on, and another voice replied :

"Five years and three months, I think. No, I am not the doctor."

The trumpet touched Mr. Cameron,' and the voice said :

"God bless you, Sir. You are a wee bit thin on the top."

Mr. Sloan asked what was meant, and, when told it was Mr. Cameron's hair that was being referred to, said : "You should not have said that, fren, that was rude."

The voice replied :

"Oh well, yours is just a wilderness anyway. No offence meant. I like to make you laugh. There is enough misery in your world today, Mr. Cameron, without us adding to it. Let us all send a vibration out of happiness for the comfort of the sorrowing ones. You know, these thought waves can, and do, affect them. There is no doubt about it."

The trumpet touched Miss McDonald again, and a lady's voice said :

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"My thoughts give you comfort, my dear, when you do not know about it. It is Mother speaking. I pat you on the head, my dear. God bless you, my dear, my lassie. My fingers go from your brow right over your head at nights. You were not sleeping well for a night or two, and I tried to put you to sleep. Mothers never forget."

Miss McDonald replied : "No, Mother, you were always a darling," and her Mother replied :

"And you were just a darling to me."

We then spoke amongst ourselves of how Mr. W. T. Stead had come to the last Sitting, and someone had remarked that they wished Miss Dearie had been present in person in order to record what was said.

A man's voice said :

"I will require to come in person in order to let Miss Dearie record me correctly (presumably Mr. Stead). Yes, I would require to come back to my prison."

We said we could not understand what was meant by that, and Mr. Stead replied :

"There are many different vibrations when one draws near the Earth Plane. I think you will all understand what I mean by that. You hear someone speaking and making a statement, and another beside you

also hears the same statement, and yet it is rarely interpreted in the same way."

Evidently his vibrations got out of tune with our atmosphere, as the trumpet touched Mrs. Bowes, and Mrs. Sloan said :

"I thought it was Isa."

Mrs. Bowes replied: "Just come over a little to the left, Mammy dear, and you will get Isa."

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The trumpet then touched Mrs. Sam Sloan, and Mammy said :

"Don't you worry, Isa, about the doctor. I will go with you."

A man's voice then spoke and said :

"It is Tommy speaking." (Mrs. Sam Sloan's brother.)

Mrs. Sam Sloan said : "God bless you, Tommy dear. Give my love to Father."

Another voice then broke in :

"Your old Father is never very far away, Isa. You will get on all right, Isa, don't worry. I am sure you will get good heartening. God bless you, friends. I thought a lot of my lassies, but I think Isa was entwined around my heart closer than the others. Well, your world is in a queer old state just now, Ladies and Gentlemen, and it is very sore to our hearts to discern some of the things we see, but we have just got to try and help them as far as we can. Things are mending. I see it. Things are mending. But there is much to do yet."

One of us asked : "Is the date not far distant now when we will be free from hostilities?"

He replied :

"I cannot say. Far be it from me, friends, to make a definite statement about that and say it is correct. I may have a little wider range of vision than you at times, but you may have a greater knowledge, or brighter outlook, than me. but I am afraid I am taking up too much of your time."

Mr. Cameron said: "Not at all, Sir, I love to listen to your voice," and received the reply :

"You are very flattering to me, Sir."

Mrs. Sloan spoke and said :

"We also love to listen to the tone of the voices we used to love."

Mrs. Bowes asked: "Mammy, do you really hear the tone of our voices as you remember them?"

Mrs. Sloan replied :

"Not always, but we sometimes get the tones, and I see the beautiful loving spirit, the enfolding spirit of the thoughts that we get from you, and the love we get from you. I see them forming before you now, and God bless you, Crissie, my dear (Miss Colquhoun). I have loved you for a long, long time. I hope to be able perhaps to do something in appreciation of all the nice, nice, loving thoughts and kindnesses to my dear old man. I was very near you, Crissie, last night. You were looking up at the mantelpiece at the time, at the portrait of your Mother, and I said : 'I am here, Crissie. Good night,' but you did not hear me."

Miss Colquhoun said : "Yes, I was just wondering if I would be with her in my sleep state, and wishing I could bring back some memory of that with me."

Mrs. Sloan replied :

"I think I might explain a little bit about it, Crissie. You are often away in your sleep state, and, returning, you know you have met many people on the other side, but you cannot hold these memories or put them in right order. That will come easier by and by. Not so many nights ago you had a very vivid dream of those you love."

But Miss Colquhoun had no chance to reply as another voice said to Mrs. Bowes :

"And the same to you, my dear. I was just at your bedside. It is Willie (Mr. Bowes). I was there just before you came over beside us." (During sleep.)

Mrs. Bowes replied: "I was just wishing I could say 'good morning' to you, dearest, instead of 'good night', and hoping that we would meet."

Her husband replied :

"You do not need to hope, my dear; we shall meet. You often meet us in your sleep. I am sure you all know that. You often bring back memories, but they get so jumbled up when you are wakening that you cannot piece them together."

Mr. Sloan remarked that he often had very vivid recollections of what had happened in his sleep, but he could not make a complete picture as everything seemed mixed up.

Another voice said to Miss Colquhoun :

"You have a very vivid dream sometimes, but you can not piece it together."

Miss Colquhoun replied : "Yes, I know the one you mean," and the voice answered :

"I will help you one of these nights, and make it so vivid that you will see me."

Miss Colquhoun replied : "Who is speaking?"

Can you tell me who you are?" The voice answered :

"I am not one that you ever knew in earth life, but I am always very close to you, because I am attracted to you very much for your dear Father's sake."

Miss Colquhoun replied : "Thank you, dear friend." We then heard several Etheric voices talking to each other, and a voice said :

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"Come round here, Bob."

Mrs. Bowes got touches from the trumpet, and said : "Is it someone I know? Is the Bob intended for me?"

She received the reply :

"You are getting hot now. Go a little step further and you will get it. It is on your Mother's side."

Mrs. Bowes replied: "My Mother's side. Oh, you are making it more difficult for me now."

He replied :

"It is not difficult for us to look after you, my dear. I have known you for a long, long time. I am before your Mother's Father. We will meet on this my side in the fullness and beauty of understanding where we know and are known. We are only trying to unravel the tangled web by lightening your heart and striving to keep you well. I am rather at a loss for a word to express to you what I mean. You have always been very lovely. I hope you will forgive me.

"You have been such a generous-hearted, bountiful, little lady, that many of us want to help you. You will get many beautiful surprises when you come over here, and one of these will be when you meet your Mother. She was the finest little lady that I ever knew in earth life. You know Jim had a special place in her heart. You know what I mean to imply by that. That is not to infer, Ladies and Gentlemen, that that one particular boy was more dear to his Mother than the rest. You see what I mean, but there was something akin to the heart of the Mother which was more in him than in the others."

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A voice called :

"Henry, Henry."

Mr. Sloan said: "Is that for anyone here? I do not know of any Henry coming here."

The voice replied :

"But your memory is not very good anyhow."

Mr. Sloan agreed : "It is no very good the noo (now), friend."

Mr. Cameron remarked : "Your memories will be a joy to you, Sir, when you pass over." A lady's voice said :

"Yes, thank you, Mr. Cameron. It will be a beautiful memory he will have when he comes to the other side, to know that he has brought hope and joy into the hearts of many. It is just Mammy."

Mr. Sloan said : "I miss you awful much, Mammy, since you left me. It was 1940 when Mammy died."

Mammy replied :

"Mammy never died. She is living."

Mr. Sloan said : "I ken that, dearie, but I miss you awful all the same."

The trumpet touched Mrs. Crichton, and a voice said :

"Is that a keepsake, my dear, that pendant you are wearing? I thought so. I saw a finger on it.

One who loves you well is patting you on the head."

Mrs. Crichton asked: "Is it Father?" The voice replied :

"It is another—not Father—one who knew you in the happy days gone by."

Mrs. Crichton asked: "Who is it?", and the voice replied :

"Well, you used to know me well enough."

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Mrs. Crichton asked: "Is it Willie?"

The voice replied :

"The one who gave you the locket is thinking of you today. He is very near you at times."

Then, speaking to someone on his own side, he called out :

"Hello, Willie. Willie. Go over to her."

Nothing further was said then, so we sang Count your blessings. Immediately after this, Mrs. Sam Sloan felt fingers on her arm, and a hand massaged her arm from the wrist to the shoulder. While this was going on, Mrs. Bowes felt materialised hands on her head and cheeks, and, on the other side of the room, Miss Colquhoun felt hands on her head. Shortly after this a hand was passed right down Miss Dearie's cheek and all over her face. This was going on while the other hands were still working on Mrs. Sam Sloan and Mrs. Bowes on the other side of the room. Consequently four Sitters were being touched by materialised hands at the same time.

A voice then said to Isa, Mrs. Sam Sloan :

"You will be all right. We will give you a good report. Please do not get excited now, keep cool. It is difficult for a girl to keep cool, you know."

Mrs. Sam Sloan said: "You have nice soft fingers," and the voice replied :

"Have faith, and everything will come all right."

The trumpet then gave Mr. Sloan four bangs on the head. We laughed and said: "Oh, do be careful!"

Mr. Sloan said: "Oh, it didna hurt me at all. It just bumped off my head."

The voice said :

"Oh, we know it is a hard one."

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The trumpet then gave Miss Dearie a bump on the head, but did not hurt her, and a voice said

"I apologise, I apologise. I beg your pardon." Miss Dearie replied : "It is quite all right. You did not hurt me."

We then heard the names "Jim" and "Bob" called, and the trumpet touched Mrs. Crichton. She said: "Bob who? Is that for me?" The voice replied :

"Of course I am for you. Bob who ? Bob who? The same as if you didn't know."

Mrs. Crichton suggested who it might be, and received the reply :

"Oh, you are wool-gathering now, altogether. Mr. Cameron, there is a Nichol Cameron here. It is not impressed upon me that he is for you, but I get the name Nichol Cameron. Your minds are so much taken up with other things, that it is difficult to keep in touch with you all, and there are so many stragglers near your world just now, who are desperately endeavouring to get into touch with any channel through which they can communicate with those they love to tell them that they are not dead.

"They wish to tell those that they have left behind that they are alive and not dead, living a freer and a fuller life, free from the trammels of the earth body, living in purer air, a purer atmosphere, and purer surroundings. We are trying our best to bring back with us an element of that purity to strengthen your souls in the struggle of life, in the struggle that is still before you."

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During an interval of silence Mr. Cameron spoke of Miss Dearie's report of the last Sitting with Mr. Sloan, saying how much he had enjoyed reading it, and that it was full of helpful messages such as had just been given.

Then the previous speaker went on :

"Who read that to you, I wonder ?" (Evidently he did not realise it was later typed out from the shorthand.)

Mr. Cameron replied : "I read it myself. It was spoken by those of you who come here, and Miss Dearie wrote it."

The speaker continued :

"That was very nice. I am so glad. It is a great satisfaction to us to know that the little thoughts, which we have managed to give of our knowledge of life here, are acceptable to you, Mr. Cameron. Thank you very much. You will find when you come to my side that there was so much you could have done in earth life if you had just opened your heart. I am not speaking to you personally, you know, at all. I am just voicing the thoughts which are in my soul from my own experience.

"We aspire for the better, you know, most of us, and if you only let the light, the knowledge of the truth of the Great One, penetrate your soul, and pass that knowledge on to others less fortunate than you are, we shall feel we have accomplished something in the Master's service. I am not very good at speaking, friend Cameron. You are far more fluent and far more able to discuss things than I am. You have gained that knowledge while you are still in the body, while I have only culled the little knowledge I have on this side of life. You have a receptive capacity that God has given you, and what you receive you can retain and pass on to others. That is what I like about you."

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An American Indian, called Evening Star, now spoke precisely and distinctly, maintaining his flow of conversation without hesitation. This was the beginning of a remarkable contribution to the general conversation made by several Etherians, one following the other.

"It means something in life, you know, and it will be something in the life on my side when you come here, to know that you have been the recipient of messages given to you from time to time, which you have in turn handed on to others, and which will help them along the road of life. There are many friends on the Earth Plane who have not had the opportunities that you and some of the others present may have had to gain a knowledge of this truth, and your experiences will be a blessing to others.

"God bless you, and protect you now at this time. I think you know what I mean. Of course, little lady (to Miss Colquhoun), there are things which I would not tell you of before others, and there are things which belong

to Mr. Cameron himself, just as there are things which belong to you—you understand. It is meant for the spirit recess of his own soul, to help him to press onward towards the mark of the high calling, which is beyond the vale and the shadow of tears.

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"This is one of the Indians speaking, and one who has learned a little by coming in contact with the Higher Ones, and is trying in a humble way to convey to you, dear Brothers and Sisters, a little of the knowledge and the light which I have received from the Shining Ones in this happy land. Never miss, Mr. Cameron, to put in a good word wherever you go. You have a gift in that way of rightly rebuking anyone who speaks disparagingly of this great truth. Continue in that work, my Brother, which will bring you nearer to the heart of the great 'I Am.' Press ever upwards and onwards, doing the Master's Will. God bless you, friends. Now I will not detain you further."

Mr. Cameron replied : "You are not detaining us, friend. We are delighted to hear you speak."

We afterwards spoke amongst ourselves of the etheric body, and how we had it with us even during our physical life.

A new voice said :

"You are making room for an edifice of a finer nature."

Miss Colquhoun remarked : "I wish the Churches would proclaim the truth as we know it, and as many ministers must know it, but will not teach it from their pulpits."

Evening Star returned and said :

"You see, my dear, my dear Miss Colquhoun, they are bound up so much with their own denominations and the tradition of the Church. They are really in bondage. They are not allowed to teach this truth, although they may acknowledge it in their own souls. It is only sometimes, when they come over to this side of life, and get in touch with the spiritual side of life that they waken up and can do something that helps others."

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Mr. Cameron remarked : "It is only then they will be able to progress."

Evening Star continued and said :

"That is very true, Mr. Cameron. It is not only our own progress on the spirit side of life that we must think of, but we come in contact with many that have not come so far as we have, and we try to help them. Then, in turn, we come into contact with those a long way ahead of us on the road of life, and the knowledge we gain we owe to them."

Another Etherian broke in just then and said:

"You might tell them that it is Jimmie Armstrong."

Evening Star now spoke to Jimmie on his own side :

"Well, Jimmie, I will take you in hand now. Some other day I will bring you back. I never break a promise made and I will bring you back another night. I never break a promise. You cannot speak just yet."

Turning to Mr. Cameron, he said the following clearly and distinctly:

"Mr. Cameron, I think sometimes if you could just get a look beyond the veil at this present time, and see the chaos between the two worlds, it would make you think, and the one great urge of all these boys who are being thrown over here at the present time is to find someone, some way, of telling their friends that they are not dead. It is a very real world, friends, a very real world, and not what I had been led to expect, a heaven where there was only singing and praying. It is a lively world at the present time, and I am working hard in it."

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Mr. Cameron replied: "You say it is a very real world and a lively world. Could you tell us anything in the form of a picture? We know it is a real world and that you have trees and hills, seas, lakes, and bird life, etc. Could you add anything to that picture?"

Evening Star was not to be put off with questions and went on. He evidently had his remarks prepared beforehand and wished to complete what he had decided to say.

"I am speaking about the chaos and the confusion of the thousands of souls who are coming over to the spirit side of life, thrown over before their time. You see what I mean. It is only the few that can get in touch with them, and it is only the few, in comparison with the numbers coming over here, who can be found to attach themselves to this work. It is so unnatural to us, and to me personally. I feel it is a tragedy this killing, killing, killing, ushering into the eternal shore of life thousands of people who are not fitted for the journey, and it is left to humble

servants, such as I am, to try and point the way. There is one beautiful point about this just now, if there could be one beautiful point about it, and that is, the thought that they speedily realise that they are no longer in the body, and that they are over on this side."

Mr. Cameron remarked : "But I understand they do not always realise that fact quickly, my friend."

Evening Star replied :

"I am speaking of those I meet from day to day, when they find that what they called 'death' is only the gateway into the real life, that the passing from the body means the entrance into a fuller life, with

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the hope and the assurance of a gradual uplifting to a nobler life and a nobler station. Even the little bit they know is just like a lever trying to lift a large stone. It lets them get a start, easing the burden, so that they can get volition to mount higher. Now that they have passed the barrier, they realise quickly that they have got into a fuller, nobler, and higher life, and that they have the chance of progress with nothing further to fear."

Mr. Cameron remarked : "But they do not all arrive at that stage just at first," to which we received the reply :

"It depends much upon the condition of their life before they came to this side, and their inclination to aspire to the higher life. If they have not had that desire in earth life, they will not so speedily advance, but I am afraid I am detaining you too long."

Mr. Cameron said: "That is not the case, we are delighted to listen to you. It is a help to us." Evening Star continued :

"I should be pleased to help you at any time, any one of you, and, if I cannot answer the questions, I can take them to someone who can illustrate and answer them for you, as far as it is in accordance with the Divine Will. I am not related to any of you in any earth connection, but you are my brothers and sisters, and I am out to help you in any way I can. I do not perhaps know much, but I have gleaned a little knowledge of the theme of the everlasting progress of the human soul towards the Eternal. You understand what I mean.

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"I am perhaps a little further advanced than some of you, but I have still a long, long way to go, and I hope to be able to do something to help you forward on that beautiful journey, on the road that leads upwards and onwards towards the Great and Eternal One. It is one of the Indians who is speaking. I am Evening Star."

Mr. Sloan remarked : "We used to have an awful lot of Indians coming about, but there does not seem to be many of them noo."

Another voice said :

"I am Healing Star, but there are none of you suffering, I think."

Another Etherian said to Healing Star :

"You are wrong. There is someone here suffering. In fact, there are one or two present who are not in perfect health. I like to see all people in perfect robust health. We see it more on our side."

Mr. Cameron said: "I would like to ask you something about that."

Healing Star replied :

"Ask me anything you like. I am not advanced enough to tell you very much, but I will do my best."

Mr. Cameron said : "Do you see spirits in various degrees of perfection? I mean in their spiritual bodies? Do you ever see bodies in your world that are undeveloped?"

Healing Star replied in a clear and distinct voice :

"Not undeveloped. The stage of development is seen by the light or the brightness, the shades of light. We see them in different stages of advancement, and talk with them. There are many beautiful passengers who talk with us at times, and we get great enlightenment from them."

