

Proof

Victor G Duncan

AUTHOR'S NOTE

This book is written in complete sincerity by a clergyman of the Church of England.

It is the outcome of an effort, begun in 1926, to solve by means of the experimental method that problem of all problems—the survival of the soul after death.

Some men are so favourably situated and organized that they have an unyearning content. They simply do not understand why it is that persons should desire present-day evidence for survival. And yet I cannot help thinking that there are few persons who live long in life and who do not, sooner or later, reach a point in which they wake up to the consciousness of a need of this sort.

The search for a personal conviction upon this great subject is one which all thinking men and women are impelled to make in an age of spiritual isolation and unrest. It is also an ever-pressing burden upon many who mourn.

"Shall I never see them again ?"

Nowhere else so much as in the realm of grief is this question of the survival of the soul in such need of interpretation. And nowhere else, I think, is to be found a scepticism which is so searching and pulseless as that which takes control of people in the great overwhelming surprise and shock of a loved one's passing.

In this quest the writer has explored his own Faith, has marked some spots still shaded in perplexity, and has discovered others illuminated with certainty. Enough, however, has been found to offer to those in doubt or bereavement and who are wondering what has happened to those dear ones after "the darkness or the dawn that men call death".

FOREWORD

MY first acquaintance with the Rev. V. G. Duncan consisted in receiving a letter saying that he had some experiences which he was retailing, and offering to send me the MS. to ask for a foreword. Since I get many such requests, I sent a grudging reply, but relented to the extent of scribbling an extra line saying that if he specially wanted to he might send it. Fortunately he was not put off, and on Saturday the 18th February, the material came, and as soon as I had cleared off some letters, in spite of having many things I wanted to read, I opened the package and proceeded to sample the contents. I soon found that it was worth reading properly, and before the evening I had finished it.

The author has been fortunate in his experiences with the Misses Moore, and has described the conditions of the early sittings remarkably well. If an inquirer reads only the first two chapters he will get an insight into the phenomena which will revolutionize his sceptical attitude and raise his perception in the reality of continued existence. They are facts that are being testified to, and arguments against them are of no avail. It needs some courage on the part of a minister of spiritual things to bear witness to the everyday reality of such things. He attracts to himself persecution; but the strength of his persuasion of the truth is sufficient to enable him to bear it.

The existence and co-operation of a spiritual world is a reality which should be known to all; and those

whose experience entitles them to bear testimony cannot be suppressed by any fear of what may happen to them. The time is ripe for a conflict with the forces of repression. The avenue to knowledge on this subject is open to all, and if care is taken to pursue the truth wisely and directly, the darkness of ignorance which has so long prevailed will gradually be lifted, and a great and illuminating truth be open to struggling humanity.

OLIVER LODGE

20th February, 1933

CHAPTER ONE

NUMEROUS attempts have been made from time to time to prove the survival of the soul after death, that one naturally hesitates to add to the literature upon the subject. And yet, as an ordained priest of the Church of England, whose sad duty it is to meet and comfort those in bereavement, I know how profoundly acute human interest is in this supreme question.

In the chamber of death a clergyman witnesses many moving scenes. There the little pretensions of daily life break down. Beside the loved form covered with its white sheet he comes face to face with broken-hearted men and women.

What had been formerly little more than a vague and formless belief, now becomes a sharp and poignant demand. Father, mother, wife or child has vanished and with the departure of that personality has gone a part of themselves. And "those that remain" are urgent to know where they have gone and what they are doing, and whether all further contact or communication with them is at an end. To meet, and perforce give an answer to such imperative challenges as these, led me to the study of psychical phenomena.

I am naturally of a critical turn of mind and had hitherto regarded what is known as Spiritualism with a somewhat prejudiced antipathy. As a young man I had pursued some investigations into its claims, and my experiences did not encourage me to proceed further with the study.

I can definitely assure the reader that the experiences which I am about to relate are by no means due to a credulous "will to believe" anything in favour of Spiritualism.

My return to the examination of psychical phenomena began in 1922 when I was living in Scotland. I felt the increasing pressure of finding something more concrete and personal than orthodoxy afforded, to say to those in sorrow, and I commenced re-reading the records of the Society of Psychical Research. This was followed by a careful study of well over a hundred works dealing with this subject.

One day my bookseller, who had observed my predilection for this type of literature, mentioned that if I cared to follow up my reading with a practical investigation of psychic phenomena he could help me. He offered to introduce me to one of his customers, a Miss McCall, who was in touch with two Glasgow ladies, purporting to possess the extremely rare and strange gift of direct voice mediumship.

I gladly availed myself of this offer, and subsequently an introduction with Miss McCall took place. This lady I found to be of good social position, refined and well educated, belonging to a well-known Border family. She had investigated this subject for some years in a critical and reverent frame of mind, and had become quite convinced of the possibility as well as the genuine reality of communication with the departed. She told me of many startling psychic experiences, among them being the stupendous claim to have spoken in the direct voice with her father, who had passed away some years before. She willingly agreed to provide an opportunity for me to test such an amazing assertion; and I left her with the promise is that on a certain evening a week ahead, I could bring a friend and investigate its falsity or truth.

During the days that intervened before the evening appointed for my test séance, I went over in my mind the various religious and scientific aspects involved. It was five and thirty years ago, I remembered, since Sir William Crookes passed his current of electricity through a vacuum tube and so initiated the present epoch in science. Out of that tube, on the practical side, had emerged the X-ray and the wireless; while on the theoretical side had come the splitting of the atom into protons and electrons, and the new philosophy of matter.

Just as Kepler and Newton had created a new age by their comprehension of the infinitely great, so J. J. Thomson, Rutherford and Lodge were, I could see, making another new age by their investigation of the infinitely small. **And now Einstein has arrived with his perplexing theorems of Time-Space and Fourth Dimension**—certainly, it behooved one to keep an open mind.

So as a humble student of religious philosophy, I realized that my business was not chiefly concerned with these new discoveries so much as to note the effect they produced upon the mind of the scientific world.

The biologists of the Nineteenth Century had been so sure of the laws of nature. To them they were absolute, rigid and eternally supreme. It was so with that erstwhile doughty champion of Naturalism—Ernest Haeckel. He was so certain of the natural, that he scoffed at the supernatural, even going as far as to discard the phenomena of mind, art, music, ethics and religion as mere chance by-products in a perpetual interplay of matter and energy undirected by Intelligence. The modern scientist, however, has now rejected the outlook of Haeckel's famous "Riddle of the Universe".

This changed point of view in the scientific mind of "today, I recognized, was greatly due to the fact that it is no longer sure of the natural. If there is one thing certain in modern science it is that there is nothing certain. Axioms are no longer regarded as bed-rock truths. It is now questionable whether light has no weight; that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points; that a four pound weight really weighs the same as four separate pounds; that force and matter are distinct things; that action at a distance is impossible and so on.

The disintegrating nature of the new knowledge in science, I could well see had brought about a more open and receptive outlook. Could the same be said of theology? This new scientific knowledge does, after all, have a bearing upon the doctrines of the Church. We know now, for instance, that all matter is of the same stuff—protons and electrons; that the life within us deals incessantly with atoms, breaking up starch, converting the atoms into sugar for assimilation, and in so doing continually building new bodies for ourselves from the raw materials. Death puts an end to the process, and shows that **it is the vitality and not the body that is responsible for its changes**.

There may be no atoms in space, but there are electrons.

It is feasible that the released vitality which we call the spirit may similarly make use of protons and electrons to build itself, and even clothe a body in which to function after physical death. Also it may not be unreasonable to hold that such a building of the soul-body is unconsciously proceeding in this life. If that be the case, then the postresurrection appearances of Jesus Christ become more credible. The present age is one of inquiry. In all directions men are asking the reason why, more than they ever did before. **They are not content to believe a thing simply because their fathers believed it before them**. They want to know the why and wherefore of what they are asked to accept. And this attitude is surely right. Truth never fears the light of honest inquiry, only we should take care that it is honest.

Therefore, when told of "angels who once talked with men," of a resurrection and of a life beyond the

grave, palpable proof is demanded for such tremendous claims.

Men argue, and one cannot but admit the reasonableness of their point of view, that if these events occurred in the past under certain conditions, they should happen today under similar circumstances.

If therefore the claims of psychical research can be established, they would render the Christian Church invincible. They would demonstrate that revelation is not opposed to nature; that miracles are not violations of, but occurrences in accordance and conformity with natural law; that life beyond the grave is not a wistful dream, but a real and tangible fact.

No scientist would be able to raise objection to the evidence. It would be gathered by the same strict methods science herself has laid down for the pursuit of human knowledge. Facts are first found, and from them a reasonable and consistent theory is deduced. One thought of the radio-active solid, ever spending itself in a stream of electric energy, and becoming dissipated into forms of entity which can only be regarded as akin to imponderable ether. And as one began to envision the whole material universe merging, with incredible slowness, into the Divine Mind from which it issued; it does not seem a difficult thing to believe, that such creative Thought should prove capable of providing a world unseen and peopling it with ministering spirits, capable under certain circumstances of re-establishing sensible contact with those they have left behind.

I realized that the new knowledge which modern biology, physics and psychology was pouring out, while not affording proofs of survival, yet distinctly favoured its possibility.

Most of us are aware that the supremely important result of a general education is the mental attitude acquired from it. We know, too, that the tendency of the onesided mind is to remain closed to new truth of any kind, and it gradually fails to appreciate the value of the truth which it already holds. A familiar instance of this is provided by Herbert Spencer: all his forecasts for society were based on his knowledge of the animal nature of man, and he never troubled to study theology or consider man's spiritual side; Time therefore has already placed him among the false prophets in every prediction he ventured to make. His Synthetic Philosophy is now seen to be ridiculous.

May not the same indictment be brought against those who study theology, but do not keep abreast of the new knowledge, whether it comes from modern science or by way of psychical research. For they not only frequently display preposterous ignorance but fail also to perceive the depth and richness and glory of those truths which they already possess.

Did not the ecclesiastics who condemned Galileo miss much of the meaning of "Maker of heaven and earth?" Did not the dignitaries who condemned Darwin do the same?

Isn't it our bounden duty—especially for the clergy—to search and sift each new discovery for any gleam it can shed upon our religious faith to God's glory? May I emphasize that it was with this solemn thought in my mind that I entered the séance room.

CHAPTER TWO

THE friend whom I asked to accompany me to my first voice séance or sitting as it is sometimes called, was an ex-army officer, who is now the head of a large export business in Scotland. We had previously conducted some mild psychical experiments together in our own homes with encouraging results. But neither of us had any illusions about the trustworthiness of unknown human beings, and we determined to use our intelligence to the utmost. For us, the issue at stake was considerable, and we felt that the establishment of the truth of the survival of the soul, even for ourselves, necessitated the most careful

precautions, not only against fraud on the medium's part but against any self-deception on our own. If our inquiry failed it must not be through any omissions on our side.

The séance had been arranged to take place on a Thursday evening at a house in the suburbs of Edinburgh. The lady who had made my appointment had promised that my name, as well as any information she might know concerning me, should be withheld from the mediums. In any case my colleague in this experiment was a total stranger to them all as I had taken care that he should remain anonymous by simply stating that "a friend would accompany me".

The room where the séance was held was a small sparsely furnished apartment near the top of the house. It had one window and no other door except the one by which we entered. The only persons present were the lady who had arranged the sitting, the two mediums, my friend and myself.

I had never before met a voice medium so that the two young women who were now introduced to me as the Misses Moore of Glasgow, greatly interested me as a type of person hitherto unfamiliar. Mentally I tried "to weigh them up". They impressed me as being normal young Scotswomen, simple and reverent in tastes and mind, and with none of the peculiarities and pretensions of the pseudo-mystic. When they spoke each betrayed a definite accent which left no shadow of doubt as to their home town. The only indication that a watchful observer might have noticed as distinguishing them from other people was a certain far-away look—that indescribable something which the Scots call "fey". During the short conversation which preceded the sitting, I gathered that both sisters were enthusiastic about the spread of Spiritualism and its value to the human race. They had dedicated their lives in its service. In a few quiet words they explained that they were simply the instruments used by the spirit people to get into touch with their friends on earth. They did not go off into trance, and all that we were asked to do was to join in the opening prayer and psalm and wait patiently for the coming of the spirits. A gramophone, to be operated by the lady who arranged the séance, would play records to help in setting up the necessary vibrations. When a voice spoke and addressed us we were directed to answer at once, and talk as fluently and naturally as possible. For this, in some inexplicable way, aided the manifesting spirit to carry on a conversation. The séance would be in darkness as light tended, we were informed, to inhibit the phenomena.

I locked the door and we placed our two chairs with their backs to it and facing the mediums. On our right stood the lady beside the gramophone which was on a table close to the wall. In the middle of the floor the mediums had placed a tube of aluminium about eighteen inches long, which they called a trumpet, explaining that it was used by some of the spirits to assist them in making their voices heard more clearly. This trumpet floated about the room and we were warned not to touch it or be alarmed if it moved over and touched us. I bent over and examined this tube and saw that it was merely a plain piece of metal some four inches in diameter at one end, and tapering upwards to about an inch and a half at the other end.

The light was switched off, and a moment after we were all repeating the Lord's Prayer. This was followed by the singing of the 23rd Psalm. At the close of it I heard the scraping of a gramophone needle, the whirr of a record revolving and then the soft music of an old-time air. It is astonishing how darkness, cutting off as it does some of our faculties, nevertheless stimulates others. The sense of hearing takes on a new acuteness; the mind undistracted by visible objects is able to concentrate with redoubled potency.

"Do you notice anything ?" whispered my friend beside me.

"Yes," I answered, "there are little gusts of icy air blowing round me."

"I'm feeling the same," he replied, "but listen. . ." He broke off abruptly as a faint foreign voice struggled to make itself heard above the music of the gramophone.

"Please stop the record," requested the elder Miss Moore. "Someone is speaking."

As the music ended the voice was heard distinctly. It was addressing us in broken English. The voice volunteered his name as Koha; that he was an Indian Guide whose duty it was to prepare the room by harmonizing the conditions, so that the spirits of our friends could the more easily come through to us. He appeared to know who we were as well as our object in coming, and promised that if we gave our sympathy to his efforts, the proof we were seeking would be forthcoming. The voice was that of a man, quaintly guttural and friendly, and the short staccato sentences seemed to proceed from someone who was, as it were, moving about a room intent upon some task.

His work, whatever it may have been, having come to an end, Koha bade us farewell, but before he went he ventured the prediction that he would meet us again. Then, in a final word he asked that a little more music might be provided to raise the vibrations.

The gramophone, having been re-started, it was not long before a second voice was heard with the utmost clarity, speaking high up near the ceiling. It was a deep, resonant, cheery voice with a homely Scottish accent.

"Guid evening, sisters," it cried, "ye can stop tha music for a bit. Guid evening, Brither L ...; Guid evening, Brither M. . . ."

"You know us then, do you?" inquired my friend quickly.

"Oh, aye, I know ye both," replied the voice with a chuckle.

"But who are you ?" I asked.

"I'm Adra Wallace o' Dunfermline. I lived on tha' earth afore your time," came the reply, and the voice went on to speak of early days in the old Scottish town; of his business there as a publican and of some regrets connected with that occupation. A note of wistfulness crept into his tone as he dwelt over those bygone days. The voice was charged with sadness.

"Never mind, Andrew," interrupted one of the sisters, "you're making up for it now, bringing comfort and happiness to so many people who are in sorrow."

"Aye, I'm doing ma best, sister," said Andrew more brightly, "and I'll mak' some o' ye happy tonight. There's a lady waiting now to speak to Brither L. She hasna' been over this side verra long. Sing a bit o' something, sisters, to help her through."

We all joined in singing the verse of a hymn. Very soon a thin, anxious whisper was heard battling to become articulate. It grew in strength as we sang a few more lines to increase the power. In soft, sweet tones the voice of a lady spoke to my friend. It called him by his Christian name, "Jan! Jan!" My friend made a sharp movement with his chair and in a voice thrilling with emotion, he cried out, "Mother! Oh, mother darling! Is it really you?"

"Yes Jan, it is really and truly me."

Then followed one of the most moving moments of my life. In tender, eager tones, audible to all in the room, mother and son talked as though they were both in the flesh. Talked of all those dear, trifling

things which make up life for all of us; of the father who was left behind; of the son who needed special care; of the son's wife (addressed correctly by name); of the uncle who would soon be beside her in the heavenly places; and lastly of her present happiness.

As I look back to that unforgettable evening and visualize once again the intense joy of that reunion, the spell of its beauty still lingers with me.

Before she left, my friend asked one final question, not so much, he told me afterwards, in a spirit of doubt, but **because he felt that every shred of evidence was of such tremendous value to him.**

"Can you remember, Mother," he asked, **"the second name of B.?"**

Now my friend's father belonged to a North European race. **But nobody in the room except himself knew that fact.** The name asked for was a peculiar one and had reference to this origin.

"Why, Sewald, of course," came the answer, without scarcely a moment's hesitation. It was perfectly true.

Shortly after, but not before she had whispered a tender farewell, she went away. The next voice that manifested was that of Andrew Wallace.

"That was yez mither," he said, addressing my friend.

"Oh, I don't doubt that, Andrew," he answered. **"There's no fear that I shouldn't know my mother's voice.** It was splendid to talk to her once more."

"We want yez all to be happy," observed Andrew. "Folks are awfu' silly to be feared o' death. It would be better for them if they were feared o' life. **Death canna' harm them but life can.** It's the way they live in yon material that counts on this side."

He paused and then added, speaking in front of me.

"There's someone wantin' to speak to ye, Brither. **It's a tall man, very tall and well set up and he looks like a meenister.** He's wearing a long black cloak."

I intimated that I should be very pleased to talk to him.

The next moment I heard a man's voice speaking **apparently a few inches in front of my face.**

"I'm Moss," he said, "Gerald Moss. You don't know me but you know of me. **I was the former rector of your present church.**"

"Indeed," I answered, "I am very pleased to meet you. Can you remember the place where you died?"

"Yes," he replied. **"Millhaven."**

"That's perfectly correct and what did you die of?"

"Pneumonia."

"Of course you can recollect the name of my church?"

"Of OUR church," insisted the voice. "It was St. J."

"Quite right. **Now can I give a message to your wife?"**

"I never had one and you know it," said the voice and there seemed a touch of annoyance in the tone.

I begged his pardon and said that I felt sure he would understand why I had put that question.

"Casuistry," came the quick response followed by a short laugh.

I then suggested that if he could give me some information which would prove his identity, it would be an enormous help to me. Preferably if he could tell me something which I did not know myself, and which I could verify later on. It would not be so easy in such circumstances for anyone to trot out that much-abused word "subconscious"!

"Wait a moment. . . . I have it," answered the voice, and continued : "You didn't know I used to be a schoolmaster did you?"

"No," I replied. "As a matter of fact I really know very little about you."

"Well," went on the voice, speaking in a slightly lower tone, "before I was ordained I was a master at the M . . . T School in Edinburgh. You can verify this later on."

"I will certainly make inquiries," I promised.

"You have a tough job where you are," remarked my communicator rather sadly.

"I'm afraid I have," I agreed.

"And you'll find it won't grow any easier. But I'll help you all I can."

"Thank you."

"Yes," continued the voice, "I'll be with you in the church and in the pulpit too, and you must tell the people of this great truth. I live as they also shall live. Death does not destroy the soul."

I might remark here that some weeks after this conversation took place several people among my congregation came to me, at different times, and told me of a vision they had had of a tall, burly man in a long black cassock standing behind me in my pulpit. The details tallied with the earthly form of the late "Gerald Moss", whom I had never met, but who had been—after this séance—described to me by people who had known him. One vision was seen by a choirboy of eight years old, who was completely nonplussed when he related the incident to me. After a hurried reassurance of his continuing presence with me the voice of "Gerald Moss" ceased. The gramophone was once again re-started and a little desultory conversation between the sitters ensued. It was broken by the voice of Andrew Wallace, whom I learnt subsequently was the chief guide of the sisters and was present at practically every séance. He announced that a lady had come into the circle and was anxious to speak to me. "Her Christian name was 'R'," and this was followed by a fair description. "This lady was short and stout and her face was round in shape," he observed. "She had a good complexion, grey eyes and hair that was carried back from her forehead. She had lived somewhere near the sea and had died rather suddenly after an operation."

"I get," said Andrew Wallace, "that she's some connection o' your's, a relation maybe, and she's very troubled to put right some misunderstanding that was 'atween ye before she passed on."

"I can follow you, Andrew," I answered, "tell her that's all finished with and that everything is all right now. She will know what I mean. It's a little personal matter."

"Oh, aye, it's personal. Ye ken that, sisters" (addressing the mediums). "It's personal and the meenister is glad to mak' it right."

"I'm very glad indeed," I said, "and now do you think she is able to speak to me?"

"Oh, aye, she'll try her best, Brither. Com' along" (encouragingly), "an' speak in tha trumpet."

At this point the aluminium tube gently rested on my head and moved slowly down my face and right arm.

It then moved away and a feminine voice seemed to be struggling to speak through the trumpet. The tone was softly hurried, a trifle breathless as though eager to say a great deal in a very little time.

"It's me, R," said the voice, "I'm overjoyed that you're here and that I can talk to you. I want to say how sorry I am about all that happened. You know what I mean. I've been worried about my part in it and about my attitude. I hope you'll forgive me. It will be such a help."

The voice sank to a whisper and died away.

"She's awfu' sad about somethin', Brither," called the voice of Andrew Wallace from the other side of the room.

"I know," I answered, "but is she still there?"

"Aye, she's here, Brither."

"Will you tell her, Andrew, that all is well, and that if any forgiveness is needed I am sure she has it freely and completely."

