



FIFTEEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE IN SPIRITUALISM,

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IN writing my private experiences during fifteen years' investigation of Spiritualism, I do so only from a sense of duty. I feel that through the desire to hide private matters from the public eye, much of the phenomena which establishes the proof of spirit communion is withheld; and it is the knowledge of these phenomena which is most needed at the present time. The physical manifestations are admitted to be true by most persons who know anything of the matter; but our scientists, if they go so far as to admit this, deny the spiritual origin of the said phenomena. Therefore, I feel it a duty for all who have any facts in support of this theory to publish the same, even at the risk of some loss of reputation, of the ridicule of the frivolous, of the holy horror of the bigot, and of being called insane by the scientist. In these confessions of mine I have adhered to the strict letter of fact, nothing has been exaggerated for the sake of literary effect, and nothing withheld except that which would injure or be objectionable to others.

From my earliest years I was brought up a member of the Established Church, and I was a sincere believer in Christianity. But as I grew, and read, and heard more of the world, one by one, doubts appeared. Then came a season of great suffering—I prayed earnestly for help. I read all the books I could in support of the Christian evidences, and fought out the battle; but ever as I thought I had conquered, some word or conversation brought up new doubts, which I found harder and harder to allay. (I may say here, in passing, that had there been any truth in the Christian religion, I could not have been allowed to fall from grace, for in all I did I was only actuated by desire to do right; and I even tried to blind myself to the truth, so that I might force my mind to believe.) It was at this period that a cousin of mine became acquainted with Spiritualism, and tried to convert me to a belief in it. Here was a new antagonist. I looked upon it with horror, in true orthodox fashion, as a snare of Satan. I remember one Sunday evening, on coming home from church, how disgusted I

was to find that my mother, aunt, and this cousin had been sitting at a small table; and that this table had actually moved. For many months I strove to combat the increasing evidence in its favour. Being so religious, I considered it as subversive of the dogmas of Christianity, and therefore to be condemned. I went through the states of mind always experienced by the sceptic; at first condemning it without investigation as jugglery; but after the many marvellous manifestations witnessed by my friends, whom I knew to be sincere, and whose word could be relied on, I was compelled to own that there was something more in it than mere imposture; and at length I determined to investigate for myself. After reading several books on the subject, and learning from them that it was possible to obtain the phenomena alone, I began by sitting daily in the *light* at a small table. After six trials of about half an hour daily the table moved into my lap. I then asked if a Spirit was manifesting, and by the usual method of signals found out that the communicating Spirit was my grandmother. In the evening of the same day I tried again and asked the Spirit if she could tilt out the number of years which had elapsed since she died, of which I was quite ignorant. She replied "yes," and tilted out eighteen. I did not know if this were correct, only remembering that she died when I was very young, but I had forgotten all about her. Thinking this would be a test, I asked her again on the following morning. Again the number came eighteen, and on making inquiries I found this to be exactly true.

The following are communications received by me through tilts of the table:—

May 17th—"Am I doing right?" "Yes." "Shall I be a medium?" "Yes." "Are you happy?" "Yes." "How long have you been dead?" "Eighteen years."

May 18th—Spelt out—"Never doubt!" "Ought I to go to church?" "No." "Will you ever tell me anything to harm me?" "No." "What ought I to do?" "Wait a little longer and you will find out. Just upset your notions about God." "Ought I to trust in God alone?" "Yes." "Will you tell me what I ought to think concerning Him?" "Yes." "Ought I to pray to Jesus Christ?" "No." "Was He God?" "No." "Was He different from others?" "Yes." "Will He ever communicate through me while on earth?" "Yes." "Does He know anything of me?" "Yes." "Was He a great medium?" "Yes." "Are we saved by faith?" "No." "By works?" "Yes." "Did you not think to be saved by faith?" "Yes." "Are the ecclesiastical systems wrong?" "Yes." Here I would call attention to the fact of the communications being totally at variance with my wishes and beliefs as a Christian; this being at the commencement a proof of the existence of a foreign intelligence.