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"The spirit body (etheric body) has the same formation as the material body, and there is no one that has not a perfect spirit body. I have never seen anyone ailing or suffering in any way. Those who have not developed much in earth life just have to rise gradually, and those who have not had any spiritual development are generally taken to spheres where they can be ministered to in the way that they most need."

Mr. Cameron remarked : "That is spiritual evolution."

Healing Star replied :

"Precisely, evolution; that is the correct word. They are not all at the same stage of advancement. It is just what happens all the time. We are just evolving from one stage of spiritual existence to another and become more perfect, and so more able to help others below us. At the present time I am working amongst those who are passing through war. I am often mixing with them, and telling them, directing them, where they should go. The plane in which I live is a little more beautiful than theirs. I mean I should be on a more exalted plane, but I have chosen to do that work and be with them meantime."

Mr. Cameron asked: "Can you take less-developed souls than your own to your plane?"

Another voice, a man's, replied, clearly and distinctly and without hesitation :

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"We cannot take them, but we tell them what is in store for them, and that when they become more enlightened they can go there. It is not the Indian who is speaking now, but I am not speaking disparagingly in any way. Many Indians are more advanced and have brighter souls than I have. We are all brothers and sisters, and we all have a time of what one might call evening star—that time of the last final parting with the Earth Plane, and we say goodbye to all things earthly, so to speak.

"One goes a little adrift for a little while until one finds one's bearings, or, I should say until some of the beautiful shining ones meet you and point the way and tell you where you should go. You have all got to work out your own destiny. There is no doubt about it, work out your own Heaven, and rest assured the Great Father will see your labour, and reward you for it.

"That is what happens as you will find when you come to my side of life. You have still to seek further knowledge. It would not be a real world on this side unless there was progress and still further progress, and those who have gone a little ahead, in advance, can always help the stragglers upwards as they go along. They are not all fit to start at a high level, they need a helping hand, and these helping hands are never far away.

"One meets all classes and conditions of friends on this other side of life, and each and all require a helping hand. You cannot transform a soul immediately from the lower grade which he has left to a celestial grade. It is a gradual spiritual progress, and they are always obtaining fresh knowledge and fresh hope from those who are a little further advanced than they are, and who are always very willing to help a weaker brother up towards the brighter and more shining light.

"If you have a will to travel in the spheres in God's service in the spirit side of life, you will find ample opportunity, if you are willing to work for the Master, but you will have to comply with his laws and the conditions of life which exist on the spirit side. You cannot take a hop, step, and jump, from the side of life which you are on just now, right to the celestial spheres on the spirit side of life. It is Work, Service and Love, which will bring joy and harmony and peace into your inmost souls, and, of course, you will always have the knowledge that you are helping someone whom you know has not just reached the stage you have reached, and you will reach out a helping hand to help them up, and those on the higher plane above will immediately put out their hands to help you on a further step again.

"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.

"I will now speak to you personally, Mr. Cameron, and I hope you will take no offence. You feel you want to branch out, and you will. There are things that you have not probed deeply enough, and you do not understand them as you would like to understand. That will come in due time, Mr. Cameron, if you will just have patience. The Great Authorities will come to you and envelop your soul in bright light that will illuminate your mind and give you great force of character.

"There is a James Cameron, a friend of yours, here now. He is not going to speak, but he wants you to know that he is here. And now, my friend, I must go. I have been trying to explain in my humble way what I felt in my own soul in the spirit side of life, and the progress from one stage to another. It is not all known in a day.

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"It is a slow process, and those of us who work near the Earth Plane, I do not know just how to put it to you, I do not mean to say that we deteriorate in any way, but we have rather given up of our own accord our advancement for a little while, that we may help our weaker brothers, as we ourselves have been helped in the past. We do not stay near the Earth Plane, but we come and work in it. I think that none of you present would regret a little time given to help a backward brother or sister into a higher level of life. I must go. I am called now by an emissary, of one of the Shining Ones, into a higher level of life."

Mr. Cameron said : "You speak of the Shining Ones, can you tell us anything of them?"

He replied :

"An advanced spirit, who, having fulfilled the Master's Will, has acquired a degree of perfection to help others on their way upwards. He is a guide, so to speak, and his aura is of exceeding brightness. Everyone has an aura, and some have such brilliant auras that it is almost impossible for some of us to gaze upon them."

Mr. Cameron asked : "What kind of aura has one who has not advanced much? You say everyone has auras, what is the difference between the aura of such a one and an advanced spirit?"

The voice replied :

"The aura of one who has not progressed far is not so clear and bright as the others, but the auras change as spiritual advancement develops,

and those who are advancing gradually change in brightness as they endeavour to follow in the footsteps of the spirits ahead of them."

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Mr. Sloan remarked : "I missed that point, friend. You had better repeat that."

The reply came from a new voice :

"He was dreaming just now."

Mr. Sloan replied : "Oh—aye, I am failing, friend, but I think that has been happening for a long time past."

Someone dissented :

"You have reached a degree of perfection, my friend, that you have never realised you possessed."

Mr. Sloan replied: "I feel I am finished so far as doing much on this side is concerned," and the answer was :

"I cannot allow you to be a competent judge of that matter at all."

Mr. Sloan replied : "Well, I know now that I am in contact with some that I have long wished to be in contact with, but I am not long in their surroundings. I get occasional glimpses but I would like to have talks with them."

To this remark his wife, Mrs. Sloan, replied :

"It will come, Daddy, in God's good time."

Mr. Sloan agreed : "Aye, Mammy dear. I saw you in the house the other day. I can speak to you in a way, but not in the way I would like to speak to you, Mammy."

She replied :

"You will make up for all that by and by, Daddy. Isa, dear, how is my wee man Ian ?"

Mrs. Sam Sloan replied: "I left him at home all alone."

Her mother-in-law, Mrs. Sloan, remarked :

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"My wee man sees many things that some of you know nothing about. If he only had someone who could guide him, and direct him in the way he should go, Daddy would never have been in the running with him."

Mrs. Sloan evidently considered her grandson to have psychic gifts.

Finally we heard :

"Now, friends, I am afraid I will have to go. There are other duties awaiting me, and I must go for tonight, so you will have to get someone else to take charge."

So we sang: O send Thy Light forth and Thy Truth, and then Miss Colquhoun said : "As the door-keeper is away, I think we ought to close."

We sang the Doxology, and this ended a most instructive sitting.

Some interesting points arise in the foregoing séance, the first being that Dr. Cameron, on the other side, was interested in Miss McDonald's health. Here we are introduced to an Etherian, once a doctor on earth, who is still interested in healing. In Chapter X something was said about what is called Psychic Healing, and here we get a glimpse of what goes on in Etheria. It is unreasonable to think that earth doctors, when they pass on, lose interest in their desire to heal, especially as so much can be done by them, with their manifold rays which heal, and while there is so much requiring to be done for poor suffering humanity on earth.

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Mr. Donald Cameron on earth had an instructive talk with Healing Star, who was probably a medicine man when living on earth in America. Healing Star volunteered the remark :

"I have never seen anyone ailing or suffering in any way" in Etheria, and, this being so, it is not surprising that so many former earth doctors use the powers they have to heal people on earth. As the methods they use were briefly explained in Chapter X.

I shall not repeat what was said there, but I would like to draw attention to some of Healing Star's statements. In Etheria, he tells us, the body is perfectly developed :

"The spirit body (etheric body) has the same formation as the material body, and there is no one that has not a perfect spirit body."

The great army of cripples on earth should welcome the news that some day they will possess a wellshaped body, but who is there to tell them, and, if they were told, would they believe it? Nevertheless there is a bright prospect

before the blind and the deaf, the legless, the armless, the hunchback, the deformed and all suffering from misshapen bodies who are oddities amongst their fellow men.

Our etheric body is born perfect, but it is sometimes twisted out of shape by the matter which gathers round it. However, when the physical body is discarded, the etheric body takes on the shape nature intended, to form a perfect habitation for man, woman or child. Consequently, those arriving in Etheria sent this message to everyone on earth. It was addressed to Mrs. Crichton during the Meeting reported in this chapter :

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"They wish to tell those they have left behind that they are alive and not dead, living a freer and fuller life, free from the trammels of the earth body, living in purer air, a purer atmosphere and purer surroundings."

Moreover, they insist on the fact that it is a very real world, but the surprise most people will get is in finding how much our thoughts determine our condition there, and also the powerful effect our thoughts will have on our surroundings. On earth, by our mental build-up, we are fashioning the mind which will determine our future. When we cast off the flesh garment, we arrive in Etheria in the same mental state we were in on earth. If this produces happiness and contentment, we shall be happy and contented, but, if otherwise, we shall be just the opposite until we learn the right way to live. Fortunately this road is open to everyone.

I have already referred to the absence of creedalism and dogmatism amongst the Etherians who come and talk to us on earth, and the remark made to Mr. Cameron about the many Christs who have been worshipped on earth reveals the latitudinarianism prevailing in Etheria. Well do the more advanced Etherians know that every earth religion is constantly changing, and what was believed in one generation is questioned in the next, to be abandoned sooner or later. Wherever there is mental development, and not stagnation, there is change in religious beliefs. It is sometimes imperceptible, and at others drastic, as has happened to the Christian outlook over the past hundred years.

Whether slow or fast, ideas change. No religion is rejected all at once wholesale by its worshippers.

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No one generation ever sees a religion born or die, Ideas change by every new discovery, but in a lifetime their effect is generally hardly noticeable. On the one hand a thousand years may be needed to make any noticeable

change or, on the other, a hundred years may bring this about. Organised and orthodox supernatural religion everywhere, like all man-made things, has its periods of birth, growth, decay and death. Only over historical periods can these epochs be traced out, as gradually the beliefs and gods of one age are changed, to be carried forward by succeeding generations under a new name. Thus, for instance, did Christianity come into being, but four hundred years elapsed before the changeover was completed and orthodox Christianity finished taking over the beliefs of Paganism.

True, as the Etherian put it :

"There were many Christs"

under different names throughout history, and these imaginary heavenly beings, transformed by mystical minds from human men into supernatural gods, have comforted mankind, unable to accept, because of ignorance, the simple facts of nature which, when understood, reveal that the only true and permanent religion, both here and in Etheria, is Natural Religion.

Spiritualism is natural religion, besides being the oldest and least changed fundamentally of all the world's religious beliefs. At one time it covered the earth, and, accompanied by many and various crude rituals, according to the mental development of the people, it was accepted over North and South America, Europe, Asia and Africa, to become known as Ancestor Worship.

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CHAPTER XVIII

MEETING AT MISS COLQUHOUN'S HOUSE, POLLOKSHIELDS, GLASGOW

18th January, 1945

Present: MISS CRISSIE COLQUHOUN, MR. JOHN SLOAN, MRS. LILLIAS BOWES, MR. DONALD CAMERON, MISS JEAN DEARIE.

IMMEDIATELY we were seated in the room, and before the Meeting had actually commenced, Miss Colquhoun got touches on her head, and then Mrs. Bowes felt fingers touching her on the head and face.

Her husband, Mr. Bowes, spoke :

"It is Willie."

We then opened with the usual hymn, Nearer, my God, to Thee, and afterwards repeated The Lord's Prayer. A voice from the other side joined in the "Amen". A beautiful light then floated about the room.

Mr. Bowes spoke again and said :

"Did you hear my voice through the trumpet ? God bless you, my dear. This is Willie. Was it through your trumpet ?"

Mrs. Bowes replied : "No, the trumpet belongs to Miss Colquhoun."

He answered :

"Oh, well, that is all right. It belongs to a friend. Thank you, Miss Colquhoun, for the loan of your trumpet."

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Mrs. Bowes said: "Could you get near Robbie at all?"

Mr. Bowes replied :

"I will try, but I am afraid I will not be able."

Mrs. Bowes said: "I hope you can manage it, dear. You know he is not well."

A strange voice replied:

"I know. I was with him. It is not Willie speaking just now. I am one of the attendants, and I think he will be all right. Don't worry yourself at all, my dear. I know you are worrying, and you could tell him that I am going to take a special interest in him."

Mrs. Bowes said: "Oh, thank you, dear friend. He has got a very sore heart, as well as being ill."

The voice replied :

"I know."

Mrs. Bowes said : "If he would just exercise his own psychic power, it would be such a comfort to him."

The voice replied :

"Yes, but he is not in a condition to be used just now. I hope you will understand. He will require to be a little stronger first before that can happen."

A voice then called out :

"John, John," but nothing more was heard.

Then a lady said :

"God bless you, my darling," and the trumpet touched Mr. Cameron.

"Many times I have leaned on your shoulder, Donald."

Mr. Cameron replied: "Yes, dear, and I am happy to be speaking to you."

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His wife replied :

"It is a long, long time ago. It seems a long time to me."

The previous voice then called again :

"John, John, I am John."

Another voice said :

"Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, don't get tense, please."

Mr. Sloan said: "I am John, if that is any help to you, but I am nae good at all."

One of the trumpets touched Mr. Cameron, and then touched Miss Dearie gently all over her face.

Mr. Sloan remarked : "You all seem to be getting touches but me," and immediately afterwards the trumpet gave him four bangs on the head. Mr. Sloan said : "Aye, freens, you are remembering me noo (now) all right, but it didna hurt me."

Another voice said :

"It is very difficult tonight, Miss Colquhoun, very difficult, but the conditions here are all right."

We then heard Etherians whispering to each other, but could not make out what was said.

The trumpet touched Mr. Cameron again, and a voice said :

"I have been longing very much to speak to you for a longtime. God bless you, Donald. It is Father speaking."

Mr. Cameron replied : "I am very pleased to hear you. I would like to have a talk with you." His Father replied :

"That may come. It may come. We are both here, your Mother and I."

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Mr. Cameron said: "I have always had a very sincere regard for you, and missed you in my early days."

His Father replied :

"It seems yesterday to me."

Mr. Cameron answered : "Well, you were taken away a very young man, but you will have Mother now to look after you."

A lady's voice said :

"Yes, yes, I have been looking after him and he has been looking after me. We are happy together."

Mr. Cameron said: "This is the first time my Mother has spoken to me."

His Mother said :

"I speak to you, my darling boy, through the mental process of your mind. I am sure you get these messages from time to time. God bless you, my dear, dear boy. Good night."

Mr. Sloan remarked : "I wonder where all the Indians have got to. I never hear Wallaho now. I think he has left me altogether."

A very dignified voice said :

"I will never leave you, Brother, until you come to this side. It is Wallaho speaking. I know very well how you feel. I have sat in the lonely wigwam myself and I know what it is when those you love have gone away, but it was not long before my dear one came to me."

Mr. Cameron said: "Then you had this truth while you were still in the body?"

Wallaho replied :

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"I always knew that I was going to the Summerland, and that some day I would meet my squaw again. I found that it was so. It is a beautiful thought, Ladies and Gentlemen, to know that you are going to pick up

your dear ones on the other side of life, and, oh, I would like to tell you of the beauties of the country.

"Language fails me to describe the wonderful glories of this beautiful land that you are coming to. God bless you, my friends. You will run and not weary. You will walk and not faint. You will drink of the crystal waters that run by the side of the way. You will eat of the fruits, more glorious even than the fruit of the grape of the world. A profusion of fruits and flowers that I could not describe to you."

Miss Colquhoun said: "But you don't eat them, do you?"

Wallaho replied :

"Of course we eat them. Not in the way you eat them here in the body, but we do enjoy them."

Miss Colquhoun asked : "Could you tell us, friend, how long it takes one to get through the Astral Plane? How long does one stay in it?"

Wallaho inquired :

"What do you mean by the 'Astral Plane' ?"

Miss Colquhoun said : "I understand it is the plane between the two worlds, and some linger in it for a while."

Wallaho replied :

"Well, that depends on the life you have lived on earth. You will go just to the plane that is most suited to the environment of the life you have lived. You understand, I hope what I mean. This is only Wallaho who is speaking, and I am telling you just as best I can."

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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."

Mr. Cameron remarked : "About the spirit body. I understand it is a propelling force."

Wallaho replied :

"You have a body just as you have now. Love is the 'propelling force'. The one you love best will draw you like a magnet when you come over here. She is preparing a home for you just now. Where you land depends on the life you have lived in the body. Do not get elated about yourselves, or direct your thoughts on what you can do for yourselves, but trust in the great Father God to guide you rightly.

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"It has been said : 'In my Father's house there are many mansions.' These are 'states,' not what many think the word implies, and you cannot acquire these states until you attune yourself, even on the side of life where you are now, and after you come over, for, remember, there is progress even in the earth life. I like to speak to you, Mr. Cameron. You are a studious man and like to turn a thing inside out."

Mr. Cameron replied : "Yes, that is true. If I am speaking on this subject, I like to be able to reason it out."

Wallaho replied :

"Never argue. Don't, if you take my advice, my Brother. Rather tell them about the beauties of this life which you will discover. You are really just an explorer seeking out a new country, and you have acquired a mind which can see and glean something of the beauty of this land, which many others cannot. You will link up with those who have advanced beyond you by and by, and will learn from them.

"As the Great Master said : `In my Father's house are many mansions,' and you are only going to the place which you in earth life, by your life on earth, have prepared yourself for, and then you will progress afterwards by getting into touch with those advanced ones who are ready to help you, and to give you knowledge of things which you do not know, but which will be given to you as you can assimilate and understand them. I am just putting it in the best way I can, and I hope you follow what I mean."

Mr. Cameron replied: "We just feel here that this is the only real interest that life holds for us, to understand something of where we are going."

Wallaho replied :

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"I understand what you mean, Brother. You just feel when here that you are near those you have loved very much in earth life. You feel you can practically be at one with them."

His wife, Mrs. Cameron, then said:

"And I am speaking to you at night in the spirit stillness, and telling you that I am near you, darling. I always liked to depend on you to tell me what to do, and I tried to do the best I could for you and the children."

Mr. Cameron replied : "You certainly did that, my dear, much more than I deserved."

Mrs. Cameron said :

"No, no, dear. I sometimes think I failed you a little at the last. I had not the ability just towards the end. Of course, I am speaking to you about myself physically, darling. I never failed you in spirit, and you, I feel, fully understood and have forgiven me for my lack of understanding of your lofty thoughts which I could not follow. Sometimes, you see, I did not know you properly just at the end, but I was quite conscious of your nearness all the time, and there was a lack of consciousness in my sight."