"That mak's her smile, Brither. Ye can tak' it frae me that love and kind thoughts mak' all tha deeference to those living in tha spirit-world. It helps them ye ken on this side as it does on your's. God bless ye, Brither."

I have included this intimate incident which relates to a sad episode in the earthly life of a relation because I want these records to be as faithful and complete as possible. And also because I believe that it affords a practical example of an important spiritual truth, namely, the help and healing which our thoughts and prayers can even now give to those who have passed beyond the veil. Since that day I have had repeated confirmation of this truth.

A few words in a whisper from a strange voice was then indistinctly heard in the room.

"Who are you ? Try and speak to us, friend," urged my colleague.

The voice became slightly more articulate and appeared to have a peculiarly plaintive note in it.

"Help me! Help me!" it struggled, obviously finding the mode of communication difficult.

"Oh, we'll help you all we can," cried my friend. "Tell us who you are ? What is your name?"

The voice was then heard giving a name which was not intelligible. It sounded like "Madelein" or "Katherine" and seemed to be addressing my friend. After one or two more unsuccessful attempts it trailed off into silence.

"Who was that, Andrew?" inquired my friend.

"It was a body who kenn'd your wife," vouchsafed Andrew. "She hasna' been over so verra lang an' hasna spoken afore in this way and finds it deeficult. Maybe she'll come agen anither time."

"I hope she will."

"Oh, aye, she'll do better the next time," said Andrew, "but tha power's goin'. Gude night and God bless yez. I'll just ask a meenister on this side to close the meeting."

There was a moment's silence and then the cultured voice of a man broke the stillness of the little room

with a few simple but well-chosen words of prayer.

The séance, which had lasted about an hour and a quarter, then came to an end.

On our way homewards my friend and I went over all we had heard. He was positive that the voice which had spoken to him was his mother's voice. There was not the slightest doubt of anything else in his mind. I gathered that he had been unusually devoted to her, and her death had been a bitter blow to him. After all, in a matter such as this of the personal recognition of a loved one, it must be conceded that the man concerned is the best judge of the identity of the communicator. It should also be noted that my friend is a competent business man whose business takes him every day among all classes of people. He is obliged by the very nature of his calling to make swift and correct decisions as to the character of those with whom he trades. I have a great respect for his judgment. Is it likely that two young Scotswomen, who have never seen him before, would not only have discovered his name; the unusual second name of his relative; show an astonishing grasp of intimate home affairs and be able to simulate a woman's voice so that her own son was deceived? Frankly, I find such an explanation incredible.

There are, however, other items to be considered. Seven voices made themselves manifest, practically every one possessing distinct tone characteristics. They moved about the room. Three of them came and addressed me personally. One voice spoke quite close to my face out of the air. It was a man's voice, and it told me something nobody in the room was aware of except myself. It told me something I did not even know myself, but which I verified later and found to be true. Its prediction of being present in my pulpit was strangely fulfilled by independent testimony weeks afterwards.

Then, too, there was the feminine voice claiming to be that of a relative. The description given by the guide, Andrew Wallace, fitted the alleged communicator. This particular relative died after an eye operation. "She passed out suddenly," said Andrew Wallace. That was true. There was the unfortunate episode in her earthly life. It preyed upon her mind at the end. Who knew of that in the room? I am certain that nobody except myself. Is there no limit to the long arm of coincidence? Have you, good reader, ever experienced such an hour and a quarter crowded with coincidents such as those I have related? Do you know anyone who has? Then will you not agree with me when I say that mere guesswork on the part of the mediums or coincidence are both absurd suggestions to put forward as a solution in this case.

It is sometimes urged that there is no mediumistic phenomenon on record which absolutely defies simulation. The conversations which I have related above seem to me an answer to that charge. Occasionally I have been told that I should have secured the mediums with surgical tapes and marked them, so that I could have been sure where they were during the darkness of the sitting. I have often been present and helped in controlling medium's movements by this method but I may as well confess that I have not the slightest faith in such a mode of procedure. I am quite sure that with regard to voice sittings that any proof of the spirits of the departed communicating can come in only one way. That proof can only be found in the establishment of the individuality of the "spirits" as revealed by the contents of the messages which profess to emanate from them. No amount of tying of the mediums would affect their validity.

I have had many rich and variegated psychical experiences since the events recorded in this chapter took place. But none can dim the splendour of that first voice séance. Its quickening breath reinforced my faith in the survival of the soul, and in the communion of saints as no academic argument had power to do. The old truths of which I am an accredited teacher took on a new radiance.

"Once I was blind, but now . . . now I see," cried the healed man in the Gospel story, his eyes alight with the ecstasy of discovery. And something of the sheer joy he must have felt lit up my soul that night.

CHAPTER THREE

A CURIOUS sequel to the events recorded in the previous chapter emerged the next day. I made a call in the evening at my friend's house to talk over again of our experiences of the night before. He told me that his wife had been staying in the country during the past week and that she was still away. There had been no one in the house the previous night except the maids and they had retired sometime before he himself went upstairs. After he had switched off the electric light and got into bed he began thinking over the events which had taken place earlier in the evening. His train of thought was interrupted by the sound of gentle tapping, which seemed to come from the wall behind his bed. Thinking it was probably a stray mouse behind the skirting of the woodwork he tried to dismiss the matter from his mind. Suddenly he was startled by a sharp rap like the blow of a mallet on the bedpost. Springing out of bed he turned on the light and searched the room. There was nothing to be found which could have caused the disturbance. At a séance held a week or so afterwards, he was informed that several spirit friends had made use of certain psychic power which had become available to them through his experiences earlier in the evening. They had tried to attract his attention and, in desperation at his lack of response, had made more noise than they intended.

The communicator on this occasion apologized for the commotion he had caused. He said that my friend possessed what was described as "materializing power" the gift of physical mediumship—and this accounted for the form the manifestation had taken. Some evidence in support of this contention will be found later on in this book. There is just one other interesting sidelight connected with the séance described in the foregoing chapter. Before that sitting took place my friend had been in indifferent health. When it ended he felt, and was still feeling, physically a different man, full of vigour and in better bodily condition than he had been for some years.

But now I must face one or two questions which my friend put to me. They are common enough to the psychic student, but as this book is primarily intended for the general reader who may not have had either opportunity or inclination for research in this direction it will be well to include them. The difficulties presented to my friend's mind are those which are constantly cropping up among people when they begin to give serious attention to this subject. I sincerely sympathize with all those who find the road of experience blocked by these perplexities. They beset my own path as they now did those of my friend. He had been brought up very strictly from childhood as a Presbyterian and I as an Anglican. How were we to adjust this new thought to our early training ? Was the thing wrong ? Did not the Old Testament condemn it? Were these messages from evil Spirits impersonating the departed?

These were the three leading questions which my friend put to me as soon as we had settled down in our easy chairs. I began by reminding him that practically every new discovery of truth relating to God's ways both in the physical realm as well as the Spiritual world had begun by creating embarrassment and doubt. They upset preconceived notions, and established customs, and compelled a readjustment of settled habits of thought. Both of us had been taught that intercourse with the departed was wrong. We had accepted that as true. But had we really examined the grounds of the objection to it ? It was asserted that the Old Testament condemned it. The fact might be admitted, yet not accepted as conclusive. In ancient times the Jews were surrounded by heathen races, who practiced superstitious

rites including necromancy, that is, a form of divination practiced by the priests with the aid of dead bodies and the blood of human victims, hence the derivation of the word from the Greek, nekros, a corpse and manteia divination.

It was simply untrue as well as unfair to identify modern Spiritualism with necromancy. The warning in the Old Testament was aimed at preventing true seership becoming mixed up and degenerating into the degrading cults which were in vogue on the borders of Ancient Israel. We must also remember that not all the legislation of the Old Testament is valid in our own day. For example, in the Book of Leviticus where we find a condemnation of witchcraft, we find also in the same chapter a decree forbidding the wearing of "garments made of two stuffs".

And as for the messages we had received being from evil spirits impersonating the departed, was it common sense to think that devils would want to prove the corner stone of Christianity, viz., the fact of survival to us. If intercourse with the departed is wrong it must always have been wrong. The voices, visions, apparitions and spirit manifestations of the Old Testament would there fore stand condemned.

"Your arguments seem pretty strong," admitted my friend, "and I know from what you have said that you appreciate my point. It was all bound to come as a shock, especially as we were both thoroughly inoculated with 'fear' and 'leave it alone' serum in our youth. I felt this influence especially at the beginning. It wore off later as soon as I grew accustomed to the friendly tones of 'Andrew Wallace'. He made one feel quite at ease."

"That was probably part of his job," I interrupted.

"Most likely. But still it was a trifle creepy at first, when the light went out and we found ourselves in pitch darkness. I wonder why the darkness? Don't you think it's a pity ? It gives the sceptic such a chance to be facetious. You know the kind of thing I mean ?"

"Yes, and I admit the sceptic's humour is his strong point. But that shouldn't trouble you when you remember how often his laughter has rebounded upon himself. Look how scornful he grew when they talked of lighting London with gas—and how he mocked at the idea of an engine traveling at the break-neck speed of twenty miles an hour. While the notion of an aeroplane actually crossing the Atlantic almost made him lyrical with satire. Sometimes he is truly funny and then we can laugh with him, especially when as in this case, we can see more in the joke possibly than the sceptic himself. 'For this my parent was dead and is alive again'-If our experiences are true it is surely worth making merry about!"

"Granted; and what about the darkness ?"

"Well, we mustn't forget that frequently Nature's greatest processes take place in the dark. The seed germinates beneath the soil—in the darkness. Photography needs a dark room. Most of the investigations of the science of astronomy are impossible without the shades of night. These mediums told us that light had the effect of stopping the efflux of psychic energy from the bodies of both the sitters and themselves. Somehow it interacted on the essential psychic stuff and broke it up. That was simply a matter of experience. Anyhow it is quite a reasonable conjecture. If a scientist took us into his laboratory and explained that those were the conditions necessary for a successful experiment, I don't think we should cavil at it and suggest afterwards that he deliberately chose darkness in order to deceive us. Besides we mustn't forget that a number of reliable witnesses claim to have heard these 'voices' in the light, much fainter owing to the effort required to counteract the light vibrations. Still it has occurred."

"It is sometimes urged that Spirits do nothing but deal in trivialities—the very mode of communication, raps and talking through a trumpet, are held up to ridicule."

"That is so," I replied, "and with regard to triviality, I suppose you mean simple little mundane incidents which are given in Spirit messages like the disposal of a tie-pin."

"Yes."

"I can only say that such an objection is not a real one. If we were really observant we should find nothing insignificant. Why, all the great sciences have been built up and rest upon the observation and collation of trivial things. In this world it has been truly said : 'God comes to us in little things'. He is the Creator, eternally striving to show forth thought in form. He is love, eternally manifesting that supreme activity in this world and the next through fellowship, beauty, family life and expressed even in the smallest words and acts. On religious grounds therefore the objection of mere triviality cannot be a real one. After all for most of us life is made up of a stream of trivialities. Supposing a relative of yours returned from the Spirit world and began by quoting a noble passage from the classics or talked in the golden speech of a philosopher would you have been impressed ?"

"I'm afraid I shouldn't," chuckled my friend.

"Of course not. But when you heard mentioned the little intimate things which concerned your everyday life, those tremendous trifles of commonplace existence, then you began, to use a popular phrase, 'to sit up and take notice'. As for the mode of communication by raps and using a trumpet, it is surely absurd to object to the conditions. Raps are merely the means employed to attract attention. They have been used by entombed miners to tell their friends that they are entrapped underground. That they are buried but yet alive. You and I have both rapped on a door when we couldn't find the bell. It was simply the method used to notify our presence. In a direct-voice sitting the trumpet acts apparently as a kind of amplifier to aid the spirit to speak clearly by concentrating the power. Engineers have now planned and brought into being a direct telephone service between Great Britain and Australia. Parents and children separated by 12,000 miles of space, and in one instance eighteen years of time have been put into communication. I do not suppose for one moment that the users of the telephone sneered at the fact that they had to employ a trumpet. The joy of hearing a beloved voice over so vast a distance of space was too splendid a thing for them to cavil about the mode."

"You don't think it was clever ventriloquism ?"

"I'm sure it wasn't. A ventriloquist is at a disadvantage in the dark. He isn't able to perform all those little tricks with his eyes and hands and head leading you to look in the direction from which he wants you to imagine the voice is coming. Again when you think of it, you can put an enormous amount of personality into your voice. I can tell most of my friends when they speak in the dark. I don't have to see them. There were seven different voices last night. One of them you told me was undoubtedly the voice of your mother. Could the cleverest living ventriloquist who had never heard her tones, reproduce them so as to trick you ?"

"Hardly; and I may as well admit that this experience is one that completely answers all my objections. I cannot help believing that the voice which spoke to me came from one person only—my mother. And the things she said, known to no one else except myself, were in the fullest accordance with her earthly character."

"Exactly the same remarks apply to my own case," I replied. "And I am convinced that we have received

reliable data which adds considerably to belief in the continuation of life after death."

CHAPTER FOUR

SOME months elapsed before I again had an opportunity of attending a "voice sitting" with the Misses Moore. In the meantime I had made careful inquiries regarding the clergyman who purported to communicate with me at my first séance. The information which he supplied on that occasion and which is related in a previous chapter, was unknown to me at the time, and was found to be correct. It stimulated my desire for further research in this particular field of phenomena, and I wrote to the mediums and invited them to visit Edinburgh and give a series of sittings in my own house. They willingly agreed and twice a day for some three weeks I was present at séances held in my own home during the spring of 1927.

I propose now to give a faithful transcript of several of these sittings. None of them were blank and by that I mean without phenomena or points of interest. Some, however, naturally contained a good deal of intimate and personal detail relating to individual sitters, and which I am not at liberty to make public. The séances which I have selected are "average" ones. They are copied from my notes made at the time and are set down here exactly as they occurred.

I should mention that during the winter of 1926-27 I had gathered together a group of some seventy people who were seriously interested in psychical research. They were drawn from all grades of society and met together each week for lectures and discussion. From this group most of the sitters attending the following séances were drawn. Beyond the fact that I was aware of their partiality for this branch of study I scarcely knew them, and was certainly unacquainted with their personal lives and surroundings.

For this series of séances my study was set apart. It was a small room on the ground floor, possessing one door and a window. A large glass-fronted bookcase filled one side of the wall-space adjoining the doorway. A roll-top desk filled another side of the wall. Chairs, a smaller bookcase and pictures formed the only other furnishings. While a séance was in progress the shutters of the window were closed and fastened so that the room was in darkness. Two aluminium tubes, called conveniently "trumpets", were available throughout the sittings. One belonged to the mediums and the other to myself. Both were generally used and frequently the communicating voice spoke independently of them.

It should also be observed that the greatest care was taken to avoid any disclosure of information to the mediums. The sitters came from all parts of the city and occasionally from outside it. Their names were never mentioned and they did not meet the mediums until the moment they entered the séance-room.

The first of this series of séances which I have chosen to relate is interesting because it is linked up by cross-correspondence through a medium over 400 miles away, and again at another séance held some two year's afterwards in England. It took place at 3 p.m. on May 23rd, 1927. The only sitter, apart from the mediums, my wife and myself, was Mrs. M. Cadell, of Murrayfield, Edinburgh, who has kindly permitted me to use her name, and has also given me her notes on that part of the sitting which concerns herself and which I have printed below. Mrs. Cadell was associated with the group aforementioned as well as being a member for many years of the Psychical Research Society. For a number of years she had studied both practically and theoretically the various phases of psychic phenomena and had contributed to the journal of the S.P.R. as well as to other similar publications. From this it will be gathered that she was a lady by no means unversed either in the procedure of the séance-room, or unacquainted with the canons of evidence. Facing the two mediums while I occupied a chair were Mrs. Cadell and my wife. I sat close to the desk upon which I had placed a gramophone which I

had undertaken to operate should any music be required. I had also withdrawn one of the leaves of the desk to act as a writing-table, so that I could make notes of the sitting. It is not easy to write in the dark, but I had practised this beforehand and I was therefore able to take down the conversation and record any phenomena as they happened. These notes I deciphered after each sitting, when I wrote a full account of the proceedings while it was fresh in my mind. After the electric light had been switched off the séance was opened with prayer, at the end of which the 23rd Psalm was sung. The Misses Moore are insistent upon a definitely religious atmosphere being observed at their séances. I have always found them most anxious to do all-in their power to aid genuine research, but they are none the less convinced that the subject should be approached from a distinctly religious angle. To this end flippancy is discouraged and every effort is made by the use of hymns and psalms hallowed by centuries of devotion, or by employing only gramophone records of the masters of musical harmony to create conditions of reverence and sympathy.

The following is a signed account which Mrs. Cadell has given me permission to print.

Notes on Sitting with the Misses Moore held in Edinburgh on May 23rd, 1927. Present the Rev. V. G. and Mrs. Duncan together with the two mediums.

Mr. Duncan managed the gramophone and Mrs. Duncan sat beside me and opposite to the mediums. The room was dark. The sitting was from 3 to 4 p.m. Prayers were said and a psalm was sung and then a hymn was played on the gramophone. Very soon "Andrew" came through.

He spoke with a rough Scotch accent through the trumpet and I had some difficulty in understanding what he said. But the Misses Moore interpreted and chatted away encouragingly. I forgot to say that before "Andrew" began to speak, I heard the trumpet (Mr. Duncan's own property) whizz up to the ceiling (which is a lofty one). We could hear it moving above our heads. I remarked that it sounded like a bat flying about. "Andrew" used it in speaking. I was touched on the knee and up and down the arm so gently. Then on my cheek and once near my ear. It felt very cold. The trumpet also gently stroked across the front of my head, right round from side to side. The stroking was so gentle in effect and might almost be described as caressing. This touching by the trumpet came at different times.

Then "Andrew" described a tall young officer standing behind me. He was very upright and boyish looking. (Correct for R.) Shortly after this I heard a low, intensely moving voice say : "Mother, Mother, I love you. I am always with you. There is no death. I long for you. I am 'Cadell'." The name "Cadell" came quite clearly and distinctly. I could not make out very well what he said except these sentences. I was also able to catch a reference to a relation on this side whom the voice called "Bill", and he spoke of some difficulties which he had (correct). The others did not hear the word Cadell. The Misses Moore did not know my name. After the voice had spoken it died away into silence and then a curious foreign voice came saying a name which sounded like "Koha". It was a deep voice like a young man's, and he told us that he was trying to help to make the conditions better. Then we heard "Andrew" again. He kept urging and advising R. to use the trumpet but he would not do this. The voice of R. was one which was full of feeling and although the tone was sweet (which his was) yet it was a set voice and I should not have recognized it as my son's.

Whenever the voices ceased, the gramophone was started. This helped the vibrations and the voices began afresh. Near the end the gramophone played the hymn, "Hark, hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling". All joined in the singing and then quite suddenly we heard a new voice join in. It was a very deep, very sweet man's voice singing through the trumpet. IT WAS UNMISTAKABLY MY SON'S VOICE.

It went on and off, leaving the high notes to the gramophone and then joining in again as the lower notes came. It sang right on throughout the hymn. It was a heavenly experience. After the hymn came to an end the trumpet fell down near my feet and the sitting was over. The others who were present all commented on the deepness and the sweetness of the voice and of the cleverness with which the singer "caught the vibrations".

Afterwards Mr. Duncan told me that he and the others stopped singing during the last verse and all listened to the young man's voice singing alone.

(Signed) MARY L. CADELL.

Arising out of the above sitting are some interesting cross-correspondences. On the 12th and 13th of March, 1928, Mrs. Cadell attended two private séances with the famous trance medium, Mrs. Osborne Leonard.

As Mrs. Cadell frankly admits, she possesses "the psychic research mind", and likes to have every little link in a test case quite clearly joined. She has informed me that she deliberately refrains from mentioning to one medium that she has ever attended any other séances. In the Leonard sitting on March 12th, Feda (the control), said "His voice (R's) comes like in the trumpet sitting." Again on March 13th Feda said : "He (R.) can sing and pretty well too. Something only a little while ago reminded you of it. He's tried to make you hear him sing. He sang something that had words in it with a promise." This is true of the hymn "Hark, hark, my soul".

On October 3rd, 1929, the Misses Moore came for a sitting at my Hampshire rectory in the course of which this same young officer manifested. He gave his name as "Dick". "I'm Dick," he said. I remarked : "Dick, Dick, I'm afraid I can't place you." "Oh," he answered, "I've met you before in Edinburgh." "But," I said, "can't you give me more detail. What is your full name ?" Then he replied : "Richard Cadell."

He went on to explain that he had been a professional soldier having been gazetted in 1916. That he had been to school in England at a place which sounded like "Charterhouse". He ended up by telling me that he was interested in these notes of the sittings which I was making and that he would certainly help me to put them into book form.

Some few days later I wrote to Mrs. Cadell to inquire whether the information purporting to be from Richard Cadell was correct as I knew nothing of this young man apart from his name. In her reply Mrs. Cadell writes:

Dear Mr. Duncan,

So many thanks for your letter. All that my son told you was correct. He was a professional soldier, having joined the army class at 15 and gazetted in August, 1916. He was five years at Charterhouse School; one fourth of his short life. At a sitting with Mrs. Osborne Leonard on the 10th October, something came which I thought could only apply to you, so without telling Mrs. Leonard my reason, I asked her if she knew you—if she knew where you were. She had never met you, but had heard you had found congenial friends and knew you were at Alresford. I quote the words which can only allude to you on another piece of paper.

Here follows the enclosure:

Script of a portion of sitting with Mrs. Osborne Leonard on 10th October, 1929.

Feda speaking : R. (my son) went to a trumpet sitting because he hoped to get a message through.

