An Investigation into Psychic Phenomena

J. ARTHUR FINDLAY.
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A record of a series of sittings with
Mr. JOHN C. SLOAN,
the Glasgow Trance and Direct Voice Medium

BY

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An Investigation into Psychistic Phenomena
A record of a series of studies with Mr. John O'Flynn
the Ceylonese trance medium and other mediums

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The Preface of a Professor of the University of Cambridge
FOREWORD.

When I first collected from my notes a summary of my experiences with Mr. John C. Sloan, I had no thought of publishing it in pamphlet form. These notes were collected for the purpose of an address which I gave to the members of the Glasgow Society for Psychical Research on 25th March 1924, entitled "Six Years' Investigation with a Non-Professional Medium." The same address was given to the members of the London Spiritualist Alliance in the following month, and was afterwards published in "Light" between 19th April and 10th May of this year.

So many of my friends have asked me to put this lecture into permanent form, that I have been persuaded, rather reluctantly, to do so. To prepare a lecture is one thing; to write for publication is another.

As, however, this pamphlet is published only for private circulation, I hope that my friends will not criticise it from a literary point of view, but rather that they will understand that they are reading a lecture in pamphlet form.

The only alteration I have made from the original address is in now dividing it into chapters, together with a few additions.

My warmest thanks are due to Sir William Barrett for very kindly reading over the proof sheets, and for some valuable criticism and suggestions.

J. Arthur Findlay.

September 1924.
FOREWORD

The present work is the result of a labor of love, which has been undertaken to fill a gap in the literature of the subject. The author, having spent many years in the study of the history of the United States, is well qualified to undertake such a task. The work is intended to be a comprehensive history of the State, covering all its events and important personages.

The author has consulted a large number of authorities, and has drawn freely from the best books on the subject. He has also visited many of the places mentioned in the work, and has been able to gather a large amount of original information.

The work is divided into several parts, each of which is devoted to a particular period of the State's history. The author has endeavored to make his work as accurate as possible, and has taken care to point out any errors which may be found in the work of other historians.

The author hopes that his work will be found a useful addition to the literature of the United States, and that it will be of service to students and scholars alike.
My friend, Mr. J. Arthur Findlay, has asked me to write a few lines by way of introduction, and I do so with pleasure, as some who will read his experiences are unlikely to know the honoured position Mr. Findlay holds in the City of Glasgow. Few commercial men are more esteemed for their integrity and sound commonsense than Mr. Findlay, and few men are less likely to be deceived by impostors or charlatans. It needs no little moral courage for a citizen to jeopardise his position by openly proclaiming his belief in the amazing psychical phenomena he describes.

The incredulous public usually regard Spiritualists as either knaves or fools, and, unfortunately, there are some so-called "mediums" who deserve either or both these epithets. The subject is like a candle to moths, it attracts and burns the thoughtless and the emotional, as well as the credulous and the crazy. But the critical and impartial investigations of the Society for Psychical Research have now placed the whole subject in a very different position to that which it held 40 years ago, and have led to the adhesion of very many men whose eminence in literature, art and science is unquestioned.

Mr. Findlay was one of the founders, and is Vice-President, of the Glasgow Society for Psychical Research, of which Earl Balfour is the President.

This is not the place to enter into a discussion of the phenomena of Spiritualism, but I will only add, after 50 years' investigation of this subject, that I am convinced, as I have said elsewhere, "that whilst many supernormal psychical phenomena may ultimately be proved to be due to abnormal
conditions of the brain, yet there will be found to remain well-attested facts which will compel science to admit the existence of a soul, and also of a spiritual world, peopled with discarnate intelligent beings, some of whom can occasionally, but more or less imperfectly, get into communication with us."

At the same time, a word of caution is necessary, for the subject is a perilous one for unbalanced minds to dabble with. The messages which purport to come from the discarnate should be critically examined before any credence is attached to them; and the religious or scientific dissertations, often found in these messages, should never be taken at their face value.

Mr. Findlay, I think, has shown a critical, though sympathetic spirit in reciting his experience in this very difficult and puzzling branch of experimental psychology.
An Investigation into Psychic Phenomena.

Chapter I.
Introduction.

I have thought much and pondered long over the strange experiences I have had during the last six years, experiences so strange, so foreign to all our accepted order of the phenomena of Nature, that I can readily understand the difficulty there must be in my statements being believed by those who have never had similar experiences themselves.

My interest in psychic matters was first aroused when reading the latest scientific views on the construction of physical matter and how limited are our sense perceptions. I asked myself, if all this be so, what justification had anyone for saying that all we could see and hear is all that is? Why should our sense organs set up the boundary between the known and unknown? Reasoning thus, I commenced a careful study of psychic literature, and the book which influenced me most favourably was Sir William Barrett's "On the Threshold of the Unseen."

Pursuing my enquiries, one Sunday I attended a Spiritualist meeting in Glasgow, and, after the service, asked the speaker if he could help me to get some practical experience, so that I might be able to judge for myself the value to be attached to the assertion of those who claimed to have discovered this new world, to which, they said, we pass at death. He told me of a medium, John C. Sloan by
name, in whose presence, under certain conditions, this new world would be revealed to me, and promised to take me to him one evening. This he did, and that night, for the first time, I met this remarkable man. That was nearly six years ago, and as my acquaintance developed, the more I grew to like and admire him.

Sloan is a middle-aged man, of slight build, and all his life he has been aware he possessed these peculiar powers. In his youth he was often disturbed by rappings and strange voices which he could not understand, and during the past twenty years these developed into manifestations of a general and varied nature. As a result his mediumship has embraced trance, telekinesis, apports, direct voice, materialisation, clairvoyance, and clairaudience.

These have varied in degree year by year, but his friends generally agree that ten to fifteen years ago his mediumship was at its best, and that nothing I have experienced has ever come up to their experiences in his younger days. Then, they tell me, the heavens literally opened, and to be present at one of his séances was like being in the Holy of Holies. Instead of lasting, as they do now, for two or three hours, they sometimes lasted over four hours, voices of all degrees of tone and strength maintaining long conversations with their friends on this side.