"I am trying to put it as best I can, Miss Colquhoun. I like you. I love you all, my dears. Don't you worry now, Don. Just go on as you have been doing. Look after the boys and get them to follow in your footsteps as far as they can. Tell them Mother sent them her love. Tell the boys to follow in your footsteps and all will be well with them, and Mary will be at the door to welcome you some day."

She then gave a lot of kisses, and continued :

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"I was quite unable to speak to you at the end, but I was quite conscious of your loving presence. God bless you, Don. I shall not linger any longer. I do not want to intrude on the Great Master who is overruling this Meeting. I do not want to go too far, but I will come again. It is a beautiful thought to know that death does not divide us. Just think of the time, dear, when all your efforts and your worries cease, and I and all

your friends here welcome you in God's beautiful garden of peace. Goodnight."

Mr. Cameron understood and agreed with everything said. The trumpet then touched Miss Colquhoun, and her Mother spoke :

"And how are you keeping today, my dear? Mother is speaking to you now. I am always about you, Crissie. God bless you, my darling. If you just knew how fond I am of you, you would be glad."

Miss Colquhoun said: "Thank you, Mother darling. Do you know what day this is?"

Her Mother replied :

"It is a memorable day, Crissie. It was a memorable day to me and to Father too. I was just waiting a chance, my darling, to get in to wish you 'many happy returns of the day' until that birthday comes when you will come out to our side of life, and you and I will be together for all eternity. I just want you to understand."

The trumpet now touched Mr. Cameron and Mrs. Colquhoun spoke to him :

"What happy times Crissie and I will have when she leaves the physical. I was not able to enter into all the enjoyments that she could enter into before I went away. I was a wee bit forgetful sometimes, but before that we were just like sisters, not like mother and daughter," and she gave her daughter many kisses.

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"God bless you, John Sloan. It is to you that I owe so much."

Mr. Sloan said: "Oh, dinna (do not) thank me, Mrs. Colquhoun. I didna dae anything for you, but you were a dear old soul."

Mrs. Colquhoun replied :

"And many will say you were a dear old soul also. I wonder sometimes, if you can catch the intonations of my voice, Crissie ? Don't think that I am faltering and feeble now, but I just take on the vibrations of how I felt before leaving the body. I will show you round my favourite places. I come for you often and take you away in your sleep, and I wish you could bring back some memory of the beauties of the country I am in."

"We have gardens everywhere, you know. Father is very, very busy. You know he is a man that would never be at rest unless he was doing something for somebody, and he is like that yet. At present he has

plenty of opportunities, you know, Crissie, to work for those on our side. The spirit side is teeming with those who are wandering about, I hardly know how to put it, but they are coming over so quickly through this terrible strife, and need some guidance, and Father is helping there."

Miss Colquhoun's brother then spoke :

"It is Archie, my dear Crissie. How are you ?"

Miss Colquhoun replied : "Are you not going to wish me a happy birthday, Archie?"

Her brother answered ;

"I wished you a happy birthday this morning, but you never answered me."

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Miss Colquhoun said: "I am sorry, Archie, but I did not hear you."

He replied :

"I am sure you must feel my touches at night when I stroke your hair."

Miss Colquhoun answered: "Yes, just a feather touch," and Archie replied :

"That is what I do often, my dear."

Pathfinder then said, evidently to someone on the spirit side :

"Why are you telling me to come back, when I was only trying to look at Miss Dearie ?" And then he repeated to us these lines of poetry

"O Light of Light, shine on these friends, Who are so dear to me,

And keep them safely on the road, Towards Thine eternity.

"O Light of Light, shine on these friends, Help them to do Thy Will,

That they may taste the joys of life, Until their hearts are full, and know that the loved ones, who have left this vale of tears, are happy in the Summerland beyond all doubts and fears. God bless you all. It is Pathfinder speaking to you. May the path your feet shall tread bring joy to you always."

The trumpet touched Miss Dearie all over, and a voice said :

"Jim, Jim. It is Jim."

Miss Dearie asked: "What Jim? Can you tell me who you are?"

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He replied:

"Your brother."

Miss Dearie said: "But I have only one brother, Tom, and he is still in the body."

He replied :

"Ask your Mother who Jim is."

Miss Dearie said : "Yes, dear, but Mother is on your side."

He replied :

"Yes, I know, but she will tell you who I am."

This is probably the same Jim, unknown to anyone present, who from perverseness made himself a nuisance at a previous séance.

The trumpet then tapped Miss Dearie all over her head and face, and then touched Mr. Cameron. It came back again to Miss Dearie and stroked her cheeks, and a child's voice said :

"You are so kind and loving, and I love you. Yes, I do. I love you all."

Miss Dearie replied : "Thank you, dear," and Miss Colquhoun asked :

"Are you a wee black girl? I seem to get that impression."

She replied :

"My heart is white. The Master made it clean, and I love you all."

Mrs. Bowes said: "Who brought you here, dear?", and the child replied :

"I was brought by the big soldier chief who is working with the dear men who come from this terrible war. You would be surprised if you knew what an army of little ones are helping in this work, for they are coming over to our beautiful land without the knowledge of anything at all of what is coming to them. They see us happy and they want to join in and be happy too."

"My skin was black in the old days, my heart is white now. I love you all. There is a shining light on your brows. I am not of any particular colour now. We lose the colours of the earth life as we come on, and we take on the vibrations and beauty of the spirit body which we have built for ourselves, and this makes us bright, or dull, as the case may be. I love colours and I try to make myself beautiful when I come to see you. I am not a black girl now. I did not like it. I am glad I am not."

One of us asked: "Have you been over for some time, dear?"

She replied :

"It is a long time. I know it is long because I was taught to speak your language, and the languages of other countries. Sometimes I get mixed up with them."

She then started to speak fluently in French. A voice called out :

"Sunshine. Come away, Sunshine."

Miss Colquhoun said: "Oh, we knew a Sophie Sunshine. She came to previous Meetings and attached herself to Miss McRobbie."

A man's voice replied :

"This is Sophie Sunshine. She was brought in here to see you."

Sophie spoke again, and said :

"Of course I am Sophie Sunshine, and I love you all."

Mr. Cameron asked: "Can you see us, Sophie?" She replied :

"Of course I see you, and you are a very beautiful man."

Mr. Sloan said: "You should not say that; that is forward."

She replied :

"I was not speaking to you. I did not say you were a beautiful man, but you are not bad, you will pass."

A lady's voice then said :

"God bless you, Miss Colquhoun, for thinking about Isobel (Miss McRobbie). I thank you for that kindly thought. This is Mrs. McRobbie speaking. I am glad to see you."

Miss Colquhoun said: "Miss Dearie tells me your son (on earth) was very ill."

Mrs. McRobbie replied :

"Yes, but he is getting better. Jim will just have to take a little care."

Mr. Sloan said: "Is that Mrs. McRobbie? My, I am glad to hear you speak."

She replied :

"I think you are a wonderful man, John Sloan. You brought some beautiful thoughts and aspirations to us when we did not understand properly, but it did us some good when we came to this side of life."

Mr. Sloan said : "I did not know your son had been ill.

Mrs. McRobbie replied :

"Jim is not very strong, but he is in good hands. I came here with your Mother, Miss Colquhoun, but I had to leave just for a little as I was wanted elsewhere. We often speak of the old days."

All this about Jim was understood and correctly said.

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Then Mrs. Sloan spoke :

"I just came in to speak to you and bring you a word of cheer and comfort, for I know what a troubled world it is, and I know that each of you in your own souls have your own little vicissitudes and trials and things to bear, but God will help at every turn if you trust Him, and Mr. Cameron, take a little care of yourself for a little while. I think you know me, Mr. Cameron. It is Mammy Sloan. You did not know me in earth life, but I know you now."

The remark by Mrs. Sloan, warning Mr. Cameron about his health was quite necessary as events turned out.

Miss Colquhoun said : "Mammy, may I ask you something? Did you speak while I was on the 'phone the other day?"

Mrs. Sloan replied :

"I speak often while you are on the 'phone, but on that occasion you may have heard me more distinctly."

Greentree, one of a band of American Indians, who has worked for years with the Sloan circle, a man of rare culture and refinement, now spoke :

"There is a vibration, a conscious vibration in the soul of those who have loved each other in earth life, when a whisper in the air can reach the heart, although you may not think so. A beautiful thought, although you do not see the result of it, has an effect all the same.

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"You do not need to go down on your knees to make a strenuous effort to reach the Great Father God. Throw out your thoughts and say : 'Great Father, I need your help. I have come to a part of the road when I can go no further without Thy help. Lead me by the hand,' and the Master will come to the rescue, and someone will be sent to help you. I speak to you all. There are times when difficulties may seem overwhelming. Then say 'Come, dear Father, into Thy hands I commend my way,' and the spirit friends, Pathfinder and such as he, will come and guide you. I am one of the Indians speaking—Greentree."

Pathfinder now spoke :

"There are thoughts in your heart at times, friend Cameron, and nobody can plumb the depths of these thoughts, but one who is now on this side. I think you know who I mean. She is trying very hard at times to guide you and guard you. That one's whole soul and thought is centred round your being, and those whom she has left behind who are part and parcel of both of you.

"God bless you, my Brother. May the love of the Great Father be with you and guide you. There were some difficult paths which you had to tread, and there are some little difficulties you will yet have to go through. Put your hand out to the Great Father God, and the guiding Spirit will come and lead you and tell you how to proceed. I am Pathfinder."

Miss Colquhoun now asked Pathfinder: "Have you any little message which we could pass on to Mrs. Lang?"

Pathfinder replied :

"I have not been in touch with friend Lang for some time. I have not had the connecting cord, but I know the condition of her physical body."

He was here interrupted by Mr. Greenlees, but he continued after Mr. Greenlees and Mrs. Sloan had spoken :

"She will be glad to know that I am looking after her. It is her Father speaking (Mr. Greenlees). She has had a very trying time, you know, but you understand, friend Cameron, when you are climbing the hill of life these trials come along and we cannot escape them, but she has always been plucky, always, all her life."

Mrs. Sloan spoke again, saying :

"I am not much help, Daddy. I will not go away until your Meeting is over. I am not much help, but I like to stand by. I enjoy it the same as when I was on earth. I can tune in to you so well and hear the familiar sound of your lovely voices which were so sweet to me in the old days. Crissie (Miss Colquhoun), your dear Mother does not forget things now, you know, and I have many nice walks with her."

"If I could only describe to you the lovely walks we have sometimes. We never tire. To cross the beautiful lakes, we can either go in a similar thing to a boat, or just be wafted over. And the fruits and the flowers, and the beauty of the verdure of the country, the magnificent feeling of well-being that one has. I wish you could just feel it. There is no waste and no decay. The flowers just fade away. You never see them decay, and then fresh ones come in their place, not in full bloom, but starting from the root."

"There is perpetual growth, and no death, just a fading, and another springs up, just a facsimile of the one before, or more beautiful sometimes, just as in the human frame. When you shuffle off this mortal coil and put on immortality, it is then you will expand, and go forward to the peace, the beauties of the land, the Summerland of God."

Miss Colquhoun asked : "Do you have music there?", and got the reply :

"Every sort of music you wish, you can hear. There are many choirs who sing here, just the same as you sing in the Earth Plane."

One of us asked: "Does a beautiful voice here in the body continue to be a beautiful voice in the spirit body?"

She replied :

"One with a beautiful voice will continue to have a beautiful voice on the spirit side, but a beautiful voice can be cultivated here, even if you did not have one in the body, and, with a beautiful voice, anyone can sing, and sing beautifully, and you acquire all these things very quickly."

Pathfinder then continued what he was saying at the time he was interrupted by Mr. Greenlees :

"Indian Chief would like to get the chance of seeing friend Lang. Tell her that Pathfinder is still looking after her, and very interested in her. Strength will be given to the legs which are feeble and strength to the arms yet awhile. God bless her."

Then came silence and we sang the hymn, They are winging, they are winging. Mrs. Sloan joined in and sang with us. She knew all the words, although most of us only knew the first verse.

She then spoke, saying :

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"This is Mammy speaking to you. How beautiful it is just to be in the little circle once again. I can still enjoy it as I did in the days gone by when I met you at these little Meetings from time to time. God bless you, Mrs. Bowes, and those you love. May God support them in the strenuous work and strenuous ways of life just now, and, O Father, if it be Thy will, bring this fighting to an end and bring the loved ones home again. Bring harmony and peace once more to this troubled world.

"This is Mammy's prayer to the Great Father God. May He bless your boys, Mrs. Bowes, and may He keep them safe, and may peace and prosperity and the love of God be with you at all times. You were always such a good friend of Daddy's and mine, and God bless you, Crissie, my dear. You were always so kind and good to me, and to my dear old man. I wish I could do something to repay you for all your goodness. I thank you one and all for coming here, and standing by my dear old man."

Miss Colquhoun remarked : "Bless him. He is better than he was a wee while ago, Mammy."

Mrs. Sloan replied :

"He is moping too much. He just sits all night and sometimes right into the morning, at times rising and looking at my photo. I do not want him to do that."

Mr. Sloan said: "God bless you, dearie. I just want to talk to you, dearie. It is nice to talk to you. I cannot talk to you at home so well as I can here, dearie, but I know you are there. I feel your fingers going through my hair often."

Mr. Sloan then said to us: "She brings Dougal (his son) and Peggy (his daughter) very often with her too. I see them."

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Dougal then remarked :

"Well, Dad, why should you not see me ? We are real enough, so I don't know why you should not see us."

Mr. Sloan replied : "God bless you, Dougie. You were a good boy, Dougal."

Dougal said :

"Ah, but Dad, all the boys are good boys to their Fathers and Mothers, you know. I have much to thank God for."

Another deep and beautiful voice then repeated three verses of a hymn, to announce itself finally as that of Dr. Ferguson :

**"Give me the wings of faith to rise Beyond the veil,
and see The friends above, how great their prize,
How bright their glories be.**

**"O for a faith that will not shrink,
A faith that fears no foe,
That will not tremble on the brink of any earthly woe
A faith that shines more bright and clear**

**When tempests rage without,
And when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt."**

He concluded :

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"God bless you all. Father, give them such a faith as this, that they may face whatever may come. God bless you, Crissie Colquhoun. It is Fergus Ferguson speaking. God bless you all. I am Fergus Ferguson."

Miss Colquhoun replied : "God bless you, dear Dr. Ferguson."

He was a Glasgow minister, and Miss Colquhoun had been a member of his church. Mr. Sloan dropped his handkerchief, and could not find it in the dark.

Mrs. Sloan spoke :

"Never mind, Daddy. I will let you see it."

A beautiful light hovered and spread about the floor for a little, and then the handkerchief was placed in Mr. Sloan's hands by someone on the other side.

Mrs. Sloan said :

"There it is, Daddy."

Mr. Sloan began to cry, and said: "You are just the dearest wee lassie that ever was. I just canna dae without you, Mammy. I wish you would take me away."

Mrs. Sloan replied :

"Oh, but Daddy, there are folks here that need you still."

Miss Colquhoun said : "He is just lonely, Mammy. He misses you."

Mrs. Sloan, a woman with as sweet a disposition on earth as she now has in Etheria, replied :

"He is not alone. I tell him often when I am talking to him that he will never be alone while Nanna (Mrs. Sloan's name) is with him."

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"I think, Mr. Cameron, that most of us have one or two that are all the world to us. I am afraid I am a wee bit general in my way of thinking, because there were many in the earth life that I loved very fondly, and they are just like all the world to me. It is such a delight to me to be able to come near to them again, and, my dear, dear old man, I am never far away from you. God bless you, Crissie. God bless you, Miss Dearie, and God bless you, my dear old man."

Miss Colquhoun said : "Mammy, are none of Miss Dearie's friends about? Could you not bring some of them to speak to her?"

The trumpet then came and stroked Miss Dearie's hands, and Mrs. Sloan said :

"God bless you, my dear. I have not been in touch with your friends so much as I have with the others here. I have not got the connecting cord."

You understand, but if you could just bring your brother here, if he is interested, it might make the link stronger. It is more difficult now under the present conditions in your world."

Miss Dearie replied : "I quite understand, Mammy dear."

Another voice said :

"John Sloan."

Mr. Sloan said : "Yes, that is my name."

The voice said to us all :

"I am John Sloan, the John Sloan that he got his name from."

This was a brother, named John, who died before our John Sloan was born.

Mr. Sloan said: "I will not be long until I am among the rest of you. I am looking forward to the time. It will be a happy time."

His brother said :

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"Yes, but you will not forget your friends of the earth life even then. You will not be allowed to forget them afterwards. You will come back and speak to them."

A voice then said :

"Willie," and the trumpet touched Miss Dearie.

She asked who it was, and the voice replied :

"If I say William, would you know me better ?"

Another voice said to Miss Dearie :

"That is your friends trying to get into touch with you now."

The trumpet touched her again, and the voice said :

"Hello, dear child."

Miss Dearie said: "Is it Father?"

The voice replied :

"William Dearie, but not your Father. It is Grandfather. Both Grandfathers are here, and both are called William."

Another voice said :

"I am just trying to help them round to you now, but it is difficult. There is a James here, and a William. They are brothers of your Mother, and there is a John here also. James is helping you in many ways that you do not know about, I mean by writing and getting thoughts from our side of life. You know these thoughts that come into your mind at times, Miss Dearie, that you had not previously been thinking about. They seem to impinge themselves on your consciousness, and they help you, and help others when you pass them on."

Miss Dearie replied : "Thank you, dear friend."

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All the foregoing information about Miss Dearie's various relations is quite correct.

The trumpet touched Mrs. Bowes, and her brother and sister-in-law spoke.

Her sister-in-law spoke first :

"I am Gladys. Do you miss me sometimes ? It is Gladys and Jim. We are both here. How are you, Lil dearest ? I miss you very much indeed, and long for the time when we will be together."

Mrs. Bowes's brother now spoke :

"Jim, it is Jim. Things will come all right, dear."

Gladys spoke again, and said :

"I am so happy here with Jim, but I want to be near you too, and I am trying to divide myself between the two worlds, so to speak, to help you and the boys. I want to be near them until all this carnage and trouble is over, and I do not want to go away from them. I am doing all I can to safeguard them."