He said it was with people you had a link with—a parson. You know him (then a word was spoken which neither I nor Feda could catch) he was the one we knew in Edinburgh. He and his wife make nice psychic conditions. Can you write to the parson and ask him to keep a look out for me. I'm particularly anxious. He's going to have some more sittings. I'm going to try to get the voice without a medium. **I know I have (direct voice words are italicized) done something already**. He was with a trumpet medium. I tried to get through. (Here Feda said he was going too quickly.) I'm not quick. **Will you tell him I'm working with Rachel**. He'll know who I mean and there are others. We are going to work all together. You may be invited down there. I've got an ulterior motive... He hopes it will all work to something interesting. A few words in the voice are better than (here I could not get what was said down quickly enough)...

(Signed) MARY L. CADELL

Mrs. Cadell then adds:

If you do not think of putting this cross-correspondence into your book—I think I ought to send it to the S.P.R. of which I am a member—as **there are some points which no subconscious knowledge could account for**, but it may work in with evidential trumpet matter.

(1) I had not met you nor written to you since you left Edinburgh, and "**Alresford**" was certainly not your address.

(2) Mrs. Osborne Leonard had only heard of you indirectly. She said your address was "**Alresford**"; which was wrong.

(3) My son told me to write to ask you to tell me if he had got the message through at your trumpet sitting. But he did not give your name. His saying that the "parson's" wife was psychic made me sure who was meant and was a good evidential touch. . . .

With kind remembrances to you and your wife,

Very sincerely yours,

MARY L. CADELL

Now there was an interesting sequel to the above "Leonard" sitting, but first let me corroborate Mrs. Osborne Leonard's statement that we have never met nor yet corresponded.

On Saturday evening, October 26th, 1929, a direct voice sitting was held in the study of my Hampshire rectory at which the Misses Moore were the mediums, and there were present the Rev. Lionel Corbett, M.A., J.P., and his wife, **of Hockley House, Alresford**; my wife and myself.

At this sitting a pleasing feminine voice manifested giving the name "Rachel". She was recognized by the Rev. L. Corbett and his wife as their daughter who had "passed on" some years ago.

Below is the signed testimony of the Rev. L. Corbett regarding this incident.

On Saturday evening, October 26th, 1929, I attended a sitting at West Tisted Rectory—with the Miss Moores. There were present my wife, and the Rev. V. and Mrs. Duncan.

My daughter Rachel came and spoke to us in the direct voice—being clearly heard by all—while **later in the evening I heard a spirit voice who gave his name as Dick Cadell** conversing freely with Mr. and Mrs. Duncan.

I should like in passing to pay a humble tribute to the mediumship of these two Scotch ladies.

Since March 1925 I have had the privilege of sitting with them a number of times, and I can testify to their remarkable powers, while to all who know them their integrity and honesty of purpose is beyond question.

When conditions are good and harmony prevails truly wonderful results are obtained, the "voices" coming clear and distinct and generally carrying evidence of identity; such mediumship is indeed rare and valuable and one devoutly prays that they may long be spared to continue their noble and self-sacrificing work, giving, as I truly know, comfort and conviction of survival to many sad and sorrowing souls.

Later on in this same sitting "Dick Cadell" came and after mentioning his mother asked me to convey a short message to her and we engaged in a general conversation.

The link with the "Leonard" sitting of October 10th is apparent. You have here an example of cross-correspondence. The same personalities appearing at different sittings with different mediums many miles apart. It must also be borne in mind that Mrs. Cadell did not disclose to Mrs. Osborne Leonard any information whatsoever. It was only after the sitting that my name was mentioned.

On the evening of the same day I had a sitting with the Misses Moore in my study, my wife and daughter being the only other persons present. At this séance my daughter was temporarily granted the gift of clairvoyance, for though the room was dark she was able "to see" the trumpet moving about the room in mid-air and was able to tell us the exact position it occupied at particular moments. "Andrew" seemed to enjoy this test and spoke through the trumpet at the place she indicated. For instance, my daughter would call out : "Now the trumpet is over the window near the corner by the desk," and at once "Andrew" would laughingly answer : "Yes, right, sister joy. But it's no there now," and in a flash it had whisked across to some other place in the study.

On this occasion we had two distinct voices speaking at the same time. "Andrew Wallace" was carrying on a lively conversation with my daughter at one side of the room, while a gentleman friend of my family who had been a professional singer and had died over ten years before, was talking to me in the independent voice at the other side of the room. It was at this sitting also that Richard Cadell manifested again and spoke without using the trumpet. He said that his mother would be taking a trip South later on. She would not be travelling by train but by road. She would make an effort to see me but he did not think this would be successful. The business part of the program would prevent it. He again urged me to embody these notes of sittings into a book, insisting that it would be helpful to many who were bereaved, and he again promised to be of service in its production.

This communication was not very clear to me at the time, I couldn't, for instance, understand what he meant when he said that his mother would combine "a business and pleasure trip South". It seemed to me that there must have been some confusion and so I did not pass it on to Mrs. Cadell.

On March 10th, however, I received a letter from Mrs. Cadell (dated March 8th, 1930), in which she asked me whether I was "likely to be at home somewhere between the 22nd and 30th of March, as in that case there may be some chance of seeing you."

She explained that she was planning a motor tour with her husband and another son from the 14th of the month. It was not going to be altogether a pleasure trip as her son was studying architecture and was making etchings of ancient buildings. They were therefore "going round to places where he will get good material". They proposed to stay first at Thame, in Oxfordshire, going on from there to Oxford itself and then on to Winchester. It was while they were at Winchester that Mrs. Cadell thought we might meet, and

she asked me whether I would try and find them a suitable hotel in the vicinity of Winchester.

At the last moment her plans were upset, so the conplated meeting did not take place. All this was in accordance with her son Richard's communication given several months earlier. Time did not permit them getting farther south than Oxfordshire.

In this chapter we have several instances of independent testimony touching various people and occurring in different places and spread over a period of time. These instances moreover, contain items of information of which it was impossible for the mediums to have any knowledge. It is information of this kind and which is found afterwards to be true, which provides some of the best evidence in psychical research.

CHAPTER FIVE

The next day, Tuesday, May 24th, our sitting was timed to begin at 3 p.m. Exactly the same conditions and precautions which were observed on the day before were carried out. There was only one sitter apart from myself and the mediums. This was the wife of the manager of one of the largest Scottish banks. I have not received her permission to publish her name and I must therefore refer to her as Mrs. X. Beyond being a member of my study circle I knew absolutely nothing about her, but at the same time I was careful to withhold her name from the mediums.

Punctually at 3 p.m. the four of us sat facing each other in my study. The door was locked and the light extinguished. Prayer was said and the 23rd Psalm was sung and a record was played over on the gramophone. In a few moments "Andrew Wallace's" cheery voice was heard high up in the air over our heads. He pronounced the conditions as excellent, but said that he would fetch "Koha" and make doubly sure. Shortly after "Koha's" broken English sounded in the room. He seemed to be moving about the apartment, as we could hear his voice in different places, now at one side and then at the other, and again somewhere near the ceiling.

"Me make room ready for visitors," he explained, and I mentally pictured him as a gentleman with a duster going round flicking off specks from the chairs. As though my thoughts were visible to him he broke in "No, brudder, me not use broom, me paper the walls." The aptness of this illustration was more apparent to me when I learnt subsequently that "Koha's" work consisted chiefly in forming a kind of etheric insulating chamber into which psychic power could be both poured from outside, and also liberated from the sitters, and kept as it were concentrated within a definite area. Koha's duty was to construct this apartment and metaphorically "paper its walls". The fact that my study was devoted solely to these sittings, that it was kept locked while we were out of the room, helped, we were told, to make the task of preparation much easier. It could be in some measure got ready by those on the other side before each sitting took place. Soon "Koha's" task was over and after he had expressed his satisfaction at the conditions he took his leave. Another record was played on the gramophone, and in the middle of it we heard the voice of "Andrew Wallace" apparently addressing someone on his side of life. Then, speaking in front of Mrs. X. the following conversation took place:

ANDREW WALLACE : "There's an elderly gentleman here who is anxious to have a word wi' ye."

Mrs. X.: "Very well, Andrew, I shall be pleased to talk to him, especially if it's anyone I know."

ANDREW WALLACE : "Oh, ay, ye ken him right enough. I see there's a link between ye."

Mrs. X.: "What does that mean, Andrew ?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "It means usually a tie o' relation ship, although sometimes the link is shown

between people who like the same things, what ye call affinity o' interest."

MRS. X.: "I understand, but you think my visitor today is a relative ?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "So he's tellin' me. What's that? (seemingly speaking to someone not present to our senses. It is difficult to reproduce or explain the extraordinary effect of the communicating voice suddenly turning to one side and talking to someone not in our dimension.) "He tells me he's an uncle o' yours."

MRS. X.: "That sounds interesting. I wonder what his name is ?"

ANDREW WALLACE : (Speaking aside : "What's your name, Friend?") "Oh, aye, he says his name is Grif . . . Grif . . . Griffen . . . no . . . Griffith. That's it. He's smilin' no. It's Griffith. D'ye ken him ?"

MRS. X.: "I certainly had an uncle Griffith. He knew me very well when I was a young girl."

ANDREW WALLACE : "Aye, he kens ye fine. That was down in Wales, he says. Be ye a Welsh body then?"

MRS. X. : (laughing) : "Yes, that was where I lived as a girl."

ANDREW WALLACE : "Aye, an yerr uncle Griffith tells me he used to go with ye when ye went singing in the little toons round about."

MRS. X.: "That's right, Andrew."

ANDREW WALLACE : "Aye, and he says ye used to have a bonnie voice. But ye don't sing no."

MRS. X.: "Quite right, Andrew. My singing days are over."

ANDREW WALLACE : "Ye Uncle Griffith says yer throat has been troublin' ye."

MRS. X.: "Perfectly true. And I'm rather worried about it."

ANDREW WALLACE : "He kens that. But he says ye noo to worry. It'll get better. Ye're to keep on wi the garglin' and he says he'll get a spirit doctor to attend to it while ye're sleeping."

MRS. X.: "That's very cheering. Can he help me like that ?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "Oh, aye, it's often done. The soul can often be reached more directly while sleepin', ye ken."

MRS. X.: "That sounds very interesting. I should like to know more about it."

ANDREW WALLACE : "Aye, it's most interestin'. Ye ken when ye sleep soondly the soul comes awa' frae the body. The spirit doctors can work at the healin' o' it as well as the body. They can gi' new strength to the soul. What ye cal' reju-reju . . ."

MRS. X. : "You mean rejuvenate, I expect, Andrew."

ANDREW WALLACE : "Aye, that's it, rejuvenate it; when it goes back i' the body it carries back wi' it this new vitality and a' helps in the healin' process."

MRS. X. : "Well, it all sounds somewhat mysterious, Andrew—but I must say very reasonable as well. And you think the spirit doctors can make my throat stronger again. I should be much obliged to them if they could."

ANDREW WALLACE : "Na doot they can do a' that and a great deal more. But here's the gude mon who'd have a word wi' ye."

MRS. X.: "You mean my uncle."

ANDREW WALLACE : "Aye, but dinna get excited when ye talk together. Remember it'll be the first time he's spooken. Now then, brother (speaking aside), tak' hold o' the trumpet."

A faint whispering voice was then heard trying to speak. It sounded like a confused muttering and seemed to emanate from somewhere in the region where Mrs. X. sat. The mediums both spoke encouragingly to the newcomer, begging the speaker to try hard to overcome any difficulties he might experience, promising him success with his efforts, if he would only keep on trying. Several more attempts appeared to have been made by the voice but with no better result. Indeed the whispering only seemed to grow fainter and fainter and finally died away.

"Gi' us a wee bit music, brither," boomed out the familiar tones of Andrew Wallace. I fumbled for some moments in the dark with the gramophone and after a few painful scratches on the record the strain of a well-known hymn filled the room. As the music went on, we could hear the voice of Andrew Wallace explaining to someone the method of procedure.

"Ye just step doon here in the pool d'ye ken and tak' hold o' the trumpet. When the lady speaks to ye, ye must be quick and catch her vibrations. Dinna fash yersel, and tak' yer time." We could hear Andrew expounding his instructions in much the same way as an earthly teacher would have enlightened a novice in the handling of a new tool.

The record came to an end and apparently the lesson was not yet completed, for Andrew asked us to sing a verse : "To gi' the friend a chance to gather more power," as he put it. This we did, and while the singing was in progress, we again heard the voice close to Mrs. X. and calling in a much stronger voice, unmistakably a man's voice, and with a deep and utterly different enunciation and dialect to that of Andrew Wallace.

"It's Uncle Griffith. Your old uncle. Oh, and I'm so glad to meet you here this afternoon. Can you hear me?" "Yes, I can hear you quite distinctly," replied Mrs. X.

"I'm delighted. I've been waiting to today."

Said Mrs. X. in surprise : "Who told you?"

A soft laugh came from the direction of the spirit voice and then he replied : "Well, you knew you were coming here today and you thought about it very intently, so intently that your thought was registered on our side of life. My attention was called to it and I answered by coming here this afternoon."

MRS. X.: "Do you find it very difficult to speak to me here?"

"I found it puzzling at first. I had to learn how to slow down my vibrations; then it was terribly awkward for me using the trumpet."

MRS. X.: "In what way do you mean?"

"I can only explain it like this. You know when you have been to the dentist for an extraction and been given an anesthetic, he puts that queer mask over your face for you to breathe the gas into your lungs. I had to use a contrivance like that in order to speak to you. This contrivance is composed of etheric material, partly provided by the mediums and sitters, and partly supplied from our side. It is a kind of

transformer and it has a double purpose. It helps to retard my vibrations meet you here and so allow me to make my voice audible to you and provides a temporary set of vocal organs."

MRS. X.: "And I suppose the music helps you in some way too?"

THE VOICE : "Oh, yes, tremendously. It releases the power. If there is plenty of power available, the mask somehow adheres closer as it were to my face and you hear me not only more distinctly, but I find it easier to express what I want to say."

MRS. X. : "I don't quite follow that last remark."

THE VOICE : "Our contact is closer, the mask envelopes my throat and mouth and my tongue and the vocal chords seem to move freely. I don't have to think about this mechanical part, and can concentrate my thoughts and therefore express them easier. It is hard to explain."

MRS. X.: "Now I want to ask you a question. It's a personal one."

THE VOICE : "Yes, of course—you mean a little test."

MRS. X.: "Yes, that's right. If you are my Uncle Griffith, will you tell me the name I was called as a girl?"

THE VOICE : "I'll try."

MRS. X.: "Oh, but if you're my uncle you would have no difficulty in telling me that."

THE VOICE : "Names are always difficult."

MRS. X.: "But you knew it so well, now tell me : What was it? I'm sure you'll remember if you're my uncle." (Mrs. X. made this last request in a rather hasty tone which might have been mistaken for being a trifle peremptorily. The elder Miss Moore here broke into the conversation.)

MISS MOORE : "Please, Mrs. X. give him time. It only distresses the spirit if you keep plying him with a particular question. He will answer it if he can."

THE VOICE : "Yes, I will. Leave it for a moment; I'll do my best."

MISS MOORE : "I'm sure you will tell us before we go."

Mrs. X., will you please try and keep up a conversation or perhaps we had better have a little more music first." ANDREW WALLACE (who seemed to have been there all the time, suddenly spoke quite close to my ear and on the side away from the mediums. This was from an angle well-nigh impossible for the mediums to have spoken from): "Yes, brither. Gi' us a wee bit more music. The power isn't verra strong."

MYSELF : "It's a pity, Andrew, the power always seems to weaken when we begin questioning. I wonder why that is?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "Not always, brither, but verra often. Names are maist deeficult. Ye ken ye find them deeficult yersel', brither."

I laughingly agreed as I remembered that only a few days previously I had made a pastoral visit to some newcomers. I had rung the bell and then thought desperately of the name of the people whom I wished to see. I simply could not recall it and when the maid appeared I had weakly to ask to see the mistress—whose name I had forgotten. Scores of people have since told me of similar experiences.

I put on a fresh record and started the gramophone. About half-way through we heard Andrew Wallace speaking again. I switched off the gramophone.

ANDREW WALLACE : "Speakin' of questions, brither. It's na the questions we mind altho' o' course we're neer infallible; it's the condeetions the questions bring aboot. Ye ken some questions are just traps, and behind the questions which seem harmless, there's a bad and mocking sperit."

MRS. X. : "But not in this case, Andrew."

ANDREW WALLACE : "Na, na, lady. In your case it was the sudden break in the conversation and the quick way ye kept askin'. It fair fashed ye relation. Ye maist remember it be his first attempt a speakin' like this."

MRS. X. : "I see, Andrew, and I'm sorry if I've upset him. But I should have liked to have heard that name. He used to call me by it, and it would have been so convincing."

ANDREW WALLACE : "Dinna worry, lady. He's tryin' to speak now, but the power isna' verra gude."

We heard the man's voice which had previously spoken calling out something in a weak whisper. It gradually grew in strength.

THE VOICE : "Could you hear me?"

MRS. X.: "No, I'm afraid not."

THE VOICE : "I thought I was speaking quite loudly. I couldn't have got on to your vibrations."

MRS. X.: "What were you saying, uncle ?"

THE VOICE : "Why, your name, of course, the one you wanted to know."

MRS. X.: "Well, and what was it?"

THE VOICE : "Why, Judy, Judy, Judy, my dear."

MRS. X.: "Splendid; that's right. I knew it would be a name hardly anyone would guess. I'm more than delighted."

THE VOICE : "Will you tell the girls?"

MRS. X. : "Perhaps I will. Yes, I think so."

THE VOICE : "Give my love to them."

MRS. X.: "Oh, I will be sure to do that. Thank you. I feel so happy at hearing you speak my name again."

THE VOICE : "Good-bye and God bless you."

ANDREW WALLACE : "He's smilin' at ye lady. He's verra glad at bein' able to gi' ye that wee bit o' evidence."

MRS. X.: "I'm delighted, Andrew."

ANDREW WALLACE : "Gi' us yer luve and sympathy, sister, and we'll do our pairt. Now we must go. Gude bye, sisters, and to ye, brither. God bless ye all."

The trumpet fell with a soft tinkle to the floor as though it had only fallen from a short distance. Indeed, the last voice seemed to be speaking almost from the ground level.

The Misses Moore asked us to sing together a verse of the hymn: "The day Thou gayest, Lord, is ended", after which we sat quietly for a moment before the room was once more illuminated.

CHAPTER SIX

A SITTING of quite unusual interest took place on the evening following the one recorded in the previous chapter. There were present my wife, Mrs. Anderson of Leith, Mr. James Wilson, a Director of the Eastern Cemetery Co., Easter Road, Edinburgh, a Mr. P. J., also a well-known member of the Royal Academy, the mediums and myself.

The conditions again met with the whole-hearted approval of Koha who spoke almost as soon as the preliminary singing had begun. His soft foreign voice moved round the circle, pausing at each sitter and greeting them with a little word of welcome. Shortly after, the loud clear tones of Andrew Wallace were heard ringing through the room. It seemed to come from somewhere near the ceiling. The plainly audible ticking sound of the trumpet could be heard floating round the room well above the heads of the sitters. My wife intimated that it was gently resting on her head and that she felt the roots of her hair tingling. The mediums explained that the invisible operators were drawing power from her. "I'm getting the name Margaret. It's for you, sister," announced Andrew Wallace. "Thank you," called out Mrs. Anderson. "Yes, I understand and I can feel you touching me with the trumpet."

"Aye, he's doin' his best sister. I dinna think he'll be strong enough to speak. He's a mon slightly over middleage, not verra tall, but well-set up, round face, hair turned grey at the temples. Had to do wi' papers he tells me. What's that, brither ?" (the voice flashed to the other side of the room and it seemed as though a short conversation was taking place between two individuals not on our plane of existence.) "Newspapers, d'ye ken that, sister ?" went on Andrew. "Oh, aye I ken ye're a relation all right. He' says he's sorry ye're so lonely nowadays. But ye must take comfort and when ye think o' him he'll be near ye. Yes, brither, she understands (and the voice spoke as if addressing someone unseen). He gi'es ye all his luvie, sister, and bids ye be brave for the sake o' auld lang syne."

A new voice then whispered the name "Jimmy." Its tone became more robust. "It's you Jimmy Wilson I want," it called. "I'm your fether." "Oh, I thought as much when you first called me," laughed Mr. Wilson and he explained to us that this was not the first time his father had spoken through a medium. "I was told you would be coming tonight."

"You're meaning about Sunday night?" hazarded the new voice which spoke with a broad Scottish accent.

"That's right," agreed Mr. Wilson, and he explained that on the previous Sunday evening he had had a sitting in his own house with a small private circle at which his nephew was the trance medium, and that his father had promised then to do his best to manifest on the present occasion. Apparently he had succeeded to the complete satisfaction of Mr. Wilson, for they carried on an intimate conversation for some time about family affairs. He indicated that something would occur of an intimate private nature in his son's life, and affirmed that whatever it was had the full concurrence of Mr. Wilson's late wife.

This somewhat cryptic allusion which was perfectly comprehensible by Mr. Wilson but purposefully veiled (we subsequently learned) from the rest of the company, has, I understand from Mr. Wilson, been exactly fulfilled.

The gramophone was now operated to induce the necessary vibrations, and Andrew Wallace's voice was soon heard again.

ANDREW WALLACE : "That was ye feyther, Brither Wilson. He's glad ye was able to cam' tonight. Ye thought at ane time ye couldna' get here."

MR. WILSON : "True enough, Andrew, but I managed it after all."

Another voice was then heard addressing the R.A. (Royal Academy) in a rather feeble tone, which suddenly changed into the full virile voice of a young man.

"I'm George, your son," he said, and then the voice seemed to turn and address the rest of us : "I was wiped out in the war." (This was true we were afterwards informed by his father).