The remarkable thing to me is that this wonderful man should be so little known, but this is due

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*Telekinesis means the movement of objects not due to any known force: Apports are objects brought from one room to another, and sometimes from considerable distance, by invisible agency.
entirely to his modesty and retiring disposition. He hates publicity of any kind; he is so shy that, on occasions when I have asked him to give my own friends a sitting in our Séance Room at the offices of the Glasgow Society for Psychical Research, he has asked me not to introduce him, just to let him come in, take his seat, and then have the lights put out. He is at his ease only when in his own house, his own friends gathered round him, and the séance takes the form of a religious meeting; as to him it is a holy communion with the unseen. Never in all his life has he accepted payment for his gift; such a thing would be abhorrent to him; his payment, he says, is in sending away some sorrowing one with the knowledge that life continues beyond this, and that he has been the means of bringing together a bereaved mother or widow with a son or husband who has passed into the beyond. To see their happiness after he comes out of trance at the end of a séance is to him ample reward for all his trouble. Hundreds upon hundreds have received this comfort and consolation through his instrumentality. He only claims to be an instrument; he says he knows nothing as to how it all comes about, he has read little on the subject, and as he is in trance throughout the séance, he knows nothing of what takes place.

Had Sloan been made in a different mould, he could have made a fortune by his gift and become known as one of our most famous mediums; but he has been content to live simply by the labour of his hands, earning a few pounds a week. He has brought up a large family in a small but comfortable house in one of the working-class districts of Glasgow, and often he has had a hard struggle to make ends meet.
He performs his daily work conscientiously and well, and his employer, who often is present at his meetings, considers him one of his best and most trustworthy workmen.

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

I then heard Sloan turn round from the harmonium, and during the sitting he, so far as I could judge, remained seated on the stool. Voices of all degrees of strength and culture spoke, from what appeared to be all parts of the room, but it was difficult to say where they actually originated, as in the centre of the circle were two megaphones, or trumpets, each about two and a half feet long, and from the metallic ring of the voice it was evident that they were occasionally being used to speak through. Naturally I was most suspicious of the whole proceeding, my critical faculties were wide awake, and yet two strange voices simultaneously addressed people present. I could not make it out at all. All the
time the two trumpets, when not being used to speak through, went round the circle touching each one gently. Someone would be lightly touched on the point of the nose, another on the top of the head, another’s hand would be touched, and so on—never a hard knock. At request, any part of the body would be touched without a mistake, without any fumbling, a clean, gentle touch, an impossible feat for any human being to do in pitch darkness, as I have proved on various occasions. Lights, about the size of half-a-crown, of a phosphorescent appearance, were continually moving about the room at all angles.

I was thinking deeply of the meaning of it all. I had gone expecting nothing, and no one on the other side in whom I was interested had passed through my mind that day, when suddenly a faint voice in front of me addressed me by my Christian name, and said, “I am your father.” The voice became stronger and added, “Smith is here beside me.” After this my father referred to an incident which had worried him during life, and, after he had finished, Smith continued the conversation on the same subject. I cannot be more explicit, as what was said was of a private nature; but what impressed me most of all was the fact that when these two were on earth they and I were the only three who knew anything of the incident, and the attitude of each was exactly the attitude I would have expected him to take up had he been still with us. Moreover, I had never referred to this incident to anyone on any occasion or at any time, so that no one in the room that night could possibly have known about it, or understood about what the voices were talking to me.
I have used the name Smith, but you will understand that it, and any other names I use to-night, are pseudonyms. Since then, at eight separate séances, my father has given me good evidence of his continued existence, showing intimate knowledge of our family affairs, and affection for the other members of his family still on earth.

Much else occurred that night to me and others, and after the séance was over I sat till the early hours of the morning writing out a careful record, and this practice I have continued whenever I or my friends were the recipients of communications from the beyond. I have had sittings with other direct voice mediums, and also with Sloan, at which much occurred of interest to others present, but when I or my friends got no attention I have not recorded them.

Looking over my records, I find that I have notes of forty different séances at which either I or my friends had conversations with those who claimed to have known us when on earth, thirty-six of which have been with Sloan, four with other mediums.

I have also witnessed, at different times, the same phenomena with the leading direct voice mediums, both in this country and in the United States, so I think I may claim to have had sufficient experience to enable me critically to examine the phenomena, and record my conclusions. As I say, I have notes of forty different séances, thirty-six of which have been with Sloan; seventy-seven separate voices have spoken to me, or to personal friends I have brought with me; two hundred and seventy-one separate facts have been given to me or to them; one hundred and sixty-nine of these facts I class "A1," as it was
impossible for the medium or any other person present to have known them; one hundred I class as "A2," as by means of the newspaper or reference books the medium could have found them out. One item of information given me I have not had the opportunity of verifying, and only one I have found to be incorrect. This latter was right up to a point, but as it was a message given me by a spirit, on behalf of another, it is possible it was wrongly delivered. If it had been delivered in a slightly altered form, it would have been correct, so I think that this one exception need not invalidate in any way the other items I have had correctly given.

CHAPTER II.

THE EVIDENCE: THREE "A1" CASES.

In the previous chapter I summed up my experiences at forty separate séances. I now propose to deal with the results in greater detail.

To record each individual case would extend this pamphlet into a book, so I propose in this chapter to give a summary of three cases that I class as "A1," and, in the next, of three I class as "A2." They are only summaries, as I have only space sufficient to enable me to dwell upon the salient points of each.

CASE 1 OF THE "A1" GROUP.—I took my brother with me shortly after he was demobilised from the Army. He knew no one present, and was not introduced. No one present except myself knew he had been in the Army. No one present knew where he had been during his time in the Army. His health had not permitted him to go abroad, and he was stationed part of the time near Lowestoft at a
small village called Kessingland, and part of the time at Lowestoft, training gunners. With this preliminary explanation I shall now give you the following summary of my notes on this case:—

During the course of the sitting, the trumpet was distinctly heard moving about the room, and various voices spoke through it. Suddenly it tapped my brother on the right knee, and a voice directly in front of him said, "Eric Saunders." My brother asked if the voice were addressing him, and it replied "Yes," whereupon he said that there must be some mistake, as he had never known anybody of that name. The voice was not very strong, so some person suggested that the company should continue singing, and while this was going on the trumpet kept tapping my brother on his knee, arm and shoulder. It was so insistent that he said, "I think we had better stop singing, as some person evidently is most anxious to speak to me." Again he asked who it was, and the voice, much stronger this time, repeated, "Eric Saunders." Again my brother said that he had never known any person of that name, and asked where he had met him. The reply was, "In the Army." My brother mentioned a number of places, such as Aldershot, Bisley, France, Palestine, etc., but carefully omitted Lowestoft, where he had been stationed for the greater part of his army life. The voice replied, "No, none of these places. I knew you when you were near Lowestoft." My brother asked why he said, "Near Lowestoft," and he replied, "You were not in Lowestoft then, but at Kessingland." This is a very small fishing hamlet about five miles south of Lowestoft, where my brother spent part of 1917. My brother then asked
what company he belonged to, and as he could not make out whether he said "B" or "C," my brother asked if he could remember the name of his Company Commander. The reply was "Macnamara." This was the name of the officer commanding "B" Company at that time.

