

NEWS
FROM THE
INVISIBLE WORLD,
OR,
INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF THE
DEAD.

CONTAINING

A particular Survey of the most remarkable, and
well authenticated accounts of

APPARITIONS GHOSTS, SPECTRES, DREAMS
AND VISIONS,

With some valuable extracts from the works of the
Rev. John Wesley, the Rev. David Simpson,
and others :

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,
AN INTRODUCTION
On the nature and importance of this Work.

THE WHOLE

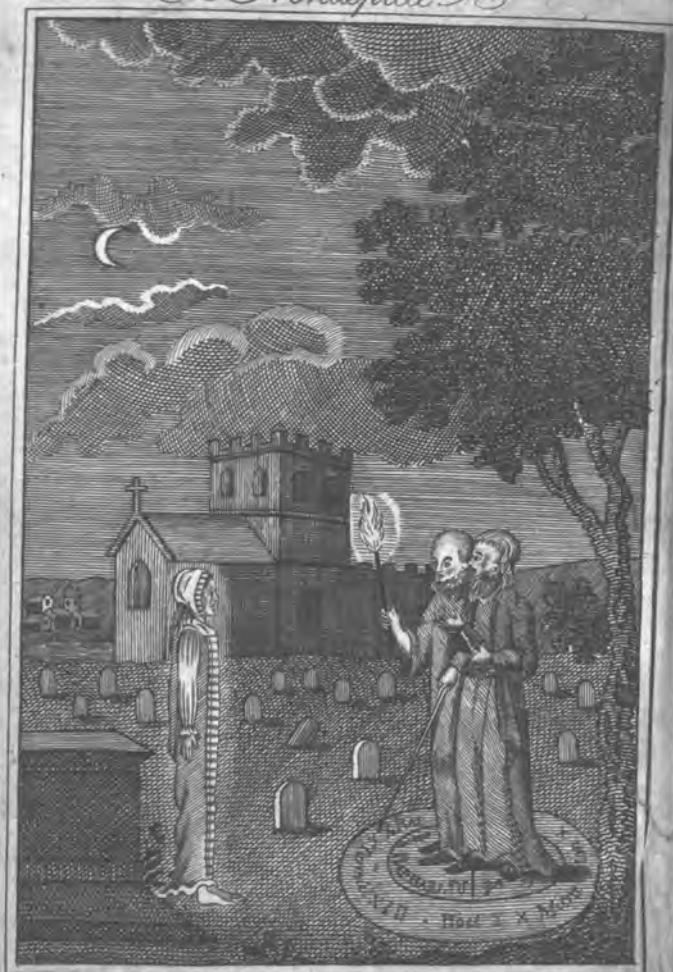
Forming a Series of useful, and necessary
information, for the **SUPPORT** of **OUR**
FAITH, and PRACTICE.

BY J. TREGORTHA.

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Frontispiece



The manner of invoking a Spirit

~~He~~

THE INTRODUCTION.

IT has been the general opinion of all nations, even of the most barbarous, that man does not die entirely, but that his better part subsists after the dissolution of the body; and this original notion of the souls immortality, has induced the most learned, and most antient nations to indulge the belief of the possibility of the visible interference of spirits, upon certain momentous and awful occasions.

There is nothing more commonly talked of than apparitions of departed spirits, of dæmons and ghosts: The reality of these visions passes for certain with a great number of people, while by as great a number they are laughed at, and treated as reveries and idle fears

fears. Several respectable authors have written upon this subject, some of which are expensive and voluminous, it was deemed no unwelcome task to collect and extract from the most learned and judicious the most remarkable narratives, which prove the reality of these several appearances. We have therefore treated the subject with all precision possible, and but rarely hazarded an opinion upon the matter ourselves. After giving the necessary relation most in the author's own words, and citing ~~his name~~ for the authority, the examination of the matter, and the manner in which they are affected, and upon what principles they may be explained, the reader is left to judge for himself, whether they are natural or miraculous events.

Our superstitious ancestors may be supposed to have been full as ridiculous, with regard to the belief of ghosts in general, as the present free-thinking age may be thought incredulous, in endeavouring wholly to discredit and explode them. But as men of understanding have certainly lived in all ages, there is as little reason to condemn the former for their credulity, as there is the latter entirely for their unbelief.