The Rev. Dr. Fergus Ferguson returned and said :

"It is such a tragedy. It is beyond all words, and it is not the Will of the Great Father. It is man's thoughts and inhumanity that has brought this about. It is not the wish of the Great Ones on my side of life, but it is the confused thoughts which are in the hearts of the people in the world today, which has brought about this tragedy. If they had known this

Truth, those who have brought about this catastrophe would never have done so. God bless you, friends.

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"May the peace of the Great Loving Father come nigh to you, to each one of you individually, and give to each one individually the desire of fulfillment of the wish that is closest to the heart, if it be in accordance with Thy Will, O Holy One, and, if it be Thy Will, give them the courage, the strength, and the ability to spread this Truth amongst men, to help them on their journey towards this side of life.

"Do all in love, if I may put it in that way, and commit thy ways unto the Will of the Great Father, and what is for your benefit and for the benefit of all in earth life, will be granted unto you in accordance with His Will. God bless you all. We are all happy here. Just working, and doing our best to make those we have left behind know that we do not feel the parting so much, because we can be in touch with them although they do not always know it.

"Many times, although you do not see the friends, they are helping you from day to day as you travel on, and blessing and guiding you on your way, although you do not know it. May the Peace of the Great Father, and the comfort and the consolation that comes from that source alone, be very near to you all this day, and very near to you, Crissie Colquhoun. Amen. I am Fergus Ferguson."

Pathfinder continued :

"O God, for our well-being, our comfort, and our good, grant to those we have left behind the strength to live a life which will be a source of blessing to mankind. So prays Pathfinder."

The trumpet again touched Miss Dearie, and John Hardman (Miss Stove's fiancé) now spoke. He had spoken at some length on previous occasions, and this time he gave Miss Dearie a message to send on to Mary Stove :

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"God bless you, dear Miss Dearie, for all your painstaking work in writing out the records which bring comfort to many. Miss Dearie, I know you will be writing, and I would like you to convey to my beloved, my better self, my Mary, my enduring love, and to you, each and every one, my grateful love goes out for all you have done to help me. I did not understand this Truth in earth life—you know what I mean—and it now presses on my soul with a gladness and joy that is overwhelming. I am

bursting to tell you about the beauties of this land which I did not believe existed.

"May the peace that I feel, the peace the Father gives to those who do His Will, come nigh unto your souls and be with you now and for evermore. God bless you, and for the beautiful thoughts which I get at times. I do not know just how to put it that you will understand, but I feel an overwhelming devotion to those that have thought of me with love, and to my Mary, God bless her.

"And to you, my dear friend Miss Dearie, for your loving kindness in transcribing my thoughts so accurately and sending them on to my Mary, may the Father bless you, and if the day ever comes that you should be requiring such help as I can give, be sure you will get it. God bless you, and guard you and all you love and who love you. Good night, and good night to my beloved, to Mary."

Miss Dearie replied: "Thank you, Mr. Hardman."

Pathfinder then said :

"Good night, friends. I have got a different vibration, but it is Pathfinder speaking to you."

Mr. Sloan's son then said a few words, which brought the Meeting to an end :

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"This is Dougal Sloan speaking to you. Good night, Dad. Cheerio, everyone. I will come again, and I will meet you on this side again. Be bright, be happy, and be joyful."

We sang the Doxology, and this ended the Sitting.

When I was writing my history of mankind entitled The Curse of Ignorance I calculated that Religion had been the cause of at least half the deeds of the human race. It is not the people's religious beliefs that are so important historically, but what they are influenced to do because of them. Whence came these ideas? Certainly they did not come about without a reason. Man is a religious devotional being, but why is this so, and why has religion meant so much to him in the past? Why, in fact, does it mean so much to so many of all lands and climes at the present time?

This book gives the answer. If Etheria did not exist there would not be a church, temple, pagoda or synagogue throughout the world. If each of us did not possess an etheric body, which some day will inhabit Etheria, there never would have been a priest, rabbi, mullah, pongi or any other such "man of God." Our life on earth would have been so different, history would have been

devoid of half its incidents, and our past history and present outlook would be so unlike what it is now, that we would be living in a different kind of world altogether.

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In past times everyone was religious, many deeply so, though some just accepted the prevailing beliefs without much thought. Up to within the past two hundred years, the most advanced races of mankind accepted the fact that the Will of God, which could be influenced by prayer, ordered the Universe, and elsewhere it was believed that this came about by the activities of the gods or spirits. A natural ordered Universe, controlled by natural law, is only a recent conception amongst the more developed races, but the fact remains that by far the majority of mankind still believes in a Universe controlled by supernatural powers.

Why is it that since primitive times, divine beings were brought in to explain all the doubts and questions which man has asked about himself, this earth and the heavens? Why were churches and temples built, and priests employed to produce creeds and conduct eucharists and rituals, for the purpose of directing and satisfying an innate longing in human minds for something other than material things? The reason is obvious, and this psychic stream flows from the misty past to the present with unerring force. Man is an etheric being, and he feels the need of some material symbolism to represent to him the invisible immaterial world which he instinctively believes is around and about him.

There have always been mediums who, in trance, or by voices, clairvoyance and clairaudience, have revealed another world of invisible beings. Mediums have existed since early historical times, and probably earlier, in whose presence these etheric beings have materialised or spoken by the Direct Voice. On this basis Religion has developed, first through magic when the magicians copied the sporadic

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wonders which happen in the presence of mediums. The magicians gradually developed into priests, who first protected the mediums in separate buildings, now called temples, and then discarded them in favour of their own ritual and theologies, based on the psychic phenomena which they had learned through mediumship.

All the world religions, their creeds, ritual and ceremonies arose from psychic phenomena. Commencing with Ancestor Worship, until we reach the saviour-god religions, the beliefs attached to them originated in the séance room. This place, where the two worlds meet, became the Sanctuary, or the Holy of

Holies. The Temple was the meeting-place where gathered the people to hear what the gods had to say, and the doctrine of the Trinity, which is to be found in most of the saviour-god religions, originated in man himself. Each one of us is a trinity in unity, made up of physical body, etheric body and mind. As man makes God in his own image, so theology postulated a superhuman being made like unto himself.

With the development of conscience came the idea of sin, which had caused the gods to punish man with death. Theology imagined that originally man was made perfect and did not die, the gods in heaven and man on earth living together in harmony and bliss. The coming of the belief in right and wrong produced sacrifice, the attempt to placate the gods by offering up to them the etheric body of the human or animal victim. As man then was a cannibal, so likewise was it believed were the gods who relished the etheric body, and in return for this delicacy they promised, through the priests, to meet the desires of their worshippers.

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From time to time, down the ages, the etheric body of the sacrificed human victim, as an apparition, was seen after death, to cause the belief that he had broken the curse of death and had opened up Heaven to all believers. The gods had been appeased, and man was saved from destruction at death by this sacrifice. The altar of sacrifice became the symbol of salvation, on which selected victims were slain and eaten, their mana, or virtue, being thus transferred to the worshippers. Gradually this eucharistic service changed, when only animals were slain and eaten, to become a sacred meal of bread and wine, which the priests claimed to have transmuted into the saviour's body and blood. This pre-Christian ceremony was taken over by the Christians from Paganism.

So the various saviour-gods were worshipped and revered for their saving mercy, each to become known as the Christ, the Mediator, the Redeemer, the Saviour, the Son of God, the Lamb of God sacrificed to take away the consequences of sin, besides many other names conferred out of devotion and gratitude. The word Christ means the anointed one. Originally the victim was anointed with oil so as to cook better, and thus be more succulent to eat, the name "Christ" being given later to the victim whose appearance after death elevated him to the rank of a god in Heaven. This transformation from man to god was due to the belief that his reappearance was a sign from Heaven that the curse of death had been broken by his sacrifice, and that the gods were now satisfied. For thousands of years these Christs have comforted poor erring humanity, which felt unable to carry the responsibilities of their own failings, and feared that the worst would happen to them after death.

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Consequently, throughout the world, the Saviour-god Religions gave comfort down the ages, and the beliefs about each will be found in my book, *The Psychic Stream*. Therein is told the story about Osiris, the suffering saviour-god of Egypt; about Bel, the slain saviour-god of Babylonia; of Prometheus and Dionysus, the suffering saviour-gods of Greece; about Mithra, the dying saviour-god of Persia; about Krishna, the saviour-god of India; of Christ, the Christian saviour-god; about Quexalcote, the Christ of the Aztecs of Mexico, and others. The beliefs concerning them all were similar, and relate how these god-men had come from Heaven, had led good lives on earth, been sacrificed as priestly victims, and been seen after death, from which revelation it was believed that the curse of death had been broken and Heaven opened to all believers. Each priestly victim was first a man, to be elevated after death to rank with the Father-god in Heaven because of this reappearance.

The hymns sung in praise to them all, and the prayers offered up to them, were similar to Christian hymns and prayers, and the priests, to keep the people in remembrance of them, continued the eucharist, and staged passion plays such as take place in our time at Oberammergau in Bavaria. The full programme of the one staged to depict the passion drama of Bel, the saviour of the Babylonians, was discovered not so long ago, written on clay bricks exactly as it was set down some four thousand years ago. This was copied by the writers of the Gospels, to become known as the Christian Passion Drama.

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I have been told by Etherians that the numerous earth religious beliefs prevail in Etheria only amongst the least developed, but even these forget them in time. Many orthodox Christians, for instance, expect after death a great welcome at the throne of God, and are much surprised to find that beyond the lowest plane the religious beliefs held by the people of earth cause no interest amongst their new companions, in a land where there are no churches, priests or religious organisations such as we have on earth. Then the orthodox learn slowly that it is what they are that counts, and that each must rely on himself, or herself, to develop in mind and character so as to progress to higher realms. Likewise the belief that some saviour has paid the price for our transgressions, that most immoral of all religious doctrines, is in time abandoned, this earth crutch is discarded, and the orthodox of all faiths come to realise the many mistakes they have made, and the many errors they have accepted without rational thought in their life on earth. Then progress commences.

One of the many mistakes organised religion has made the world over, is to limit the benefits which the believers were promised by the priests to the religion only into which they were baptised, all worshippers of other faiths being considered as outcasts. This ignorance and intolerance led to wars, persecutions and cruelty for thousands of years everywhere throughout the

world, but, as the foregoing séance reveals, Wallaho and his squaw arrived safely in the beautiful Summerland, as did the other non-Christian

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American Indians. In previous séances, besides Japanese, the natives of India and Africa and other non-Christians told of their happiness in their new beautiful world. Spiritualism certainly breaks down religious isolationism and intolerance, which has been the cause of as much misery throughout the world as any other human failing.

Believers in Reincarnation will find no confirmation of their opinions in the foregoing series of séances, and their attention should be directed to the remark made by Mrs. Colquhoun in Etheria to her daughter, Miss Colquhoun, on earth. Mrs. Colquhoun remarked that when her daughter passed on both would be together for all eternity. Progress, forever progress to some far-off goal, is what our etheric friends tell us takes place for all who wish it, and this is so much more satisfying than those repeated incarnations in which half the human race believes without an iota of evidence.

One final paragraph with regard to the colour of our bodies. Our skins on earth are coloured, according to where we dwell, but these coloured skins are left on earth when we die, the colour of the etheric body being the same for all, for white, red, black, brown and the yellow races. So Sophie Sunshine is no longer black, and Mr. Cameron, at an earlier sitting, was given further information on this subject.

We shall now pass on and read what transpired at the next séance.

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CHAPTER XIX

MEETING AT MRS. BOWES' HOUSE,
MAXWELL PARK, GLASGOW

Saturday, 10th March, 1945

Present: MR. JOHN SLOAN, MRS. LILLIAS BOWES, MISS CRISSIE COLQUHOUN, MRS. CRISSIE LANG, MR. ALEXANDER HART, MISS JEAN DEARIE, CAPTAIN EDWARD ALTREE.

WE were just about to open the Meeting when the clock struck three. Mrs. Bowes remarked: "I did not mean to wind the chimes of that clock. They are a bit jangly. Of course, it is very old. It belonged to my Grandmother."

A voice from the other side said :

"Don't say that about my clock."

Mrs. Bowes laughed, and said: "I love your clock, Granny, as you know, but the bell-knocker is not working properly, I think."

Mr. Sloan said : "What clock is that—the one in the hall? Oh, that is a beautiful clock."

Granny replied :

"And he has a beautiful voice. God bless him."

We then sang Nearer, my God, to Thee, and repeated The Lord's Prayer.

A lady's voice said :

"You are a great stranger, Mrs. Lang, although you are not really a stranger, for I often see you when you do not see me."

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Mrs. Lang replied : "I wish I could see you and know just the times you are with me."

Mrs. Sloan (for it was she) then said :

"Oh for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a loving voice,"

and Mrs. Lang felt fingers patting her on the top of her head. She said: "Who is that touching me?", and the voice replied :

"It is just me touching you. Nanna (Mrs. Sloan), you know. Alex, how are you ? It is Mammy. And my dear old man, how are you ?"

Mr. Sloan replied : "I'm a lot better. My legs are a lot better. Thanks very much."

The trumpet touched Miss Dearie gently all over her head and face, and a voice said :

"Jean, Jean, it is just Mary. Darling, how are you ?"

Miss Dearie replied : "I am all right, Mary. Are you going to tell me what you are doing?"

The trumpet fell over just then, and Mrs. Bowes picked it up.

Mary said :

"Maybe that was my blame. I cannot tell."

Mrs. Bowes said: "Oh no, dear. Come away and talk to us," but she seemed to have lost the vibration, for nothing further was said.

Mr. Sloan, who is both clairaudient and clairvoyant, said:

"There is a young lad standing beside Captain Atree, and I get the name Billie."

Captain Atree replied :

"I could place a Willie. He was known here as Willie."

A lady's voice then said to Captain Atree :

"Mammy Annie. My darling boy, God bless you."

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Captain Atree replied: "God bless you, dear. I say, Mother, have you met my little nephew, Teddie Crow?"

She replied :

"I am not allowed just now to see him. He is being taken care of by the Sisters."

Captain Atree said: "He was called after me, you know."

His Mother replied :

"Yes, I know that."

A boy's voice then said :

"I am Teddie. Uncle Teddy. Uncle Teddy. Just across the borderline I am speaking to you. I love you, Uncle Teddy."

Captain Atree replied : "You are all right, Teddie."

The boy replied :

"You know I feel it. I miss them."

His uncle said: "Your Mummy and Daddy feel it very much."

His nephew said :

"It will take some time, Uncle, but I know you understand, and oh, it is grand to feel that we can speak across the borderline. There is no death in this great land of love. It is just a grand experience—just sublime."

Captain Atree said : "Have you a message for your little brother, Teddie?"

Teddie replied :

"Just tell him I often see him and I often speak to him but he does not always hear me. Sometimes I think he does. Tell him if he looks into the mirror I will try and look over his shoulder but he is not to be frightened."

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His uncle said: "Sometimes he looks at your photograph."

The boy replied :

"Yes, I see him doing that, and sometimes he kisses it, and I say 'God bless you, dear.' "

Another voice said :

"You know, Ladies and Gentlemen, it is such a nice thing to know that the love we have in the earth life follows us over here, and we never lose touch with you. May your paths be paths of blessedness and peace. That was not Teddie who was speaking to you, Captain Atree. Another spoke for him."

Captain Atree replied: "I quite understand. It was thought transference."

The voice answered :

"Exactly so. I am glad you understand that, my brother."

Another voice said :

"Tom. It is Tom. I am glad to see you here, Crissie" (Mrs. Lang).

Mrs. Lang replied: "Which Tom is it?"

The voice turned to Mr. Hart :

"Alex, Alex, I tried my best to get things working so that I would be here today. I thought I would manage to come. I am your brother Tom,

Crissie. God bless you, dear. I thought you would have recognised my voice."

Mrs. Lang said : "No, Tom, I would not have recognised it, but I suppose it is the vibration you have got."

He replied :

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"It is not so much the vibration, but I am speaking at a great distance. It is not transmitted. I am speaking myself, but I have not the ability of Arthur for managing to get it through."

Arthur Lang spoke then, and said :

"My Mother, I always keep in touch with you. God bless you, my precious Mother."

Mrs. Lang said: "Thank you, dear. It is a long time since I heard your voice."

Arthur replied :

"I often speak to you, Mother, but you do not hear me, and I try to make you feel me near you."

Another voice said :

"It is Father now" (Mr. Greenlees).

Mrs. Lang said: "Another Tom. How are you, Father?"

He replied :

"Splendid, splendid, but you are getting thin, Crissie, and, yes, you are a little bit whiter."

Mrs. Lang said : "Well, the years roll on, you know, and we cannot always remain the same."

Her Father replied :

"That is so. It is that way for all of you. God bless you, Mrs. Bowes. I am glad to see Crissie in your home, and this is bringing you a little nearer to someone. I should rather say a few, not one, but many will be there to welcome you in God's good time."

Mrs. Bowes' brother then said :

"Yes, in His good time, and when that comes I shall be there. I am Jim. You will find a difference when you come to our side. All the tangled skeins will be unraveled, and you will have no more worry about anything."

Another voice said to Mrs. Lang :

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"Mrs. Lang, I am speaking for Nellie."

Mrs. Lang said : "Oh, that is nice. Tell me how Nellie is getting on."

Nellie then spoke :

"I have no halting walk now, Crissie, and I am never tired. It is so beautiful to walk about here. Life was getting rather difficult for me, Crissie, and all my trials are over now. Oh, it is Heaven at last—to be home."

A voice which seemed to be just in front of Miss Dearie said :

"Are you finished writing yet ?"

Miss Dearie replied : "Well, dear friend, I am just taking down what is being said."

The voice said :

"Oh, I am not referring to you, Miss Dearie. I was speaking to the gentleman here, to Mr. Altree, I think. Are you engaged in writing anything at the present time ?"

Captain Altree replied : "No, I often have an urge to write, but I keep putting it off and have not done so yet."

The voice said :

"You need not have the slightest fear. You will get inspiration, and you will make it a success. Don't let anything slip that comes to you. Just take time to jot it down as the thoughts come, and, when you see them in writing, you will know just how to place them and piece them together. There are thoughts that come to you from time to time from your friends on our side, but you cannot retain them for any length of time. To try to memorise them is no good, but if you jot them down on paper, then you will remember them. I will help you in that work."

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Captain Altree replied : "Thank you, friend. Yes, I will certainly try that. Thank you for the advice."