"What is my first name," inquired the R.A. to the unseen communicator. "Robert," came the prompt reply, "but I always called you 'Tallyrand'". (This was a most unusual second name and provided two telling pieces of evidence : (a) its unusualness in name and manner of address; (b) its accuracy).

"Quite right," admitted the R.A., who told us that this was always the way his son had addressed him in this life, and added : "Now try and tell me what you did before you entered the army. What was your work?"

"The same as yours," came the reply without the slightest hesitation. Here again we were informed a correct answer had been given, for the R.A.'s son had also been an artist before he was killed. "And what are you doing now ?" was the next question put by the R.A.

"I'm carrying on where I left off. We have artists on this side, in fact, it is a more popular profession with us than with you. There is a wider scope for the expression of beauty."

"So you're painting pictures ?" queried the R.A. "Do you use a brush the same as we do?"

"We can if we like," came the answer. "But most of our work, at least by those who have mastered the technique, is done by the power of imagination, by blending mind and will. We can produce the most gorgeous effects using hues you have no knowledge of."

"That sounds very fine," commented the R.A.

"It is fine," argued the voice, "but now Tallyrand, I am going to touch you."

The trumpet came over to the R.A. and tapped him lightly on the head. Apparently, however, the action was too sudden or too unexpected for him, and involuntarily he shot up his hand and it struck the trumpet. Immediately the trumpet flew across the room and struck my wife a sharp blow on the head. Then it careered round the room high up in the air like a frightened bird. The mediums asked us to sit quiet while the elder one spoke soothingly to it. In a few moments it had quietened down and went over to my wife and very gently stroked her head, and lightly floated down on her shoulder, pressing softly against her face.

The mediums explained that the Spirit people were trying to show her that they were sorry for causing her any annoyance. They had drawn the power from the region of the roots of her hair, and the sudden interruption of the conditions had caused the trumpet to fly back to the source of much of the power. They asked me to re-start the gramophone to assist in restoring favorable conditions. There was a certain deadness about the atmosphere which we could feel. We listened to the gramophone record played through to the end but there was no sound of a voice. Then the younger Miss Moore asked us to sing a verse of "Lead kindly light", with which we complied. Shortly after we heard Andrew Wallace speaking in a rather strained tone.

"A'm verra sorry, sisters, we willna' be able to do more tonight. The power's verra weak" (addressing my wife) "We're verra sorry, sister May. It was a puir accident and we didna' mean to hurt ye."

MY WIFE : "Oh, I'm quite sure of that, Andrew. It was just a shock for the moment more than anything else that upset me. I'm all right again now."

ANDREW WALLACE : "I'm glad o' that, sister, but I feel we must close now, the condeetions be verra puir. I'll ask someone to come and close the meeting. Guid night to ye all and God bless ye."

We called "Good night" to him and then a moment after a soft cultured voice came, pronouncing a few words of benediction.

The Misses Moore requested us to stay in our seats for a little, until the Guides had withdrawn. Mr. Wilson asked them whether there were any Spirit people still present, and the younger Miss Moore, who is clairvoyant, replied in the affirmative. On learning this, Mr. Wilson requested that we should try and obtain more phenomena. The mediums demurred, pointing out that after the benediction their Guides would go and it would be unwise to attempt anything of the kind. They felt the circle would be unprotected, and might be open to the invasion of unwelcome or undesirable influences. They had been strongly advised on other occasions not to sit after the benediction had been pronounced. At this moment the younger Miss Moore said that someone was trying to build up on the opposite side of the room against my wife. It was an attempt at Materialization. At this point my wife exclaimed that a mass of jelly-like substance had enveloped her hands, which were resting palms upwards on her lap. The mediums intimated that there was materializing power present and that what my wife felt was ectoplasm. They urged that we should close the sitting. This met with the wishes of the majority. The mediums therefore spoke quietly, but firmly, to whoever was present, bidding them go and leave us until some future time when their Guides would be present.

Apparently their request was acceded to, for the unexpected ectoplasmic intrusion disappeared and shortly after we switched on the electric light.

CHAPTER SEVEN

FOR some time prior to the visit of the Misses Moore to my house in Comely Bank, I had been attending a small home circle in the house of a well-known business man, Mr. A. Macdonald, of Inverleith Row, Edinburgh. There were five of us in the circle, Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald, Mrs. Gillespie, my wife and myself. We were all amateurs, and we met each Thursday evening with the sole desire of investigating in a sympathetic frame of mind the claims of Spiritualism. Mr. Macdonald kindly placed a séance room at our disposal, which was only entered by his wife, apart from the meetings of the circle. Week by week we met with one accord in this upper room; beginning our proceedings with a prayer and ending with the blessing; sitting in utter darkness and conceding to whatever phenomena appeared, a friendly but critical welcome.

It had occurred to me to invite, with the concurrence of the Macdonald's, the Misses Moore on Thursday evening, May 27th, to a private sitting of our circle in the little room we had set apart at Inverleith Row. While they were in the city it seemed a golden opportunity for us to get some practical advice on the lines we should adopt for future development. The mediums willingly agreed to my suggestion, and that evening punctually at half-past seven the five of us, with the addition of the two mediums, began our sitting.

Exactly the same formalities used in our weekly séance were observed. We repeated together the Lord's Prayer, a hymn was sung and Mr. Macdonald operated the gramophone.

Almost as soon as we heard the strains of the gramophone music, came the soft broken English of Koha

speaking rapidly and joyously. He went round to each one of us—the voice coming out of the air seemingly an inch or two in front of one's face. He told us the conditions were excellent and promised to help us to the best of his ability. We thanked him for his kind services and complimented him on his grasp of our language. "Me speak better and better the more me speak," he remarked a trifle proudly.

"There are some people here you haven't met before," interpolated the elder Miss Moore.

Koha agreed, and appeared to go round the circle to each one and peer searchingly into their faces, saying a word to all in turn. "Me go now," he announced, "me make way for Andrew."

A moment after the clear, rich tones of Andrew Wallace claimed our attention. He greeted everyone by name, adding a promise that he would help us with our quest the best he could.

ANDREW WALLACE : "There's a tall dark man standing beside ye, sister May. He's wearin' a white scarf twisted round the head. He wants to speak to ye."

A fluent foreign voice was then heard, using some unknown tongue. The words seemed to tumble over each other in a torrent of eloquence.

"What on earth is he saying, Andrew?" asked the younger medium. "We don't understand a word of it."

ANDREW WALLACE : "I canna' tell ye, sister. He's a dark skinned yun." (The voice seemed to flash to one side as though addressing the foreigner : "Come awa' mon, they dinna' ken a word ye say.")

MY WIFE : "Why is he here, Andrew; is there anything he wants to tell us?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "Oh, aye sister, he wants to tell ye plenty, but he canna' make himself plain. He's a darkskinned yun, ye understood. He lived o' a place where there was miles and miles o' sand, nothing' but sand and the sun shone awfu' strong."

MY WIFE : "I expect he is an Arab, Andrew?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "Aye, that's it—-an Arab and it's ye coat that's brought him. He liked the colour. Dinna' ye get it across the sea?"

(My wife was wearing a brilliant pillar-box red coat, trimmed with black braid, which she had bought in France. This latter fact was unknown to the mediums.)

"And there's another dark-skinned yun beside ye, sister Gillespie," went on Andrew Wallace, and the voice switched over in the direction where Mrs. Gillespie was sitting.

MRS. GILLESPIE : "What is he like, Andrew ?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "He a big yun—tall—with feathers stickin' up all roond his head. What's that?" (Again the voice flashed to the side as if speaking to someone unseen.) "He tells me his name is Red Feather. He's an Indian and your Guide."

MRS. GILLESPIE : "I've been told before that my Guide was a North American Indian, called Red Feather. I wish I could see him. Can't he speak to me, Andrew?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "Aye, he'll try, sister and perhaps he'll show himself."

MRS. GILLESPIE : "Thank you, Andrew," and added hastily, "Oh, I've just been touched; now something is resting on my shoulder. It feels like a hand." The younger Miss Moore said that she saw clairvoyantly a tall Indian with a magnificent head-dress of feathers, the front ones being red. He was standing behind Mrs. Gillespie's chair with his arm resting on her shoulder.

Mrs. Gillespie intimated that she felt she was being controlled and would easily enter into the trance state. The Misses Moore strongly dissuaded her from doing so, and pointed out that possibly it would have a disturbing effect upon conditions, using up the power which we needed for the direct voice.

ANDREW WALLACE (addressing Mrs. Gillespie) : "Dinna go into trance now sister. The big mon tells me he has often controlled ye. He is a great healer and will help ye with your psychometry. He tells me ye have been feelin' verra sad, kind o' depressed. It's bad for ye as well as for all at home. Red Feather will try and lift the load and show ye a new way and the bright side. There was a dark cloud but **on the cloud was a golden number eight and through the rift o' the number the sunshine streamed.**"

All this apparently had a meaning for Mrs. Gillespie, for she told us later that a particular message for her was contained in it. It was a very personal communication and probably for this reason was purposefully made obscure to the other sitters. At this point a curious, but fascinating little childish voice, clear as a bell, intervened.

"That is Dodo," explained the elder Miss Moore. She is a little coloured girl who often comes to our sittings. She is a clever little clairvoyant (addressing the entity). "Aren't you, dear?"

Dodo did not reply to this last observation, instead she seemed to have snuggled up close to Mr. Macdonald, for he told us she was speaking quite near to his ear on the far side of the mediums.

"Does o' love Dodo?" she demanded in a plaintive treble. Mr. Macdonald gallantly affirmed that he bore the greatest affection to most little girls. "But does o' love Dodo? What's that?" This last question was directed to the gramophone of which Mr. Macdonald was in charge. We explained to her the functions of a gramophone, and were rewarded by the request for a tune, which Mr. Macdonald complied with.

During the playing of the record Dodo made a tour of the room, stopping for a word with each sitter. She also proceeded to give us a demonstration of her clairvoyant gift mentioned by the mediums. "O' going long journey," she said pausing in front of Mrs. Macdonald. "Yes, o' going long, long way across the sea, land where little black girls live."

"Yes, we have thought of taking such a journey," agreed Mrs. Macdonald, "shall we get there safely and have a good time?" (I should mention here that nothing of this was known to the mediums).

"Ess o' have lovely time, no hurts, see plenty people. Meet rela-rela-relations." (This was pronounced with difficulty like a normal child struggling with a difficult word.) "O' go in big, big ship and long journey in train. It do lady good. She not been well. Better after she come back." **This was quite true**; Mrs. Macdonald had been rather run down in health. Later on they took a holiday trip to South Africa where they met Mr. Macdonald's brother and his family who had settled in Africa.

Next Dodo came to me. "O' get letter soon from rela-rela-relations," she said, again struggling desperately with the difficult word.

"I do not often get letters from relations," I remarked to her.

"This one me see pretty picture in it," she retorted, and added, "a pretty picture of lady with piccaninny."

Now I get a fairly big postal correspondence and yet hardly ever receive letters from relations. Nevertheless, **within three days of this specific prediction, I received a letter from a near relation containing a photograph of herself and her child aged eighteen months.**

Dodo next turned to Mr. Macdonald and addressed him again in her thin piping voice.

"Dodo bring re-re-relation to you," she promised.

"I wonder who that can be?" asked Mr. Macdonald.

"Here she is," announced Dodo and we heard a faint woman's voice speaking quite clearly, but hurriedly, as though there was little time left, and every moment was precious.

"Yes, dear, we can hear you," broke in Mrs. Macdonald, "don't get upset, everything is all right."

"Who are you?" inquired Mr. Macdonald.

"Auntie-Auntie -" struggled the voice.

"Yes, Auntie who?" asked Mr. Macdonald.

"Auntie Tina-Christina" replied the voice.

"Splendid," called Mr. Macdonald. "It's Auntie Tina. I'm so glad you were able to come."

"This is wonderful, Alick," went on the voice. "It's an opportunity. I've waited and waited for this, and I have never before been able to get through to you."

"I'm so glad you've succeeded, although I expect you're often with us, even if we don't see you."

"Yes, often," replied the voice, "and I see the children too. They're both growing—the younger one not so fast as his brother. You'll have to watch that boy, Alick."

"Which one?" asked Mr. Macdonald.

"David," came the answer. "He's not too strong at the moment. I will get some help this side for him."

"You can do that?"

"Oh, yes," answered the voice.

"I wish you could get me healed now," suggested Mr. Macdonald. "My arm is so painful I can hardly bend it."

"I'll see what can be done," promised the voice. "Just a moment while I fetch a doctor on our side." There were a few minutes of silence and then we heard a sharp ejaculation from Mr. Macdonald.

"My word," he exclaimed. "I felt something go through my arm like a charge of electricity and what's more it's better. Isn't that extraordinary?"

We heartily agreed with him and congratulated him on the rapidity of his cure.

To raise the vibrations the verse of a hymn was sung, and then the homely tones of Andrew Wallace were heard again. "There's a many o' ye friends and relations here tonight, brither and sister Macdonald," he said, and added "What a host o' Aunts ye have mon."

Some remarks were made of a personal nature to them, and then followed a lengthy talk regarding the progress made in psychic development and the method the circle should follow to obtain the best results.

A new voice, clear and well-characterized and giving the name of a famous Scottish minister of a former day, brought the sitting to a close with some well-chosen words of prayer.

CHAPTER EIGHT

IN the afternoon following our séance at Inverleith Row a special sitting was arranged in the house of a well-known Edinburgh K.C. I have not permission to use his name, and will therefore refer to him as Mr.

Sidney Charters.

The business gentleman who joined me in my first voice séance had been invited, and he had arranged to call at 2.30 with his car and drive my wife and myself to the sitting.

On his arrival at our house in Comely Bank, we noticed that he was limping rather badly and asked the reason. He told us he had been out golfing the day before and had twisted the cartilage of his knee rather badly. It had given him great pain during the night and it was only with the greatest effort that he had been able to get there that afternoon. "If it weren't for the fact that I was going to this sitting, and that it would have been such a disappointment to me, I shouldn't have come," he said and added "I don't think anything else would have dragged me out." He asked us not to mention his accident to anyone, as it might prove a little test, and he said he would try and camouflage his limp so that it would not be noticeable.

The flat we were going to was situated up two flights of stairs, and as my friend dragged himself up them I felt he would have some difficulty in hiding his disability. However, the lady of the house with the mediums was awaiting our arrival, and we only had a very brief general conversation before entering the séance-room—my friend keeping well in the rear as we went in and so covering up his lameness.

Our hostess explained that her husband was unable to join the circle that day as he was indisposed. (This made our party smaller). There were present: Mrs. Sidney Charters, my wife, Mr. L. (my lame friend), the mediums and myself. We sat in darkness. The preliminary proceedings were carried out exactly as previously described. The usual Psalm was sung and the Lord's Prayer repeated, followed by a record played upon the gramophone.

"The trumpet is up," announced the elder Miss Moore, and we heard the distinctive ticking sound which seemed to come from somewhere close to the ceiling. I should mention that in this particular room where we were sitting (which was a fairly large one) the ceiling was exceptionally lofty. Koha, the Indian Guide, was heard speaking to the mediums. He informed them that conditions were not quite as good as he had hoped them to be, but he would do all he could to make our sitting a success. He came round to us all at least, so it seemed, as the voice spoke a personal word opposite to each sitter. He left us with a parting admonition that we should sit up straight and give all our sympathy to the Spirit friends and they in their turn would do the best they could for us. There was a pause of a few moments and then the homely Scots voice of Andrew Wallace cried out a welcome. "I'm going to help yez all the day," he promised, "and ye'll go hame happy." We thanked him warmly, and he then went on to say that he was getting the name "John".

ANDREW WALLACE : "It's linked wi' ye' sister Charters. D'ye ken a John? Ye maist go a while back t' the days when ye were a young wuman. He tells me he was fond o' drawing." Mrs. Charters admitted that she was able to place the person named.

ANDREW WALLACE : "Well, he's tellin' me that his mither is bein' brought in touch wi' ye, ye ken, and that she will gi' ye one o' his pictures."

MRS. CHARTERS : "Oh, she would never do that, Andrew, she values everything of his too much to part with anything".

ANDREW WALLACE : "Never ye mind aboot thot. I'm tellin' ye thot his mither will gi' ye one o' his pictures and it'll be o' a scene ye both ken well. Now mind ye remember what Andrew tell'd ye when ye get it."

MRS. CHARTERS : "Oh, I'll not forget that, never fear."

Mrs. Charters has since informed me that this prediction was fulfilled to the letter. She was brought into contact with "John's" mother and this lady some time afterwards and to Mrs. Charter's amazement, presented her with one of her son's pictures. It is a very beautiful snowy landscape, which she recognized as predicted. I have myself seen and admired the picture now in her possession.

Andrew next addressed himself to me.

ANDREW WALLACE : "I can see some dark clouds rolling up in the front o' ye, brither. They're growin' darker and darker, but ye must stand firm. Next year the skies will be black for ye but tak' courage, brither, the Spirit folk be all behind ye. Trust them and they'll never let ye doon."

This was the first intimation that I had of a storm brewing, which in the coming year threatened to engulf me. The fact that my sermons, delivered in St. Andrew's Church, Edinburgh, on Psychological Research were published week by week in the Edinburgh Evening Dispatch, one of Scotland's most widely-read newspapers, raised a storm of protest. My postbag reflected, not only numerous charming and gracious letters of thanks, but also many threatening and venomous attacks.

That postbag was a revelation to me—it showed me how widespread was the deep craving of good Church people as well as others outside our borders, for tangible evidence that their dead survived. It showed me also that among large numbers this wistful longing had become an urgent demand. That men and women are so deeply moved and yet so clearly unsatisfied may be in itself an indication that the evidence which they so earnestly desire actually exists. The Christian psychologist already claiming that this inherent craving in itself contains an element of valid evidence. But at best it is a tentative argument and by no means indisputable. To the plain man, however, the need of the times is for more direct and objective evidence of the existence of his friends who have passed beyond the veil. It is admirably summed up by Professor Malinowski in the Listener of October 29th, 1930. Speaking "not as a specialist, but simply as a thinking and feeling man", he says : "Personally, I am an agnostic. I am not able, that is, to deny the existence of God; nor would I be inclined to do so, still less to maintain that such a belief is not necessary. I also fervently hope that there is a survival after death, and I deeply desire to obtain some certainty on the matter."

Here is a candid request for evidence which the churches will be increasingly compelled to face. In my view psychic research provides the best and possibly the only materials for an answer. It is the *raison d'être* for this book. To return to our afternoon sitting Andrew Wallace next spoke to my friend of the first voice sitting.

ANDREW WALLACE : "Ye're no keepin' verra well, brither. I ken ye been playin' wi' the wee ballies."

"True enough," laughed my friend R. "And they've played a trick on me this time."

ANDREW WALLACE : "I ken thot. It's ye knee thot's troublin' ye ?"

"Right again, Andrew," replied my friend. "It's been pretty painful, too. I wonder what I can do about it ?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "I'll See. Wait a minute and I'll try and get ye a Spirit doctor."

Shortly after we heard an amazing conversation taking place between two independent voices with Andrew Wallace occasionally putting in a word. It was apparently an argument regarding the future life, being carried on by two persons in another sphere. At length Andrew explained this puzzling phenomenon. He said that he had asked two Spirit doctors to come to the sitting and examine my

friend's knee. One of them had been an Atheist while living in an earthly body and had not yet realized that he had passed to a different mode of existence. The other doctor was doing his best to enlighten him and enlist his aid in my friend's case. We had been listening to their discussion.

ANDREW WALLACE : "The doctor will be able to help ye, brither."

"Thank you Andrew, I hope he will," replied my friend, and then he gave a sharp cry of pain.

"What's the matter," we all exclaimed.

"Goodness," he cried, "it felt like a probe piercing in between the joints of my knee; it was one sharp stab. I hope there'll be no more, Andrew?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "Dinna' ye worry, brither. The doctor's smilin' at ye and he tells me it'll be all right now."

"I'm glad of that," remarked my friend, "and I'm most grateful for your help."

It would be well to point out here that from that moment my friend never felt another twinge of pain from his knee. He walked down the stairs without a sign of lameness and he has had no trouble with his leg since that afternoon. At the conclusion of this strange act of healing we felt a cold breeze blowing through the room and the elder Miss Moore said that the Spirit people were setting up a vibratory condition for some special purpose. She had often observed this at other sittings. We all noted particularly how cold the atmosphere seemed to have grown. Similar phenomena have been scientifically verified by careful investigation.

Sir William Crookes remarks upon these in his book "The Phenomena of Spiritualism", p. 86, and it was specially studied by Mr. Harry Price in a number of sittings with the medium, Stella C., a 22 year old English girl. Mr. Price used a registering thermometer, and found that the maximum reduction in temperature reached 20.5 degrees Fahr. The greatest fall occurred when the phenomena were most intense. At the end of a séance the temperature was again normal, the slight rise being due to the heat generated by the sitters.

Andrew Wallace now informed us that Mrs. Charters was to have a flower brought to her. It was for this purpose that the power had been increased. He asked Mrs. Charters to choose the color of the flower she would prefer, and she asked for pink. We sat expectantly for some time in silence. Then we heard a rustling sound coming from the direction of the mantelpiece. The mediums asked us whether we noticed it. We assured them that we had. Again there came the rustling from the mantelpiece and the sound of a flower being withdrawn from a vase, and the next moment an exclamation from Mrs. Charters and she told us that a flower had been placed in her hands as they rested palms upwards in her lap. The carnation, for that is what it proved to be when the lights were turned on, was found to be pink.

After this little display of telekinesis, Andrew intimated that Dodo was present and would like to speak to us. She was attracted to my wife first.

DODO : "O' loves little girls."

My wife agreed and a short general conversation took place between them to be interrupted by Dodo excitedly remarking about a pretty brooch belonging to my wife.