It perhaps may be thought better to steer a middle course. That there have been apparitions is beyond all doubt, when we consider that such are recorded in
holy

holy writ. It were certainly to be wished, that a line could be drawn between idle delusions (the creatures of a disordered imagination) and real apparitions; for most intelligent persons are well aware, that many things of this kind, which are not real facts, are often related to the discredit and certain confusion of the reporter.

Now to reconcile matters between the two extremes, may by some be thought difficult, but in order to set such bounds to our enquiries as right reason prescribes it is our intention in the following sheets to relate nothing but what is upon the surest foundation of credit.

Many persons have been, and still are very much alarmed at the bare mention of a spirit or apparition; and in consequence would not venture a step in the dark, or across a church yard at midnight, for fear of meeting the awful form of some departed friend. This can be accounted for no otherwise than from the prejudice of education: for our infant ideas of this kind grow up to maturity with our stature, and fix so strong and strange an impression upon our minds, as even in future life to drive reason from her throne,

But the reader is not wish'd to presume from hence, or suppose that there is no certainty of the actual existence of spirits and apparitions; but on the contrary that

that we have the best evidence that such have been seen in all ages, according to the testimony of the soberest and wisest of mankind, and doubtless sent by providence as ministering spirits, to answer some fit decree of his divine wisdom.

Mr. Addison in one of his papers, (No. 110.) where the scene is laid in the country, at the house of Sir Roger de Coverley in Worcestershire, observes that they are more excusable who believe in apparitions, than those who reject all extraordinary revelations of this kind, contrary to the reports of all historians, sacred and profane, antient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, think the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. Could we not give ourselves up to the general testimony of mankind, we should to the relations of particular persons who are living, and whom we know, and cannot distrust in other matters of fact.

For the return of spirits after death, the scripture supposes it in more places than one; for instance when the witch of Endor raised up Samuel at the desire of Saul. When Moses forbids enchanters, observers of time, and other sorts of diviners, he adds prohibition of necromancy, or consulting the dead. Deut. xviii, 11. In Leviticus xx, 27. and elsewhere
also

also, he mentions the frequency of persons that had familiar spirits by necromancy, and other unlawful and superstitious methods.

The book of Job, whose antiquity is supposed by some coeval with Moses himself, is full to the purpose, who had read particularly the thirty-third chapter, where Eliphaz observes, that God oftentimes calls man to repentance by visions and dreams.

If it were necessary, an innumerable collection of quotations might be brought from the books of the Bible to serve the present purpose: but a few will serve as well as many. When our Saviour walked upon the sea, the apostles cried out for fear, saying, "it is a spirit." When the rich man desired Abraham to send Lazarus unto his brethren to testify, the fatal situation his imprudence had brought him into, and to warn them lest they also should come into that place of torment, he evidently supposed it possible for the dead to return, and converse with the living. Our Saviour in the gospel expressly refutes the error of the sadducees, and proves the existence of the soul after the death of the body. The doubting apostle St Thomas, did not hesitate at the possibility of Christ's second appearance, he only questioned the actual reality of his resurrection in the same body; and this seems to have been the opinion also of others of his disciples after his resurrection, for
they

they at first supposed they had seen a spirit ; but Jesus assured them of the contrary, saying, “ Behold my hands and feet ; handle me and feel, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have.” In the same manner he convinced his followers of the substantiability of his appearance, appealing to the then prevailing opinion among the Jews. Hence it is plain, that the belief of spiritual communication prevailed in the earliest times ; and neither Christ, nor his apostles, nor after them the fathers of the church, took any pains to destroy or confute the notion. On the contrary, they have supposed, and in some degree authorised them, by their silence, their discourses, and their actions.

These proofs of scripture are so plain, and we have had so many extraordinary instances to verify it, that we cannot judiciously deny such facts as come to us attested upon the probity of our friends, who relate from their own experience such wonderful instances as might awaken the most unthinking wretch ; and who dare deny, but that the all-gracious God, amongst other wise and tender methods which he makes use of to call sinners to himself, may, and often does, make use of this.