The voice replied :

"You know, my dear friend, I forget your name again. Is it Captain Altree ? That is a beautiful name. May the tree of life, with its fruits and flowers blooming so brightly, be very near to you, Mr. Altree, and may your rest in the evening of your daytime be sweet, and allow you to dream and compose your thoughts for others. Now, don't miss an opportunity. They will be beautiful reading afterwards.

"I am one of the Directors, Mrs. Lang. Just wanting to give this dear friend of yours a little bit of advice if he will take it. His mind is so filled with beautiful thoughts and aspirations that they would be beneficial to others, but he forgets them, and, if he will just jot them down as they come to him, they will be a help and joy to others in the days to come.

"Mr. Altree, your world wants these gems, the thoughts you get and try to memorise, so I want you to write them down. You are a little apt to say 'Well now, it is not worth bothering about.' You are sowing the seed, you know, if you jot down what you get. You are sowing the seed and doing it nobly. Never fear to write down, or speak, about this subject when you feel you are impressed."

When the Director had finished, Captain Altree remarked to us: "It is strange that I sometimes feel impelled to speak. For instance, in a railway carriage the other day, we got on to this subject, and I started speaking fluently about it, and then afterwards I wondered what had made me do that."

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The Director replied :

"You were impressed to do it, my brother, as you often are, and I would advise you, when you get these impressions, just to express your thoughts, and if you have any difficulty in memorising them, jot them down."

Captain Altree said : "Do you mean me to take a pencil and just put down what I get—inspirational writing?"

The voice replied :

"That is exactly what I mean, and we will help you, my brother."

Mr. Sloan now remarked : "It's tame tonight, right enough."

A voice replied :

"Ingratitude personified."

Mr. Lang then spoke to Mrs. Lang :

"It's a long time since I had the pleasure of speaking to you, Crissie."

Mrs. Lang asked: "Who is speaking?", and heard in reply :

"Bob. Hello, Alex."

Mr. Hart replied : "Hello, Uncle Bob."

Mr. Lang now spoke to his wife :

"I am so sorry to see you looking a little frail, never mind."

Mrs. Lang replied: "No, I don't mind—much." Mr. Lang said :

"Did you hear that ?—'I don't mind-much.' I think you are exceptionally brave. Hello, Miss Colquhoun, this is Robert Lang speaking to you. I am so pleased to be speaking to Crissie (Mrs. Lang) in Mrs. Bowes' house. Thank you very much,

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Mrs. Bowes. It is very, very nice to be speaking to Crissie again, and you are getting much better now, Crissie."

Mrs. Lang replied : "Well, maybe," to which Mr. Lang remarked :

"Not so sure, eh ! Of course you are, but, you know, when one climbs the hill of life it is difficult to realise that we are getting on. We cannot go on always at the same pace, you know."

Mr. Sloan remarked : "I am going down the hill, anyway, and I felt very frail for a bit, but I'm feeling better now."

Mr. Lang was encouraging :

"Oh, John Sloan, that is all right. You will get it all back again."

Mr. Sloan replied: "If it wasna for my old knees I could do anything yet."

Mr. Lang exclaimed :

"Did you ever hear that man content ?"

Mr. Sloan said: "I am sure that is not Mr. Lang saying that to me."

Mrs. Lang asked: "Was it you, Bob?", and he replied :

"I was a wee bit impetuous myself, you know, and if I could not get things done just as I wanted them to be done, at once, I just lost patience altogether. Miss Colquhoun, it is Robert Lang who is speaking. I have the honour of having your dear Mother here with me."

Miss Colquhoun's Mother then spoke and said to her :

"I have been so pleased to come here with Mr. Lang, and get a walk with him. God bless you, dear."

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Miss Colquhoun asked : "Mother, have you seen James yet, James Cuthbertson? You know he passed over."

Her Mother replied :

"Oh, Crissie, I did not know he was here. Do take my love to them. Be sure and say it came from this side. It has just been veiled from me for a little while, but I will try and get in touch with him now that I know."

Miss Colquhoun and Mrs. Bowes then felt fingers on their heads, and a man's voice said :

"In my hands, in my heart, and in mine eyes, I bring to thee all the gifts that God can send, and in the days when enlightenment will come, you will know and understand why these benefits come to you, my friends. You are a wonderful little lady, Miss Dearie. Your service to others in recording our words will be amply rewarded."

Miss Dearie replied : "Thank you very much, dear friend."

One of us asked who was speaking, and the reply sounded like :

"Archie Lees,"

but we could not make out the first name exactly. It may have been R. J. Lees, the author of *Through the Mists* and other psychic books. Mr. Lees then went on to say :

"It is difficult in these times. The vibrations on this side are not just so clear as we would like."

Mr. Sloan said : "This is terrible. You will ken the difference, Mrs. Lang. The old box is finished, absolutely finished this time."

A voice from the spirit side said in a joking voice :

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"Oh, but you have been finished for a long, long time."

Whitefeather used to call Sloan "his box" when he controlled him.

Then another voice said :

"You are all rather melancholy tonight. Why don't you sing ?"

So we sang: They are winging, they are winging, and afterwards Mrs. Sloan spoke and said :

"That was very nice. Thank you, Mrs. Bowes. It was nice of you to sing my hymn, and I am so pleased to see you, Mrs. Lang, amongst all the dear friends today. May you have strength given to you to carry on for a long while yet. Bless you, dear, I would like to say a few words to each one of you because you have all been so kind and good to my dear old man, and he is very lonely."

Mr. Sloan said: "I am all right, Mammy dear. I'm not lonely a bit. I am all right. Don't you worry about me at all, dearie, for I'm all right now."

Mrs. Sloan went on :

"God bless you, Captain Atree. You never have a lonely heart like my dear old man."

A man's voice said :

"Atree, that is a fine name, and you are 'all three.' "

Captain Atree laughed, and replied : "Yes, that is right. How did you know?"

The voice replied :

"I know, for I see you often."

Captain Atree enquired : "Who is that now, I wonder?"

The voice replied :

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"Scratch your head again. Old friends should never be forgotten-Mac. Go ahead, say Betty. There are several on this side who are ministering to him at the present time. You are doing a noble duty in what you are carrying through. You know what I mean, and it will not be forgotten."

Captain Atree understood and replied : "Oh, that is all right," and his etheric friend continued :

"I know it is all right, but I want to tell you that these things are never forgotten. They come back to you in countless blessings which you will realise when they come. Supreme blessings, which you know, are not from this earthly side of life, but from the source where you have been sending them for a long time. I think you will know by that what I mean."

"Thank you," replied Captain Atree, and then Arthur Lang spoke :

"My own Mother. Arthur speaking. God bless my lovely Mother."

Mrs. Lang said: "How are things going with you on your side, Arthur? Are you busy?" He replied :

"I am always busy. You know, Mother dear, how I was placed, practically in the same position as many of the boys are this time, and I am helping them and looking after them all I can. It is a very pleasant duty. Your hair, dear, is getting too white for my liking."

Arthur Lang was killed in the First World War. Mrs. Lang's Father first spoke to his grandson, Arthur, on his side, and then to his daughter :

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"Arthur, you must not think of her in that way. She must move with the times, you know. I am Tom Greenlees. I am trying to put my hand on your head. God bless you, Crissie."

Mrs. Lang said: "Oh, what a strong hand is pressing on my head! It feels quite heavy."

Her Father said :

"I did not mean to hurt you, my dear."

Mrs. Lang replied: "Oh no, you are not hurting me. It was lovely to feel that strong hand."

A lady's voice now broke in :

"Well, you know, Mrs. Lang, he is going to try and give you a little strength because you are in need of it. It is Nanna (Mrs. Sloan) speaking."

Mrs. Lang said, rather wonderingly : "Nanna," and Mrs. Sloan, noticing her hesitation, enquired:

"Have you stopped calling me Nanna on your side ? It is Mammy Sloan, Mrs. Lang. You have been very shaky on your feet for a while. I have seen you walking about, and you are not just what you used to be."

Arthur Lang then continued :

"Never mind, dear, if you can walk. You can still come to the gate to meet me. Mother, it is Arthur. The still quiet voice of Arthur just speaking to his Mother dear. God bless you, Mother."

Mrs. Lang asked: "Are those your fingers on my head just now, Arthur?", and he replied :

"One, two, three, four, five."

Mrs. Lang said the fingers tapped her on the head, each one separately, as he was counting.

The trumpet then touched Mrs. Bowes, and a voice said :

"Jim, Jim. It is Jim. My darling, how are you, my darling ?"

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Mrs. Bowes replied to her brother : "Oh, Jim darling, God bless you. I am so glad you have come to speak to me," and he went on :

"Do you miss me, darling ? Yes, we thought it was bad enough at the time, my dear, but when we look back at the days that have gone and see the tragedy of the world today, we think ours is light. Gladdie (his wife) and I are together now, and I do not feel the parting so much because we are watching over you, and we know that in God's good time we will meet again, just across the borderline. It makes life very much worth living, does it not ?"

Mrs. Bowes replied : "Indeed it does, darling."

Jim, her brother, continued :

"Captain Altree, I am sure you understand that as well. The knowledge that those whom we have loved in earth life can come back and touch

you and talk to you is a great boon indeed, and a great blessing, is it not ?"

Captain Atree replied : "A great boon indeed, and it is only in its infancy."

Jim replied :

"It is up to each one of you stalwarts to scatter the seed of truth, and see that it falls on good ground. Let the world know that there is no death in God's great garden of love."

Captain Atree said: "I believe in fifty years' time it will all be taken as a matter of course, just as things are taken in that way now that would have been thought impossible in our Grandfathers' time."

Then we heard a new voice which anticipated the future :

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"Hear, hear! It is just coming to that. We will pop in, in the night, and talk to you and go away again, and it will all be considered quite normal. All of you just do your best to spread this truth, no matter how hard it may be, just a kindly word, a kindly thought, a good aspiration, or kind deeds. All these things help."

The trumpet gently touched Miss Dearie, and a man's voice made the following correct forecast:

"Whatever words you write will live after you, my dear."

She asked who was speaking, and he replied :

"Father."

Miss Dearie said: "Oh, thank you, dear. Do come and speak to me, Father," but he must have lost the vibration, as she got no reply.

We sang the hymn Loved ones in glory looking this way, and afterwards Miss Colquhoun got touches from the trumpet.

Then a lady's voice said :

"It is just Mother, Crissie, speaking to you. God bless you, my own dear lassie. How I love to look at you. I am stroking your hair, and I would just like to take a little lock away with me. But it is all right, I will tell them that I had patted you on the head."

Miss Colquhoun asked: "How is Father?", and immediately a man's voice said :

"Have you ever heard me complain ? Are you all right, Crissie ?"

We heard Miss Colquhoun's Mother say :

"I have," evidently in reply to the question about complaining.

Her Father then said :

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"Never mind, Crissie, the jubilee will sound before long, and peace is near. It is the sore hearts that are left behind that is the trouble, but they are all in the Father's keeping, and do not retard them by sad thoughts—keep bright. We are just allowed to go so far and no further in telling you when peace is coming, but it is coming very soon."

Another voice said :

"God bless you all, and Mr. Atree. He has wonderful thoughts and aspirations that come into his mind, in the still quiet hours of the evening, which he intends to write down, but he forgets just to put that intention into practice. We who know a little more about the subject should be able to lead others onwards. I am speaking about such as you, Mr. Atree, and those of you who have long experience."

Mr. Sloan became very annoyed with all this, and exclaimed : "I knew nothing would happen tonight," when a voice said :

"Listen to this awful man."

Pathfinder then spoke to Mrs. Lang :

"This is Pathfinder speaking. I know your path has been rather difficult. I think you know what I mean, friend Lang, and I am going to support you and you will get through all right. Never fear, have courage and fortitude, keep your faith strong, and those who love you will stand by you and all will be well. God bless you. I have just a little while ago left your beloved boy, Arthur. He is right out amongst the soldier boys just now."

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Evidently Pathfinder did not know that Arthur Lang had left the soldier boys for a time to speak to his Mother. There is constant coming and going on the

other side during a séance, and they do not sit still as we do at séances on earth. Pathfinder continued :

"You have no conception of the host of spirits coming into the other side of life at the present time, and it is such a big undertaking to try and help them all."

Captain Atree remarked : "Some of them won't know where they are."

Pathfinder replied:

"That is the thing, to get them to understand, for some are coming over with such confused ideas about the other side of life that it is difficult, very difficult, to help them. I am Pathfinder."

Another voice said :

"You know I am not hurrying you to close, but the time sometimes comes when the power goes down, and I feel now that there is not much power left, a power that is satisfactory, you know. This is just an old friend of your circle speaking."

Pathfinder returned and said :

"This is Pathfinder. I just leave it to yourselves. Don't cause yourselves any uneasiness about us. I shall not leave you. Pathfinder will do his best to make himself known to each one of you by and by and bit by bit. I mean in your own homes, at the evening quietude, I shall try, with the Great Master's co-operation and help."

Mrs. Bowes said : "That is kind, Pathfinder. Thank you so much."

He replied :

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"God bless you, Mrs. Bowes. It is so nice to hear you name me in that way. May I be able to walk in a path that no one who may follow in Pathfinder's footsteps may err therein."

Mr. Sloan agreed. "We will never have any fear about following the Indians, any one of them. They were the dearest friends I ever had."

John Lamont now spoke :

"It is John Lamont speaking now. I am speaking at a great distance. I want you, Miss Dearie, to record to the best of your ability the aspirations we would like to send to those who are waiting outside (the

general public). **Just tell them all, Miss Dearie, that in this circle and those associated with this circle and another circle (Mr. Phoenix's circle) you have the nucleus of a great force from whose beautiful surroundings you can get messages from time to time, and to that nucleus will be added fresh members now and again from our side, who have been loving and beloved friends of your own."**

Arthur Lang spoke again :

"I hope I may be one of the chosen, Mother dear. I have noticed that your heart was hungering sometimes for a little word from us, Mother dear. How I wish you could understand that we live in and through you in your everyday life, trying to succour, and striving to strengthen you in every way. God bless you, and God bless you, Alex."

We then heard Arthur calling to someone :

"Elliot, Elliot, quick,"

and shortly after another voice said :

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"Oh, hello, Mrs. Lang. This is Dan Elliot speaking. I got a message flashed to me from Arthur to come and see you. I always remember these beautiful days in the old times. Oh, dear, dear days, these memories of the happy times at dear old Cowglen. I remember the pencilling of the stone on the green."

Mrs. Lang said : "I still have that stone."

He replied :

"I know, Mrs. Lang. I will be coming more often to you as opportunity occurs. I am not in touch, Captain Aintree. I have lost the cord, the cord that I used to use. I think you will understand, Mrs. Lang.

Mrs. Lang answered : "What do you think of Walter now?"

Dan Elliot replied :

"Oh, what did you say, Mrs. Lang ?"

Mrs. Lang repeated : "I was wondering if you knew what Walter has been doing."

He replied :

"He has been having a grand time."

Mrs. Lang said: "Oh, you know about it." Dan replied :

"Of course, I know all about him. We are looking after him as best we can. Dan is speaking—Dan Elliot. Of course, we cannot just get hold of him and make him do as we want him to do. He is just as stubborn as ever he was, but we were the best of friends. Oh, these were the happy days in that old library."

Then, addressing Arthur Lang on his own side :

"Oh, these were the days, Arthur, old boy."

Arthur replied :

"Yes, dear, dear days."

Mrs. Lang agreed and then asked: "Do you ever see Daisy?"

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Arthur answered :

"Yes, I see her often."

Then another voice broke in :

"It is not for us to put before you now. It takes all your attention, Mrs. Bowes, and I am sure you bear me out, Mr. Atree. There should be no laggards in the world today. We have all got a duty to perform, and, if we do not do it, we just have to suffer. There is nothing like being straightforward and to the point."

Captain Atree said: "Now I wonder who that is?" The voice replied :

"Aye, I'm sure you know. Blairgowrie, dear old Blairgowrie,"

and we heard the sound of a railway engine slowly puffing. Unknown to the sitters at the time, the ambling Blairgowrie puffing train is a local joke.

When the puffing died away, Miss Dearie remarked: "The voice sounds like a Fifer" (a native of Fife), and the reply came at once :

"And what is wrong with a Fifer, unless it be that they are just a bit too clever for you all ? You will need to be up early to get the better o' a Fifer, but you will never get a better friend in life, if you get a good straightforward Fifer. A good conscience is a great possession, but

there is no evil that cannot be eradicated by the Power of the Great White Spirit. It depends on the clay the potter has got to work on. Some are so stubborn.

"I am not a Fifer, and, although you can lead a horse to the trough, my faith, you cannot make it drink. It is a selfish world today. It is filled and mixed with so many tragedies of life that we on this

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side don't exactly know how to move, or how to cope with, the teeming multitudes that are wandering about here seeking our help. It is a terrible experience, and we need your help. You can all in your souls carry a prayer to the Great White Spirit to help and succour those who are in desperate straits—wandering in the unknown regions of the Spirit Land, wondering where to go."

Another voice enquired :

"Captain Atree, did you know a William Atree ?—a little far back, you know. This is one that was a long time before you. He is not one whom you knew in earth life, but he is one that you have heard many beautiful stories about."

Another voice interrupted :

"And now I think it is about time to stop. There has been a great deal taken out of you dear people today, unknown to you, and there are some of you not just in the best condition to be sapped. However, you must judge for yourselves if you have been long enough. Do not consider us for we are at your service to do what we can. There is so little we can do for you, Miss Colquhoun, but we are doing our best for you at all times. I am glad to see that physically you are much better. We would just like to see all you dear friends in perfect health physically."

Then a new voice broke in :

"Hello, Ted."

Captain Atree asked: "Who is it?"

The voice said :

"Jimmie, have you heard of Jimmie Atree ? Oh, well, James, if you like it better. I was known as 'Jimmie'."

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Captain Atree asked: "Is it Grandfather?" The voice replied :

"Of course it is Grandfather, surely you ken your own Grandfather ?"

Captain Atree said : "You know the thing you were connected with in this earth life. Well, I have never managed to follow it up since."

His Grandfather said :

"It is not very easy. Don't you find it surprising how, in these days, without any effort, information will come to you, just spontaneously, without effort on your part ? Have you ever tried writing ?"

Captain Atree said: "I have often thought of it, and I have been told about that today."

His Grandfather said :

"Any time you feel inclined to sit down and write, do so, and you will get something."

Captain Atree said : "Do you mean in my own room, in my bedroom?"