MY WIFE : "Which brooch do you mean, dear?"

DODO : "Zee pretty one the lady is wearing."

MY WIFE : "Can you see that Dodo?"

This question was prompted by the fact that we had all kept on our coats in view of the possibility of a drop in the temperature in the séance room. The fact that my wife was wearing a brooch on her dress under two coats was known only to herself. That such an ornament would be naturally worn by a lady of course, could easily have been inferred, and so she asked Dodo for a description.

MY WIFE : "I wonder, Dodo whether you could tell me anything about my pretty brooch. Do you like its shape or colour?"

DODO: "Ess, lady's brooch pretty colour-greenish brown."

MY WIFE : "And what about the shape, Dodo ?"

DODO : "Like fly. .. what you call . . . butter . . . butter fly."

MY WIFE : "Splendid, Dodo. What a clever little girl you are. Do you think you could tell me anything else about it?"

DODO : "Ess. Lady got pretty brooch long, long way from here, over the sea in 'nother country."

MY WIFE : "That's perfectly true, Dodo. I'm so pleased you were able to find that out."

The brooch in question was a butterfly of a greenybrown colour and made of a kind of horn. My wife brought it "over the sea in 'nother country", viz, while she was staying for a holiday at Blankenberghe in Belgium.

"Dodo met o' before," remarked the curious childish voice transferring her attention to my friend, Mr. R.

"Yes, we've met before."

"Once," insisted Dodo.

"Yes, only once."

"Lady come here for o'," said Dodo.

"That's fine, Dodo. Will she be able to speak to me?"

"Not today, power nearly gone now," answered Dodo.

"Oh, I'm so sorry about that."

DODO : "O' have something here belonging to lady, she tell me. O' brought something special for test. No it isn't her picture."

"No it isn't that Dodo. Now I'm going to take it out of my pocket and hold it in my hand, and I want you to see if you can tell me what it is."

DODO : "Ess I try."

My friend took something out of his pocket and held it in his hand, in the dark not a single person in the room but himself knew what it was and I felt from the note of excitement in his voice when he next spoke that he was regarding it as a crucial test.

MY FRIEND : "I'd be delighted, Dodo, if you can tell me what this is? Try hard, Dodo."

DODO : "It's black."

MY FRIEND : "Yes, that's right, Dodo, that's right. Now what is it?"

There was a pause as though Dodo were studying it intently.

DODO : "It's something **she used to wear**."

MY FRIEND : "Oh, you're great, Dodo. Yes it's something she used to wear and it's black."

DODO : "Something she used to put on—ess **pull on**."

MY FRIEND : "Quite right. Only one more word, Dodo, and I won't bother you again. What was it?"

DODO : "**Glove**."

"Right," roared my friend, "absolutely right. You are a clever girl, Dodo."

DODO : "**Dodo loves to help zee people on zee earth**."

There was silence for a few moments, and then the robust voice of Andrew Wallace was heard speaking close to the floor.

ANDREW WALLACE : "The powers gettin' verra weak. I'm to tell ye Sister Charters that yer husband'll hear some news within a four. D'ye ken thot."

MRS. CHARTERS : "I'll tell him what you say, Andrew."

ANDREW WALLACE : "Aye, there's an awfu' talk aboot him at some meetin' ye ken. It isna settled. There's some hitch aboot it. But it'll come all right in the end tell him."

MRS. CHARTERS : "I'm glad you think that everything is satisfactory."

ANDREW WALLACE : "Oh, aye, it's satisfactory ye ken, but **it willna' be as soon as he's expecting**. But he'll get the position and he'll be goin' a lang way doon to the sooth. I'm gettin' him in a toon, a verra big toon."

These somewhat nebulous remarks were expanded in greater detail at a private sitting in my own house when the K.C. himself was present. It refers to a prediction that was made to him then, that he would throw up his career at the bar for a position in England. **All this has since been verified**.

Andrew again indicated that the power was exhausted, but before going he described my friend's mother to him, and intimated that she was sorry that she couldn't speak to him that afternoon.

"She sends her love to ye and ye brithers twa," he said, and with a final good-bye to us all, the séance was brought to a close.

CHAPTER NINE

ON Saturday evening (May 28th), the sitters were Dr. Barker of Carlton Terrace, Edinburgh, **a prominent city doctor with a large practice**; Mr. White, of Balcarres Street, Edinburgh; Miss L. F. with a lady relative; my wife, the mediums and myself. The séance was held at my house in Comely Bank. The conditions were evidently good for Koha was heard speaking almost as soon as the preliminary singing had begun. In due course the characteristic tones of Andrew Wallace were heard well above the sitters' heads. He called out the name of "Fergus" or "Ferguson" and said it was for the twa ladies.

"Do you mean the Misses Moore?" I asked.

"Na, na, brither, I mean the **twa strangers**. There's a body asking for them. It's the feyther o' one o' ye."

A brief description of the spirit form of a man standing beside one of the ladies indicated, was given by Andrew, and was quickly recognized.

"Can he speak to us," inquired Miss L. F. ?"

"He'll try, sister," replied Andrew, and then seemingly speaking to someone unseen he encouragingly said, "Come awa' brither and tak' hold o' the trumpet." There was a short interval and then a voice was heard whispering a name which sounded like "Lily", or "Lilian" to the lady sitter who had formerly spoken. "Yes, dear, try and speak a little louder."

"I'll do my best," whispered the voice and there was a perceptible increase in the volume. "You've been worrying about those wretched papers," it went on, "and it's affecting your health."

"Yes, I know."

"Well, you're not to worry. Everything will be cleared up in a very short time, and you're going away."

"Going away," echoed Miss L. F.

"Yes."

"When is this to happen?" asked Miss L. F., incredulously.

"At the end of the year," came the voice's reply.

"And where am I going?" inquired Miss L. F.

"Ceylon," was the answer in no uncertain tone.

I must interpolate that I have since learnt that the above prediction has been fulfilled and Miss L. F. sailed for Ceylon as recorded.

The voice was then heard speaking apparently in front of Miss L. F. and the conversation was concerned with some Perthshire relatives who had passed on. In order that identity might be established, the communicator gave a description of a photograph to be found in an old album in a black trunk deposited in an attic.

A new voice then announced the name of "William" and Mr. White said he felt it was him. He said he was being touched from behind and on asking who it was, "Andrew Wallace" interrupted by declaring that it was his mother.

ANDREW WALLACE : "Ha' ye no brought something wi' ye. She tells me ye ha' brought somethin' belongin' to her."

MR. WHITE : "Quite right, Andrew, and no one knew of that except myself."

ANDREW WALLACE : "Not even ye sister."

MR. WHITE : "Oh, you know I have a sister then?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "Oh, I ken all about ye. Ye didna' think o' bringin' anything at first and then ye minded it afterwards."

MR. WHITE : "That's quite true. I was just coming away from home, and then I remembered and dashed back into the house for this article belonging to my mother. Can you tell me what it is, Andrew ?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "Ye maist gi' me time. Ye mither tells me it was somethin' she used to wear."

MR. WHITE : "Right again: was it a brooch or a locket?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "Na, na, dinna try an catch me."

MR. WHITE : "I wouldn't do that, Andrew."

ANDREW WALLACE : "Ye mither tells me it was her chain and ye're wearing it."

MR. WHITE : "That's quite right and no one else knew about it."

ANDREW WALLACE : "Except ye mither. Ye're wearing it as a watch chain. And she tells me this about the time o' her anniversary."

MR. WHITE : "Yes, Andrew, what anniversary—can she tell me?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "Some would say it was a 'death day', but she calls it her birthday, her rising to a new life day."

MR. WHITE : "I quite understand Andrew, and it has made me very happy. "

ANDREW WALLACE : "She'll try and speak to ye." (The voice flashed over to me.) "Brither gi' us a bit more music." I put on a record and while the music was playing we sat listening expectantly. A feminine voice was heard, it was speaking faintly and indistinctly, the word "mother" being recognizable followed by the declaration that "mother" would help the sitter. The voice grew stronger and more defined, it addressed Mr. White calling him "Bill". "You're to look after father and Nell," said the voice which purported to be that of Mr. White's mother, "I'm so glad to be able to speak to you."

MR. WHITE : "I'm overwhelmed, mother; it's almost beyond belief. You know how I've doubted."

THE VOICE (sadly) : "Yes, but it's all right now. Tell Nell and father they must know. I wish I could speak to them."

MR. WHITE : "Nell is coming here. You must try and get through."

THE VOICE : "I will, but there are lots wanting to speak."

MR. WHITE : "And you're happy?"

THE VOICE : "It's lovely and it'll be lovelier still when we're all together."

MR. WHITE : "I'll tell them; they'll be so glad."

THE VOICE : "I mustn't stay any longer. Give my love to all at home."

MR. WHITE : "Thank you, mother."

There was a few moment's silence after this delicate meeting between mother and son. Cold print cannot reproduce the thrilling beauty of those few tense minutes. The very air seemed electric with a wondrous new-found joy.

Andrew next called out the name "Duncan."

"Yes," I answered. "What is it you want to say to me, Andrew ?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "It's no ye I want, brither, it's another Duncan."

"Oh, but I'm the only Duncan here, Andrew, unless you're referring to my wife," I said.

ANDREW WALLACE : "It's no her either—it's another Duncan."

DR. BARKER : "I wonder if you're wanting me, Andrew?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "Aye, it's ye I'm wanting an' are ye no a doctor?"

DR. BARKER : "Yes, I'm a doctor and my name is Duncan."

(This was quite a surprise to me as I did not know this was one of Dr. Barker's Christian names).

ANDREW WALLACE : "There's a lady here wantin' to speak to ye."

DR. BARKER : "Indeed, I shall be very pleased to hear her."

ANDREW WALLACE : "She was one o' ye patients and she tells me she spoke to ye about this subject before she passed on."

DR. BARKER : "Is that so?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "Aye and she's verra grateful to ye for bringin' this before her. Ye was the means o' doin' this she tells me. Didn'a ye loan her some books?"

DR. BARKER : "I may have done."

ANDREW WALLACE : "She tells me she tried to show hersel' to ye the other mornin' in ye room."

DR. BARKER (quickly) : "What's that?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "She tried to show hersel' to ye—on the wall o' ye room. She thought ye saw her. Did ye?"

DR. BARKER : "Now that's rather remarkable. I certainly did see a vision. I thought it was one of my patients who recently passed over, on the wall of my room. I didn't mention it to anyone in case they thought I was suffering from hallucinations."

ANDREW WALLACE : "She's smilin'. She's verra pleased ye saw her. She left by goin' awa' through the wall o' ye room."

DR. BARKER : "What is her name, Andrew, can you get that?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "She's showing me a big S. She's calling 'Sally, Sally'."

DR. BARKER : "I understand Andrew. That is her name. I wish she could speak, ask her to try, Andrew."

ANDREW WALLACE : "She's no so verra lang here. But she'll do her best. Come awa sister."

A new woman's voice fairly loud and clear, was audible to all the sitters. It addressed the Doctor, calling him "Duncan".

DR. BARKER : "Oh, Sally dear, is it really you?"

Sally (speaking rapidly) : "Yes, Duncan, I meant to get through if I possibly could, I said I would."

DR. BARKER : "Yes, you said you would and you've done it. I'm delighted."

SALLY : "You saw me?"

DR. BARKER : "Yes, I saw you on the wall, but I could hardly believe my eyes. I thought it was just a trick of the senses."

SALLY : "Nothing of the kind; it was me right enough."

DR. BARKER : "Was it all that you expected, Sally?"

SALLY : "Better than I hoped. I'm terribly happy. I can't stay longer . . . the power's going . . . goodbye."

DR. BARKER : "Good-bye, Sally. God bless you."

Dr. Barker explained to us that this was a particularly good piece of evidence. "Sally" was one of his patients who had suffered from a disease from which she would almost certainly never recover. In the circumstances he had lent her books on Psychic Research and had done the best he could to prepare her mind for the inevitable. They had entered into a compact that if it were possible for her, "Sally" should return and make her presence known to him. No one except themselves knew of the existence of this compact which was now so wonderfully fulfilled.

Andrew Wallace, who spoke more freely than usual at this sitting, told Dr. Barker that he knew he was a medical man by his aura. On being asked whether all doctors' auras were the same, he replied in the negative. He insisted that apart from his chosen profession the doctor was a natural healer. He asked him whether he had not himself observed purple clouds at various times when he had been occupied with his work. The doctor acknowledged that this was a fact and he had often wondered what it meant—whether it were some optical illusion or whether his eyes needed professional attention. At this sitting the little coloured girl known as Dodo also came, and gave me some entertaining and important information. She told me that I should spend a very pleasant holiday down South. It would be close to the sea. This was correct for I stayed for my summer vacation at Westgate-on-sea on the Kent coast. She said definitely that I should be leaving Scotland. When I jokingly suggested that she was mixing up my holiday with other things, she repudiated the idea. No, it was to be a permanent departure from the North to the South. I should stay she stated in a big, big city for a short time and then cross a river to lovely place where many, many flowers grow. She informed me that the church stood upon a hill. All these interesting items have literally come to pass. Dodo is undoubtedly a most reliable clairvoyant.

The sitting was brought to an end with a benediction pronounced in a new, clear and cultured voice stated to be that of a clergyman.

CHAPTER TEN

SUNDAY followed the events recorded in the previous chapter. On this day I had two services in the morning and evensong at night, while I was free in the afternoon. My wife and I decided that at 3 p.m. we would go together into the séance-room and see whether we could obtain any results ourselves. We sat facing each other with the trumpet between us in complete darkness. We opened our sitting with the usual familiar procedure, prayer and music, and sat for some considerable time without the slightest sign of any phenomena. Several records were played through, and at length we heard faint but unmistakable taps upon the trumpet, but no sound of a voice. More music was supplied while we coaxingly tried to induce whoever might be present to speak to us, or at least indicate in some apprehensible way their nearness. At last there appeared a light at the top of the trumpet. It was of great brilliancy. We watched it rise from the trumpet and float across the room to a position we judged to be on the top of my desk. There it remained changing its form so that it assumed the shape of a miniature searchlight pointing from the desk to the trumpet. Nothing else happened on this Sunday afternoon, so that although the sitting must be pronounced largely negative, yet a sequel to this occurrence will be found in the séance which was held on the next afternoon. At 3 p.m. on this particular Monday there were present Mrs. Stewart of Grinan, Brompton Terrace, Perth and a Mrs. A., who lived in a house surrounded by beautiful grounds some miles from Edinburgh, my wife, the mediums and myself. The two ladies were both complete strangers to me as well as to my wife and the mediums. Moreover, they had never met before they saw each other in my house that afternoon and were not even then introduced until after the sitting was over. Koha, the Indian guide, manifested at an early stage of the proceedings, and announced that we would have an unusually interesting sitting. He told Mrs. Stewart that she was just up from the South and

appeared to know she had had a pleasant journey. This was accurate information, for this lady had arrived from Surrey two days before the sitting. He also correctly informed her that she had been staying with relatives, but that her home was further north.

Turning his attention to Mrs. A. he commented upon her lovely garden. He showed a detailed knowledge of these surroundings by remarking upon the stream flowing through the grounds, by giving a true description of the house, and by mentioning her pets, particularly a parrot. I do not recollect Koha speaking so long and fluently as he did on this occasion.

Andrew Wallace broke in with a loud and somewhat startling shout inquiring, "How are ye a 'fairin' ?" He too appeared especially happy this afternoon, and gave out that he wanted all of us to go away satisfied. He went on to describe the figure of a man beside Mrs. Stewart, who recognized the description and asked Andrew if he could furnish her with the gentleman's name.

ANDREW WALLACE : "Och, aye, I'll try to get it for ye. What's thot ?" (There was a pause as though he were listening). "He tells me his name is 'Jim,' 'Jim,) "

MRS. STEWART : "Oh, that's right, Andrew. Now I wonder whether you can get him to speak to me."

ANDREW WALLACE : "He'll do his best. Was he no' a professor? I get a lot o' music wi' him as though he had something to do wi' an organ."

MRS. STEWART : "Quite right, Andrew. But I won't say more about him now, you'll understand."

ANDREW WALLACE : "Aye, I ken ye want it fer evidence. I'll gi' ye the evidence if ye gi' me your sympathy. Isna' thot so brither? (This last remark was addressed to me and I must draw attention to the amazing way in which the voice of Andrew flashed from one side of the room across to me and spoke quite close to my ear on the side away from the mediums).

A pleasant, well-defined voice was heard speaking to Mrs. Stewart. It claimed to be that of her father. He gave his name. He told of intimate things known only to themselves. He spoke of a person whose existence was unknown to anyone else in the room. During that short time a considerable amount of information was forthcoming. At the conclusion of this conversation the voice purporting to be that of Mrs. Stewart's father bade her farewell. After the séance was over and we had adjourned to the drawingroom, Mrs. Stewart assured me that she was absolutely convinced that the voice was that of her father, even if it had not been supported as it was by the evidential details.

Andrew, who was quite talkative this afternoon said that he was getting a condition of a land bathed in bright sunshine. It was over the sea and he asked Mrs. A. if she could place it. She agreed that she could do so and asked if he could supply further information.

ANDREW WALLACE : "I get ye livin' there. Wasna' he a doctor?"

MRS. A. : "Yes."

ANDREW WALLACE : "But it's a sad place for ye. I see a railway station and a train is aboot to move out o' the station."

MRS. A. : "Yes."

ANDREW WALLACE : "And ye are in the train leanin' out o' the winder. A mon comes hurrying along the plat form. It is too late. There's a sad, sad partin'. D'ye ken what I mean?"

MRS. A.: "Exactly, and it occurred just as you have described. It is wonderful."

ANDREW WALLACE : "The mon is in spirit. He's here. He like to speak to ye. He wants to ask a favour o' ye."

Andrew's voice broke off and we heard a whispered conversation taking place between Mrs. A. and a faint man's voice. It was on a deeply personal matter.

We next felt a cold wind blowing through the room. These psychic "breezes" are frequently a feature at the Misses Moore's séances. They usually precede some manifestation of a different order. It was so in this case, for I suddenly observed the light which I had seen the previous afternoon while sitting with my wife. It was, as far as I could judge, in exactly the same position that I had seen it on the Sunday afternoon, and had assumed the same searchlight shape. I called the attention of the other sitters to the phenomenon, and told them that my wife and I had seen this light before.

"Och, aye, brither, I kens that," suddenly exclaimed the voice of Andrew Wallace, speaking quite close to my right hand side—away from the mediums and in a position which would have been PHYSICALLY IMPOSSIBLE for them to reach, for my desk filled up all the intervening space on my right hand side and fitted flush to both walls.

"Oh, you kens that, did you, Andrew ?" I laughed. "But listen, there's some noise going on near the light."

We all listened intently to a faint fluttering sound which came from the direction of the glow on the desk. It grew louder, and the mediums added their voices to ours in the general discussion as to the nature of the noise. At first it seemed to me like the beating of a wild bird's wings against a cage. But it grew louder until it became a roar, which one could only liken to a motor bicycle in the room. It was a most astonishing occurrence. Then the light began to move from the desk and floated rapidly up towards the ceiling and circled round the room, making a noise like an engine. Suddenly it stopped and fell crashing to the floor.

"What on earth was it, Andrew?" asked my wife. "We saw it yesterday, but it didn't make any noise."

ANDREW WALLACE : "It was one o' them aeroplanes. The puir mon was flying across the sea an' he cam' doon."

MY WIFE : "Can you tell us who it is, Andrew?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "I'll try. Aye, it was N___."

MY WIFE : "How did it happen?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "There was something the matter wi' one o' the wings."

MY WIFE : "I suppose what we've just heard has been a representation of this tragedy made by the people on your side."

ANDREW WALLACE : "Aye, that's it. The puir mon doesna' ken yet that he's over wi' us. Gi' him all your prayers and sympathy, brither and sisters."

I can vouch for the fact that there was no mechanical contrivance in my room which could possibly have caused this extraordinary manifestation.

After a short interval Andrew Wallace's voice was again heard speaking to Mrs. A.

ANDREW WALLACE : "There's a stranger come to the circle. He's a big mon who lived awa' i' the north."

Miss MOORE : "Is he a foreigner, Andrew?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "Na, na, he kens this lady (Mrs. A.). He kens her when she was young, kind a' brought her up. He's, give me the name 'John'. D'ye ken him, sister?"

MRS. A.: "Oh, yes, very well indeed, Andrew. I wish he would speak to me. Try and get him to speak, Andrew."

ANDREW WALLACE : "He'll try, sister. He tells me he kens Aberdeenshire."

MRS. A.: "True, Andrew, he knew Aberdeenshire very well."

ANDREW WALLACE : "Och, aye, I ken thot, sister, and now he tells me he used to draw a lot, kind o' what ye wud call an artist. Isna' thot so, sister ?"

MRS. A. : "Yes, he was an artist. Can he speak ? I do wish he were able to speak to me."

ANDREW WALLACE (addressing me) : "G' us a wee bit more music, brither, and he'll do his best to talk to ye."

There was another interval while I prepared the gramophone and started the record revolving. The tones of a man's voice were heard speaking in a rather agitated manner.

VOICE (breathlessly) : "Help me. I want . . . Help me."

ANDREW WALLACE (soothingly) : "Aye, we'll a' help ye, brither. Come awa', sister, keep talkin' to him."

MRS. A. : "Is that you, John?"

VOICE : "Yes, I am still alive."

MRS. A.: "Were you very disappointed about..."

VOICE (breaking in) : "Africa. I knew about it. I was upset... never mind... all will be well."

MRS. A. : "Can you see us here?"

VOICE : "Sometimes, and when you want us very badly and the conditions are favourable."

MRS. A. : "Not always?"

VOICE : "Oh, no."

MRS. A.: "Do our affections continue in your world?"