I had a great friend of about my own age at this time, to whom I used to confide many of my mental difficulties. The next day (*May 20th*) the following was spelt out: "God is anxious about him, and warn him not to disbelieve; so limit not your writing to

him that he may believe, and put in your letters much about Spiritualism." "Can you bring Mr. and Mrs. H——?" "In five minutes." The table here ceased moving, but soon after recommenced, plainly with another influence. "Are you happy?" "Yes." "Have you any communication to make?" "Yes." Table tilted out: "Are you quite convinced?" I may here remark that when my friend and I sat together we obtained violent table movements. I remember after a lot of these, I asked for a test and the table became suddenly perfectly still and would not move. We could not understand it, till it occurred to us that they meant some sort of a test by this. On my saying I was convinced, the old movements recommenced at once. I received many good tests alone. A cousin came to me, and I having asked her for a test, she tilted the name of a game we used to play at, which I had quite forgotten. Another spirit mentioned a trivial circumstance which we did in her honour when she came on a visit to our house some years before she died. This was also a matter I had quite forgotten, and was not the communication I expected—I was thinking of the probability of something quite different being said at the time. These may be said to be trifles, but it is in such forgotten trifles that the evidence of a foreign intelligence is often shewn. I may remark a great peculiarity with these Spirits. They often confused me by insisting that they were not dead but alive, and that it was I who was dead and that they were living. This to me is another proof of intelligence other than my own.

Many times every day I continued to obtain communications from Spirits by placing my hand upon any movable article that chanced to be near, which, without my volition, instantly moved. So I gained many tests of a like character to the above, viz., knowledge communicated of which I was entirely ignorant, which proves that the manifestations were not merely involuntary actions, but the result of intelligence, and that intelligence not my own. The information in many cases was not, nor ever had been, in my mind, and being alone when making these investigations, it could not have been the reflex of other minds. It must therefore have proceeded from unseen, or spiritual intelligences. Soon after I was directed by the spirits to sit at a table holding a pen over paper. I did so, keeping quite still and shutting my eyes, so as not to influence the manifestation. I sat passive, and I felt a burning sensation at the elbow as if something like a live coal were pushing my arm. Then my hand began to move, at first slowly, then rapidly. When it stopped, I opened my eyes and was surprised to find the following:—

"God bless you and have you in his keeping; and your mother and father.

"Yours affectionately,
"Mary Anne Griffiths."

That this was not the effect of the action of my own mind, voluntary or involuntary, is proved by the fact that, till I opened my eyes, I did not know in the least that there was anything but

mere scribble, let alone a signature. As to the name "Mary Anne," I did not know, nor do I know now, whether it be correct or not. The surname is that of my mother's family, but she declares her sister's name to have been Mary not Mary Anne. Had I had a hand in it, I should have certainly written "Mary." I may say that with my eyes shut, the pen was constantly lifted and violently pushed in the small ink vessel I had close to me, when fresh ink was required. After this I obtained daily lots of communications in the same way. They have always been of an unexpected character, many of them in the handwriting of the deceased persons, and containing accounts of events, both past and future, of which I was quite ignorant, and also teachings of a nature entirely above the calibre of my mind, and, indeed, explaining the very things I was perplexed about, and could not otherwise find out.

I was afflicted with lameness, so that I could scarcely walk about, leaning heavily upon a stick, and my system was enfeebled. One day I obtained the following, spelt out with difficulty: "Get an abdominal belt." Now at the time I did not know of the existence of these contrivances. I asked the Spirit to write and explain. I was then told all particulars and even a price named, that I might know which kind to get, which proved to be correct. I was told to go to Messrs. Pulvermacher, and upon obeying these instructions, I, in a week, either from the belt or from spiritual action through the same, became wonderfully strengthened.

Before detailing my extraordinary experiences in music, I must explain that I had at that time no knowledge of musical theory, merely a little knowledge of the piano. I had often longed to compose, but could not. I had written a song, "I await Thee," which was the very utmost of my attainments, and this I now find to have been most faulty, and a very indifferent production altogether. Even this I could not do before I became a medium, so probably I was helped even with it. Having said this, my readers will be able to understand the following communications better. The following are a few specimens of writing received:—

"God is Spirit, and they who worship Him, should worship Him——.* They that seek to know Him strive to do His work.

"Mary Anne Griffiths."

"Must I tell you again not to doubt? With your song will be found a great many things that you little think of, namely spiritual things, and joys unlooked for by you, or any of your family. You will be a joy to them, if you believe. They will live (and happily) if they believe." (My father was ill at this time I always had great fear of losing my parents.) "Yes they will, if you behave aright, and follow my example. You are rather too much given to murmur, and God likes a cheerful mind. Try to

*In cases where blanks are left, the writing is illegible in the original communication.

believe, and work for the cause, and go to Mr. H— next Sunday or the Sunday after, and it shall be told you what you shall do. Rest satisfied; I only mean to warn you. All is well. Your mother and father are sure to believe and live long and happily. God bless you. Try, but be constant. There are few like you in the world."

"God is a Spirit Essence, and must be worshipped in truth—by deeds, not words. He is infinite; we are finite. He is pure; we are impure, comparatively. He is no distinct—Spirit but all in all. It is not wrong to worship the Essence, the Spirit Essence in us all, but beware of———. There is no such thing. God is the infinite Whole; we are parts. I have travelled for eighteen years and not seen Him, save in his works. I would not deceive you, my child. I am your grandmother,

"Sarah Griffiths."