Many instances have happened of God's mercy, and more than ordinary occurrence in the conversion of
great

great sinners, from St. Paul down to the facts related by Dr. Doddridge of the late unfortunate Colonel Gardener, than which none can be more strange, sudden and wonderful, nor more worthy of being credited, as the reverend divine who relates it, had not the least view or advantage in the publishing it; but through the hopes of its being useful to awaken others as great sinners, as in the instance of manifest mercy, he himself records of the person whose life he writes.

The reality therefore of the apparitions of angels dæmons and departed souls, cannot be denied, without destroying the authority of the scriptures, which relate and suppose them.

But a little time more, and we shall be removed into that state the experience of which we cannot know, while here upon earth, as those who are gone before us, however willing, are not permitted upon every frivolous occasion, to revisit their friends, though upon some momentous occasions we know it has happened; which makes Blair in his poem of the grave, say,

Tell us ye dead, if ye in pity can,
Beyond this sphere what is the future plan;
Some courteous ghost, if any such there be,
Tell us, in after life, what things ye see;
For some of you, we know, in days of old,]

The

The fatal story to mankind have told ;
 Forewarning them of death—Oh then comply,
 And tell, in charity, what 'tis to die ;
 But you're withheld, no matter, death must call,
 The curtain drop, and time will clear up all,

Upon the whole, from what has been said before
 and what is hereafter related upon this head we may
 conclude :

That angels, glorified spirits, or departed souls, are
 sometimes known to appear, and consequently, that
 these apparitions are not only possible, but real and
 actual, founded upon the authority of the Scripture,
 both of the Old and New Testament, upon the testi-
 mony of authors of credit, Greek, Latin, Christian
 and Heathen, ancient and modern. Philosophers, di-
 vines, poets, and moralists, and the most sober living
 tradition assert the facts, therefore, notwithstanding from
 the want of experience in ourselves, so much is due
 to the probity of others, while they coincide with rea-
 son and religion.

Hence we find that the soul is immortal, and that
 there is a future state, with punishments for the wick-
 ed, and rewards for the good, and that nothing defil-
 ed shall enter into the kingdom of God. That there
 are good angels, which incline us to good ; and evil
 spirits

spirits, which tempt us to irreligion and wicked practices: and these are the principal points upon which the ensuing sheets are compiled.

We may also confirm ourselves in this great truth, that spiritual beings, as well as departed souls, as angels and dæmons, are invested by the supreme being, the creator and preserver of all things, with an extensive power of acting upon sublunary bodies, and causing in them very great and very dreadful alterations.

The conclusion is confirmed by the following variety of facts, collected from the most respectable authority and scrupulous veracity, founded upon that persuasion of St. Paul, that the air is full of spirits, called by him the princes of the power of the air, and rulers of the darkness of this world, the head of whom is stiled in the Gospel the Prince of this World. We may farther learn, that the power of these spirits would be much more extensive than it is, if it were not limited by the power of him who has said, thus far shalt thou go, and no farther; and the mercy of Jesus Christ who assures us in his gospel, that he has overcome Satan and made him fall from Heaven, and commands us perpetually to pray, that we may resist temptation, and be secure from the malice of the devil, who, in the apostle's phrase, like a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom

whom to devour, if we give him any opportunity of doing it by our own negligence and presumption, in exposing ourselves needlessly to the danger of his temptations,

We shall add no more than the following lines from Job ix. 12—21. "Now a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ear received, a little thereof. In thoughts from the visions of the night when deep sleep, falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face, the hair of my flesh stood up : It stood till, but I could not discern the form thereof : an image was before my eyes there was silence and I heard a voice, saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God, shall a man be more pure than his Maker ? Behold, he put no trust in his servants, and his angels he charged with folly, how much less in them that dwell in houses of clay, whose foundation is in the dust, which are crushed before the moth ? They are destroyed from morning to evening : they perish forever, without any regarding it. Doth not their excellency which is in them go away ? they die, even without wisdom,

NEWS

FROM THE

INVISIBLE WORLD, &c.