VOICE : "Yes, and usually with a deeper intensity, nothing fine is ever lost."

MRS. A. : "Can we help a spirit's progress from our side?"

VOICE : "Yes, by your sympathetic thoughts and prayers. Concentrate upon arousing aspirations. Much can be done."

The voice had been growing weaker and weaker, and now trailed off into a faint whisper, terminating in a fragmentary sentence which sounded like "God bless you".

A curious incident now took place. Andrew informed us that the last speaker was sending a bouquet from the spirit world. Following closely upon this intimation, each sitter was invited to smell the bouquet, the delicious scent of which seemed to possess the strange property of being confined to a fixed zone; each sitter only in turn being able to perceive the fragrance. Finally the whole room became filled with the exquisite perfume.

"That was delightful, Andrew," exclaimed Mrs. Stewart. "I don't think I've ever smelt such lovely perfume

before."

ANDREW WALLACE : "It's a wee taste o' what's afore ye. But what's this? (the last remark being apparently addressed to someone on his side). D'ye no have a dog here an' he belonged to ye. His name is Rex."

MRS. STEWART : "Splendid, Andrew. Is he really in the room?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "He's here the noo."

MRS. STEWART : "Can you tell me what he looks like, Andrew ?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "He's a wee white doggie wi' a smoothish coat. Dinna ye ca' them fox terriers?"

MRS. STEWART : "Yes. Rex was a fox terrier."

ANDREW WALLACE : "Aye, and there's a wee cat that belanged to ye here as well. D'ye ken thot?"

MRS. STEWART : "Yes. I lost a dear cat which was a great pet."

ANDREW WALLACE : "That's it; ye had it a lang while."

MRS. STEWART : "Oh, yes, for seventeen years, and I've often wondered whether our dogs and cats survived death."

ANDREW WALLACE : "Aye, they live as lang as yer love lasts for them. After thot they go to their ane place."

MRS. STEWART : "Well, there's no mistake about them being alive now. It's marvellous."

ANDREW WALLACE : "They're awa' noo."

Then a most uncanny thing happened. We heard the ghostly barking and mewing of a cat which the mediums tried to coax to them by name as they ran around the circle. We felt them brush against our legs in unmistakable animal fashion and the cat tried to clamber on Mrs. Stewart's lap.

There was a few minutes pause after this manifestation. One of the most interesting incidents of the sitting then occurred. The bell of the front door suddenly rang.

ANDREW WALLACE : "What's thot ?"

MYSELF : "Oh, it's all right, Andrew. It's only the front door bell. There's nobody else in the house and we must let them ring till they go away."

ANDREW WALLACE : "Verra weel, brither. It's maist dis..."

The bell rang sharply again and we heard Andrew's voice see-sawing up and down, on different ranges of notes. He was evidently very distressed by it and begged the mediums to keep talking and so keep up the vibrations. We all talked as hard as we could about anything we could think of while the mediums tried to quiet his agitation. Then the bell pealed a third time and the trumpet fell crashing to the floor, bringing the séance to an abrupt conclusion.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

MY resignation of the rectorship of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, Edinburgh, took effect in December, 1927. I had discussed this matter of my resignation very fully on several occasions at private sittings with the Misses Moore, when voices purporting to be those of well-known churchmen had strongly advised this course. They indicated that if this step were taken they would see that a post was offered to me in

England. It was a most difficult problem to solve. I knew that if I gave up my Scottish charge and went south I should be unknown and entirely without influence. In the end I decided to resign, stored my furniture, and with my wife accepted the offer of kind hospitality in the house of the legal friend mentioned in a previous chapter.

We had been there less than three days when I received a letter from a peeress (whom I had never met, but who had been sent some copies of the paper which had printed my sermons), in which she asked whether I could take charge of the parish in which she lived, for three months, as her Vicar was going abroad for his health. I sat down at once and accepted. In the course of the next few days I had received a letter from the Vicar offering me the locum-tenency, and I had definitely arranged to take up residence in his vicarage on February 1st, 1928.

There was now the question of the intervening weeks to be considered. A letter came from some generous London friends offering us their furnished flat while they were away in Egypt. We thankfully accepted and bade adieu to Auld Reekie.

But before leaving Edinburgh I was running my eye through the Church Times columns, and saw among the clerical advertisements one which seemed to make a particular appeal to me. It was for help at a London suburban church, and I felt strongly impelled to answer the advertisement. I did so and was invited to an interview with the Vicar, who at once offered me the post until I left for my three-month's prearranged locum-tenency.

I had a most happy time at this church, but my reason for mentioning it is because of a rather singular thing which happened while I was there, and which led eventually to my going to Hampshire. A gentleman who had been among my London congregation came to me one day and asked me if I would be willing to accept a benefice.

At first I thought he was merely joking, but as he appeared in earnest about it, I said that I would be pleased to consider anything that was offered to me. I hadn't the remotest idea that he could do what he had suggested. But in a few day's time he came to me with a short list of several vacant charges, asking me which I preferred. I glanced at the list and indicated my choice of Hampshire.

However, it seemed quite hopeless as this particular living was in the gift of a college with which I had no connection, and I simply put the matter quite out of my mind.

On February 1st my wife and I entered into residence in the country vicarage of which I had agreed to take charge for three months. It was a delightful change from my previous seven years' strenuous work in a Scottish city parish. The people were responsive and we met with kindness on every hand. As the weeks went by, however, I began to wonder what I should do when my locum-tenency came to an end.

It was in the middle of March that I had word from the Misses Moore telling me that they had settled in London, and I wrote inviting them over to the Vicarage for a week-end. They came to us on the Friday afternoon, and the next day gave a private sitting in the house of the peeress, at which I was afterwards informed that this lady's husband and father manifested. On Sunday evening, after Evensong, we decided to hold a sitting in the Vicarage drawing-room. There were only my wife and myself and the two mediums present. We fastened the window curtains as well as we could to exclude the light, damped down the fire and put out the lamp. The light of the fire was by no means as dim as we expected, and it lit up the room with a ruddy glow. To counteract this to some extent, we improvised a screen of chair backs and hangings, but it was never quite dark. As there was a housekeeper and maid in another part of the house and we did not wish to disturb them, we decided to try and dispense with a hymn, and

content ourselves with opening our sitting with the recitation of the Lord's Prayer. We waited some time for the housekeeper and maid to retire before holding our sitting. But there was no sign of them going to their rooms. Raps were then heard in various places in the drawing-room and on the walls and mantelpiece and even on the pictures. These raps, the mediums informed us, were evidence that the Spirit people were present and anxious for us to begin.

We decided, therefore, to wait no longer. I should mention that the mediums had brought a trumpet with them and the four of us sat facing each other with the trumpet standing upright on the floor between us. Koha manifested almost immediately we began the prayer. The four voices were clearly discernible with the addition of the soft guttural tones of Koha. "Me find conditions goot," said Koha. "You have goot talk with Andrew. He here now."

"Aye, I am going to help yez," came the friendly Scots voice of Andrew Wallace.

"Thank you very much," answered my wife, "we need the help of you all."

ANDREW WALLACE : "Gi' us ye sympathy sister, and weel d' our part."

Miss MOORE : "Andrew, I don't want you to speak quite so loudly tonight. There are two other people in the house and we don't wish to disturb them."

ANDREW WALLACE : "Och aye, I ken thot weel. One o' them was just now walking along the passage outside the door."

All the same, after Miss Moore's reminder, Andrew Wallace's voice became much more subdued. It was still the same full well-characterized voice, but at half volume. This, in itself, was quite a curious incident.

Miss MOORE : "Andrew, we want you tonight to help us if you can about Mr. Duncan's plans. We are a little worried about things."

ANDREW WALLACE (in a very re-assuring voice) : "Dinna ye worry, sister. A' wi' be weel."

MISS MOORE : "I daresay, Andrew, but we're only human you know, and can't help worrying."

ANDREW WALLACE : "Brither Duncan has followed out our advice to the letter."

Miss MOORE (persistently) : "Yes, to the letter, Andrew, and now he's wondering about the future."

ANDREW WALLACE : "Didna' I say we'd never let him doon."

Miss MOORE : "Yes, that's right."

ANDREW WALLACE : "Well, has he been disappointed?"

MYSELF : "Certainly not. Why I haven't had a single free Sunday since I left Scotland. Up to the present everything seems to have conspired to help me."

ANDREW WALLACE : "Then dinna ye worry, brither. We're a' helpin' ye."

Miss MOORE (intervening) : "That's all very well, Andrew. Can't you give us something more tangible to go upon. Now do try."

ANDREW WALLACE : "Ah weel, sister, I'll try me best."

There was a few moment's silence and the younger Miss Moore intimated that she could see clairvoyantly Andrew consulting with someone else. This latter personage was a tall man, dark-skinned and wearing a white turban and flowing saffron-coloured robe. During this interlude, while we waited for

the voice, the elder Miss Moore asked us to join in a general conversation so that we might get up vibrations as we were unable to use music for this purpose.

Andrew, interposing again, said that within a three, I should receive a letter containing an offer of a living.

Miss MOORE : We are rather anxious, Andrew, to get as much detail as possible. You said within a three. What do you think that means?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "I see three gold moons. It's what ye call a symbol. We use symbols a great deal on this side. The three gold moons stand for three weeks."

MYSELF : "Then you think I shall get an appointment in three weeks, Andrew?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "Aye, brither. I see a long envelope con-tin' for ye' wi' the offer. It has a lang printed page for ye and there's a seal o' the top."

MYSELF : "That sounds like some official document, Andrew, a little bit unpleasantly like an Income Tax Form."

ANDREW (laughing) : "Na, na, brither, it's no a government paper. It's an offer for you."

MYSELF : "It sounds very interesting; can you tell me where the place is and what it is like?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "It's a wee kirk, and it stands at the top o' a hill in the country."

MYSELF : "I suppose you couldn't tell me the name of it ?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "I'll try, brither. It's . . . Mary . . . St. Mary Magdalene."

MYSELF : "I'll make an extra special note of that, Andrew. Is it a pretty church?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "Och aye. I want yez to pay attention to the pulpit. It has gold and green on it and coloured things just like coloured platters."

MYSELF : "That's unusual, Andrew. I shan't forget that."

ANDREW : "Na, na, and I want you to notice the window. It has a picture in it and when ye goes doon to see the wee kirk ye'll see some lovely lilies in front o' it. Dinna forget."

MYSELF : "I certainly won't."

MY WIFE : "And what about the house, Andrew."

ANDREW WALLACE : "I ken the ladies, they want to ken about the hoose. Well it's a nice wee hoose built o' stone and red brick. You'll find lots o' wee crosses worked o'er it."

MY WIFE : "We'll look for that, Andrew, and is there a nice garden?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "Aye, as ye ge into it, the front gate, ye'll see a queer shaped tree an' there's some pretty beds o' flowers nigh it."

MY WIFE : "Is there anything else we can notice, when we go there?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "Aye, yell meet a mon at the door. He's a meenister and he's tall and verra thin, wi' a lang clean-shaven face an' white hair. Yo'll notice his lang hands and lang fingers."

MYSELF : "Is it North of where we are now, Andrew?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "Na, na brither, it's a gude bitty farther south."

Miss MOORE : "Then we can take it Andrew, that Mr. Duncan will have some definite news before long?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "Wi'out a doot, sister. He's trusted us and we'll no let him doon. I canna stay langer no. Gude night, sisters, Gude night, brither, and God bless yez all."

At this sitting the trumpet was not touched at all. Andrew's voice came out of the free air. He spoke rapidly and distinctly, but much more quietly than customary. It was one of the most amazing as well as the most evidential sittings that I have ever attended. Every prediction which was made to me that Sunday night was fulfilled. Within three weeks I had my long envelope containing the printed and typewritten offer. It bore the seal of the college and looked for all the world like an official document. The church is called St. Mary Magdalene and you cannot get to it without climbing a hill. The pulpit is painted green and is picked out with gold. On three sides of it are Coats of Arms on coloured shields, the coloured platters of the vision. The rectory is red brick and flint and there are some quaint crosses patterned in the exterior walls. It was rather odd about the picture in the window with the lilies in front of it. When we went down to view the place we felt that this prediction could hardly be fulfilled as it was the season of Lent, and we should be surprised to find floral decorations in the church. But there sure enough in the side window was the picture of the Madonna and Child and in front of it a vase of white lilies. All other flowers had been removed from the church in accordance with the usual custom. But this one vase, we learnt afterwards, was always kept filled with flowers. We were met at the door of the rectory by my predecessor, a tall, thin, cleanshaven man with white hair. Curiously enough I did not notice his hands. But my wife remarked subsequently that she could not help noticing his long fingers. There is an unusually odd-shaped tree close to the front gate and beds of flowers border the entrance drive and near the tree.

I do not think that any fair-minded person can read this chapter without coming to the conclusion that psychical research is entitled to consideration and respect. It contains abundant material pointing to super-normal knowledge. It provided me with a palpable demonstration that in a world unseen were comrades and colleagues who could prove a never-failing source of help in a time of trouble.

CHAPTER TWELVE

TOWARDS the end of September, 1929, I had an invitation from Mr. Hamilton Emmons, of The Copse, Hamble, Southampton, to lunch with him. In his note he told me that the Misses Moore were staying at his house and some successful voice sittings had been taking place in his presence. I accepted the invitation and after luncheon Mr. Emmons suggested that I might like to avail myself of the opportunity of a private sitting with the mediums. I gladly took advantage of this kind proposal and at half past two entered the beautiful little oratory which he had set apart for séance purposes. The usual opening took place. Then the elder Miss Moore pressed an electric switch which was wired up to a large gramophone fitted with a mechanical device, so that some twenty records could be played without needing personal attention.

We listened for a few minutes to the music and then heard the clearly audible tapping sound of the trumpet, apparently just over our heads. It moved from one side of the room to the other and we heard above the strains from the gramophone, the voice of Koha, the Indian Guide, giving his familiar welcome. Miss Moore stopped the gramophone and a moment later we heard the well-known voice of Andrew Wallace speaking powerfully and in his unmistakable tones. He proceeded with his usual duty of announcing the names of people who were waiting to speak, or interpreting their messages for them.

He called out the names David and Dan. I said that I couldn't call to mind anyone particularly with reference to them.

With regard to David, the only person I could think of in connection with this name was that of a man whom I knew in Edinburgh. He said that this was the man referred to and there was a message concerning him. There was some difficulty about a Will in connection with this man and a lot of talk about it. There was a confusion of papers. This was all quite meaningless to me at the time as the particular David I had in mind would be the last person I should associate with a Will. He lived in a very mean quarter of the city, in two rooms fending for himself. But he was a regular attendee at my church and I systematically visited him in Cross-Causeway-Side, and I had many discussions with him on psychic matters as well as on the history of Edinburgh, about which he was extremely well-informed. One can therefore judge of my profound astonishment when I learnt subsequently that he died very suddenly in the Edinburgh Infirmary and that he left some thousands of pounds but no Will. I believe two cousins were eventually found who inherited this unexpected windfall.

The other name Dan, which Andrew gave me, was also unrecognized by me. I could only link it up with a remote relation who had passed away in the colonies before I was born. This didn't satisfy Andrew.

"Na, na," he said, "it isna' thot Dan. This is a mon ye kens verra weel in Edinburgh."

MYSELF : "I'm sorry, Andrew, but I really can't place him. I must put it on one side and perhaps it will come to me later on."

ANDREW WALLACE : "It's a pity, brither. He's verra anxious to get through. He says ye ken him verra weel. He met ye verra often, brither."

MYSELF : "I'm truly sorry, Andrew, but I can't think who he is."

ANDREW WALLACE : "Ye ken his wife an' son. They lived near ye."

MYSELF : "It's no use, Andrew, but I'll remember later on."

There was an interesting outcome to this little incident. An Edinburgh friend, who still attended my old church, was in the habit of sending me every few months a number of St. Andrew's Parish magazines. A batch of them reached me in December, 1929, and as I glanced through them I saw a page devoted to General Church news and a paragraph in it recording the death of an old friend, Mr. William Dann, late cashier at the office of the Representative Church Council. He had passed away on Saturday, September 14th, 1929. My sitting took place at Hamble a fortnight later. I had no idea even that he had been ill. Almost every fortnight, and usually on Saturday evenings, I met him and talked of psychic matters, of which he had had practical as well as theoretical knowledge. Nothing could be more certain than that if an opportunity presented itself for demonstrating survival, he would have taken advantage of it. I am sure he did so that afternoon at Hamble. But my mind was filled with the idea that "Dan" was meant to be a Christian name, and besides I did not dream that my friend "Dan" had gone on.

Since then he has come back and chaffed me for my tardy recognition.

This, together with the instance which follows, are examples of the way in which one can very easily fail to identify a person, however previously well-known.

There was a short interval and the gramophone was re-started to assist vibrations.

Miss Moore next began to describe clairvoyantly a man who had come into the room. He was tall and broad shouldered and was wearing some kind of uniform. I asked what it was like and she said it was

something like a soldier's tunic, but that it wasn't khaki. It was blue and he had a red band round his hat. He hadn't been long over, but he was very anxious to get a message to somebody on this side. I asked the medium whether she could give me any further details, and she said that his face was rather full with greyish eyes. He had a brown moustache and bushy eyebrows. Andrew now intervened and said that this spirit would try and speak himself.

A new voice then spoke to me. It was weak and indistinct and difficult to make out, but we could catch the words: "Muriel. Tell Muriel." I racked my brain. Who was Muriel? I hadn't the vaguest idea. The only Muriel I could think of was the daughter of a man whom I knew fairly well years ago. I remembered this was her name because I had heard of a special radium treatment she had undergone at a London hospital. Then the new voice called again a little stronger: "Daisy," "Daisy."

"Yes," I said, "I know of Daisy." I then explained to the mediums that Daisy was Muriel's aunt and lived in Australia. It was interesting, but not particularly so as I had lost complete touch with this family.

ANDREW WALLACE (intervening again): "He says it isna' thot Daisy at a'. It's Daisy Garland he wants. He canna' speak ony more as he's not lang over. But he says to me 'Tell him to ask Muriel to get in touch with Daisy Garland.' She should help her."

The name Daisy "Garland" is fictitious, as I have not had permission to print the real name. This is not the case of Mrs. Morgan, who has kindly allowed me.

MYSELF: "But, Andrew, I don't know Muriel and I've never heard, so far as I know of any Daisy 'Garland'."

ANDREW WALLACE: "He says ye will do, brither."

MYSELF: "Anyhow, who is it speaking, Andrew?"

ANDREW WALLACE: "I canna' get his name clear, it soonds like 'Goo' or 'Goff'. He's leavin' noo but he's ask ye no to forget to tell Muriel and gi' her and the children his love."

The full significance of this episode did not dawn upon me until the following Sunday. I had finished my morning service at West Tisted and was leaving the church when the wife of my former Church Treasurer came with her mother to me and asked if I would sign an official paper with reference to her late husband. We walked a few yards to the rectory while her mother followed with my wife. In my study, while signing the paper, I glanced at her name and saw that it was "Muriel". I had not the slightest notion of this before I saw it that morning.

"Is your name Muriel?" I inquired.

"Yes," she answered, "but why do you ask?"

The full meaning of that clairvoyant description broke upon me. In a flash I visualized the tall broad-shouldered grey-eyed man with the brown moustache, as I had seen him at our annual Armistice Service, blue uniform and red-piped hat as a major of Marines. It was a rather thrilling moment.

"Tell me, Mrs. Morgan," I asked, "Do you know Daisy 'Garland'?"

She looked at me quickly.

"Yes, but what do you know of Daisy 'Garland'?"

"Not much," I replied, "but I'm glad you recognize the name."

"Tell me more," she said. I promised to tell her all that I knew.

On the following Thursday my wife had invited her to come with her mother to tea with us. On this occasion I related the full details of my sitting. She **agreed that it was a most amazing thing**, especially as her husband had only passed away on September 12th, a few weeks before the sitting. She told me that she always called him "**Goff**". There were one or two other evidential points, which are of a private nature and could be appreciated only by Mrs. Morgan. I should mention that the Morgans had two young children.

I am perfectly certain that the mediums knew nothing whatever of the above family. When I thought over this sitting I simply couldn't understand how I had failed to recognize the communicator. I can only suppose that I must have been baffled and put off the scent by the names "Muriel" and "Daisy" which certainly had a relationship, but which gave me a wrong clue and so prevented recognition.

There was little else at this sitting of evidential value. A voice purporting to be that of the late Bishop of Edinburgh, carried on a short whispered conversation with me. He gave his name and expressed some sorrow for certain views held in earth-life. There was nothing, however, which I felt to be outside common knowledge.

Another voice whispered a few faint sentences, claiming to be a man whom I had helped when I served as a Prison Chaplain. He seemed **rather distressed and begged for our prayers**.

Andrew now brought the sitting to a close with a little exhortation, "I'm awa' noo," he said, "for I have much to do. Ye are to help wi' the work, brither. Ye are to tell the people—that's my work and your work—to tell the people and spread the good news. There is no death. The spirit folk will help yez all they can. God bless ye."

It is of paramount importance if such a record as this to be a faithful and true one, that all the facts should be included, whether they fit evenly into the argument or show confusion and irrelevancy.

The following account of a séance held on Thur June 2nd, 1932, is an example of a certain amount of jointedness which is sometimes observable with new sitters. At the same time a careful analysis of the séance will reveal a residuum of evidential facts that would place any suggestion of "guesswork on the part of the mediums" in the realm of absurdity.

The sitting took place in the medium's London flat at 12.50, and the **only other sitter** present besides myself and the Misses Moore, was the Rev. A. F. Webling, A. Rector of Risby, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.