I also received a communication in her own handwriting from a young lady (Miss Maillard), who had been dead about a year. This, however, I cannot give. I feel it too sacred, too extraordinary. Suffice it to say that probably no more convincing communication was ever received; no more convincing test that our departed ones do not cease to love us. This letter furnishes to me (knowing, as I do, the whole circumstances of its production; and my total inability to conceive of a such communication, much less to deliberately forge the handwriting)—this, I say, furnishes to me a complete answer to the theories of scientists, and Psychical Researchers, as to delusion, hallucination, right and left brain action, telepathy, etc. Armed with this letter, I feel that I can approach the dark river, assured that I shall find on the other side, not a world of mocking demons, or elementary phantoms, or blank annihilation, but, living and real, the loved ones who have gone before.

I now come to assistance received by me in music. Here is one communication I received:

"My child, your song is much admired in many places. Do you think that you could write much more fluently if you were inspired by a spirit musician? If you think you would like his help, there is M——. He is a German, and a very little man in his day, but he is much more now than many you think great. M——, he will assist you. When you become entranced he will write—you."

Sometime after this a pupil came to me, wishing to learn harmony, of which I was ignorant. The Spirits, however, told me to engage to teach her, and that they would help me. When this German Spirit came he had great difficulty in writing his name, (probably through my ignorance of German). It came out Merf—, or something like that, so after many trials, he said let it be "Muffler." I think this was meant rather as a joke. The following is the first communication received from him in writing:

"Dear Friend Musician,"

"Listen to me: mark my words, my boy. You must learn before you teach, my boy. I ought not to tell you, but I may put

you in the way. Get—on 'Harmony,' or stay, get Hamilton's second book. No, no, the 'Musical Concatenation and Ideas,' that is what I mean; and get Clark on 'Harmony,' first book, or else look in the British Museum for works on—. My boy, do go to God, and it may be that I may be permitted to tell you. My boy, you must not love me more than God, but I know you do not. I cannot tell you yet—ask again—. My boy, promise me to do what I tell you, now, now. It is sometime hence, to tell her that it was God. Yes, yes, remember. My boy, my dear boy, get a slate pencil and write out all the common chords, then write out all the inversions, then make her do the same, then tell her to turn them into every scale, then tell her to write little exercises on the bass, then tell her about the dominant seventh, then make her write that and its inversions in every scale, then the superfluous sixth, then let her write pieces on the exercises at the end, then let her write pieces of her own, then get a simple song and ask her what key it is in, then get her to understand all its chords—their progression—then get her to take the same into another key, first by writing out, then at sight—yes, of course—a simple one. You would like to know what to do with her when she comes. Make her do this before you. Make her write it out here, not at home. Do you see? Do not fear what she will think, she will think it quite right. Make her sit at the table, and do you explain as she writes, and be writing yourself something at the time. Make her write everything out. Mind, no hurrying, no skipping, that will only land you in the mire. You mind, get on as I tell you. My boy, forget not your promise; she is here for other things than you wot of. Teach her presently that which you know so well; that which you are ordained to teach. You were never sent into the world to teach music, but to teach religion. Oh learn of Him, oh, learn of Him who is meek and lowly of heart! Yes, yes, yes. Go to the Museum as soon as you can. Tell her to get a music book. Get Clark on 'Harmony.' Get her to repeat what you have already told her; tell her to get a book, write questions in her book, and tell her to write the common chords out in every scale without bass, major first, then minor. Is that not enough for her? If not, get more paper.

"What is an interval? What is a scale? What is a chord? What is a common chord? What does a common chord consist of? What is harmony? What is a diatonic scale? What is a chromatic scale? How many kinds of diatonic scale are there? How do you form the major scale? How the minor? Why is the sixth and seventh made sharp in the ascending of the minor scale? Enough for to-day. Make her write out the intervals when you have that book. The chords will amply do for to-day. Good-bye. Thank God. Remember, you must give God glory. Make her write out the inversions. Surely that will do! God bless you. Adieu.

"Muffler."

"Show her the common chord of the scale, make her write it out

in every key, then make her write the others, one at a time. I repeat, write it out for her and let her copy it in every key. Well, write them all three, if you like, it does not matter. Tell her that there are three different kinds of interval—major, minor and chromatic, or else say major, minor, and diminished, or else—perfect, imperfect, and diminished. You must tell her that there are three kinds first, never mind their names. What are names? You on your world are all names, names, names, names.” (Drawing of an ancient musical instrument like a spinet here.)