The reply was :

"Anywhere, so long as you are quiet and can relax, and we will tell you what to write."

Captain Atree said : "Do you mean inspirational writing, Grandfather?", to receive the reply:

"I mean just that. I am not able to tell you who will help, but that will be told you afterwards."

Captain Atree said : "Thank you, Grandfather. I will try that."

A lady's voice then said to Mrs. Lang :

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"Are you feeling better now ? Are you gaining a little strength, dear ? Yes, I am speaking to you, Crissie Lang. You were very frail for a wee while, just about as frail as I was. It is Nellie speaking. I am looking at Alex here, and he is straight and strong and well, and you never hear a grumble out of Alex. He is always 'all right' himself and every other body is all right. That is what he is always like."

Mr. Hart said: "Thank you. Can you tell us what time it is?"

She replied :

"It is just about five o'clock," and that turned out to be correct.

Mr. Lang then drew the proceedings to a close by remarking :

"Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, this is just me speaking. I think you have prolonged it long enough. I am speaking not for myself, I could continue for a long time, but for the benefit of those who are not in too good a state of health meantime, I urge you to be careful, you know what I mean. It is old Bob Lang speaking. Good night."

Mrs. Bowes said: "Well, friends, will someone close for us?"

A voice said :

"May the light and the knowledge of Truth be thy pathway, may the guiding hands of the Shining Ones above take you by the hand and lead you gently in the right way, and for all the benefits which you have received during the days and hours of your life, give thanks to the Great God, as we do. Amen."

We sang the Doxology, and this ended the Sitting.

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The séance recorded in this chapter introduces us to another aspect of Spiritualism. Down the centuries we read of inspirational writing, and of those who claimed to have the faculty to write coherently, without conscious effort. Today this is called automatic writing, but we on earth experience only the effect without seeing the cause. Here, in this séance, the other side of automatic writing is revealed to us, and we can now understand something about the cause.

Evidently someone on the other side realised that Captain Altree was a good medium for the conveyance of written messages from Etheria to earth. So this Etherian told him what to do and that he, or someone else, would supply the ideas which he would write down. That is the etheric side of the problem, but what have these automatic writers to tell us? Stainton Moses, one of the best known, explained that when he first experienced it, his right arm was firmly controlled about the middle of the forearm, and that gradually his hand wrote sensible English without his exercising any control whatever. Others have had similar experiences to begin with, but any unpleasant feeling passed away in time.

There are many phases of automatic writing, such as (1) writing in trance; (2) the more indifferent the automatist is, the more easily he will write; (3) writing something consciously with your right hand and unconsciously something different with your left, or vice versa; (4) writing in foreign languages unknown to the automatist; (5) writing in a character and style quite different from the automatist's normal; (6) writing coherently about things the automatist knows nothing; (7) writing upside down; (8) writing backwards, each word spelt from the last letter to the

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first, yet readable and sensible when the paper is turned over and in this position held up to the light; and lastly (9) writing at great speed, Miss Geraldine Cummins producing parts of the Scripts of Cleophas at the rate of 2000 words an hour.

If we read ancient literature we constantly come across abnormal happenings, the claim to write inspirationally being only one. Another is the hearing of voices, the one who heard believing that God, or one of the gods, had spoken to him. In the Bible, for instance, the hearing of the Direct Voice is mentioned on seventy occasions. Many of the great in times past were undoubtedly mediums, their special gifts being clairaudience and clairvoyance. They either claimed these gifts for themselves or others did so for them, this being done for such well-known men and women as Socrates, Deborah, Samuel, Moses, Paul, Jesus, Cicero, Apollonius, Mahomet, Plotinus, Porphyry, Apuleius, Joan of Arc, Swedenborg and Florence Nightingale. Philo could write for hours at great speed with no thought or effort. Many more must have been likewise gifted, but they did not become historical characters. However, these men and women of earlier times were the forerunners of the outstanding mediums who became famous within the past hundred years.

In 1848 what is called modern Spiritualism was born, the mediumship of two American girls, Margaret and Kate, who lived at Hydesville in New York State, the daughters of John David Fox, attracting public attention. Fortunately for them and for humanity at large, the burning or drowning of witches had by then been abandoned, and they were allowed to live

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and demonstrate their wonderful psychic power, which first manifested by means of unseen raps. Soon it was found that one or more intelligences were behind these raps, words being spelled out, one rap, for instance, representing the letter "A", two raps for "B", and so on. Sentences were thus composed and important unknown information was given which was later found to be true. Committee after committee was appointed to expose these

children as frauds, and, when they could not do so, to discover the cause of the phenomenon.

Thus began Modern Spiritualism, the outcome of scientific investigation. For the first time in history psychic phenomena were studied by means of observation and experience, which is the basis of science, the consequences being the discovery that the fear of hell, by which orthodox religion had flourished in the past, was unfounded and that how we lived on earth determined our place in the other world. Natural religion, and an advanced new philosophy, thus came into being, to become known as Spiritualism, and today there are Spiritualist churches and Psychical Research societies throughout the world, especially in most of the towns of Great Britain, the United States, France, Sweden, Denmark, Brazil, Canada, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand.

In the early days Spiritualists suffered from persecution, ostracism and misrepresentation. Their deadly enemy was the Christian Church, which saw its foundations giving and its walls cracking. This huge edifice of creeds, dogmas and doctrines, which had been built up over the first four Christian centuries, is a whited sepulchre, sheltering the dead bones of

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the past. Consequently it became realised by those who called themselves Spiritualists that if happiness in Heaven came from living a good life on earth, a saviour from Hell was unnecessary, the Eucharist was a meaningless ceremony, and the entire Christian scheme of salvation was just another of the misconceptions theology has built up because of man's ignorance and fear of death.

So serious did the outlook become for the Christian Church that the Archbishop of Canterbury appointed a committee to inquire into the problem. This body, of ten priests and churchmen, delivered its finding in 1938, and, much to the surprise and consternation of Dr. Lang and the bishops, seven signed the majority report in favour of the claims of Spiritualism, while three reserved judgment. If the finding had been the other way it would have been published at once, but, as this was not so, the report, with the approval of all the bishops, was suppressed and never published. It was not until 1947 that Psychic News secured a copy from a member of the committee, which it published, much to the annoyance of Dr. Fisher, the present Archbishop of Canterbury.

Whatever the upholders of ignorance have to say, however much they may try to keep the people from gaining knowledge of the after life, the fact remains that instead of death being a curse to be feared, as Theology has proclaimed in the past, instead of saviours being needed to save erring mankind from the wrath of God, the very opposite is the case, as man is not a fallen but an

evolving being. After birth, which makes us conscious of this world, death intensifies the consciousness of living and puts right

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what is wrong here. Even those who die young, or before old age is reached, are the gainers from the change. If death did not occur, we all would slip into old age, feebleness, poverty, pain and wretchedness. The helpless cannot continue indefinitely to inhabit the earth, and they must cast off the physical body to enjoy the delights of Etheria in the etheric body which never grows old.

The séances recorded in this book reveal to us that death should hold no terror for us, because it is the door through which we reach another and happier phase of our existence. Those who die as infants, or still-born, are brought back to earth to be taught the experiences they have missed. Death is only the loss of the sensation of physical vibrations, and the appreciation of a higher range of the vibrations which make up the Universe.

Our knowledge of what follows death intensifies our confidence in natural law, and increases the dignity of man because we now know that life on earth with its thrills and pangs, its ecstasy and its tears, its gleams and shadows, its wreaths and its crowns, its thorns and its roses, its glories and its failures, is but a preparation, a school which all must pass through to learn life's lesson, a lesson which does not end on earth, but is for ever being taught. The more our understanding enlarges, the more we progress.

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CHAPTER XX

MEETING AT MISS COLQUHOUN'S HOSE,
POLLOKSHIELDS, GLASGOW

Tuesday, 10th July, 1945

Present: MR. JOHN SLOAN, MISS CRISSIE COLQUHOUN, MRS. CRISSIE LANG, MRS. JANIE RICHARDSON, MRS. SAM SLOAN (ISA), MISS JEAN DEARIE, MRS. LILLIAS BOWES.

WE opened the Sitting with the usual hymn, Nearer, my God, to Thee, and a man's voice from the other side sang along with us all the time. We then repeated The Lord's Prayer, and, when we finished, Miss Colquhoun wondered if the conditions were good.

A voice replied :

"Everything is all right,"

and Mr. Sloan remarked : "I am glad you are so sanguine."

The voice said :

"Where did you get that word, friend Sloan ?"

Mr. Sloan replied : "I am sure I don't know. It just came out."

Miss Dearie remarked about the voice that had sung with us during the opening hymn, and most of the others said they had not heard it. The trumpet touched her, and a man's voice said :

"Who is it that has such a fine ear as to distinguish my singing ?"

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Then, turning to Mrs. Lang, he said :

"Hello, are you wanting me to say who it is, Mother ?"

and the trumpet touched Mrs. Lang. Evidently it was Arthur Lang. The trumpet then touched Mrs. Bowes, and a voice said :

"Is that Mrs. Bowes ? There are some of your boy's friends here on this side. I cannot just tell who they are at present. Is there a Willie Boyd ?"

Mrs. Bowes said: "I am not sure."

Then came silence, and Mrs. Bowes asked: "Is David Buchanan there?"

The voice replied :

"I was just about to speak of David, dear friend. I just wondered why you did not mention him sooner. He is all right."

Mrs. Bowes said : "Will you convey my love to David? Bill (on earth) was very sorry to hear about it."

The voice replied :

"I know. We were all sorry about it."

Mrs. Bowes said : "I think Bill could help David if he needs it."

David spoke then and said :

"I am not dead. I am very much alive, Mrs. Bowes. God bless you. I wish I could just get that message taken home."

Mrs. Bowes said: "Yes, dear, but I doubt I could not voice it unless an opening comes." David replied :

"No, it is not possible just now."

Mrs. Bowes enquired : "David, will you help Archie as much as you can?"

A new voice replied :

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"Oh, we are watching him all right. This is not David speaking now. It is Father."

Mrs. Bowes said: "Which Father is it? Will you tell me that? It is not David's Father, as he is still in the body."

The voice said :

"Your Father."

After a short silence Mr. Sloan started whistling; and a voice said :

"I do not think you knew yourself that you were whistling, Mr. Sloan."

Mr. Sloan replied: "'Deed I did not, for I canna' whistle at all."

Mrs. Lang said: "That puts us in mind of Mr. Galloway. He was always very bright and cheery at a Sitting, and would sit and whistle."

Mr. Sloan said : "Oh aye, old Mr. Galloway was a fine man."

Mr. Galloway then spoke and said :

"Less of the 'old', John—there you go again. What about yourself ?"

Mr. Sloan said: "Well, Mr. Galloway, I am getting an old fellow now."

The trumpets rattled against each other, and Mrs. Lang remarked : "Mr. Galloway always said he would come back and rattle the trumpets after he got to the other side."

Mr. Galloway spoke again :

"I would like to rattle them a wee bit more,"

and he rattled them again vigorously. He said then to someone on his side :

"Come on and I will take you over to her. Come on.

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Another voice then said to Mrs. Lang :

"It is Bob (Mr. Lang). God bless you, my dear. Mr. Galloway brought me over to see you.

Mrs. Lang said : "Could you not come yourself, Bob? Do you see some of your roses, and they are Cowglen ones too?"

Mr. Lang said :

"I am looking, and they are very beautiful. It is not so nice at Cowglen now, Cris."

Mrs. Lang agreed. "There is no Cowglen now. It is nearly all away."

Mr. Lang replied :

"We had sad memories there, Cris, but we had very happy days also."

Arthur Lang now broke into the conversation :

"And we will have happy times again, my Mother dear. This is Arthur speaking. God bless you, darling."

Mrs. Lang said: "This is your old friend here, sitting next to me."

Mrs. Richardson said: "Oh, is that you, Arthur?", and he replied :

"God bless you, my dear, it is just Arthur."

Mrs. Lang asked: "How are you getting on, dear? Are you as busy as ever?"

He replied :

"More so,"

and then another quite different voice spoke :

"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."

We sang the hymn Loved ones in Glory looking this away, and while singing it a friend on the other side sang with us but used different words.

A voice then called :

"Fanny, Fanny."

Mrs. Lang replied: "Come away, dear. Janie is here."

The voice then said :

"God bless you, Janie. It is Fanny (Mrs. Janie Richardson's sister). Oh, my dear, I am so glad to see you."

Mrs. Richardson said: "Fanny, I am so glad to hear you speaking. Are you happy?" Fanny replied :

"I am so happy, darling, so happy. Oh, I wish I could take you in my arms and I would give you such a big hug. Gavin—come here."

Evidently she was calling to someone. Gavin now spoke :

"Hello, Janie, it is Gavin. I have just got in. Am I troubling you, Mrs. Lang ? I am not good at speaking. I have not got into the way of talking through this yet. Hello, Janie, you know I am here. Can you hear me? Life with us is just wonderful, although I do not know much about it yet, dear. We are allowed to go just so far and no further. I am speaking at a big distance from you just now, although I see you just as if I was looking through a telescope."

Mrs. Richardson said: "You are all right now, Gavin? You are well now?" He replied :

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"I have no pain now. In this land of light and liberty pain does not exist. There is no pain now."

Mrs. Richardson's Mother now spoke :

"My dear Janie, you have had your cares and your worries, but a Mother's love and a Mother's care will never leave you, and I will welcome you when God's good time comes, and Father too. We are often with you, unknown to you, cheering you when you are down. You have had some very melancholy spells, you know what I mean. Well, we have been very near to you then. Trust in God, Janie, and all will be well. God bless you, my lassie. Keep near to the Master and he will carry you through."

Mrs. Richardson said : "That did not sound like Mother's voice," to which Fanny replied :

"Janie, it is very difficult for us to get our voices just as you knew them in earth life. I am still beside you, darling. It is Fanny speaking now."

Mrs. Richardson said: "We often spoke about survival, didn't we, dear?"

Fanny replied :

"Yes, but I do not think I just understood it. I think you had a better grip of it, Janie, than I had, but when I came into the reality, into the beautiful home on this side of life, then I knew it was real."

Mrs. Richardson asked: "Is Aggie with you?", and Fanny replied :

"Not today, but I see her from time to time. We often go—it is difficult to tell you—I was going to say long walks in the beautiful Summerland. We both loved walking, as you know, and we do not forget, dear. When we feel that we have a hill to go up, we just think of being at the top, and that takes us right up, where we can view the beauties of the spirit land. We just start off from the point we are most suited for, and have not seen the Great Master so far, but those that have been here for a very long time tell us of the beauties and the splendors that we have still to behold."

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Then we heard a voice on the other side say to Fanny :

"How do you like to be speaking back home, Fan ? Hello, are you there, Janie ? How are you ?"

Mrs. Richardson replied : "Fairly well, thank you. Who is speaking to me?"

No reply was given because her Grandfather broke in :

"Good morning to you, my dear. The top of the morning to you."

Mrs. Richardson replied : "And the top of the morning to yourself if you will just tell me who you are."

He replied :

"It is a long lane that has no turning, you ken."

Mrs. Richardson said: "Well, that is fine. Are you happy, whoever you are?"

He replied :

"Of course I am happy. I do not think you remember me very well. It is your Grandfather. You had better say you had none, for I am perfectly sure you never saw me in earth life, and it is maybe just as well you didn't. Your granny used to say I was a gie girnle (very grumblin) auld man whiles, but she didn't mean it. She was a darling, just a darling."

Mrs. Richardson said: "My Grandfather has never spoken to me before," and then he went on to say why this was so :

"I do not think that you ever gave me much opportunity, by thinking about me. Otherwise I might have got nearer to you. God bless you, my dear."

Another voice said :

"I have come down near your plane. It is not your Grandfather speaking now. I just wish to say it is such a delight for all these friends of yours of far-off times when they get into contact with you. I am one of the workers, one of the demonstrators, just doing what I can to hold the doors open and show them the way. Sometimes your friends may be speaking to you and you do not hear them. We do all we can to help by connecting the vibrations."

Mrs. Sam Sloan was next spoken to :

"Hello—Isa knows all about talking. You get a touch many a time, but you do not feel it."

Tinkle Bell then broke in and a childish voice sang :

**"Twinkle, twinkle, little star, How I wonder what you are,
I used to wonder what you are,
but now I know all about you,
and I sing you a beautiful song.**

It is Tinkle Bell."

Miss Colquhoun said: "Mr. Hart is not here tonight, Tinkle Bell."

Tinkle replied :

"What have you done with him ? Well, you tell him I love him all the same, and I will scold him well when I see him."

Mr. Bob Douglas now spoke :

"Is that Mr. Hart sitting there ?"

Miss Colquhoun said: "No, Mr. Hart is not here tonight, friend," and the reply came:

"I do not know if he would know me well, but I met him down at West Kilbride, at John's (John Sloan's cottage). Hello, Isa, it is Bob, your Father."

Mr. Sloan said: "God bless you, Mr. Douglas. I never thought of it being you."

Mr. Douglas said :

"I have heard about Mrs. Lang long ago, long, long ago. Yes, and I knew Mr. Lang too in the old days. Aye, I did, of course I knew him. He owned some nice wee cottages there on the canal bank. It is all right. Is that Mrs. Lang ? I will tell my dear old friend that I have seen you, and is this your house ?"

Mrs. Lang replied : "No, it is not my house. It is Miss Colquhoun's house."

Mr. Douglas said :

"I know Miss Colquhoun too. Thank you, Miss Colquhoun, for letting me come here. I was speaking to Isa last night."

Isa said: "Not last night. It was two nights ago, Father."

The trumpet now touched Miss Colquhoun, and a man's voice said :

"Tell Annie I love her still. My passing has not broken the link between us. Oh, my dear, oh, it is wonderful. It is James speaking. It is wonderful that we can come in here, and that I have managed. I was just afraid that I would not be able to make myself heard, and I have stood beside you, Crissie, for that purpose. I am well, and oh, so happy, though, of course, I have my cravings for some I have left behind. You know what I mean, but I am working all I can to let those I have left have peace and happiness. It is so difficult."

Miss Colquhoun recognised and understood him. She replied : "I will try to pass that on, but, as you say, it is difficult."

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Mrs. Colquhoun then spoke to her daughter :

"Yes, we know it is difficult, but you may not need to say anything. We will help all we can. This is Mother speaking, Crissie. It is Mother, and, though I cannot see you at the moment, I can feel your dear head, my own dear lassie."