*The Appearance of the Duchess of Mazarine, Mistress
to King Charles the 11. to Madam De Beauchair,
Mistress to King James the 11.*

THE author of the following narrative which was published some years ago, solemnly declared he was perfectly convinced of the truth of it; as well as several other persons of undoubted credit.

'Tis well known to most people acquainted with the English history, that the celebrated duchess of Mazarine was mistress to King Charles 11. Mr Walter particularly takes notice of her, as one of the favourites of that monarch in the following lines.

" When thro' the world fair Mazarine had run,
" Bright as her fellow traveler the sun,
" Hither at last the Roman eagle flies,
" As the last triumph of her conquering eyes. "

B

Madam

Madam de Beauclair, was a lady equally admired and beloved by his brother and successor James the II. Between these two ladies there was an uncommon friendship, such as is rarely found in persons bred up in courts; particularly those of the same sex, and in the same situation.

But the singularity of their circumstances might contribute a good deal towards it; they having both lost their Royal Lovers, the one by death, the other by abdication. They were both women of excellent understandings, had enjoyed all that the world could give them, and were arrived at an age, in which they might be supposed to despise all its pomps and vanities. I shall without any further introduction, give the whole of the relation, in the author's own words, who declared himself to be an eye witness of the truth of it.

About this time it was that Reason first began to oppose itself to Faith, or at least to be set up against it by some who had an ambition to be thought more penetrating than their neighbours. The doctrine soon spread, and was too much talked on not to be frequently a subject of conversation for these two ladies; and though I cannot say that either of them were thoroughly convinced by it, yet the specious arguments made use of by persons of high reputation for their learning, had such an effect on both, as to raise great doubts in them concerning the immateriality of the soul, and the certainty of its existence after death.

In one of the serious consultations they had together on this head, it was agreed between them, that on which ever of them the lot should fall to be first called from this world, she should return, if there was a possibility of doing so, and give the other an account in what manner she was disposed of.---This promise it seems was often repeated, and the Duchess happening to fall sick, and her life despaired of by all about her, Madam de Beauclair reminded her of what she expected from her; to which her grace replied, she might depend upon her performance. These words passed between them not above an hour, before the dissolution of that great lady, and were spoke before several persons who were in the room, but at that time they were far from comprehending what they heard.

Some years after the duchess's decease, happening, in a visit I made to Madam de Beauclair, to fall on the topic of futurity, she expressed her disbelief of it with a great deal of warmth; which a little surprised me, as being of a quite contrary way of thinking myself, and had always, by the religion she professed, supposed her highly so. I took the liberty of offering some arguments, which I imagined would have been convincing to prove the reasonableness of depending on a life to come: To which she answered, that not all that the whole world could say should ever persuade her to that opinion; and then related to me the con-

tract

tract made between her and her dear departed friend the Duchess of Mazarine,

It was in vain I urged the strong probability there was that souls in another world might not be permitted to perform the engagements they had entered into in this, especially when they were of a nature repugnant to the divine Will.---Which, said I, *has manifestly placed a flaming sword between human knowledge and the prospect of that glorious Eden, we hope, by Faith, to be inheritors of hereafter.* Therefore, added I, *her grace of Mazarine may be in possession of all those immense felicities which are promised to the virtuous, and even now interceding that the dear partner of her heart may share the same, yet be denied the privilege of imparting to you what she is, or that she exists at all*

Nothing I could say made the least impression; and I found, to my great concern, that she was become as great an advocate for the new doctrine of non existence after death, as any of those who first proposed it; on which, from that time forward, I avoided all discourse with her on that head.

It was not however many months after we had this conversation, that I happened to be at the house of a person of condition, whom since the death of the duchess of Mazarine, Madam de Beauclair had the greatest intimacy with of any of her acquaintance. We were just sat down together about nine o'clock in the evening

evening, as near as I can remember, when a servant came hastily into the room, and acquainted the lady I was with, that Madam de Beauclair had sent to intreat she would come that moment to her; adding, that if she ever desired to see her more in this world, she must not delay her visit.

So odd a message might well surprize the person to whom it was delivered; and not knowing what to think of it, she asked, who brought it? And being told it was Madam de Beauclair's groom of the chambers, ordered he should come in. and demanded of him, if his lady were well, or if he knew of any thing extraordinary that had happened to her which should cause this hasty summons? To which he answered that he was entirely incapable of telling her the meaning; only as to his ladyship's health, he never saw nor heard her complain of any indisposition.