“While on earth I was a German, and a poor man—a soldier in the Austrian army. I used to play on a kind of horn, and composed music, but was not taken any notice of, being poor. I have seen many battles, and learnt to abhor them. Since I have been in the spirit spheres I have gone through many strange conditions of being, till I became attracted to little Frederick Tindall, whom I love more than if he were my own child. Now I am no longer poor, but am a great musician, and all are pleased to listen to my compositions. I had not your opportunities, but I do not complain. All was for the best. Mind you do not make spirits cross. Mind you do not thwart us. Mind you are good. Mind you are holy. Mind that you are all you ought to be. Oh! that you would give up your foolish doubts and complaints.” (Here followed questions on musical theory for my pupil.)

“Now do you see the difference, you muddle-headed one, now do you remark that there is something at which Spirits can laugh.” (I had the idea that they were like our biblical angels, incapable of such frivolity.) “They laugh heartily, I can tell you, at your notions about harmony, though, mind you, you have a very good perception of music on the whole, but you must remember that you have not had much earthly instruction. Never mind that, you remember you chose God once, above all earthly masters, and He was and is pleased. So be diligent, and we shall yet see you do great things, even in music. Many before you have become confused about intervals, but I will tell you another time. Master what I have already told you, for I tell you that I, at least, love to do one thing at a time. Good-bye.

“Muffler.”

“Do you know that I am very much pleased with your experiments on the piano? You will soon hear something which will surprise you. First come the exercises, then the tunes, or should come, should they not? Yes, I do not mind, you shall play, possibly at Huddersfield, something, though not much yet—you have other things to do. You shall hear me play on something better. I will play on the piano.” (A horn drawn here.) “My boy, they are very much amused at harmony, as you explain it, but never mind. You stumble on; something will come of it all. Haydn is most anxious to talk with you—most anxious—but Haydn is not so very wonderful. Haydn is very much amused at musical ideas as—by yourself, yet he does not think you a dunce by any means. He does laugh when he sees you struggling

over discords, and concords, and diminished and augmented, and chromatic, and major, and minor, and sharp, and flat, intervals. We, nevertheless, think that you will *one* day be great at music if you proceed with it. I will say nothing about it. Try your best. Good-bye.

“Muffler.”

With regard to the book Muffler speaks of, namely, Clark on “Harmony,” I had never heard of it, and finding there was such a work, I considered this a good test of knowledge foreign to my own mind. Being fond of Shelley’s poems, I asked if they knew anything about him. They said they would bring him, if I waited till next day. I then received what purported to be a communication from him, signed with his autograph, which on comparing with his in a copy of his works, I found to be exact. I am sure that I could not have done this myself, nor could I now if I tried. Whether the Spirit was Shelley or not is immaterial. The fact of the autograph proves a foreign intelligence to have been present. One of the things I dreaded most was to have my religious notions shaken, as I considered them necessary to salvation. Yet one of the first communications received was: “Just upset your notions concerning God,” and in writing I obtained the following: “Beware of believing in the Trinity; there is no such thing. God is the Divine Whole, of Whom all are parts.” Bit by bit they combatted my views, till they had altered them.

I now come to painful experiences, namely, deception. This deception consisted in urging me to do a certain thing I dreaded. This was kept up persistently, day by day, till I succumbed; and then I found I had been grossly deceived. A part of this took the form of writing a letter, and this very letter was written through my own hand by spirit power; yet the whole proved a deception. But I am glad of this now, as I often think of it as one of the strongest proofs of a foreign intelligence communicating. It is curious that often in the early days of investigation, many people have met with deception. It is, I believe, our own imperfections that enable a class of earth-bound influences to get power over us for a time; but if we trust in God and seek only the truth, brighter spirits will help us out of these evils. This was my experience.

I was also influenced to draw and paint three pictures of a most extraordinary kind. One, called “The Creation of Light,” consisted of multitudes of spiritual forms gazing upon a focus of light from which issued rays lighting up a dark ball, which I suppose was meant for the earth. The second, called “Nebuchadnezzar’s Dream,” was a vast figure, with the peculiarity of three eyes, and in each was depicted a scene in the life of the king. The third was “The Handwriting on the Wall.” I was told the three subjects beforehand, and, strange to say, I thought I was drawing the third when I was doing the first—another instance of Spiritual direction. I used to be awakened suddenly very early in the morning, plainly by Spirit influence, and made to work

at these for hours in my bedroom. They certainly were of a character quite impossible for me to conceive, and even the drawing far beyond my powers. I had also, one night, a most extraordinary vision. I was awakened by feeling exactly as if I were being tightly clasped in some one's arms, and, on looking up, I saw in a blaze of light, these words in gold letters, "Redeeming Love." I was not asleep. I was awakened by the clasping, and felt the arms around me after I woke, and, when quite awake, saw the light and the words. It made a most wonderful impression upon me. I never saw anything more plainly or so vivid before or since. The light seemed like the magnesium or lime-light; and the letters appeared to be graven into my very soul.