By way of a test, my brother pretended that he remembered the man, and said, "Oh, yes, you were one of my Lewis Gunners, were you not?" The reply was, "No, you had not the Lewis Guns then, it was the Hotchkiss." This was perfectly correct, as the Lewis Guns were taken from them in April 1917, and were replaced by Hotchkiss. My brother asked him two or three leading questions, such as the name of his (my brother's) billet, which he answered correctly, and then Saunders said, "We had great times there, sir; do you remember the General's inspection?" My brother laughed, and said that they were continually being inspected by Generals, to which one did he refer, and he replied, "The day the General made us all race about with the guns." This was an incident which my brother remembered perfectly well, and which caused a good deal of amusement to the men at the time. He told my brother he had been killed in France, and my brother asked him when he had gone out. He replied that he had gone with the "Big Draft" in August, 1917. My brother asked him why he called it the Big Draft, and he said, "Don't you remember the Big Draft, when the Colonel came on the parade ground and made a speech." This reference was to a particularly large draft sent out to France that month, and was the only occasion on which my brother remembered the Colonel ever personally
saying good-bye to the men. He then thanked my brother for the gunnery training he had given him, and said it had been most useful to him in France. My brother asked him why he had come through to speak to him, and he said, "Because I have never forgotten that you once did me a good turn." My brother has a hazy recollection of obtaining leave for one of the gunners, owing to some special circumstance, but whether or not his name was "Saunders" he could not remember.

About six months after the above incident my brother was in London, and met, by appointment, the corporal who had been his assistant with the light guns in his battalion at that time. My brother told him the above story, and asked if he remembered any man named "Eric Saunders." My brother had been training gunners for nearly two years at the rate of about a dozen a fortnight, and beyond putting them through their examinations, and taking a general oversight of them, he never came into sufficiently close personal contact with them to get to know many of their names. The corporal, however, whom my brother met was more with the gunners, but he did not remember any person of this name. Fortunately, however, on the afternoon of his meeting my brother, he had brought with him an old pocket diary, in which he had been in the habit of keeping a full list of men under training, and other information. He pulled it out of his pocket, and together they looked back until they came to the records of "B" Company during 1917. Sure enough, the name appeared there, "Eric Saunders, f.q., August '17," with a red ink line drawn through it; f.q. stood for fully qualified, and
though my brother knew the meaning of the red ink line, he asked the corporal what it meant. He replied, "Don't you remember, Mr. Findlay, I always drew a line through the men's names when they went away. This shows that Saunders went out in August 1917."

Unfortunately we did not ask Saunders the name of his regiment, and consequently I could not trace his death, the War Office without this information being unable to supply me with any details beyond the fact that over 4,000 men of the name of Saunders fell in the War. Men came to Lowestoft from all over the country for training, so my brother had no record of Saunders' regiment.

Even allowing for this, it is a remarkable case, as it is fraud proof, telepathy proof, and cryptesthesia proof. Not only did no one present know my brother, but my brother did not know the speaker, and cannot even to-day recollect him, as he was passing hundreds of men through their training, all of whom would know him, but he never had an opportunity to know them individually. This case contains fourteen separate facts; each one was correct and each one comes up to my "A1" standard. Clairvoyants present described Saunders standing in front of us speaking, and, with a smile, saluting my brother before he left us.

I shall now give you another "A1" case:—

**Case 2 "A1."

—One day when in Edinburgh I visited Mr. Jones, a friend of mine, and noticed an oil painting on his study mantelpiece. Remarking on it, I was told that it was a painting by the trance painter, David Duguid, who died in the early part of this century. It has a history, my friend told me, and
then went on to say, "I had that painted once, many years ago when I visited David Duguid in Glasgow, and as my family did not believe in this method of painting, I promptly put it in a tin box." Some years later, after the death of Duguid, my friend was at a direct voice séance in London, and a voice spoke to him giving the name David Duguid. "You surely do not value my painting, Mr. Jones," said David. "Why?" said my friend. "If you did, you would not keep it in a box in your room." My friend had forgotten where he had put it, but told Duguid that he would search for it and put it on his mantelpiece. Just as Duguid had said, it was there, and my friend kept his promise and placed it on his mantelpiece.

This was the story I was told the day I visited my friend in Edinburgh. I never mentioned it to anyone, and my friend did not know Sloan. Now for the sequel. Some time after the story of the picture was told to me, I took to Sloan Mr. Jones' next door neighbour, Mr. Robinson by name, who had never heard the story, though he knew Mr. Jones well. Mr. Jones had rarely mentioned the incident to anyone, as he is rather sensitive about touching on a subject in which his neighbours and friends disbelieve. However, his next door neighbour came with me to Sloan's one night. He sat beside me, and was not introduced to anyone present. He had never seen Sloan before and Sloan certainly did not know him.

He first of all got some remarkable evidence, and then a strong voice boomed out and addressed him by name. "Mr. Robinson," it said, "I am David Duguid; tell your friend, Mr. Jones"—then came
Mr. Jones' full address—"tell your friend, Mr. Jones, that I am much obliged to him for keeping his promise and placing my picture on his mantelpiece." Mr. Robinson was quite bewildered, and addressing me said, "I don't know what he is talking about." I, however, knowing the story, promised Duguid to deliver the message, for which I received his thanks. This is another fool proof case, and can be rightly classed as "A1" and quite free from any other explanation, to my mind, than that the personality of Duguid was present and spoke, as how else could such a message have come?

Case 3 "A1."—The last "A1" case I shall give relates to a lady I took with me one evening. Sloan's séance was timed to begin at 7-15, and on my way to it I called for the lady and asked her if she would care to come with me. As it was then past seven she hurriedly got ready and came with me. She mentioned casually to me that she had just returned from a visit to friends in England, and I heard her make the same remark to someone just before the séance began, but no details were given—just the casual remark.