The mediums had never met Mr. Webling before and I was careful not to introduce him by name. Mr. Webling, who is the author of "Something Beyond" had been interested for some time in the study of psi research, but it had been **mainly with trance mediums**. This was his first experience of the direct voice. He made notes as well as he possibly could, and during the sitting we discussed the points fairly fully soon afterwards and so impressed them upon our minds. His report, which he has kindly sent me and allowed me to use is printed later.

Koha, the Indian Guide, did not manifest quite so speedily as was usual, but he gave Mr. Webling and also myself, a few telling bits of evidence. Mr. Webling has embodied the points referring to himself in his report. In my own case **Koha curiously reminded me of a motor journey which I had taken in January**. He said that I had traveled with a very great chief. When I asked him to describe the chief, he insisted that he was not a big man, "no bigger than you, Brudder," but he was a great man. He had been a soldier, he

informed me, and was now the Chief of a big, big tribe of boys and girls. There was little doubt in my mind to whom he referred, but as though to clinch matters, Koha told me that on the journey the driver made a little mistake on the road home and had to turn back. It was only a little error, but Koha pointed it out to refresh my memory.

As a matter of fact early in January I took an official part in the funeral rites of Lord Baden Powell's aunt in Buckinghamshire, and motored home with the Chief Scout and Lady Baden Powell in their car. On this return journey, the chauffeur, a most excellent driver, made a slight error at one of the turnings and we had to retrace our way a few dozen yards.

I am quite sure that neither Mr. Webling, nor the mediums, knew anything of such a trivial, but none the less convincing piece of supernormal knowledge.

Another interesting point I would like to mention here, is the way in which Koha's introductory remarks were linked up with that which transpired later in the sitting. It was so in Mr. Webling's case as well as in my own. Mr. Webling's father is described and announced by his Christian name by Koha and afterwards his presence is indicated by Andrew Wallace, who passes on a message from him. A similar instance occurred with me. Lord Baden Powell and the association with him were recalled by Koha while later on his aunt, whose funeral I attended purported to come through and speak to me.

Among the voices which manifested at this sitting, two provided me with satisfactory evidence. The first was the voice of Lady Constance Smyth, the aunt of Lord Baden Powell, who spoke clearly, giving me in answer to my request, the name of her late husband in full, viz., General Sir Henry Augustus Smyth, K.C.M.G. She told of where she had passed on from earth-life—Criccieth in Caernarvonshire. She reminded me of the time when I was a guest in her house and told of her old pony, Betty. She sent an affectionate message to my wife. Five replies and each one true and to the point.

The second voice purported to be that of a lady whom I had never met but whose two sons and daughters-in-law were well-known to me. She spoke in a rather toneless voice but with a curious preciseness. She had no difficulty in telling me of her son and his wife, of their surroundings and names, but she could not get through the name of her other son. She could only tell me that he had been an officer in the army, and did not live near me. I have wondered whether the fact that I have been brought into close touch with the first son while I have had practically no contact with the second son may have helped and hindered respectively the communicator.

Andrew Wallace announced that the late Bishop of Edinburgh was present, but there was nothing of any significance related in this instance. The name "Adam" was called but although I knew of two men to whom it might have applied, nothing further was forthcoming. Next the names "Tom" and "William" were called, but they did not convey any particular meaning either to Mr. Webling or myself.

A spirit came through giving the name "Rachel" and claimed to be the daughter of a mutual friend. She showed a knowledge of her parent's surroundings. At the time, as she stated, her father was suffering from a severe cold and was confined to bed. She spoke of her brother who had been, quite unknown to me, on a health cruise to South Africa. She seemed concerned about his health and I learnt afterwards from his father, that his son was still far from well. He had called in a London specialist who had ordered him to undergo a new treatment. They were all very much concerned about his health. A cultured ministerial voice brought the sitting to an end with the benediction.

The following comments on the sitting are by the Rev. A. F. Webling, A.K.C. :

A Sitting for Direct Voice, with the Misses Moore, at their flat in London. Sitters, Rev. Victor Duncan, Rector of W. Tisted, Hants., and A. F. W., June 2nd, 1932. Commencing about 12:50, and lasting about an hour. (N.B.—This account does not do justice to the sitting, since, as it was my first experience of the Direct Voice, I was new to the procedure and did not contribute all the help I might have done. Also, I am not used to taking notes in complete darkness, and so could not take my usual practically verbatim notes.)

The two sitters faced the mediums, a trumpet placed on the floor in the midst. We said together the "Our Father" and sang a verse of a hymn. I think it was towards the end of the singing that I noticed the currents of cold air, to which my neighbour also drew my attention, and heard a voice which I was told was that of Koha, an American Indian guide.

"Good morning. Me loves you all," he said in broken English. I was told, "There is a gentleman beside you.¹ He is tall. His name is Charles. He is a relation of yours. I will try to help you with him. He is your father. He will speak if he gets the power."

Another voice, speaking with a Scottish accent, said, "I am just comin' noo." I was told that this was the principal guide, Andrew Wallace.

"Tom is asking for William."²

"A tall gentleman is standing. He is like yourself. He is elderly. Charlie."³

"Robert is a relation of Charles."⁴

"I can help you."

"A brother of Charles."

"Your Uncle Robert. How are you?" This was said in a fairly clear whisper by the spirit himself.

"Uncle Robert Webling." The surname was got after a little fumbling, beginning with "Wembley".

¹ These particulars, and those later in the sitting, referring to my father are all correct. His second name, Frederic, was also given, I remember, but didn't write it down.

² I cannot trace this. It may have been for Mr. Duncan.

³ Andrew thus corroborates Koha, and adds the correct detail, "elderly".

⁴ My father's brother, correctly named. I think I saw him when I was a child. Father of Peggy Webling.

"Your father is with you. Charlie. You are writing up something now and he wants to help you."

"Your father says he is helping you to write a book. Wembley or Webling. You are writing a book and your father is awful anxious for you to be successful."

I inquired about a pale blue light I saw on the wall in the form of a cross, whether it was a spirit-light. I was told it was only a cross covered with some phosphorescent substance. Andrew then said, "I'll bring you a wee light." But the power temporarily weakened. A gramophone was turned on. And the matter seemed to be forgotten. I noticed the same forgetfulness after a temporary lapse of power two or three times after.

The name "Gregory" was called out. "The spirit Gregory has a message for a lady."¹ A relation. For his mother. He tells his mother" (continued Andrew) "to have faith that her laddie is aye helping her, and not to grieve over him, because his spirit is often round about her. She is not to get depressed. He is calling out his sister. Margaret Agnes. Margaret or Agnes." "Daniel."² Who says Daniel?"

Andrew then said, "There are a lot of ministers here." Archdeacon Colley³ was present. A clear whisper

said, "I am very pleased to see you both. There is nothing like the direct voice. Webling. Your father told me your name.

1 A friend of this surname had called on me the day before, not having been for a year or more I think. He lost a son abroad a few years back. Nothing could have been more unexpected by me than this incident. Unfortunately, the sister's name is "Doris Olive" and not as given. (Doris sounds a little like Agnes.)

2 I ought to have taken this up, for it is my family nick-name.

3 The Archdeacon was a great protagonist of spiritualism.

How are you ?" "Can he give my Christian name?" I said. "I'll try to get it." But he didn't. He spoke about spirit communion, but I did not get it down. "Arthur. A message for Arthur. Arthur is worried. Tell him not to worry about a responsibility taken on, because he will get through it."

"Pearce. Dr. Pearce. Passed out suddenly." (Bishop of Worcester we inquired. "But," said Mr. Duncan, "he would not approve of this subject." "They think differently over here," Andrew rejoined. Dr. Walpole, Bishop of Edinburgh, whom Mr. Duncan knew, was also said to be present.)

"Your father says you have something belonging to him." This I denied, until I recollected that I was wearing the watch he gave my mother. "He tells you that, to show it is really himself," commented Andrew.

"A brother is standing beside your father. Frank,¹ the brother, sends his love. He is always helping you, and when you are in the attitude (?) of prayer he stands near, inspiring you. "Walter.² Frank knew Walter. Frank, father and other brother are talking about Walter."

"Has Haines"³ had a bereavement lately ? Is a lady ill in his surroundings ?"

"Rachel,⁴ says that her brother wants to go abroad. But he is not to worry his father. Father is to be awful careful of his chest, and keep his room for a few days longer."

1 The name of a brother who died in infancy before I was born. His message would be appropriate to a spirit very little affected by his earth-life.

2 Walter is his, and my, elder brother, still living.

3 Mr. F. Haines writes that his son (not daughter) was, and is, very ill.

4 Rachel is a daughter of a friend who had intended to be at the sitting but was prevented by a chill. None present knew that the brother desired to go abroad again, which, upon inquiry was found to be true. Mr. Duncan writes that his impression of what Rachel said is, that she "hoped his parents wouldn't worry too much". This differs from my notes, and shows the importance of notes taken on the spot.

(Lady Smythe here gave an evidential message to Mr. Duncan.)

"Name of John.¹ John. Do you know Isabella ? She says he is helping her."

"Reginald.² He is in the material world. Do you see him often ? Does he live near you ? He goes into a church. Tombstones about."

(It was just before the above, I think, that the American Indian child-guide, Dodo, came through. She was described as a clever clairvoyant, and spoke of me as going up a long gravel path and into a small door and out of a big door, "to take a class or something".)

"An old gentleman has passed over. Buried in that churchyard. They have not got up the tombstone yet. This gentleman not very tall. He stooped and was old. Name of George."³ Herbert? George knew him, I think."

"Gracie,⁴ on your side. George. She has a boy here too."

1 John is the name of a maternal uncle. Isabella the second name of one of my sisters.

2 There is a gentleman whose Christian name is Reginald, who lives near me and attends my church. There are many tombs in

the churchyard. This may have been given to exhibit Dodo's alleged clairvoyance. Also, I do often go up the gravel path of my garden and thence enter the "small" vestry door of my church, frequently emerging from the "big" south door. Sometimes I go this way on Sundays, to take my Sunday School class.

3 This might apply to George Edwards, an old laborer who was buried in the churchyard two or three years ago. No tombstone is up yet—nor likely to be ! But George is a common name. Cannot place "Herbert".

4 The name by which I know a niece.

"Toby.¹ It is a lady who says, Toby."

I asked, "Who is Toby?" He replied, "A dog. He is so pleased to see you. He is by your side."

"This side?" said I, holding up my hand (in complete darkness) or the other?" "The other," was the answer.

I put my hand down as if to stroke him and felt something bump past my leg. I spoke of this. "It is the dog," said the control. "He is jumping about and licking your hand." At the same time we all heard three or four faint but distinct barks.

I have omitted the communications made to Mr. Duncan, since I did not put them down. The above notes are, I believe, accurate. Most of what is set down is exactly as I recorded it at the time and the rest is as near as I can remember. But I have recorded nothing but matter of which I am quite sure, or fairly certain that my memory of it is correct.

1 This is the fourth instance of my dog "coming through", and the first in which his name was given correctly. There were strong currents of cold air on my left side while he was "there". Next day I had a sitting with Mrs. Vaughan, when her control, speaking of my alleged "healing" gift, said : "You have been 'touching' a dog. There was a psychical condition in a dog."

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

ON Saturday, June 4th, 1932, I received a telephone message from the Rev. Lionel Corbett, of Hockley House, Alresford, asking me whether I could possibly call and see him that day. I motored over to his house and he explained to me that he had booked a sitting for himself and a friend with the Misses Moore for Monday, June 13th. Now he found it impossible to be present and he asked me to take his place. His friend was most anxious to obtain some evidences of survival and it would be a great disappointment to him if this engagement had to be cancelled.

Under the circumstances I consented to take his place and arranged to meet his friend at the Sloane Square end of Sloane Street, London, S.W., at ten minutes past two on Monday afternoon. I should mention that I knew nothing about this gentleman, not even his name and he was simply introduced by me to the Misses Moore as "Mr. Corbett's friend".

We met without difficulty and arrived at the Medium's flat a few minutes before the half-hour. Punctually at 2.30 we entered the séance-room, and very soon there were indications that the "conditions" were unusually propitious.

The voice of Koha was heard giving his usual greetings, speaking rapidly and apparently without any difficulty. Then followed the characteristic voice of Andrew Wallace whose voice and friendly salutations could always be recognized anywhere. He accosted the new visitor and then addressed himself to me. I have appended the account of the sitting sent to me by the Rev. Corbett's friend Colonel H. C. Osborne, Secretary-General of the Imperial War Graves Commission.

In Colonel Osborne's testimony, which he has kindly placed at my disposal, he has indicated the

evidential points so far as they affected himself. I will not therefore trespass upon that ground. So far as I was personally concerned the following evidence was given to me.

1) The voice of the late Major Morgan, R.M., mentioned in a previous chapter, manifested. He showed a true knowledge of his wife's surroundings—being aware that she had gone to live at the seaside. He spoke of his son's education and explicitly mentioned the boy by his name "Stephen". He talked of his daughter "Faith" and left with an affectionate message for his wife "Muriel".

Here are given **six evidential items all of them strictly true ones.**

2) An old housekeeper who had been killed suddenly in an accident came through. She spoke of her home in Wales; of her unexpectedly swift passing; and sent a message to two earthly friends whom she named correctly.

Five significant items accurately related.

The above eleven points of evidential value represent the gist of what I received that afternoon. There were one or two other voices which claimed my attention, but they were too inaudible for me to catch what they said and these communications did not develop.

Colonel H. C. Osborne, writing from the Canadian Pacific liner, Duchess of Atholl, gives his impressions of the sitting as follows

Duchess of Atholl,

19th June, 1932

DEAR DUNCAN

In the few intervening days since the sitting on the 13th, with the Misses Moore, in London, there has been no chance to try and put down in writing an account, however brief. It is only now, on board ship, that I have the opportunity.

You and I were the only sitters; the hour was 2.30 p.m. **Immediately afterwards I made a few hurried notes.** With these to help my memory, I can set down the main points, as they affected me personally. While I remember well, striking things which were very evidential for you, as for example the reference to Muriel and Stephen, there is no reason for me to write of them.

From my point of view, **the sitting was remarkable.** I cannot attempt to repeat in proper sequence what was said by the three voices we heard. A general account will, however, be sufficiently impressive.

That I, an absolute stranger, should hear, promptly and clearly given, my surname, my Christian name, my late wife's name, my late sister's name and the names of my two stepchildren, is in itself astounding. The reference to myself was embellished by the statement that I appeared to be seen **surrounded with a large number of "crosses" and "graves";** and there was a further reference to my "having to do with soldiers".

The importance of these statements appear when I say that I occupy the position of Secretary-General of the Canadian Agency of the Imperial War Graves Commission.

Thousands of war-graves in Canada, the United States and Siberia are under my direct administration. In addition I have a definite practical interest in the British Cemeteries of the Great War (of which there are more than 1,000 in France and Belgium—containing from 300-10,000 graves each), as well as the Commission's general policy and its work throughout the world. I visit many of the

cemeteries in Europe every year; and speak frequently in public on the subject.

The "Spirit voice" added that the work in which I was engaged was a very noble one.

There was nothing definitely evidential in the reference to my wife. She was said to be proud of what I was accomplishing. Later on, there came to me a direct whisper "Harry, Harry, I am so happy to get through to you." The direct whisper did not continue, apparently from lack of power. There were, however, two striking evidential points in the reference to my stepchildren i.e., my wife's children whom I brought up and consider as my own.

The voice of "Andrew" speaking of my wife, suddenly asked "Who is Charley?" I replied, "my stepson, my wife's son." Andrew then said : "She wants to send her love to Charley." Subsequently, Andrew asked if my wife had a sister on earth and added that my wife wished to "send a message to sister", and that I was to watch over her. This, for me, was extraordinarily evidential, because my wife's daughter to whom she was specially close, has always been known by the nickname "Sister". In fact, she is never called anything else. I have no doubt whatever that the message was for her, and I consider that, in the circumstances, it came through in a very convincing way.

The reference to my own sister "Margaret" (name given clearly) was amplified by the statement that she was happy, and "busy with colours". This sister was an invalid and an artist. She had her miniatures hung in the Academy and a painting accepted and hung at Liverpool.

I took to the sitting, in my waistcoat pocket, my wife's wedding-ring. In my inside coat pocket I had a photograph of my wife. The Spirit voice referred to this photograph and then said, "What about the ring? You have it on your finger" (strictly true, as, in the darkness I had taken the ring from my pocket and put it on my left little finger). I replied at once : "Yes, I have a ring. What about it? It is an important ring." To this the voice said "It is the ring that binds: that links two hearts together."

At a later stage a "voice" told me that I had returned this ring to my pocket—which was startlingly correct.

There then came a remarkable reference to a pen, which was described as having been taken from a drawer in my wife's room and as being of a bright-blue green colour. We had bought such a fountain pen in the Island of Trinidad and my wife, who was a writer and poet, used it constantly. I was told that I should myself use this pen and I would receive a message. In point of fact, I have never used this pen since my wife's death.

A striking reference was made to my wife's photograph and flowers in her room. Also I was asked if I had not tried to get a psychic photograph and the statement was made that my wife had "tried to get on it". I had made such an attempt and since the sitting I have received the print. There is an "extra" face on the plate, but it is of an old or elderly woman. So far, I have been unable to identify it.

I was then told that I was to cross the water at an early date. I am now in process of doing so. Upon what hypothesis can one explain such a succession of evidential points-other than the spiritist one?

I shall long remember and think deeply upon the occurrences which I have described; and I shall remember too how much I owe to your kindness.

Yours ever sincerely,

H. C. OSBORNE.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

It would be easy to multiply the numerous experiences which my friends and acquaintances have had with the direct voice, but this would extend my book beyond the limits of a single volume. At the same time I feel that it would be of value to include one or two cases which I have selected from a number of reports of sittings in my possession. They are all signed testimonies and I can vouch for their bona fides.

The first is a record sent to me by Mr. and Mrs. Buchan of 38 Brighton Place, Portobello, Edinburgh. Mr. Buchan and his wife were both members of my psychic research study circle in Edinburgh. They paid a short visit to London in June, 1931, and wrote asking me whether I could introduce them to the Misses Moore and, if possible, arrange a sitting for them while they were in London.

I did as they requested and they were offered and accepted a sitting to be held at the Misses Moores' flat. It should be noted that I introduced these sitters to the mediums anonymously.

In her letter to me after the séance Mrs. Buchan said "My son came through and spoke to us most distinctly, also my mother as well as Mr. Buchan's brother and an uncle, which was of course lovely for us. We had a splendid sitting. As evidence too, we were greatly struck by a former minister of Portobello coming through, not of our own church, but of the Parish Church, a Dr. Jamieson, and also the mother of our fishmonger's wife who gave a message for her daughter. We were more than delighted with the results. The Misses Moore are so very gifted and so kind and friendly. We enjoyed every minute of our visit."

The following are the notes of the sitting signed by Mrs. Buchan:

After the Lord's Prayer and the verse of a Psalm, the music was set going and in a minute or so, the Control, Andrew Wallace, came through.

Miss Moore introduced us as visitors to London and mentioned that Andrew Wallace was Scotch to which Andrew replied, "Aye, I'm Scotch, a Fifer ye ken, can ye understand me?"

MR. BUCHAN : "Fine, what part do you come from?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "Dunfermline. Just across the water from Portobello. Aye, there's a woman standing by the gentleman. She says her name is Williamson. Do you remember her?"

Mr. Buchan had to think for a little time and then he said he did recall someone of that name.

ANDREW WALLACE : "Aye, she says she is the mother of your fishmonger's wife and lived in Portobello. She says her daughter has a bad leg, rheumatism in it, and she is trying to help her."

Another voice then spoke. It was our son Leslie.

LESLIE : "Mot, mother dear! Dad, dad, speak to me, dad!"

MR. BUCHAN : "Is it really you, Leslie?"

LESLIE : "Yes, dad."

MR. BUCHAN : "How are you, Leslie ?"

LESLIE : "Well, and very very happy. Dad you must take more rest."

MR. BUCHAN : "I'm all right, but my arm troubles me."

LESLIE : "You must get it massaged."

MR. BUCHAN : "At the baths ?"

LESLIE : "Yes, and when you come back I will help you."

MRS. BUCHAN : "Is Muriel with you?" (Miss Foster.)

LESLIE : "Yes she is here too."

MRS. BUCHAN : "What is she doing?"

LESLIE : "She has a class of children. You know how fond she was of them. And sometimes I help her with the boys."

MRS. BUCHAN : "What do you think of our garden ?"

LESLIE : "Wasn't it lovely this year. The roses were beautiful and the sweet peas too. I am often in the garden, more often than you think."

ANDREW WALLACE : "There's a George here wantin' to speak. D'ye ken a George."

MR. BUCHAN : "Yes, several."

NEW VOICE : "It's Uncle George... Samuel, Samuel." (This is the only uncle who ever called my husband Samuel, in full.)

MR. BUCHAN : "I am so glad to speak to you again. Do you see father and our other uncle?"

UNCLE GEORGE : "Yes often, and I am so glad I can talk to you. It's like old times."

ANDREW WALLACE : "There is an old lady here. She has white hair. It is parted in the middle. She is very old fashioned looking. She says you are her daughter. She is calling you Rosa, Rosa... No, it's Rose she says."

(I at once recognized my mother.)

MRS. BUCHAN : "Is that you, mother?"

MOTHER : "Yes dear, how are you and Sam?"

MRS. BUCHAN : "Very well, how is father?"

MOTHER : "Father is very happy now and so am I". (She then gave us some private advice about our business.)

ANDREW WALLACE : "There is a minister standing beside the gentleman. He says his name is Jamieson, Dr. Jamieson from Portobello. Do you know him ?"

MR. BUCHAN : "Rather. He used to be the Parish Church minister. There was an old lady who said Dr. Jamieson's voice was like the bells of Zion, do you remember that, doctor?"

Dr. Jamieson tried hard several times to speak but was not successful.