" Well, then, " said the lady, (a little out of humour) " I desire you'll make my excuse, as I have
 " really a great cold, and am fearful the night air may
 " increase it, but to morrow I will not fail to wait on
 " her very early in the morning. "

The man being gone, we were begining to form several conjectures on this message of Madam de Beauclair, but before we had time to agree on what might be the most feasible occasion, he returned again and with him Mrs. Ward, her woman, both seemingly very much confused, and out of breath.

“ O, madam,” cried she, my lady expresses an infinite concern that you should refuse this request which she says will be her last. She says she is convinced of her not being in a condition to receive your visit to morrow ; but as a token of her friendship, bequeaths you this little casket containing her watch, necklace, and some jewels, which she desires you will wear in remembrance of her.

These words were accompanied with the delivery of the legacy she mentioned, and that, as well as Mrs. Ward’s words, threw us both into a consternation we were not able to express. The Lady would fain have entered into some discourse with Mrs. Ward concerning the affair : but she evaded it by saying, she had only left an under maid with madam de Beauc’air, and must return immediately ; on which the Lady cry’d, all at once, “ I will go with you, there must be something very uncommon certainly in this.” I offered to attend her, being, as well I might, desirous of getting some light into what at present appeared so mysterious.

In fine, we went that instant, but no mention was made of me, nor Madam de Beaucler might not probably be informed I was with that lady when her servant came ; good manners and decency obliged me to wait in a lower apartment, unless she gave leave for my admittance.

She was however no sooner informed I was there than

than she desired I would come up. I did so, and found her sitting in an easy chair near her bed side, and in my eyes, as well as all those present, seemed in as perfect health as ever she had been.

On our enquiring if she felt any inward disorder which should give room for the melancholy apprehensions her message testified, she replied in the negative; yet, said she, with a little sigh, you will soon, very soon behold me pass from this world into that eternity which once I doubted, but am now assured of.

As she spoke these last words, she looked full in my face, as it were to remind me of the conversation we frequently had held together on that subject.

I told her, I was heartily glad to find so great a change in her ladyship's sentiments; but that I hoped she had no reason to imagine the conviction would be fatal; which she only answered with a gloomy smile; and a clergyman of her own persuasion whom she had sent for, that moment coming in, we all quitted the room, to leave him at liberty to exercise his function.

It exceeded not half an hour before we were called in again, and she appeared, after having disburthened her conscience, to be more cheerful than before; her eyes, which were as piercing as possible, sparkled with an uncommon vivacity; and she told us, she should die with more satisfaction, as she enjoyed, in her last moments, the presence of two persons the most agree-

able

able to her in this world, and in the next would be sure of enjoying the society of one, who in life, had been the dearest to her.

We were both beginning to dissuade her from giving way to thoughts which there seemed not the least probability of being verified; when she put a stop to what we were about to urge, by saying, "Talk no more of that--my time is short, and I would not have the small space allowed me to be with you wasted in vain delusion. Know," continued she, "I have seen my dear duchess of Mazarine. I perceived not how she entered, but turning my eyes towards yonder corner of the room, I saw her stand in the same form and habit she was accustomed to appear in when living; faint would I have spoke, but had not the power of utterance; she took a little circuit round the chamber, seeming rather to swim than walk; then stopped by the side of that indian chest, and looking on me with her usual sweetness, Beauclair, said she, between the hours of twelve and one this night you will be with me.--The surprize I was in at first being a little abated, I began to ask some questions concerning that future world I was so soon to visit; but on the opening of my lips for that purpose, she vanished from my sight I know not how.

The clock was now striking twelve; and as she discovered not the least symptoms of any ailment, we again aimed to remove all apprehensions of a dissolution

lution; but we had scarce begun to speak, when on a sudden her countenance changed, and she cried out, " O ! I am sick at heart ! " Mrs. Ward, who all this time had stood leaning on her chair, applied some drops but to no effect; she grew still worse; and in about half an hour expired, it being exactly the time the apparition had foretold.