About this time I was told to pray for more gifts, and to sit alone. On doing so I felt a convulsive movement in the chest, followed by a groan issuing from my lips. Then several voices spoke through me; my grandmother first, and as I heard the tones of her voice, I seemed to recall the voice I had heard in infancy. After she had ceased Miss M. spoke in the quick tones I knew so well. I had thought it was necessary to be unconscious to get such manifestations. My surprise may therefore be guessed. I now come to some very strange experiences. After I had obtained the power of trance speaking, I had been told for some time to prepare myself, for my Spirit Guide would speak through me, and I well remember the first occasion. It was on a Sunday afternoon. I was sitting alone. After two other spirits had spoken in their own voices through me, so that I instantly recognized them, I felt a powerful and holy influence, and a Spirit said through my lips: "It is I, be not afraid. It is better to be loved by the Spirits than by mortals." After this I obtained communications on the slate in writing. I was told to go to Mr. Hunt's seance. I there sat with Mr. Hunt and his daughter, and I went into a semi-unconscious condition, and a most powerful and extraordinary influence took possession of me, which I was quite unable to resist. Under this influence I was forced to act the whole drama of the Crucifixion. Mr. Hunt not knowing what to think invited a gentleman of some experience in such matters (Mr. Whitley) to the next seance, at which they, considering it to be a deceiving influence, tried to reason with, and drive out, the Spirit, but in vain. Terrible were my sufferings at this time, with all my friends bitterly opposed to Spiritualism, and still more incensed at hearing of such a control. Wherever I went amongst the Spiritualists, they also attacked the control as a deceiver, and this opposition caused acute sufferings, both bodily and mental. The control would write his name through me, and also speak it, though I dreaded his doing so and tried all I could to stop it. This, though most unpleasant at the time, I consider now to be a great proof of the existence of a foreign influence. At length, at my earnest request, the Spirit promised to give no name at all, but only to announce himself as my Spirit Guide. I was then told I was to go to Huddersfield. Here I had some very terrible experiences.

The influences would come upon me at all times, and try to speak through me and control me before strangers. If I resisted the consequences were very painful. On one occasion I unexpectedly went into a trance, and on some one shaking me to wake me up, the Spirit influence violently threw the person down. This terrible influence was no doubt aroused by intense, bitter scepticism. At this time I was forbidden to enter a church, and obliged to put all books relating to Christianity away from me. If I tried to sit out a service, I was so violently acted upon, that I was obliged to leave. I remember once thinking to go into church, and getting as far as the porch, and there feeling a sudden attack, as if every bone in my body were being wrenched asunder. This, happily, was not seen, and I at once gave up all thought of entering.

Being still under the influence of the Spirit Guide previously mentioned, and a friend of mine having been converted to Spiritualism, we commenced a series of sittings with this Spirit. My friend experienced the same influence, and was controlled by many of the same Spirits. He also had the name of my Spirit Guide written through him when far away from me, thus proving that all this was not the fancy of my disordered imagination. This was done, I have been told since, to prove this to me. We received the most extraordinary teachings and communications, and the most extraordinary personages were supposed to come. Thinking, as we did, that we ought to do all we were told, we did very absurd and strange things; but I have since seen good in all this, for though doubtless much of it was caused by Spirit action on our peculiar religious condition of mind, yet I can see a great purpose through the whole. The great name that we thought influenced us, caused us to be more obedient to the influence, and thus I was gradually drawn out of my religious dogmas, silly material ideas, and trained towards adeptship. These experiences have led me to study Occultism, for my trials have proved to me that there is a vast deal more in this subject than the ordinary Spiritualist fancies. With regard to this control, however the Spirit's influence has become mixed, I cannot consider him a deceiver. Though the exoteric character of the control seemed often misleading, the whole tenour of his teaching is educational, and has evolved both material and spiritual advantages to me, besides exhibiting an amount of love and tender kindness in all my every-day wants and difficulties. Therefore I know that the Spirit is good. Then some may say, why doubt? Because we read of so many mediums having the same sort of control, though I have certainly never read of any having the same kindness shewn to them. But I look deeper for an explanation. I feel either that there are great reformers behind this movement influencing all wherever they can, or, as I think more likely, that as among the Gnostics, the Christ is the Spirit Ego, the Divine Part of us, so the real meaning is that this Spirit Guide is the Divine Ego, or the Higher Self, or Spiritual Soul of the Theosophists brooding over me. With regard to the giving of a