ANDREW WALLACE : "He canna speak but he is smiling."

Miss Moore then said that she was seeing a lady near me, clairvoyantly, it was a relative. I said, "Yes, I have a sister, Jessie." But the Miss Moore said, "No. It was not my sister. It was an aunt."

MRS. BUCHAN : "Oh, yes, I have an Aunt Jessie."

At this point the power began to wane again and we had to put on more music.

ANDREW WALLACE : "There is a Matthew here. He's anxious to have a word wi' ye."

VOICE : "I'm Mat. Uncle Mat. I want to tell you, Sam, you are to have an offer."

MR. BUCHAN : "Offer, Uncle Mat. What kind of an offer ?"

The power dropped again and there was no reply. We put on more music.

MRS. BUCHAN : "What do you think of Peggy?" (his wife.)

MAT : "She has picked up and grown stronger. But tell her not to move."

LESLIE'S VOICE : "I want to be your Guide, mother. Dad, write at 8 o'clock and I will give you a message for mother."

MRS. BUCHAN : "Have you a message for Eric?"

LESLIE : "Yes, give him my love and tell him I am helping him in his business. I must go now. Good-bye."

ANDREW WALLACE : "Mr. Buchan has a good deal of power. But the power is going now and we must stop."

ALL OF Us : "Must you go?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "Yes."

MISS MOORE : "Andrew, is there anyone to close our meeting?"

ANDREW WALLACE : "I will get someone. Good-bye." A voice sounding faint and very far off, pronounced a blessing.

Since returning home Mr. Buchan has received a business offer. It was a most unexpected one and came from Canada.

The day of our sitting was a very wet one and the Misses Moore thought this possibly was the explanation for the power waning several times. I have not put this in as often as it occurred during the séances.

We would naturally have liked to have had a longer conversation with our son, but there were so many waiting to speak. Two other voices spoke, a Mary Millar and a soldier called Rennie, but neither of these we knew and I am only reporting the words of our own people.

(Signed,) ROSE A. BUCHAN.

The following two short accounts were chosen from a number sent to me by Hamilton Emmons, Esq., of The Copse, Hamble, Southampton.

Mr. Emmons has made a very wide exploration of psychic phenomena. These are two of the many records he has sent me and are interesting as showing a successful effort to obtain "The Voices" in the open-air.

SITTING HELD AT THE COPSE, HAMBLE, SOUTHAMPTON April 10th, 1932.

About 9 p.m. we adjourned to the wood shed to see what results could be secured in the open-air. A moon, three-quarters full, was streaming in on one side, but by putting the Miss Moores in the darkest corner, and sitting up close we were able to make some semblance of darkness, though it was really quite light enough to see each other especially our hands, faces, and the metal trumpet. The portable wireless provided music. We could soon make out the movement in the trumpet—which on several

occasions fell over into our laps, and two or three times rose about an inch or two off the floor. The others could hear intelligible whispers and the names of Andrew Wallace, Andrew the Moores' brother, Marion Aimee, William (Miss De M's uncle), and Gemmell were recognized, by all but myself. Unfortunately, I could only hear a faint whisper occasionally, but the movements of the trumpet were most easily discernible for over twenty minutes.

April 17th, 1932 The perfume, called Rose of the Valley, which Marion had given us the day before, seemed to haunt me off and on all day except during the séance. After lunch it became so strong on my left hand, that the others including Mrs. Bovill, could smell it quite distinctly. The same phenomenon was repeated again during the evening. We sat for a quarter of an hour after dinner, the fire-light being more efficiently screened than previously. And the results amply warranted it. For the first time I could hear the Spirit whispers quite distinctly, and could even make out most of the words Marion spoke, as for instance, a request that I always sit in a certain chair, in which she could most easily give me the perfume. There was no trumpet in the room and Marion's voice sounded to me as if it rose from the floor, giving a very weird effect. The other whispers—such as Andrew's, Dodo's, and Miss De M's Uncle William's sounded about eighteen inches above the floor.

(Signed), HAMILTON EMMONS.

The records which follow have been contributed by a Liverpool lawyer. He, like his father before him, was an agnostic until brought into contact with psychic phenomena and convinced of its truth. It is particularly evidential containing as it does information on Masonry which the most acrobatically-minded critic will find hard to explain away.

In the year 1926, my attention was directed to a book which had been written by a Mr. Bradley under the title "Towards the Stars". After reading the book, I thought the subject was worthy of further inquiry, and when my wife mentioned that she had an opportunity of attending a séance to be conducted by the Misses Moore in Manchester, I suggested that she should take advantage of the opportunity. This she did, and after perusing her notes of the interview, I asked her to fix up a sitting for myself. A sitting was finally arranged in Glasgow on March 13th, 1926. I traveled from London on the evening of the 12th March and met my wife at St. Enoch's Hotel, Glasgow, on the morning of the 13th. Almost immediately I met her she asked me what was the full name of a friend of mine who had recently died. I asked for her reason, and she told me that the friend had purported to come through at a séance which she had attended the previous night, and had given her the name of "Albert Higginson H". She asked me if the second name was his name and I told her it was so. She explained that she had not known this name previously, as my friend had always gone under the name of "Bert". So far as my knowledge goes, this name had never been mentioned previously in my wife's presence.

In the evening, accompanied by my wife, I called upon the Misses Moore at their flat in Glasgow where I was introduced to them. We made our way to a block of workmen's dwellings in another portion of the town, where we were shown into a partly furnished room. I asked the Misses Moore why they did not hold the séance at their own flat, and they informed me that the Guides' voices were so loud that they thought there was a possibility that the other tenants in the building might object.

The furniture in the partly furnished room consisted of three chairs, a couch, gas bracket, blind at the window and a small rug before the door. There was also a megaphone or trumpet in the centre of the floor. I examined the megaphone, which consisted, so far as I could observe, of a strip or more of aluminium or other light metal. I was asked by the Misses Moore whether I would treat the sitting as a

religious ceremony. Sit in a certain position that was bolt upright with my hands on my knees, palms upwards. Refrain from striking a light and give such assistance without giving information to the voices that came through.

I agreed to this, asking them their reason for the stipulation with regard to striking a light. They informed me that they believed it would be dangerous to themselves and the other persons present in view of the sudden withdrawal of what they termed the spirit voices, which they believed would take place.

We sat down. My wife sat next to me on a chair. I sat on the couch, while one of the Misses Moore sat at the end of the room, the other next to her but opposite to me, the trumpet being in the centre. The door was locked and I put the key in my pocket.

Miss G. Moore repeated the Lord's prayer and sang a hymn. We then engaged in general conversation, the Misses Moore asking us to keep up a conversation so far as we could. After a short time, there was a distinct feeling of chilliness in the room (I would mention that there was no fire). The feeling of chilliness was not over the whole of the body, but was simply round the legs up to the knees. I could hear a noise as if the trumpet were passing through the air somewhat rapidly. Afterwards a voice came through, as far as I could make out, greeting the people present. This voice the Misses Moore described as an Indian Guide, known as Koha. I could not make out what he was saying as he spoke in broken English. After a minute or so, the voice ceased. We resumed our conversation and sang various hymns.

After an interval, another voice came through in broad Scotch and greeted the whole of us together. This voice the Misses Moore greeted as Andrew and spoke to him as if he were an old friend. Andrew, addressing myself, remarked that I had not been present at a sitting before. With this I agreed. He then stated that there was a young man who wanted to speak to me. I asked him why he thought the young man wanted to speak to me. He then told me that the young man described me as a man who was always surrounded by papers, which I thought was a good description of my office. I asked him to put the voice through, dealing with it in the same way as I would a telephone message, whereupon a feeble voice addressed me through the trumpet, which was close to my ear, apparently suspended in the air, but as the room was in darkness, I am unable to give any description of its suspension, except that I passed my hand lightly over it and could not feel any method of suspension either above or below.

The voice addressed me by my name "Mr. N." I replied "Yes" and asked who it was, to which I received the reply "R_" "R_" giving the full surname, and the voice asked if I knew him. In order to get further information, I said I thought so, but what was his Christian name. The voice then made an attempt to pronounce the name "Thomas" but it was very indistinct. To help matters, however, I asked him to spell it, and I clearly got the two letters "T" and "H" when I stopped the voice and suggested that it was making a mistake. He repeated that he was not. I again suggested he was making a mistake, but he still maintained he was not, and as the voice appeared to be in difficulties, I left the matter and asked what message he had to give.

As near as I can recollect, the voice then said "You remember me—I passed very suddenly some little time ago." My reply was, "I think so. How are you?" Very feebly I was told "I am much more comfortable than I was on your side, and quite happy and am alive." I asked him if he had any message to give and he said "Yes, tell my father that I think he is in considerable trouble and I am endeavoring to give him all the assistance I possibly can." The voice then faded away and two or three other voices came through, but there was nothing evidential in the information which they furnished, as similar voices had come through at my wife's sitting. The information given was perfectly correct. The full name was Thomas

Henry R_ . He had died suddenly about three months previously. In my slight excitement, I thought the voice was trying to give me the second name. The information as to the father was also correct.

Later on, Andrew told me that there was an old man wanted to speak to me. I asked him who it was and he said it was my father. I told him to put me through and I then heard a very feeble voice, not through the trumpet but close to my ear, giving my Christian name with a pronunciation almost exclusive to my father. I asked him his name, to which I received a reply in a very impatient voice : "You know my name as well as I do. What is the use of asking my name?" (I may say that my father was of a somewhat irritable disposition and it was exactly how I should have expected him to reply to me.) I asked him what message he had to give me, to which I got the reply : "I am alive and you know that I never expected to be." I said : "Yes, that is true." The voice then went on : "You now have the proof which I never had that there is a life after death." I said: "Yes, is there anything else you can tell me—who is with you?" The voice replied "Your mother, your brothers and sisters and friends." He said : "How is Florence?" giving the full name of my sister. (Note: He was the only person who had ever called her by her full name. She was generally called "Florrie".) I gave him the information which he desired, to which the voice replied: "Poor girl, poor girl, it is a pity." This alluded to her state of health.

Note: My father lived to a great age. Twelve months before he died he took to his bed.

Andrew then engaged in conversation with myself, and he wished me to give a message to the Kirk as to what I had heard. I told him that I could hardly do that as I was not perfectly satisfied that the voices came from outside this world, and he asked me how he could satisfy me. I told him I did not know, but at the commencement, I would like to know how he formed his voice, reminding him that as he was not of this world, he had not a body with which to do it. In response to this Andrew laughed, the laugh being perfectly distinct, and explained that he took a substance from the two mediums, myself and my wife, and with this he formed a throat, larynx and a tongue, and by means thereof was enabled to form his voice. He explained that he was well accustomed to it and that was why his voice sounded so much louder than the other voices which came through. I told him that I would tell anyone who I thought would be interested in what had taken place, leaving them to form their own opinion with regard to the matter, but I would still pursue my investigations. The sitting then closed.

LONDON. A sitting took place on the 19th November, 1928. There were present at the sitting the Misses Moore, myself, my wife, my son and daughter.

The same procedure was adopted except that the Misses Moore had a gramophone, which they utilized in order to create the sound in addition to the talking. After various voices had come through, not evidential, Andrew told me that a man named Tom wanted to speak to me. I replied "Tom who?" I heard some whispering but could not get his name. Andrew said : "I cannot get his full name"; while I said : "Is there anybody with him?" and the reply came back : "Yes, his brother George."

When I got the two names and knowing they were brothers, I thought this was quite sufficient to recognize them, being two personal friends of mine, Tom having passed some several years previously and George having passed comparatively recently. I tried particularly to get Tom to speak to me, but apparently he could not do so. Andrew said it was impossible, but he could quite understand my interest, as they were two very jovial fellows. (Note: a very good description of these two men).

I asked him what message Tom wanted to give. The message I got, as near as I can remember is: "I am alive, and as you know, I did not expect to be, and if I had only followed your advice, I know now I should have had longer on your side. It was too late when I appreciated that you were right and I found I could

not pull up." This information was perfectly correct.

At the same sitting I was told that a man named "J" wished to speak to me. I said I could not identify the name, but he said he knew me. I told him I still could not identify him and asked Andrew what message he wanted to give me. I was then informed that the voice had been with me that morning at a meeting I had held, giving a description of the place. I was told that I had been present at a meeting at which there were half a dozen men besides myself and that there were a large number of plans of alteration, etc., upon the table for discussion, that before the meeting was over, I left the room and left the remaining business to my second-in-command with a view of his completing it and did not return. This was correct in every detail including the description of the place.

At this sitting for the first time a child's voice came through, called by the Misses Moore, "Dodo".

In March, 1929, I learnt that the Misses Moore were likely to be in my home town and proposed to stop with a lady friend of mine, a Mrs. B. I may say that I have known this lady and her husband for some little time and have every confidence in their bona fides. I was told by Mrs. B., that the Misses Moore had not been in her house previously. I arranged to have my sitting on the Monday, and accordingly on Monday the 18th day of March, I attended my friend's house with my wife, where I again met the Misses Moore. After a few words of greeting, we retired to a room at the top of the house in which the furniture consisted of a few chairs, electric stove and a covering for the window and linoleum on the floor. I understood from my friend that it was the first time that the Misses Moore had been in this room. The electric stove was covered with a special covering made of iron to conceal the light. The Misses Moores' trumpet was placed in the middle of the floor along with the trumpet which belonged to Mrs. B. There were present at the sitting Mrs. B., my wife, and myself.

The same procedure was followed. The same voices came through and the same cold wind prevailed, notwithstanding the heating of the room. Various conversations took place, the voices coming through for Mrs. B. and my wife, and after a short time, myself. Andrew then addressed me and he told me that a friend of mine wanted to speak to me. I asked him my friend's name and he said "Tom". I asked him if he could get any other name. He could not, but he said his brother George was with him. As these two names had come through at another sitting, I was satisfied as to whom I was speaking to, and asked him what messages he had to give.

He then gave me as messages from Tom various masonic signs, particularly a partial description of the dressing of the Lodge in the Third Degree and description of the clothing worn by a Provincial Officer, asking me if I could identify it. He then gave me the number of my Lodge. This number was given correctly as to the first two and last numerals, but he could not give me the third. The information given was correct, and certain portions could only have been known by a Mason, as, so far as my knowledge, goes, the information is not given in any book on Masonry.

Andrew then said there was another friend of mine who wanted to speak to me. I asked his name and he said "Robert". I said I did not know him, but he said this was not so, that I knew him very well. I told him I could not identify him and he said that he was with Tom and they were friends there together. I still adhered that I could not recognize him and asked him who else was there. He then gave me "T. J. M.", being the initials of another old friend of mine. He could not give me the full name.

Andrew's voice afterwards went off and Dodo's voice came through. Dodo, addressing herself to me, said "There is a big man standing beside you and he is laughing at you, and he is putting such a funny thing on your head." I said : "What is it?" and she said : "Oh, it is a key." I said : "Yes—and what is he

doing with the key?" She said : "Oh, he is standing it upright on your head and says you know what that means." I said : "Yes, is there anything else you can see." She said : "Yes, there are two cross-sticks on your head." I said : "Yes, are you sure they are cross-sticks ?" "Well, I am not quite sure," she said in a childish voice, "I think they might be two pencils." I think this was a good enough description of two pens. I asked her what his name was and she gave me the initials "T. J. S.", which were the initials of my friend. The voice then faded away and the sitting came to an end.

I may say that I had not been to my Lodge for some ten or twelve years and "T. J. S." was a very old friend of mine, and he was Master of my Lodge and initiated me into Masonry. After the termination of the sitting, I went home accompanied by my wife, went upstairs and pulled out my Masonic case with a view to satisfying myself with regard to the key, as I could not understand why it should be standing upright. The first thing that dropped out of my case was my Masonic ritual, and it opened upon the frontispiece, and upon this was written : "With compliments and best wishes of Robert M.". Upon opening my apron, I found that the insignia of my office was a key standing upright and the description of the apron that had been given to me was exact.

On the following Friday I attended another sitting with the same sitters, and among others, Andrew's voice came through, and he told me that my friend Robert wanted to speak to me. Having identified him, I asked him to put me through, and my friend spoke to me and he gave me his full name and said : "I made you go upstairs and take out your case and I knew the first thing that would fall out would be your ritual which I had given to you."

The only person that knew I had done this was my wife. I asked him why he had not given me the name that he had always been known by, of "Bob". I could get no satisfactory reply to this, as the other named "Tom" came through and he gave me various other Masonic signs through Andrew. Andrew finally turned round to me and asked me what these signs alluded to and asked me whether we were members of a Secret Society. I told him, "Yes—while Tom was on this side." I asked him if there were any others on that side whom I knew. I could not get any further information except I got a message for a man named "Phil" who, I was told, was on this side. I could not get his surname, but was told he was very closely connected with Tom when he was on this side. I do know a man who exactly fulfils that description, and his name is Phil. Various other voices came through at the séance, but nothing that I would describe as of an evidential nature.

I was present at a séance held on Wednesday, January 15th, 1930, with the Misses Moore. There was a male friend of mine at this séance. The same procedure took place. Various voices came through, but as there was nothing evidential so far as these were concerned, I am not giving any particulars with the exception of one instance which took place, which was that George spoke to me, and a feeble voice told me that he had been with me that day. I was rather amused and asked him if he knew where I had been for lunch. He gave me the name of the restaurant I had been to and told me that I had been with two other men, which was quite true. I also asked him what we were talking about, and he said "Business, as usual." This was perfectly true.

LAST WORDS

THE essential welfare and happiness of the human race is bound up with the question of survival. Upon its issue hangs all that makes life fair and valuable and worth the living. For what is a man's life, with all his hopes and fears, his strivings and his sufferings, if the passing hour be the end and aim of all existence?

How often are man's fondest desires apparently frustrated, his labours brought to nought, his purest purposes mistrusted or misunderstood, and his love disdained. He gathers thorns where he had looked for figs, thistles for grapes, and in the flushed moment of expectancy, when all that he longed for seems within his grasp it has vanished into thin air. If this cockpit of struggling selfishness is all, and if there is no higher will than that of Emperor, Dictator, or the Ballot Box majority, then no one can be sure how the great human campaign will go. This must affect the plans and efforts of those who are generously disposed to help.

But if there is a King of kings and a Master of all masters behind the scheme of things; and if, beyond this blend of battlefield and pastoral peace, there is not only another chance, but the certainty, of the opportunity of carrying on his efforts in a spiritual world, then the meaning and conditions and issues of the struggles are all altered. The struggler receives an increment of encouragement and stout confidence which nothing else could give, as, in very truth, the world has proved.

It is sometimes said that the origin of the belief in a spiritual existence can be traced back to the dreams of barbarous ages, to a time when men were so low in the scale that they did not know the difference between a dream and a waking reality—to an age when men dreamed their friends came back to them, and awakened and thought they had been back. In some such way, it is urged, the belief in a life after death began. It is a plausible conjecture. The question, however, with which we are most concerned is not, how did this thought arise, but now that we have it, are there any foundations for the belief in the present day?

This book contains a faithful experimental contribution, which it is hoped will meet that widespread hunger of today for a faith which can find support in modern evidence. The following conclusions arise out of the records:

1) The voices displayed coherence and intelligence and as there is no source of intelligence apart from conscious thinking beings, therefore they cannot be the result of a blind force of nature.

2) Occasionally the voices gave evidence of the possession of information which was outside the knowledge of the sitters. It follows then, there must have been present, thinking, intelligent beings who were not of the number of the sitters.

3) The sitters were the only people present in a material condition therefore there must have been other intelligent beings present functioning in another mode of existence.

4) These conscious, intelligent beings were capable of imparting knowledge—they could tell us who they were, and they declared, unanimously, that they were our departed friends and fellow-creatures who once lived with us on earth.

5) Finally, they gave evidence that they were whom they professed to be.

These conclusions are fair and logical and proved undeniably that death is not the extinction of life, but that the world behind the veil is as visibly and truly and tangibly real as the world of our daily duties. Do we not gain by such knowledge?

Can any evidence, other than such as this, satisfy the average mind of today?

If Psychic Research had done nothing else it would be entitled to our respectful consideration, seeing that it shows the destiny of our race is not the tomb, to which we hasten and for which we should

prepare.

Moreover Psychic Research in these days can restore in rich measure to the Christian Church that evidence which will prove of vital and energizing worth.

We are persuaded there is a perilous indifference in this department of our Church's thought. We are not bold enough in our venturing concerning spiritual realities. We too often oust from our practical calculations some of the strongest and most aggressive allies which could co-operate in the ministry of the Kingdom of God.

The secrets of the other life have been and are being revealed. And surely it is one of the most irreverent, perilous, and wicked things we can be guilty of, to reject with scorn and sneer any intimation, however unaccountable, however inimical to our prejudice and opinions, that may be beckoning us on to a sublime and practical truth.

The curse of our life is its commonplace, the tendency to live mean, paltry, uninquiring lives—blind and deaf to the wondrous mysteries of our being, new to us every morning, darkening with the shadow of night, brought home to us by every bed of death on which is lying the silent effigy of life and the face with the haunting smile.

In the shade of this bitter mystery our wisdom is to welcome any clue and intimation, however dim and strange and insufficient, which would lead us to believe that our affections outlast the crash of death and that shattered links of human love will be reunited.

For myself, these psychical experiences have taught me—there is nothing to fear in death; that death is nothing but a veil that rests on the body; and the moment the body is transcended, death is as though it were not.

They have revealed to me a new bright world "beyond the swelling floods" wherein is the delightful stir of human life—of a life new in mode and with fresh pleasures, fellowships and joys. A life in which we hear the same dear familiar voices calling a welcome and bidding us dry our tear-stained eyes.

"When I have reached my journey's end
And I am dead and free,
I pray that God will let me go
And wander with them to and fro,
Along the flowered fields I know,
That look towards the sea."

END