During the séance a voice spoke to her, giving the name of her host's deceased son, saying, "I saw you when you were staying with father at Leeds." Several other voices spoke to her, giving their names, and sent messages to her host at Leeds. Two of these she did not know, but she said she would tell her host they had spoken, and pass on their messages.

This lady afterwards told me that her host had replied that he had known all these people on earth and their messages were quite intelligible to him. This lady's brother, on a later occasion, spoke to her,
calling her “Anna,” a name he only used, as she is never called by that name. He said his name was “Will,” but “Bill” to her, which was correct, and then correctly referred in detail to some advice he gave her before his death. “If you had only taken it, how different your life would have been,” he said. “It is only too true,” said my friend to me afterwards. Finally his face materialised before her and she assures me that it was his face in every detail.

Here we have fourteen “A1” facts recorded, and these three cases I have mentioned, containing thirty-four “A1” facts, are only three of many. Remember, in my notes I have on record one hundred and sixty nine facts, every one as good as those to which I have referred.

Taking, however, these three cases, fraud is excluded, owing to the precautions taken. What of chance, in other words, guessing on the part of the medium? An eminent mathematician, on calculating the chances of correctly guessing all the facts recorded, considers that to have reached such accuracy represented the equivalent of 1 to 5,000,000,000,000; in other words, the odds were 5,000,000,000,000 to 1 against chance being the explanation. That being so, we need scarcely consider it.

Chapter III.

The Evidence: Three “A2” Cases.

I shall now summarise three cases, which I class “A2,” as they do not come under quite the same category as my “A1” cases, though it by no means follows that the information was normally obtained. All I mean is that the information was available
normally, and this being so, critics are open to give this as an explanation.

**Case No. 1 “A2.”**—I arranged a sitting with Sloan one evening in our Society’s rooms in Glasgow, and mentioned to him the name of a friend of mine who was coming. As things turned out I was sorry I did so, as if I had not, it would have been a wonderful “A1” sitting. He was a London man, and his wife came with him. He was well known as a spiritualist and a leader in finance. His name, career and certain family matters were mentioned in “Who’s Who.” This cannot explain all that took place, but just because his name was known I cannot class the case as “A1.” However, at least seven different voices spoke to him and his wife. They referred to family matters, gave family names and showed an intimate knowledge of his public and home life. He told me afterwards that, though he had studied the phenomena for twenty years, it was one of the most evidential and interesting sittings in which he had ever taken part.

**Case No. 2 “A2.”**—A lady, a friend of mine, died. She belonged to a well-known family. Consequently an obituary notice of about a quarter of a column appeared in the “Glasgow Herald” giving particulars of her family and immediate ancestors. This, consequently, brings this case under the “A2” category, though I know of nothing to associate her with me or my family in the mind of the medium. Sloan, I am sure, was not aware that I knew her. I am sure Sloan had never heard her name and knew nothing about her or her family, but as some critics make out that a case loses its evidentiality if the information given can be traced to print, I place this one
accordingly in the "A2" category. A week after her funeral, at a sitting I and a few personal friends had with Sloan in the séance room of our Society, her son, Cecil, who was killed in the war, spoke to me saying that he was so happy now, as he had his mother with him. I asked if she were present, and he replied she was, but not yet fully conscious that she had passed over. I asked if she could speak to me, which she did.

Her conversation showed she was not fully conscious of the change. She said she wanted her husband, naming him correctly, referred to the nature of her illness correctly, and wanted to know what had happened. I might add that the nature of her illness had not been published and was only known to a few of her intimate friends. I explained to her the change which had taken place, that she was now an inhabitant of the world of spirit, that she had left for ever this world of physical matter, that she had gone through the change called death, and then I said, "Do you not recognise who is standing beside you?" referring to her son. "No," she said, "I can see no one." Here her son interposed with the remark, "Mother cannot recognise me yet." Her father then spoke to me, telling me things I afterwards found in reference books to be correct. Then her brother spoke, giving his correct name and where he lived on earth. Towards the end of the séance, after other voices had spoken, the lady returned and again spoke to me. "Have you not seen Cecil?" I said. "No; where is he?" she replied. Then her voice suddenly changed from one of sadness to joy, and we heard her say, "Oh, Cecil, my darling, my own darling boy." Then there was silence. In a
few minutes another voice spoke—"He is taking her away with him; she will soon be all right."

I had been a participant in a great drama. I had been privileged to have the unique experience of witnessing the return to consciousness of one the world called "dead" and her meeting with her son, who had given, so the world thought, his life for his country. I had witnessed, when she was with us on earth, her terrible grief when she had heard of his death, her wonderful courage, and I was present at the final act when she and her only son became re-united. How I would have liked to tell her sorrowing husband of my experience, but I knew how useless it was, so I refrained from doing so. To describe, in a few words, what took nearly two hours to unfold, to make you conscious of the rare personal touches which accompanied it all, is, of course, impossible. The circle consisted entirely of my own personal friends, in the séance room of our own Society, and they were all deeply affected, especially my wife, who knew the lady well. Had Sloan been a great actor, knowing intimately the personalities concerned, and their family history, he could not have carried through, with such success, the various impersonations, whereas he knew nothing about her or her family, or my friendship with her and her son.

Case 3 "A2."—This is a peculiar case. I class it "A2," as it is unevidential, but I mention it for its interest only. I may say, by way of explanation, that a scientific group, on the other side, has taken a great interest in my investigations, and given me all the help they could. I shall have something later of interest to say with regard to the scientific views they expressed from time
to time. Huxley, Faraday, Alfred Russel Wallace and other scientists first of all started to come through to me after I took Sloan in London to see a lady and gentleman who had known them on earth. Immediately after that, the lady was present at two sittings with Sloan in London, one following the other, when Huxley and other scientists first began to manifest, sending their best wishes and congratulations to their old friend, her husband, for his persistency in keeping the fact of survival before the public. Huxley and others evidently kept in touch with me, as from that time onwards they repeatedly spoke to me, Huxley especially, who has given me good proof of his identity in a most evidential manner. His personal appearance also has been accurately described.

I mention these facts by way of explaining why I have had so much attention from this group, but you will realise that I must qualify my statement by saying that I have only their word for it that they are the surviving personalities of those who bore these great names on earth. With those who speak whom you never knew you lose the personal touches which are so convincing when they come from friends. Now I shall tell my story.