great name, here I believe we come to an occult mystery. By the uttering of certain names great things are achieved. The Bible teaches us this, so do all the occult writers of the middle ages, and my experiences prove the truth of it. It may be for this cause that the name was given. My Guide told me to cease communion with all but himself for awhile, seeing I was so worried with deceptions practised upon me. He also told me that he had established a link with my Spirit, so that no other Spirit could communicate except through him, and that so I could be kept from deception. Now, since this time, I have lost the power of getting direct communications from any Spirit. I can no longer get letters in Spirits' own handwriting. It also seems to be impossible to obtain physical manifestations. I should like here to ask those who allege that the manifestations are the result of our own enhanced powers, how is it that I cannot, since my Guide took possession of me, get this kind of phenomena? If it were myself, my own brain action, I ought to be able to get it as much now as then. Though this has stopped, I am able nearly always, without losing consciousness, to get communications from my Guide, and those whom he allows to speak, by motions of the hands, by signs, by whispers, and by impressions, or clairvoyant pictures, or visions. By these means I am often shewn the course to pursue when in doubt. I can also see portrayed the results of certain actions, and hints of what will happen or has happened far away. I could give abundant instances of this. In professional matters, I often receive signs in drawings, words, etc., which denote coming events—disappointments or successes; and I invariably find them true. Sometimes certain melodies are hummed or sung through me as I am at my work, and certain of them mean different things; some always portend disappointments, some success, some pecuniary benefit, some warnings; so that I am often disturbed when I hear them. I have also a kind of clairvoyance, or I might better term it *impression*. Instead of words, pictures are placed before me; and in all my life I experience a constant guidance. I can tell when some of my most intimate Spirit friends approach, by intuitive feelings.

With regard to manifestations through others, I may say that my wife, though somewhat sceptical in these matters, has obtained some strange phenomena. Once when sitting late, by a dim light, drinking some coffee, she exclaimed that the cup was full of light. I advised her to look steadfastly, which she did, and then gold writing appeared. She used often, after this, to look into it, and received most astonishing communications in gold writing and in poetry, quite beyond her power to compose. The *modus operandi* was as follows: My wife used to look in a large breakfast cup, which covered both eyes. The first signs would be that she would declare she saw a light in the cup, then she would say it seemed as if she were looking through a hole in the cup, like looking through a stereoscope, and she would see all sorts of most unaccountable things, things the very last we should ever imagine.

After this, gold writing would often flash up, and as the letters appeared, before they died away, she would call them out, while I put them down. We have a great deal of such writing, but one instance will suffice for an example. She described a hill, surrounded by a large number of people, then a man ascended the hill, dressed in a long robe, with a girdle round him, and began to preach. Then this faded away, and the following writing came:—

“Do not be perverse, but follow my example. Caution others against disbelieving Spiritualism. You can influence Fred, and materialize spirit forms. Do not be too anxious, but perceive as you go along. Be sincere in your doings. Cultivate your mediumship. Good morning. Be not fearful, but trust in Providence. All happiness awaits you. Farewell, until some other period.”

My wife has also seen scenery, and the faces of many we have known. We have sat by ourselves, and by placing my hand lightly upon hers while she holds a pencil over a slate, her hand has been moved, and we have had most astonishing communications and convincing proofs, without either of us in the least knowing anything of what was being written. The peculiarity of these communications is that there is no commanding them. Often when I have thought that a good opportunity has occurred, we have obtained nothing, or nothing but nonsense; at other times, unexpectedly great results. Often when I have earnestly wished to go on, the Spirits have drawn her hand off the table, and made it so rigid that we could not easily bring it back again.

If they write “Good night,” or “Farewell,” or some such words, you may try and try, but you will get nothing more. My wife and I attended a seance at the Quebec Hall some years ago. She was very sceptical, and rather ridiculed the whole thing. Nothing particular occurred until just as we were going to break up, when, without any warning, she fell with her hand on the table in a dead trance. None of us being experienced in this sort of thing, we could not wake her, and we sat for an hour and a half, hoping she would come to, when the people declared they must close the hall. We then, by shaking her, and trying all kinds of means, got her upon her feet, and she was led into the street by a Mr. Taylor and myself. She returned to a sort of half-consciousness, but kept talking as if she were someone else. At last we got her home, Mr. Taylor staying outside to see if I could get her upstairs, as I had promised to make him a sign from the window, if all right. I had great difficulty in doing so, and when she got into our rooms she declared she saw her sister, and for several days she was like some other person, and kept constantly falling into trances, and talking incoherently. These trances come on by quick breathings. It was a long time before these disturbances left her. But, what was most strange, at about the time she said she saw her sister, her sister, with some friends, was staying at Brighton, and while sitting at supper about twelve o'clock, when all else were in bed, they heard heavy footsteps coming up the stairs, and pausing at the door. When they went to look there was no one there. Two out of three present heard this.