Miss Colquhoun replied : "Your hand is nice and warm, dear."

Her Mother answered :

"Not half so nice and warm as my heart is for you."

Miss Colquhoun asked: "Did you come with James, dear?"

Her Mother replied :

"No, I found him here when I came in. It was a surprise to me too. Is that you, Mrs. Lang? This is Crissie's Mother. I want to thank you for your great kindness to her when she came to your house. I used to be forgetful, but I have a splendid memory now. I could puzzle you now, Crissie."

Miss Colquhoun laughed, and said: "I am quite sure you could, dear."

Mr. Sloan asked: "Is that Mrs. Colquhoun? My, she was a dear old soul."

Mrs. Colquhoun answered him :

"Now, John Sloan, less of the dear old soul. You are not a very young old soul yourself."

Mr. Sloan laughed and said: "That's a good one. I am laughing at that."

Mrs. Colquhoun also laughed and said :

"And so am I. I am laughing too."

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Miss Colquhoun enquired : "And how are all the others, Mother? I have not heard them speaking for some time—Uncle Archie, James, and Paton—all of them?"

Mrs. Colquhoun replied :

"They are all busy at present, too busy to come and see you. We are hoping the great organisers are going to bring things (the war) to an end before long. At least, we are hoping so."

Arthur Lang now spoke :

"It just seems like yesterday since I went away, but my darling has changed very much since these days. God bless you, Mother darling. It is Arthur. God bless you, and here is Father, too, just at your other side."

Mr. Lang said :

"Crissie, it is Bob. I am so extremely happy just to be near the dear old home for a little while again. The memories of that dear old home are very dear to me. But it is all away now." (Cowglen House was pulled down.)

"There we had such happy times, and we had tragic times too, Crissie."

Arthur then spoke :

"You are not sad now, Mother, for you know I am not far from you. God bless you, my darling, my sweet Mother. I wish I could just let you see me. Well, you would say I had turned into a stalwart fine fellow now. You know, mothers never see any fault in their boys and they always praise them. I know I got praises when I did not deserve them, although I got a scolding now and again."

Another man's voice called out :

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"Jim, Jim, James is speaking."

Nothing further was heard, and to help the vibrations we sang a verse of *I to the bills will lift mine eyes*, after which Mr. Lang again spoke :

"We had very happy times in the old days, Crissie. This is Bob speaking. I feel so happy, I just wish I could pass some of it on to you."

Then Mrs. Lang asked: "Did you know I was with Daisy for a while?"

Mr. Lang answered guardedly about a private matter :

"I saw you with her. You had not just the nicest weather—Daisy and Willie—I saw him sometimes too, but he had no idea of it. Never mind, it will be all right. I know exactly what is coming and what he is doing, and it will be all right. I am perfectly certain it will come all right."

Mrs. Lang said: "Oh, that is fine. I wish I could pass that message on, but I cannot do that."

Mr. Lang said :

"I do not ask you to have faith enough to do so, but it is going to come all right. You can bear that in mind yourself, Crissie."

Mrs. Lang replied: "Well, I am glad to hear that things are going to go all right. He is a wee bit shaky himself, you know."

A voice again called :

"James, James,"

and Mrs. Lang said: "Well, Bob, could you not help that James? He has come so often."

The voice said :

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"I will come till I get my satisfaction. It is young James Colquhoun, but you never know anything about me. I have been coming for what you call months and years at times. I am one of the old, old branches of the family tree, my dear, and I am working for your benefit. You will hear more of me now that I am able to put it into a form that you can crystallise and see what I mean. I have been over for what you would call a long, long time."

Miss Colquhoun remarked: "Well, we are delighted to have you," but there the matter ended because the trumpet touched Mrs. Bowes, and a voice said :

"There is someone here who says she is Auntie Bella, on the spirit side. She is on my side, the one I mean. She came over a long time ago, and she says she has never been able to articulate to you."

Mrs. Bowes said : "Oh yes, I can place an Auntie Bella, although I never saw her. I think she passed over before I was born."

Aunt Bella now spoke :

"Just about a year and a few days before you were born."

Mrs. Bowes said : "Yes, and I have your photo, Auntie Bella."

Aunt Bella first expressed her thanks to Gladys, Mrs, Bowes' sister-in-law, on the other side, who had helped her to get through, and then went on :

"God bless you, Gladys. She can hear me. It is a nice feeling to know that I can touch you (Mrs. Bowes) and that you know I am here. Think of me sometimes, and I will do the best I can for you, and I will look after the boys."

Mrs. Bowes said : "Thank you, dear. I wonder if you could help your other niece (name omitted by request) because she needs help."

Aunt Bella replied :

"She does not seem to understand this the same as you do, and it is difficult to get close to her, but I will do my best."

Mrs. Bowes said: "I know it is more difficult for you, but she has had a very hard time and needs help so badly."

Her Aunt replied :

"Yes, I know, and it is not of her making. That is the tragic thing about it, carrying the burdens of others that she should not have had to carry. I will do all I can for you all. Is it Burma your boy, Bill, is in ? I will try to locate him."

Mrs. Bowes replied : "Yes, that will be lovely. Thank you, dear."

Aunt Bella now spoke to Gladys on her side, and then to Mrs. Bowes :

"I can touch her, Gladys. This is just the touch of a vanished hand, a hand you never knew in earth life touches you now."

Mrs. Bowes felt a hand touching her. She then said: "You will be near my Mother now," to which her Aunt replied :

"Yes, we are often together."

After an interval of silence Mr. Sloan said: "Oh, come on, freens, keep it going and dae (do) something."

A man's voice said :

"I am surprised at my brother John speaking in that fashion. Isa (Sloan's daughter-in-law), you correct him and make him behave himself."

Isa replied : "I am tired correcting him. Is that you, John? Bless you, dear, I feel you touching me."

(John Sloan had a brother called John who died before he was born.)

A lady's voice now took up the conversation :

"It is a funny, funny thing, the memories that cling to us when we come back amongst people like you. It brings back to our memories the lovely days that have passed into the shade a little. God bless you, Lillias, it is your Grandmother speaking."

Mrs. Bowes asked: "Is it you, Granny?", and a man's voice answered :

"You are just saying 'Is it', as if it was nearly impossible. This is Grandfather."

Mrs. Bowes asked: "Which Grandfather is it? I have two Grandfathers, you know." He replied :

"It is the one you knew when you were just a little nipper, Grand-dad David."

Mrs. Bowes replied : "Oh, I remember Grand-dad David. I always loved you. You were such a dear." He replied :

"It is very nice of you to say that, my dear, because some of the folks in earth life used to say I was a crabbed (bad-tempered) old body, but Jim will tell you that I was all right. Jim was your Father James—but I called him Jim. He was Jim to me."

Mrs. Bowes said: "Yes, I know, and he always had a great respect and admiration for you, Grandfather. I have heard him say so."

Her Grandfather went on :

"You will be surprised at the number of people you will meet when you come over beside us, people that have practically passed out of your recollection."

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Mrs. Bowes enquired : "I often wonder, Grandfather, if, when we pass over, we shall see our past enacted before us," but he did not pick up her meaning :

"What did you say, my dear ?"

Mrs. Bowes replied: "I just wondered if we got pictures of the past enacted before us. Will incidents in our life be brought back to our memory in that way?"

Her Grandfather said :

"All the lovely scenes of the past that you have forgotten, scenes in your earth life, will pass before you like a panoramic vision and bring it all back again. It is often revealed to those that are just passing, at the last moment. I am sure you will have heard from those about you that one

who had died was speaking of old scenes just before he passed away. That was just a panoramic vision passing before him. God bless you, my dear. Good night."

A lady's voice, Miss Colquhoun's Mother, now spoke :

"I know, Crissie, what it is to live in the past, but you were always so good and kind to me, Crissie. It is Mother. I could not memorise things very well, you know, Mrs. Bowes. I forgot things and sometimes did stupid things, but Crissie was always kind. That is what it was, Crissie, my memory just seemed to fade away, but you were always kind to me and helped me. God bless you."

A man's voice, Arthur Lang's Grandfather', now spoke to Miss Colquhoun :

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"These kind deeds, my dear, are recorded. Don't you think anything about it. You will see your Mother on the other side of life in the full vigour of health, and memorising everything so well."

Miss Colquhoun replied : "I am looking forward to that," and he went on :

"But you are not coming just yet. You have all got your work and your duties to perform in earth life, and I think it is a beautiful thing to know that it is hidden from us to know just how and when one will pass over. I am sure you will all side with me on that point. Just leave it in the Great Master's hands, trust in him who said he would never leave you nor forsake you, and you will find all will be well when you come to the parting of the ways. It is Robert Lang Senior, yes, Senior, speaking—Arthur Lang's Grandfather."

Pathfinder now spoke :

"Memory is a wonderful thing, a beautiful thing, and it is so nice if you have stored up beautiful thoughts and kind thoughts that you can dwell on afterwards. I have not been here at your Meetings for a little time. This is Pathfinder, who prays that your paths will be guided and guarded, and all you love brought safely home again when peace comes. I am still interested in you. I know all of you here, and many more who are not here now, but have passed into other scenes, and are watching and guiding your footsteps with loving eyes until you meet again."

Andrew Bowes now sent a message :

"This is Andrew Bowes. You will have to go a long way back. Andrew is not speaking but one of his friends, and he said, 'If you can get to that

place (this séance) where they are talking across, tell them that Andrew Bowes will come some day and give them a little talk.' "

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There was no opportunity to say anything in reply as Mrs. Sloan took up the conversation :

"When the shadows have departed, and the mists have rolled away. This is Mammy speaking. May God bless you, Mrs. Lang. I was out at what used to be called 'Cowglen.' I could not find your house, but I found the house where you are now all right, and I will come in some day and knock on the walls inside the house."

Mr. Sloan said : "You never knock on my walls, Mammy. You had better come and knock there."

His daughter on the other side now spoke :

"Daddy, don't you say that again. I am often in your house but you don't see me. It is Peggy."

Mr. Sloan told her that "It is no' much of a house now, dearie," and Peggy replied :

"It is not the house I am coming to look at. It is to cheer you up, and I speak to you often."

Mr. Sloan replied : "You were the dearest wee soul. I was awful fond of you. Peggy, wee Peggy, and wee Nessie was even younger. I cannot memorise her so well. It is awful when you canna even mind your own family."

Mr. Richardson now spoke to his wife :

"Janie, this is James, James Richardson. I can speak out when I get the power, but it has gone down a bit. Are you there, Janie, can you hear me at all ? I cannot get a vibration just now that I would like to get."

He lost the vibration and another voice spoke :

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"I am Willie. I passed out by water. I was at Calcutta. (Correct.) I see you, Janie, and you are just looking as beautiful as ever."

Mrs. Richardson replied : "I doubt it." Willie answered :

"Doubt nothing about it. I am saying so. James and Willie are both speaking. We are looking beyond the outward appearance and are looking at your mind and heart."

Then Arthur Lang returned and carried on :

"It is Arthur touching you, my Mother dear. (Mrs. Lang felt fingers stroking her hand.) Not such a warm hand, Mother. It is cooler now. The touch of a vanished hand for a little while, and the sound of the voice as you knew it has been stilled for some time, but I am very near to my precious Mother. God bless you. Come on, Grand-dad, and speak to her."

This his Great-Grand-dad did in these words :

"It is more wonderful perhaps to us to get the touch of your warm hand and feel in the actual presence of those we love so well. This is Grandfather of long, long ago, your husband's Grandfather. You cannot remember me at all, but I know the name and I watch over you from time to time. You have not been in the best of physical health for a little while, and I shall get someone to attend to you. You don't sleep so well as you used to do."

Mrs. Lang. replied : "Oh, I don't sleep so badly, but I am pretty useless. I cannot get about as I used to do."

He replied :

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"Well, I can get about now. Now that I have not the physical frame to hamper me. I was like you, and worse, for I was not half so active as you are, you know."

Mrs. Lang asked: "Were you the Grandfather that used to have a stick?"

He replied :

"Yes, my walking-stick. It was a pretty thick one. It kept them in order but I never hurt them (and he gave a great laugh). You know, I had rather a stentorian voice, and they did not like to hear me when I was angry. You have had a headache of late, my dear. You have had a pain just over the right eye. It is just a nerve. It will go away in time."

Fingers were placed on Mrs. Lang's head and Miss Colquhoun's head at the same time, and then a hand was passed over Mr. Sloan's head, just a gentle pressure.

Mrs. Sam Sloan's sister, Marjory, now spoke to her :

"Isa, Isa, don't you know me? Daddy (Mr. Sloan) doesn't know me. He thinks he ought to know everybody. Oh, but Daddy knows me quite well. I was just saying that. It is Marjory speaking. I tried hard to get in. I hope you will forgive me, Mrs. Lang and Mrs. Bowes. I was Isa's sister, and I am still her sister."

Isa asked: "How is Jack?", and she replied :

"Oh, Jack is all right."

Jack then spoke :

"Isa, I am not intruding just now in this company, but I wish them all God's blessing. It is just a pleasure for me to come in and speak to you."

Isa said : "You were so happy, you and Madge (Marjory) together."

He replied :

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"We are still happy. It is just a continuation of the life we had on earth, carried on to the other side of life for us as well. God bless you, Isa."

There was silence for a time, and then Mr. Sloan said to those present on the other side : "I wish you would dae something to liven up things a bit, freens. I know I cannot help you. I am nae use at all."

A man in Etheria disagreed :

"You take a sombre view of things. We know all about you, friend Sloan. I do not think you have a right to say that. You should allow your friends to say whether you are any good or not. I am quite sure you are very, very helpful in many ways yet. You have the power to bring comfort to those whom you come amongst. Now, there is a beautiful lady over there. She knows in her heart that she is getting many nice messages from the spirit side. We try to repay you (Miss Dearie) for the loving thoughts and your loving actions in writing so many beautiful records from us and transcribing them for us."

The trumpets tapped and patted Miss Dearie all over.

"I appreciate your thoughts and your work, and your sacrifice for others in writing all these things down. You don't just know what a blessing they will bring to somebody needing enlightenment and sympathy. There is never a message you receive from the spirit side of life that is not important. If it comes from the spirit side of life it comes for a

purpose, and for an object in view, and it never returns home again without having fulfilled that mission.

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"Oh, I wish I could just bring all the loving thoughts that those round about you now seem to have for you. May the strength of the Great Ones give you power in your hand for a long time, my dear, to portray those beautiful thoughts from the other side of life which we have not the power to portray if it were not through the instrumentality of your beautiful thoughts and writing."

The trumpets kept stroking Miss Dearie's head and face, and she replied :
"Thank you, dear friend, but that is more than I deserve."

The answer came from her admirer on the other side :

"It is nothing of the kind. It is a high honour that we can claim you as our helper, to portray our thoughts."

Miss Dearie replied: "Thank you, dear friend."

Mrs. Sloan now spoke :

"God bless you, Mrs. Lang, I just want to come and speak to you myself. It is Nanna (Mrs. Sloan). I am remembering the many happy times we used to have in the old days. You are climbing the hill now, Mrs. Lang, and in God's good time, I do not want you to come too soon, but I will be there to meet you with all the others, and we will rejoice, and your dear husband and your dear son will be there also. It is just wonderful to have all your dear ones around you. I have many of mine over beside me, and, of course, I still have my dear old grumbling man on your side, but he does not mean it." (Mrs. Lang passed on in October 1948.)

Mr. Sloan said : "I just wish I was over beside you, Mammy."

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Mrs. Sloan replied :

"Yes, but you have got your work to do, and your duties to perform, Daddy. You cannot come before your time. You just need someone to give you a scolding and tell you what you ought to do."

Mr. Sloan said: "God bless you, Mammy. I would listen to every word you said. She was a dear old soul."

Mrs. Sloan disagreed :

"You have far too much of the 'old' today, Daddy, for I am getting younger all the time. You are maybe getting older, but inside yourself your spirit is renewing its youth, and you will find the benefit of it when the time comes for you to come over, and all you have loved here will help you."

Mr. Sloan was still gloomy: "God bless you,

Mammy dear, my sun went out when you went away." A man's voice now spoke to him :

"Your son is just here, Dad."

Miss Dearie asked: "Which son is it?", and he replied :

"Thank you, Miss Dearie, for asking that question. It is Dougal. I know you sensed that my Father should have known that."

Mr. Sloan remarked: "Dugie, God bless you. Yes, my memory fails me at times." Dougal went on:

"Now, if I am keeping you too long, friends, I will just pass out. Good night, Dad. I am not going but I am just standing aside. God bless you, Mrs. Lang and Mrs. Bowes. God bless you, Miss Colquhoun, and God bless you, Miss Dearie. I don't just like to say Dearie. I am sure the beautiful words you write down will be a blessing to many a one afterwards."

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Mr. Sloan said: "God bless you, Dugie. You were a good boy, Dugie."

Dougal concluded :

"Good evening, Mrs. Richardson, I have met you before, but not very often. You have a boy on the spirit side I know, for I saw him standing beside you, although he was not speaking tonight. He went over in a very youthful state, I think."

Roy Richardson then broke in :

"Oh, Mother, I am a big strapping fellow now. Can you hear me, Mother? It is just Roy—Roy Richardson."

Then another voice sang out :

"I was sailing, sailing, over the sea, and I have come back home to thee. Is that you, Roy ?"

addressing Roy on his own side. Then he spoke to us on earth :

"Hello, Crissie and Janie. Janie, I am your brother Ikey."

His sister, Mrs. Richardson, exclaimed : "Ikey, I am so glad to hear you. I have been thinking about you a lot of late."

He replied :

"That is how it is, dear. I was getting your thoughts, but it was difficult for me to get through. God bless you, Crissie (Lang). I have looked at you many a time when you were sitting at these meetings, and wished I could just let you hear me. Do you know me now—who I am ? God bless you. Thanks, Uncle Bob, for helping me. I was sailing over the sea, and I was letting you know that I was sailing, sailing over the sea, back to you."

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Mrs. Richardson asked: "Had you a bad time, Ikey?"

He replied :

"No, I am so well now and so happy. Just you think of me as the happy, happy boy that you knew long ago. I will not miss an opportunity of coming to speak to you again. I tried hard to get through. I have to thank Bob for showing me the way. Isaac I never liked the name Isaac. I liked Ikey better. You had a nice way of saying it that somehow took the rough edge off it."