On 10th December 1923, I received a note from Sloan saying “Before penning these lines I have the influence of a quiet man beside me who says, ‘Write to Mr. Findlay to have no fear; we shall see that he acquits himself well at the forthcoming meeting, and we will have him well informed on all matters before the meeting.’ I get something like Raleigh as his name.” This was Sloan’s letter to me, and I wish you to note how he spells the name.
I sat with Sloan the following evening, and in the dark, before he went into trance he described a man standing beside me. Then he said he saw letters flashed above my head which he could make nothing of. I asked him to read them out one by one, while I noted them down. This he did very quickly, spelling them out as follows: *hgielyarmai*. I said I could make nothing of it, and was about to lay down my pencil when he said, "There is something more—*sdrawkcabdaer*"—he spelled out rapidly, and I took it down. It was quite unintelligible to me, so I thought no more about it, as shortly afterwards Sloan went into trance, and besides others who spoke was one claiming to be Huxley, who informed me, amongst other things, that the scientific group was present. After the sitting I referred to the jumble of letters I had taken down and found that by reading backwards it was quite sensible. "*I am Rayleigh read backwards.*" There is nothing evidential in all this, but Lord Rayleigh was a well-known scientist, a former President of the Royal Society and of the Society for Psychical Research, and might be one of the group of scientists Huxley said was present. Now Sloan spelled Rayleigh to me in his letter as *Raleigh*, and after the sitting, on asking him how he spelled Rayleigh, he did so the same way. He said he had never heard of Lord Rayleigh, and never knew a name was spelled *Rayleigh*. The rapid way he spelled out the message backwards was remarkable. On enquiring afterwards I found that Sloan’s description of the quiet man beside me tallied with that of the late Lord Rayleigh.
This is an interesting though not an evidential case, and I only mention it as such. All that happened could quite easily be explained normally. By enquiry Rayleigh's appearance and manner could have been found out, in fact I remember reading in the "Daily Telegraph" about a month prior to this incident some remarks by Sir William Barrett on Lord Rayleigh in which the reporter described him as "a quiet man." Believing as I do that Sloan is honest, I personally do not give this as the explanation, and further, it would require a very retentive memory to remember a string of unconnected letters, and this Sloan has not, his memory being particularly bad.

I think I have given you sufficient to let you see how it is I have separated out or analysed the information I have received. The cases I have given are not the best I have, nor the most evidential, but just samples of many. As I have said, seventy-seven separate voices have spoken to me or to my friends. I have obtained one hundred and sixty-nine "A1" separate items of information, and one hundred "A2" separate items of information, much of which was not known to me at the time, but which I verified afterwards as correct. Only one item I have not verified, because I have not been able to, and only one has not been substantially correct.

CHAPTER IV.
GENERAL INFORMATION.

I have, in the previous chapters, given information purporting to come from voices, either through the trumpet, or apart altogether from the trumpet.
Sloan, however, is one of the finest trance mediums in the country, and sometimes a communicator, if he cannot get his message through correctly by direct means, controls the medium or sends the message through one of Sloan's regular controls. I have had messages given partly one way and partly the other. However, for long continued conversation, trance communications are the best, as they are more sustained, uninterrupted conversations lasting often for over an hour. In this way I have received much detailed information, as to how the independent voice is formed, what the spirit body really is, the conditions existing in the world beyond, and the relative structure of the matter of which that world is made up, as compared with our physical matter. A stenographer present has recorded what was said.

First of all I am told that the whole universe is made up of matter of various degrees of density and vibratory activity, that this fills all space, in which life exists in varying degrees of development. What we sense here on earth is only matter vibrating within certain fixed limits. Surrounding, interpenetrating, attached to, and moving with our earth, is another world of ethereal matter in a higher state of vibration. Consequently it is unperceived by our senses. In our physical world the real, or enduring, body is an ethereal or spirit body, which at the moment of conception, commences to gather round it, or in other words, clothes itself with, physical matter slow in vibration. The ethereal body is the framework on to which physical matter is attached. This ethereal body is composed of matter more in tune with the ethereal matter of the next plane, but so
long as it is attached to physical matter it is limited by the limitations of such matter. At death, however, the etheric body is released from its physical covering and continues functioning quite naturally in the etheric world, where everything is as real to it as it was when in the physical. The etheric body is, in every particular, a duplicate of our physical body, and so it can be understood how, if conditions are given for a spirit to re-materialise its organs of speech, it is possible for it to again vibrate our atmosphere and make its voice heard. The etheric duplicate carries over with it, I am told, everything but the physical covering. Character, memory, affection, personality, etc., go with the etheric, because they pertain to the etheric body on earth. The etheric world is, in many respects, similar to this world. Our senses there respond as they do here, but owing to its finer structure, the mind can work on etheric matter in a way it cannot do here. Hence it is, in a sense, a mental world, as our thoughts there condition our environment to a greater degree than they do here.

In this next state of consciousness the inhabitants find themselves in surroundings much the same as we experience here. There grow trees and flowers, but there is no death such as we understand it: all vegetable life, instead of decaying, dematerialises and disappears from sight. The surroundings of the inhabitants are greatly conditioned by their thoughts, and so their houses and mode of life are much their own making. This, I am told, does not constitute the next state to be one purely of mental projections, for its inhabitants have the same sensations as we have; they can feel, touch and smell the flowers,
they can gather them, and when walking in the fields they meet and talk with their friends. All in the same plane, I am told, can see and touch the same things. This is the reply I invariably received when trying to find out whether this state was objective or subjective. There are many planes, but only those on the same plane experience the same sensations. I have, myself, experienced spirits present who talked to me but they could not see each other, though they were in the same room, the explanation given being that they were in different planes of existence. Theirs is not a dream world, but one of objective reality, intensely real; everything, music, art, etc., being at a higher pitch than we can possibly understand.

Great activity prevails; everyone has his or her own work to do. Service to others and love are the ethical standards which prevail there to a higher degree than here. There is a universal language: each and everyone can understand the other. It is inherent. Nationalities generally live together and speak their own language, but there is one language common to all. My informants were insistent on the point that with them discipline was rigid and all had to obey those in authority. Everyone is under the authority of higher spirits whose laws and instructions must be carefully obeyed. It is a well ordered and well governed state.