On one or two occasions we have obtained raps; once when sitting with Mr. Dale and other friends, at Seymour Place. On this occasion a relative rapped out several convincing messages in response to the alphabet which Mr. Hancock called over. I wished him to do so, as he knew nothing of our affairs.

At one time an aunt of mine was very ill, and one night my wife awoke me by saying that she heard several loud double knocks at our street door. It was raining heavily, and it was in the early morning, so most unlikely that any person should be at the door. These knocks were at intervals. We thought probably my aunt was worse, and they had sent down for us, so we both listened, but not hearing it again, I could not make it out. I was determined to go and see before breakfast, feeling sure they had sent. I went, and found that they had not sent, but that my aunt had died just at the time the knocking occurred.

I will now relate a few seances with other mediums. Seance at Mr. Maynard's.—Mr. Fever medium, a perfect stranger. My grandmother controlled him, and made him keep passing the fingers of one hand over the back of the other. I could not think, at the time, what this meant, but the next day remembered. When about two or three years old I used to sit by her side, and her hand being long and thin, loved to pinch it continually. This is almost the only thing I can remember about her. Seance with Mrs. Kimball.—I went with Mr. Hocker. She was a perfect stranger to us both. She described Mr. Hocker's three children who were dead, three being the right number. Also an old gentleman and young lady by me—my grandfather and Miss Maillard. Seance with Messrs. Williams and Husk.—I saw John King materialize over the table, heard Spirit voices, etc. At another seance with Mr. Husk, through the curtains not being quite closed (it being afternoon), I distinctly saw a musical box floating in the air, far away from the medium.

Music was written through me in the following manner: I was told to sit down to the piano, and I then used to go into a semi-trance condition, sometimes with eyes closed, but at others with my eyes open. My hands were then violently moved over the keys. The first melody I ever obtained was the first part of the piece: "The maid has placed a magic ring," since placed in the operetta of "The Village Festival." I had made one or two crude attempts at composition before being a medium, but had not the slightest talent for the same. One of these was a few strains towards a waltz. All these Muffler altered and made quite new. He told me once to go to the piano and at once played the melody on pages 5 and 6 of the "Clara Waltz," which by critics is always considered the best part. He afterwards wrote the rest. They went on in this manner to compose a great deal of music through me. Let it not be imagined that this progress in music was the effect of my own study. I did not study. I sat down, held a pen over paper, or sat at the piano, and, without my volition, the information I needed was given, and the problems that perplexed

me solved. I had no knowledge of harmony previous to these Spirit instructions, and a very little knowledge of the piano. Therefore the compositions were not the product of my own mind, or reproductions of previous knowledge which had been forgotten. The recitative and air, "How strange in dream," was said to be written under the influence of Mendelssohn. Many of the great composers used to try to influence me. I had also written some poetry before I became a medium. I may here remark that even before I knew anything of Spiritualism, I believe I was under some sort of influence. I can now trace it back through my childhood. These writings the Spirits corrected, and altered. They also wrote new poems, and urged me to publish them. In this way all my previous attempts were revised; and an oratorio ("The Son of Man,") a cantata, ("The Worship of the Image,") and an operetta, ("The Village Festival,") were written through me. Much of these was written far away from a piano, without my knowing whether I was writing rubbish or not. One of the purest examples of this was a hymn (words and music written together) beginning "In the endless spheres of being." I have found that these compositions were produced by a regular course of spiritual evolution. That is, they were first produced in the manner described, then I should be told to put them aside, and if I wished to publish those which were not considered perfect, I should find such difficulties arise that I could not do so. Then after they had been put away for awhile, the Spirits would begin to revise, and so they have done over and over again, so that when at length perfected, the original plan would be quite altered, and the final result would be what I should never have conceived at first. This, in itself, is another proof of a foreign intelligence. Such are a sample of the phenomena I have obtained in the course of fifteen years' investigation, but it is a very small part—a great deal is not capable of being published, being of too private a nature. The whole course of these phenomena tends to prove the Spiritual theory. I think that nearly all the objections since alleged by scientists occurred to my mind in these investigations, and were disproved one by one, by the most delicate and convincing methods—methods which I am now totally unable to describe.