The last voice to speak concluded the Meeting as follows :

"There is no night in God's great land of Love. Good day, and a bright morning for all of you after your rest. May you arise strengthened and refreshed to perform the duties of another day. God bless you. I think you had better close now, if you will forgive me for presuming to make the suggestion to you.

"The power which has been in your surroundings of late has dispersed very much and I would not advise you to continue too long, because I could not control so many on this side who want to come and speak to you, and it might be immature to let them in just yet. I am glad you understand. Just close in the ordinary way, and we will say our blessing and our benediction on you from this side, so that it may follow you when you go hence. God bless you."

We sang the Doxology, and this ended a memorable sitting.

In the preface of this book I stated that bliss Dearie had been present at twenty-four of Mr. Sloan's séances, when she took verbatim notes in shorthand of everything said or done at these Meetings. Out of these twenty-four records I selected nineteen, which means that this chapter, recording the nineteenth séance, contains the record of the last Meeting to be given in this book. This being so, a few general remarks about them will not be out of place.

These records occupy most of the book, and it will be noticed that the remarks made by the Etherians take up by far the larger space in the account given of each séance. In other words, the Etherians did much the larger share of the talking. An average of about forty etheric voices spoke at each Meeting, which means that nearly eight hundred voices spoke throughout the nineteen sittings. Some were recognised, and it was clearly realised by the tone of the voices whether a man, woman or child was speaking.

What the sitters always noticed was the personalities of the speakers, in fact each one had a different personality and characteristics, so that those Etherians who came regularly were recognised by this alone. To those earth people who were present this was very convincing, and it is hoped that it has to some extent been conveyed in print to the reader. The personality of Mrs. Sloan is quite distinct from that of the other women who spoke, as is the personality of Arthur Lang.

The American Indians are precise and dignified in their speech and the pawkiness of certain Scotsmen is very noticeable.

The development of Whitefeather is particularly interesting as, when he came first of all to control Sloan in trance some forty years ago, he spoke very broken English and was an ignorant, rather childish, Red Indian. These séances also make us realise the emotions that exist amongst Etherians. Mrs. Colquhoun was much amused at something Sloan said and laughed with him, while, on the other hand, Nellie McWilliam was very upset and seemed to be on the verge of tears.

What must strike everyone is the affection or friendship all the Etherians show for the sitters present, and for all mankind on earth, besides being so anxious to cure our ill health and help us in our difficulties. They remember their earth experiences, and it gives them pleasure to come back and get so close to earth once more. This intimate contact which Etherians make with earth,

through lowering their vibrations by thought, and being able to speak to, and be heard by, their friends on earth, to touch them and feel them, and be felt by them, is to them a great privilege. How often have they spoken to us after passing over and received no reply, and now, by means of ectoplasm, they are heard and know that no longer are they considered dead.

One of the bitterest thoughts they have on arrival in Etheria is the feeling that their friends on earth look upon them as dead. The general belief on earth, that all that remains of them is under five feet of soil in a graveyard, is repulsive to them and makes them often miserable until it passes from their memory

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Unfortunately, this materialistic outlook will go on here until ignorance is conquered by knowledge, but how few there be who ever think that this lack of understanding causes much unhappiness to loved ones who have passed on.

One thing every reader will notice is the happiness and contentment prevailing in Etheria. In that beautiful land their bodies are strong, healthy, and without blemishes, they have no pain or illness and do not get tired. They require little, if any, sleep, and their work is congenial to them. Moreover, they are more intense and active than we are. Their houses are more beautiful, more comfortable and better arranged than were the homes of the great majority on earth, and they have many things we cannot imagine. They live in a country vivid in its beauty, and their flowers seem to give them the greatest pleasure, the fact that they dematerialise and never decay being so often reported to us.

The wish to progress onwards to higher realms seems to prevail amongst those who come back and speak to us. Whether the Chinese, or other races, celebrated for their conservative outlook, have the same desire, we have not been told, but in Etheria each mind determines its own place, and, if it has no regrets, each individual can be happy and find itself in congenial and happy surroundings. This greater knowledge which we now have enhances the dignity of man. We are not the feeble mortal creatures we seem to be, and our conscious existence is not limited to the short span between the cradle and the grave. In fact, we are potential gods and goddesses, which knowledge must some day improve our way of life on earth, and enhance our respect for all mankind.

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During these later sittings Sloan's memory was failing, and on one occasion he went out for a short walk and could not remember how to get home. His

daughter-in-law, Mrs. Sam Sloan, consequently sometimes accompanied him to the different houses where his séances were held. He is now comfortably settled in an old man's home, and regularly visited by some of his many friends who will always feel their gratitude towards the man who brought such satisfaction and comfort into their lives, and those of many thousands, without any wish for reward and regardless of his own convenience. His poor memory is today his principal trouble, and, if he can remember Mrs. Colquhoun, who had the same affliction on earth, and now says she has a splendid memory, he will realise that his affliction is temporary and that everything some day will come back to him in Etheria.

The conversations which took place between the two worlds were simple and homely. They were like those which take place in a drawing-room, and reveal the same standard of thinking as is general in the western world. Consequently the sitters were more interested in people and their way of life than in scientific facts. When friends meet on earth it is the simple homely affairs that are spoken about, and not the profounder problems of life. The sermonettes reveal the Etherians who spoke to be devout but not dogmatic, creeds having no place in their religion. Always they insisted that it was what people did and thought that mattered, and that as we sowed so we reaped. The lecturettes were not profound but

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more like a report being delivered about a new country and its people by some who have arrived there. They tell us what the average man or woman on earth wants to know, not what their scientists think about it, but rather how Etheria appeals to the newcomer, what their life is like, and how they feel about it all.

These are the things which most people who read this book will remember, not so much the private and intimate conversations between mother and son, father and daughter, friend and friend, but rather the descriptions of the everyday life they lead, the scenery, their homes and gardens, their health, what they look like, and their social activities. They have proved themselves to be human like the rest of us, and they assure us that if we do what is right we shall be with them some day and share with them all that their wonderful country has to offer. That indeed is good news which, when some day understood, will brighten the outlook, and give comfort to the great majority who hitherto have lived their lives on earth in fear or without hope.

The next chapter will conclude the book and summarise what we have learned.

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CHAPTER XXI CONCLUSION

ONE conclusion that everyone must come to after reading this book is that much is going on around us which we neither see nor hear. We ourselves, and our surroundings, contain much that we are not aware of, and only occasionally are some privileged to experience contact with the greater world and its inhabitants. Besides that general summary we are entitled to go even further, and I think that we can safely form the following conclusions from what we have already read :

(1) Our senses on earth are limited because of our physical body, which confines them within the limits of physical vibrations. Nevertheless we know that much goes on about us which we cannot see, hear, touch, taste or smell.

(2) Apart from psychic phenomena we would have nothing to guide us beyond the physical Universe. However, because of the fact that psychic phenomena do definitely occur, we can reasonably conclude that there are other regions of habitation about and around us which contain intelligent individuals like ourselves.

(3) These unseen people intrude into the physical world we inhabit, and make us aware of their presence. We only observe what they do, and hear what they say, but no more. We on earth create no phenomena and it is all done for us. Like an audience in a theatre we sit still and observe what goes on.

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(4) When we hear one or more voices speaking from the void we record what is said. When we see a figure appear or materialise before us we photograph it, when unnatural noises occur we take note that such things happen. When one of us goes into trance and speaks and acts like someone else we note the fact and record what is said. Finally, those who are clairaudient and clairvoyant report what they hear and see. We on earth are the ones acted upon, we supply the conditions but do nothing ourselves to produce these events, and can only record them.

(5) Our ancestors certainly reported such happenings, but only in a general way. They were not intelligent enough to record the phenomena in detail, and, besides that, they had not the knowledge or the means to do so. Consequently the priesthood arose to produce organised religion from these psychic events which they symbolised, as only thus could the ignorant masses receive the comfort and satisfaction they required to help them to bear the trials and tribulations of life.

(6) From careful recordings made over the past hundred years we can draw certain logical inferences. When we hear intelligent speech from an invisible speaker we assume that an individual is speaking. When he gives his name

we then ask for further particulars. When he says he once lived on earth and died, we ask for information of his earth life until he gives us sufficient evidence to make us conclude that the voice can only come from the person who bore that name on earth.

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(7) When etheric beings, which we call apparitions or ghosts, are seen and photographed, we conclude that they are men and women like ourselves, living unseen in our midst, especially when they show themselves by their actions to be human beings. Such individuals we conclude are those who speak to us by the Direct Voice when they get the opportunity to do so, or through a Medium in trance, or by means of automatic writing or by clairaudience. We have only to observe certain conditions and they will do the rest. They are the active participants in the drama being enacted within the two worlds and we are just the passive. They are the actors and actresses and we the audience. They feel solid and substantial while we to them seem like ghosts, our surroundings to them being quite unsubstantial.

(8) When some amongst us are used for the transmission of a psychic current through our hands which heals the sick and suffering, we wonder whence it comes and what is the explanation. Then such a healer goes into trance and correctly diagnoses what is wrong with the sufferer. The healer becomes like a copper wire through which is passed electricity, and his psychic sight is like an X-ray instrument which can see within our bodies. We are just the instruments for the transmission of healing rays from higher intelligences, so they tell us when they speak to us, either by Direct Voice, clairaudience or trance. This again makes us logically conclude that those who speak are men and women like ourselves, who pity the suffering and try to heal them by their own radiation passed through a human body suitable for its conveyance.

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(9) Besides being seen at times, and effecting many cures which earth doctors cannot do, Etherians show emotions like our own. They are heard at Direct Voice séances to laugh and cry, to be merry and sorrowful, to shout and whisper, to whistle and sing, to be angry and calm, to be affectionate, sympathetic and knowledgeable about how we live, what we think, and what we do.

(10) In every way they convey to us the impression that they are men, women and children, similar to ourselves, but only clairvoyants present at séances can see them speaking to us. On rare occasions the face of the speaker materializes in front of the one spoken to, and I have been at a séance when this happened.

(11) This being so, are we not entitled to conclude that what they tell us can be accepted as true? I think most sensible people will agree that this is so, and, this being the case, let us now consider what it is they tell us.

(12) Over the past hundred years the same information has been given on every occasion by those who speak, namely, that they once lived on earth and now live, with their former earth friends, in another world surrounding and interpenetrating this world. This is possible, because they now have a body similar to the one they had on earth, but without its imperfections, and this body, when they lived on earth, was an unseen duplicate of their physical body. Death means the discarding of the physical body, out of which the etheric body slips, carrying both mind and memory with it.

(13) This duplicate etheric body, they tell us, is perfect and resembles the physical body but does not show old age, and it maintains good health. Those who die young reach maturity, while the old return to

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maturity. So Etherians think, speak and move about just as we do, though they can pass their thoughts, one to another, by means of telepathy without speech if they wish to do so, and also, when desired, they can move about at great speed.

(14) The world they live in resembles this world, it is very beautiful and has mountains, hills, valleys, seas, lakes, trees, fields, animals, houses, public buildings, libraries, colleges and everything we have on earth.

(15) Their light is more luminous than ours, and it comes from an etheric sun concentric with our sun, their atmosphere being higher than ours, to cause twilight but no night as we experience it.

(16) The inhabitants of Etheria are separated from each other by thought and not, as on earth, by wealth, because there things are not bought and sold for gold. Their surroundings are more free to everyone than ours are on earth, and they can influence etheric substance by their thoughts in a way we cannot do with physical matter. Thought is much more powerful there than here, and those who think alike live together in the same neighbourhood, more so than we do on earth.

(17) Etheria is the name I give to the Greater World, which turns along with our earth, and is made up of world within world, each one of a different range of vibrations. As Etherians learn and progress, as each mind becomes more and more in control of its habitation and surroundings, so they rise to higher planes which are vibrating at increased frequencies. They cannot go to a higher plane than the one for which they are fitted, but they can come back to lower

surfaces from the surface where they reside and also visit the earth. The mind of each Etherian determines where each is to live, as it must be in harmony with its surroundings to be contented and happy.

(18) Advanced thinkers are known as the Masters, whose instructions are followed by those who desire harmony and happiness. Those who upset the harmony are willed by thought out of the midst of these peace-loving communities. I have been told that Etheria is justly and well governed.

(19) Moreover, they tell us that when we die we shall join our friends and relations who will meet and greet us on arrival. The process of dying is in itself natural and easy, no more than going to sleep and awakening in our new surroundings.

(20) Our happiness and contentment in Etheria depend upon ourselves. The personality each has on earth he (she) will have in Etheria, our character and temperament remaining unchanged because they centre in our mind which is the real individual. The mind and the etheric body do not die, so everyone is just the same immediately after death as he (she) is before death.

(21) As the mind is, so is our habitation. We settle down in a place harmonious to our mind's desire. There we can be happy and contented, but, as our mind develops and our desires increase for more advanced conditions, we progress, everything being available for anyone to advance mentally whenever the desire arises.

(22) Mental development comes from education, and in Etheria there are schools, colleges and universities. Music and the arts receive much attention.

Books are published and read, earth books, if they wish them, being photographed from our minds as we read them. Books of all kinds are available, on their history, geography, the sciences, just as we have on earth. Social life continues as it is on earth, people visiting each other and enjoying each other's company, their homes being situated in beautifully laid out gardens containing exquisite flowers.

(23) There is no death in Etheria as on earth. Individuals increase their vibrations by mental development and reach a higher stage of life, but they can come back and visit the friends they have left behind. Flowers dematerialise and rematerialise. There is no death or decay. Everywhere there is a vividness and lustre from the landscape which adds to its charm and beauty.

(24) Religion, as we know it on earth, only persists amongst the least developed Etherians. Earth religions are forgotten as they progress, and one thinks and believes according to one's mental development. Most of those who come back and speak to us are enlightened Unitarians with no fixed orthodox theological beliefs as have the people of earth.

(25) When speaking to us they stress the fact that as we sow on earth we reap in Etheria. If we are kind, upright, righteous and good-living people on earth, we shall live with the good in Etheria, but, if the reverse, we shall live with the bad, like to like, but the bad can become good, though, to begin with, they are often miserable because of the memories of their evil deeds on earth. Each one is his own saviour, each one is his own judge, and we quite naturally go to the place for which we have fitted ourselves on earth.

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This briefly is the message of Spiritualism to mankind. This is what is called Natural Religion, which discards all theologies and creeds, and keeps to what is known to be true through observation and experience. In this, and this way only, can religion and science some day come together, and, when this happens, as it surely will, the credit for the union will be given to the Spiritualists who, by their true scientific methods, have exposed on the one hand the errors of orthodox religion, and, on the other, the materialism of orthodox science.

The absorption of what Spiritualism stands for can only be for the good of mankind. It teaches us tolerance and the appreciation of the individual. We learn to consider everyone individually, not as a nation or in the mass, but each as a being whose mind will not die but progress to heights unknown. To Spiritualism there is no national barrier, no religious creed, and what is really important is the brotherhood of man. Some day its influence may make war unthinkable, but unfortunately the curse of ignorance hangs so heavily over mankind that this much longed for time has not yet arrived.

This book, as I have said already, must be taken as a whole, in its entirety, and when this is done its great value to mankind will be appreciated. Enough has come from the conversations it reports to enable us to compile an attractive prospectus for each of us as prospective emigrants. We need not fear death at any age, though those who die young miss much earth experience, and are like children who leave

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school at too early an age. That, however, does not retard their progress on the other side, and I have never come across anyone who wishes to return and resume his life on earth. The elderly need not fear to grow old as, when

they move on, they will find themselves back in their prime, fit and well and free from the disabilities of old age. The passage is easy, just like going to sleep and awakening to find yourself in Etheria, your destination.

Etheria is a much more wonderful place than we can possibly imagine. Likewise the individual is a much more marvelous creation than has ever been contemplated. Our greater knowledge certainly increases the dignity of men and women. Mind can now be considered as the common factor of the two worlds, the mind of each, which is ourselves, is the same there as here, only the earthly vehicle, the body, is changed, and we consequently live in new surroundings. Our personality is unchanged, and we shall always be ourselves, to progress to heights we cannot even contemplate.

To knowledge all facts are friends; ignorance has no friends and prefers darkness to light. Hitherto mankind has lived in mental darkness as to his destiny. Christianity depicts us as fallen beings, whereas the reverse is the case and we have an unending progressive life before us. We are told to rely on a saviour and not on ourselves, whereas again the reverse is the case and we shall find no lifeboat standing by to land us safely on the farther shore. As we sow so shall we reap.

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Spiritualism stands for mental evolution, as not only the body but the mind evolves. It is evolving mind which has evolved the body. Evolving mind is raising some upwards towards an unseen goal, and this all can eventually reach if the desire persists. The old religious traditions are becoming outgrown, they are too narrow, too false and too cruel for intelligent people to accept today, but something must take their place if we are not to sink into blank materialism and live our lives on earth without expectation of better things to come. This Spiritualism will certainly do.

We were not born to be conscious beings only for the brief span between the cradle and the grave. We now know that life is something far greater, grander and nobler than it has ever hitherto been imagined. Death now holds no terror for us, because it is no more than the name given to the door through which we pass to experience continued life in a world of radiant health, free from pain, sickness and disabilities, where prevails less stress, greater happiness, greater harmony and a vividness which makes our surroundings very beautiful.

Those who have had the experiences recorded in this book, or ones similar elsewhere, can be looked upon as "The enlightened ones", because they have seen and heard things very few have been privileged to see or hear. They have learned from a surrounding unseen world that each individual has unlimited possibilities and, in a new body, can reach to heights unknown. This fact must, in time, change for the better our way of living on earth, because

here we should prepare ourselves fully for the enlarged, intenser life that awaits us.

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As with so much else, Nature greatly deceives us with regard to life and death, and there is little wonder that so many think that our brief glimpse of consciousness on earth is no more than a gleam between two bleak eternity's. Instead of this being so, a few have now discovered that great vistas open out to the imagination as we think of our eternal progress through the spheres. How different our prospects really are from what they seem to be, now that we know that the greatest fact in life, its greatest certainty, is that each one of us is an individual comprising far more than can be seen with physical eyes and with a seeming endless prospect ahead as the mind unfolds.

If we order our life aright, both here and hereafter, a fuller and delightful future awaits us, while progress, ever progress, is open to all and denied to none.

End