There is no night as we understand it, and the light they get does not come from our sun. If they want rest they can get subdued light, but not darkness as we experience it. Asked once as to their food, I was told they ate and drank just as we did, and enjoyed the same sensations, but their eating
and drinking was different to what we understood by these words. They enjoy much more freedom of movement, as, by thinking, they get to the place they think about, at a speed we cannot comprehend. On other occasions when I put questions about the composition of our minds I was told that mind was matter in a very rapid state of vibration, and that at death, though we left on earth our physical brain, the mind's instrument, yet the mind in spirit life functioned through the ethereal duplicate of the brain which was part of the spirit body which survived death.

On one occasion in reply to an enquiry as to whether we indefinitely retained our individuality I was told the following: "Think of a countryside with glens and hills. The rain falls and gradually trickles down into small streams, which streams gather volume until they enter a brook, which brook in turn enters a river, which in turn enters a larger river and sweeps onward to the sea. Each individual can be compared to an atom in the raindrop. The atom retains form and individuality throughout the whole course, from the hill to the sea, and even in the sea it does not lose its individuality. So with us: we move onwards and onwards, always retaining our individuality until we merge into the sea of full understanding, when we become part of the Divinity."

All life persists. Animals as well as human beings survive death, and each enters into a state harmonious to the vibrations of each. Affection on the part of an animal for an individual can bring the two together, but without this bond of affection they would function unsensed by each other in their own
plane. Thus life is indestructible, a great universal force is everywhere, in everything, in some form or another, but only when in conjunction with the physical can it be perceived by our limited sense perceptions.

Physical science deals with physical matter, something we can sense. Psychical science deals with ethereal matter. I use the word matter meaning the substratum of both force and life. We cannot sense ethereal matter, but spirits can. Its atomic structure, I am told, differs from that of our matter. It may be ether, or something akin to ether, for all we know to the contrary. Physics and psychics are twin brothers, which makes it easier for a physicist to understand psychics than scientists in other branches of knowledge. Hence the whole tendency of physical science to-day is towards the view that not physical but ethereal matter is the basic structure of the universe. The latest advances in our knowledge go far to support this hypothesis. Physical matter, which seems so solid and impenetrable, is in reality an open network of invisible electrons and protons. Matter, as we all know, is made up of atoms, but it is only comparatively recently that the structure of the atom has been understood. The atom, with its nucleus or proton, as it is called, and its revolving electrons, can be compared to our solar system, the distances between the electrons and the proton being in much the same proportion as the distances of the planets to the sun. Sir Oliver Lodge puts it thus:—If we were to consider an atom as the dome of St. Paul’s Cathedral, a pinhead would represent the relative size of one of the electrons of which it is composed. These protons
and electrons in the atoms are thus far asunder, moving at terrific speed and linked together by the invisible ether which occupies much the greater space within the atom.

Only the ignorant affirm that just what we sense is real, 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 might 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 an inch is to a mile. It is evident that there lies an enormous region for other life to inhabit around this world of ours, a region quite beyond our normal sense perceptions.

Until one clearly understands that our senses here only respond to a very limited range of vibrations, in what we term physical matter, that outside these there is a universe full of life which responds to a higher range of vibrations, unreal to us, but more real to it than physical matter, one cannot grasp or understand in all its fulness the psychical phenomena which develop through mediumship.

I shall now pass on to what I have been told regarding the production of what is termed the independent or direct voice. I have had no means of proving these statements, and they are only of value if what I have been told agrees with what has independently been told to others at different times and places. From what I myself have read on the subject I find that what has been told me is sub-
stantially what has been told others, but the only book I know of which goes in any way fully into the matter is "The Dead have never Died" by my friend, Mr. Edward C. Randall, of Buffalo, U.S.A., who has had more experience with the Direct Voice than any other living man. His experiences, as described in his writings, are well worth reading by anyone interested in the subject.

Chapter V.

How the Voice is Produced.

To obtain the independent voice, we require, in conjunction with those in the spirit world, to make the necessary conditions, otherwise the phenomena will not take place. They on the other side require our co-operation just as much as we require theirs. We are the passive, and they the active co-operators. We require an individual, the medium, possessed with certain vital forces or substances to some extent more than normal. To these we, the sitters, supply our own normal forces or vitality.

We sit in a circle in complete darkness with one or more metallic megaphones in the centre. The medium's hands and feet are controlled by the person sitting on each side of him, and he keeps absolutely passive throughout the entire sitting. We vibrate the atmosphere by singing for the first quarter of an hour. After we have done that, we have done our part; the rest, and much the greater part, is done by those who are working with us beyond the veil. As my investigations progressed, so was I impressed with the complications of the procedure, in the spirit world, necessary to produce
the conditions to make communication possible. A group of spirits 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 a spirit wishes to speak, one who gathers the substances from the medium and the sitters by connecting them up with the chemist, who draws from them the necessary material and forces. These lines of force, magnetic lines I am told, extend from the medium and the sitters to a central point, and the substances drawn from them are gathered by means of these, by the chemist, into an etheric bowl into which he also adds etheric substances of his own. Another of the group helps spirit newcomers to speak, telling them what to do; others bring spirits into the circle, and Whitefeather, to whom I have already referred, a Red Indian, considers himself the most important of all, as he is detailed off to give warning when a séance is to take place, so that all the operators may be present and at their posts.

Such is a general description of the modus operandi of the independent voice, on the physical and on the ethereal sides of life, but given the necessary conditions, what is the explanation of all that takes place?

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 spirit life, communication takes place in the same 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 matter of a much finer structure at a much more rapid rate of vibration. Thus their vocal organs, though they can operate in their ethereal 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 these 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.

We shall now imagine that we have been sitting in a circle, the medium being with us, that by singing we have vibrated the atmosphere for about a quarter of an hour, 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 in time that this voice did not proceed from any human being, but that there was a personality behind it which was not one of those present in the room. I, therefore, set myself to find out what actually was the cause behind this effect, and by a serious 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. It must be clearly understood, however, that I am only recording what has been told me, and I have not proved the accuracy or inaccuracy of any of these assertions.