I must here explain with regard to getting communications, that these are not at all times at my command. They come in the way mentioned whenever the Spirit wants to help or guide me in some particular way. When sitting with others, I am thrown into a deeper trance, when Spirits will speak through me. But this I very rarely subject myself to, as my friends are so opposed to it, thinking (though I believe wrongly) that it injures my health. I wish I could explain the nature of my clairvoyant powers in the little affairs of every-day life, but I fear in retailing such matters to become ridiculous. However, I will give a few instances. When I am sitting alone and a certain Spirit suddenly appears (I can see and describe Spirits occasionally), I often hear or see, shortly after some of their immediate relatives on earth. One evening an aunt

of mine, who died about fourteen years ago, appeared. I asked what she wished to communicate, but could get nothing clear. I suppose not ten minutes had passed before her married daughter (who was in some trouble at the time) knocked at the door. This lady we had not seen for two years, she was totally unexpected, and she lives far away. A like instance happened to me only recently. In fact, never a day passes without some occult experience. I find that the Spirits can not only shew visions of what is to happen; but that they can exercise more or less control over people and things in this world. I will try and explain. Suppose they tell me by their symbolical methods that a certain troublesome event will occur. I ask them, cannot this be mitigated or avoided? They will perhaps answer, If you do so-and-so for us (perhaps something for the cause), we will do what we can for you. If I follow their advice, I shall probably find that the event, whatever it is, *will happen*, but happen in such a way, or such new circumstances will arise in connection with it, that the *sting* is taken out of it. While I have found by following my own course (which might seem to be the most reasonable one) the thing, in all its trouble, will come upon me. They are able to help us in a thousand different ways in life. Another experience I have. When sitting alone (if under their influence I am directed so to do), I can as it were look through things and see people at great distances. Then, by further concentration of mind, I can hear them speak, and see a sort of symbolical representation of what they are doing, or intend to do. This is, however, often not clear enough to prove it easily to another, but it is certainly proved to myself, because in meeting or hearing from these people, I find enough evidence that I have really seen them and their doings.

That, however, which convinces me the most of the truth of Spiritualism, is that I experience a constant guidance in all the affairs of life, which reveals to me the presence of a power possessed of knowledge greater than my own. This is to me one of the most glorious blessings of Spiritualism. When I hear people talk of Psychic force and whether our own Spirits produce all the manifestations, I feel that persons holding these views have not yet advanced far enough to lay hold of this greatest proof and blessing of Spirit communion.

I believe, then, that my experiences explain many of the enigmas of Spiritual influence, they shew that to get their messages through a mortal mind there must be a connection established, a constant stream of inspiration ever flowing, that this causes an exalted state of soul and revivifies, so to speak, our old ideas, that many of these are reproduced in mediumistic trance and writings, and that only after a considerable time, in which we must apply ourselves to educating our own Spirits (under their direction) can they—the higher Spirits—at all reproduce the truths and teachings they wish to convey—in any degree of purity. This explains the vast mass of contradictory religious teachings, foolishness, etc., coming through mediums. Let us listen, knowing that all this is educational, not in the spirit of the scoffer or of the open-mouthed

enthusiast; but as students, eager to catch the grains of wheat amongst the chaff. It may be said, if it is necessary to go through all this to become a medium it is not worth the trouble. But though I have suffered much, I would willingly go through all again to obtain the knowledge I have gained, namely, that there is a life beyond the grave. Many may object to the methods of the influences who have been my teachers, but probably, if we knew all, nothing better could have been done, considering my ignorant and bigoted condition of mind, and the difficulties of communicating. Anyhow the method has been effectual. I have that proof of the existence of foreign, immaterial intelligences which the Psychic Student asks for, and which no mere witnessing of manifestations through others can ever give. Through all my difficulties and blunders, through all the curious symbolical names, I behold a great and good purpose towards me, helping me in my every-day life, educating me in various kinds of earthly knowledge, strengthening my body, and also developing my Soul Powers—the Spiritual Ego—which is the grand purpose of Spiritualism. Therefore I believe in, and am willing to follow the counsels of my guide. It matters not to us whether our guides be a ray from one of the great Reformers of old, or the concentrated influence of many, or a planetary spirit, or our own Higher Self—the Christ Spirit of the Gnostics, the Divine Ego in each one. “By their fruits ye shall know them.” One thing is certain—the power is outside ourselves as material beings. Therefore Spirit is proved to exist, and if we are led by love and kindness to truth and goodness, then is the source Divine and the guidance to be followed—not blindly, but in faith and trust in God. There are many enigmas in Spiritualism, many things dark, much to learn, but the first thing to do in this material age, is to lay a firm foundation by proving the existence of Spirit and a future life beyond the grave. It is to help towards this end that I publish these experiences, though at the risk of ridicule of the frivolous. The phenomena are beginning to be believed in, the question now is as to their cause. I maintain that these experiences prove that they proceed in great measure from the action of departed spirits. Meanwhile, I say to all who would know the truth, experiment for yourselves, for “he that seeketh findeth.” Trust in the Divine power within you and around you, and you will gain that knowledge which will recompense you for all your trials. “Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto (eternal) life, and few there be that find it.”

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