The chemist to whom I have already referred, after mixing the substances 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, larynx, lungs, etc. This, when finished, is placed in the most suitable part of the room, often in the centre of the circle. The spirit wishing to speak then presses into this mask, slow in vibration, and with it clothes or covers his own vocal organs, and absorbs this substance into his own organs of speech. 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 spirit then, for the time being, has taken on the necessary conditions to make himself once more such as we are, so far as his vocal organs and lungs are concerned. He is again an inhabitant of matter, slow 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 five minutes, when dematerialisation begins, the material falls away from the vocal organs, and though they may continue speaking, they are 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 spirit 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 spirit clothes himself with it, or absorbs it. What is the exact effect which is produced when the spirit 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. When I have asked for further details I have been told that I would not understand and must be content with such information as has, so far, been given to me. Often I have put my ear quite close to the medium's mouth and heard nothing beyond his regular breathing, though a voice was speaking to someone at the time, and only my personal friends were present in the Séance Room of the Glasgow Society for Psychical Research.

On one occasion the communicator told me that the medium's larynx was being used, and that his voice was being carried by a psychic tube to the trumpet which magnified it so that we could hear it. In other words, he was making use of the medium's lungs and larynx and mouth to save the necessity of materialising these organs.

This was made clearer by replies to further questions. When a voice speaks through the trumpet, it is not always independent of the medium: the voice does not always proceed from a materialised entity in the centre of the circle. The
power is not always strong enough to maintain this form of communication throughout the entire sitting. What happens is this. The spirit who wishes to speak controls the medium and speaks through him. The communicator has not, however, the same control over the medium as his regular controllers, and the voice produced is sometimes not above a whisper. The voice is conveyed from the medium’s mouth by means of a materialised ectoplastic or psychic tube to the trumpet, which amplifies the voice so that it can be heard. The spirit speaking under these circumstances stands behind the medium, whose spirit for the time being is detached from his body, in other words, the medium is in trance. The communicator is able to control the medium’s vocal organs. There is a connecting link, magnetic, etheric, or psychic, which has the same effect on the medium’s muscles as the atmospheric waves have on two tuning forks tuned to the same pitch. As the vibrations of one act on the other, so the two sets of vocal organs, the spirit vocal organs and the medium’s, act in unison. Thus what the spirit says, the medium says, both sets of organs working in harmony. There is no question, my informant insisted, of the messages in any way being influenced by the medium’s mind, as his mind does not come into the question at all. They do not act through the medium’s mind, but directly on his vocal organs. The spirit mind is in complete control, the medium’s brain being switched off for the time being. What we sometimes hear, therefore, is the medium’s voice through the trumpet, though it sounds quite unlike his own, as it always does in trance, and this form of communication comes under the same category as
trance utterances, except that the voices are conveyed to the trumpet and are heard proceeding from the trumpet instead of from the medium's mouth. The trumpet need not necessarily be at the medium's mouth, as they tell me that they can convey the voice into the trumpet right across the circle. At Sloan's séances, therefore, we have three different forms of communication, first, trance utterances; secondly, trance utterances plus the trumpet; and thirdly, the best of all, voices from spirits who have materialised their vocal organs and lungs and speak as we do, without any connection whatever with the medium, except the ectoplasmic substance necessary for materialisation, which they borrow from the medium and sitters.

They have blown down the trumpet to show me that air is used. The trumpet is moved by materialised rods made by a combination of these substances supplied by medium and sitters, and their chemist. It can be moved also by materialised hand or hands, and it is sometimes placed at the materialised mouth of the speaker, thus throwing his voice in the direction he desires to speak without his requiring to move from the place where he has materialised. Either end of the trumpet can be used, whichever suits their purpose best. When the trumpet is not used, it means that the substance is sufficient, and the power strong enough, to enable one or more materialisations to take place, usually in the vicinity of the person to whom the spirit wishes to speak. Thus, I have heard, on occasion, two and sometimes three voices speaking to different people at the same time. Not always, however, is the person present who purports to speak, as spirits who have passed
through what is called the second transition into advanced spheres find it difficult, if not impossible, to communicate. They, however, can communicate with those in the lower spheres, their messages being picked up by a receiving instrument and passed on by a spirit present at the séance. This, I think, is often done, even with those in the lower spheres who find communication difficult by means of materialising their own vocal organs. An Irishman in spirit life named Gallacher told me that much of his time at a séance was occupied in taking messages and passing them on. He calls himself the "telephone exchange."

I asked once if the materialised vocal organs could be touched and had weight, and was told they could be, and that they had the weight that we, the sitters, had lost during the sitting. If we each sat on a weighing machine we would find our weight during the séance gradually decreasing, and as the séance neared an end, as the ectoplasm was returned, so would our weight return to normal. The recent experiments by Dr. Crawford and others have proved this statement to be correct. This ectoplasm which they draw from us is useless, unless it is mixed with ingredients supplied by the chemist, as materialisation could not take place from ectoplasm alone. This ectoplasmic-etheric combination is, I am told, the preparation required, not only for materialisation, but for the movement of all physical objects. They can move nothing without it. Our bodies are composed of the ingredients from which they draw this substance called ectoplasm. I have found it impossible, however, to get any detailed information as to what are the chemical ingredients
of the substance they add to the ectoplasm. The chemist would not tell me, as he said I could not understand it even if he did. They hear us and see us by lowering their vibrations. I asked once if the thoughts of the medium in any way coloured the communications which came by means of the independent voice, and the reply I received was, "Certainly not."

Such is some of the information that has been given to me. I regret I cannot give, even in a general way, much else of interest I have been told. To do so would extend this pamphlet into a book. The spirit that purports to be Huxley, and others, have been most interesting, tracing matter and life up from early beginnings, through the physical, into the spiritual world. "Evolution"—the soi-disant Huxley said to me once—"is still my great theme, the thing I am constantly thinking about. Evolution is the key to the Universe. Evolution never ends. We are always progressing, progressing, but we retain our individuality. It helps to explain the mystery of existence." Of course, there is nothing evidential in this. I just mention it as a matter of interest. The view I personally have formed from the information I have received is that here and now we are spiritual beings living for a time on earth encased in physical matter which we discard at death, thus permitting us to function in the environment for which by nature we are fitted. Evolution, in other words, is the development of a spiritual being whose ultimate destiny we have at present no means of ascertaining.
CHAPTER VI.
CONCLUSION.

Now, I ask, what have we to make of it all? Have I been the victim of a great fraud, has all that I have recorded, and much else, a normal explanation? Is all I have been told about the next world a deliberate lie, or the outpourings of a highly imaginative mind? Have all the voices been Sloan’s voice, has he impersonated every individual who spoke? Has he some marvellous means of obtaining information about the deceased friends of those who come to his circle? Has he the power of knowing everyone, whether he has seen them before or not; can he see in the dark and though his hands and feet are controlled can he, in our own séance room, by some means, touch everyone ever so lightly about the face and hands with the trumpet, often using two trumpets at the same time? Is he really not in trance at all, but besides manipulating the trumpets and impersonating voices through the trumpets, is he at the same time assuming different personalities himself, so that we have two personalities speaking which are none other than Sloan himself? I have heard thirty separate voices speaking during one séance, each of different tone and personality. Further, how can he describe so accurately the appearances of the spirits purporting to speak? Is it all one huge fraud, and have I, and others, been the victims of a great conspiracy? If it be so, it is quite the cleverest performance ever accomplished. Infinite trouble is necessary, and also considerable expense, in gathering all the information, and for what purpose? Sloan’s work takes him out
at 7 a.m., and he does not get home till 6 p.m. When can he find the time to make such exhaustive enquiries?

Certainly no monetary gain accrues to him, as he never, all his life, has taken a penny for all this time and effort on his part. Is he insane on this question, and for a morbid love of notoriety does he carry on this farce? If so, why so retiring, why so anxious at all times to hide his light under a bushel? Why does he not want to be introduced to those whom he calls "my grand friends"? Why does he prefer quietness and being alone, to holding séances; why does he love the sea, and why, from time to time, does he sign on and go for months to sea, where he never hears or speaks of Spiritualism?

I have asked myself a hundred questions from time to time, in my endeavour to find an explanation. Is it telepathy? If so, how do you account for the Eric Saunders episode and dozens of others, and in any case how can telepathy produce a voice apart from the medium? Am I the victim of hallucination? If so, my stenographer, and all present are also the victims; and collective hallucination, going on for fifteen years, as it has done with some of Sloan's friends, is unthinkable, as what one hears all hear at these séances. Often I have heard spirits speaking to and answering each other during the séance. What about cryptesthesia—hidden memories, or the perception of realities by extra sensorial channels? Can a memory, or the perception of realities by extra sensorial means, produce a voice? Can my hidden memory, or his extra sensorial perception, make Sloan able, normally or supernormally, not only to describe correctly my
deceased friend, whom he never knew, but to produce also his voice, which I can recognise, which voice tells me things I had never heard before, but found afterwards to be true; and why, if such, do these manifestations concern only those who have passed on, the so-called dead? Again, why does one friend in spirit life bring others whom you and they knew on earth? How can a medium know, normally or supernormally, not only your own friends who have passed on, but their friends, also in spirit life, who were your friends and theirs in this life?

Nothing I can think of besides fraud or reality explains satisfactorily to me all I have experienced. Fraud, knowing Sloan and the facts as I do, I rule out of account. The circumstantial evidence in favour of reality is overwhelming. No one has followed Sloan's actions and words in trance and out of trance more critically than I have done, and all these six years never by word or action has he done or said anything to make me in the least degree suspicious as to his motives. Sloan is a high-minded, upright, religious man, without much learning, and with average intelligence. A good workman, but no student. His range of literature is very limited. He told me once that he had seldom ever read a book in his life owing to poor eyesight. I have never seen a book in his house, though I have been in every room of it, and only once an evening paper. He has not the capacity to carry on a séance, such as I have described, normally, for one half-hour, even if he wished to do so. I dislike referring to fraud in connection with a man of such high principles, but others do not know him as I do, and to those
who have not had experience with these phenomena as I have had, fraud is the simplest and the most obvious explanation.

I rule out fraud, I rule out telepathy, I rule out cryptesthesia. I come back every time to the only explanation which fits in with all the facts, namely, that those we thought were dead are still alive, that they have bodies such as we have, of a finer texture than our physical bodies, that they inhabit a world of finer matter than we do, and that certain individuals called mediums can supply them with a substance which, when mixed with ingredients of their own, enables them again, for a limited time, to assume physical conditions, and, with their memories, affections and character unimpaired, once more to hold conversation with their friends still on earth.

My mind remains open for further explanations science may offer, but, so far, science has not given to me another explanation which fits in with all the evidence. In fact, science, until recently, has given little thought to the phenomena I have described. The London Society for Psychical Research has spent years studying mental phenomena, and this independent voice phenomena, equally if not more important in so far as personal identity is concerned, has never been officially investigated. Now that the Society has built a new investigation room at Tavistock Square, I trust that a direct voice medium will be one of the first to be investigated, on the lines laid down by the late Dr. Crawford, of Belfast, who discovered more about the movement of objects without physical contact than all the other scientists in the world. It should be quite possible so to isolate the materialised larynx, etc., that its
weight could be taken, and its construction and operation better understood. We must learn the laws governing the phenomena. There is a great field before the investigator, and had I lived in Glasgow, and not in the country, I would have continued my investigations on the lines followed by Dr. Crawford, and thus have had objective proof of the correctness or otherwise of the statements made to me as to how the voice is produced.

I trust that what I have written will encourage someone with a scientific mind to pursue these investigations to a point which will make clear what to-day is obscure, as a thorough scientific grasp of the phenomena I have described is essential before it can become generally accepted by the world at large.

The foregoing is a faithful record of my experiences, and I have but done my duty in recording them. Some may accept them, others suspend judgment, whilst many doubtless will disbelieve, arguing that without deception such things cannot occur. I reply to critics on much the same lines as did Pasteur to those who impugned his discoveries on *a priori* grounds: "In all this, there is no question of religion, nor philosophy, nor atheism, nor materialism, nor spiritualism, it is entirely a question of fact." The facts are there, and refusing to face them does not alter them. If any one has built up a system of belief which opposes these facts, that system must be changed to suit the facts, because the facts will not alter to suit any particular system of belief. I can safely leave the future to bring forth cumulative evidence in support of my assertions, so that the day will come when to disbelieve in the reality of psychic phenomena will be but to plead
ignorance, and to scoff will be accounted foolish. Meantime the world is composed of those who have had some foretaste of what exists beyond the veil, and, in consequence, have had their vision enlarged, and, on the other hand, of those who do not think deeply on such subjects, or, if they do, are satisfied that there is nothing more to learn, and that all we can know of the universe is already known. As Mrs. Browning so aptly puts it:—

"Earth's crammed with Heaven
And every common bush afire with God:
But only he who sees takes off his shoes."