I have been so particular in relating all the circumstances of this affair, as well as to prove I could not be deceived in it, as to show that Madam de Beauclair was neither vapourish nor superstitious, as many believe all are who pretend to see any thing supernatural. I am, indeed very ready to allow that the force of imagination may impose upon the senses, and that it frequently has done so, and that the stories told us in our infancy leave illens behind them, which in our riper years are apt to make us fanciful; but in the case I have mentioned these could be nothing of all this; the Lady you may perceive was as far from any apprehensions or prepossessions of that nature, that on the contrary, she looked upon them as ridiculous and absurd, and convinced by nothing but the testimony of her own eyes and ears.

It must be confessed such extraordinary means of warning us of our fate but rarely happen, nor can it be supposed departed spirits have the power of visiting us at pleasure; for which reason I look upon all such agreements, as were made between these ladies,

as highly presumptuous, and when permitted to be fulfilled, we are not to imagine it done to gratify the vain curiosity of those who doubt a future state, but to strengthen the faith of those who believe in it.

I think, therefore, who is well assured of the truth of such an incident, ought to communicate it to the public, especially in these times, when all the belief of another world, on which of consequence our good behaviour in this depends, stands in need of every help for maintaining any ground among us."

*Warning given by a strange messenger to James VI.
at Linlithgow church.*

THAT there is a spiritual world inhabited by spirits, angels, and happy beings, and that of a very different nature and constitution from what we live in here, is a truth acknowledged by the whole christian world; and although, no angel has come down from heaven to declare and explain the nature of their being to us, nor any man whilst in the body hath ascended up and seen it, yet that we should not be entirely ignorant in this particular, it has happened from time to time, that many credible witnesses have, upon some extraordinary occasions, received warnings and messages from both the heavenly and hellish kingdom of spirits.

The following relation is taken from the annals of the kingdom of Scotland.

While James IV. stayed at Linlithgow, previous to the battle of Floden field, in which he was killed, he went into the church of St, Michael there, to hear the evening prayer. While he was at his devotion, a remarkable figure of an ancient man, with flowing amber coloured hair hanging over his shoulders, his forehead high, and inclining to baldness, his garments of a fine blue colour somewhat long and girded together with a fine white cloth; of comely and very reverend aspect, was seen enquiring for the king; when his majesty being pointed out to him, he made his way through the crowd till he came to him, and then with a clownish simplicity, leaning over the canon's seat he addressed him in the following words: " Sir, I am sent hither to entreat you to delay your intended expedition for this time, and proceed no farther, for if you do, you will be unfortunate, and not prosper, in your enterprise, nor any of your followers. I am further charged to warn you, not to follow the acquaintance, company or counsel of women, as you value your life, honour and estate. " After giving him this admonition, he withdrew himself back again through the crowd, and disappeared. When service was ended, the king enquired earnestly after him, but he could not be found nor heard of any where, neither

could

could any of the by standers (of whom many narrowly watched him, resolving afterwards to have discouraged with him, feel or perceive how, when, or where he passed from them, having in a manner vanished from their sight.

The following account was communicated by Sir Charles Lee, to the Lord Bishop of Gloucester, and afterwards published by Mr. Beaumont in his treatise of spirits.

SIR Charles Lee, by his first lady, had only one daughter, of which she died in her child birth; and the lady Everard desired to have the education of the child, and she was by her well educated till she was marriageable: and a match was concluded for her with Sir William Perains, but was then prevented in an extraordinary manner.

Upon a Tuesday night, she thinking she saw a light in her chamber after she was in bed, knocked for her maid, who presently came to her; and she asked why she left a candle burning in her chamber. The maid said she left none, and there was none. but what she brought with her at that time. Then she said it was the fire; but that the maid told her was quite out, and said she believed it was only a dream; whereupon she said it might be so, and composed herself again to sleep; but about two of the clock she was awaked

again, and saw the apparition of a little woman between her curtain and her pillow, who told her she was her mother, and that she was happy, and that by twelve of the clock that day, she should be with her; whereupon she knocked again for the maid, called for her cloaths, and when she was dressed, went into her closet, and came not out again till nine; and then brought out with her a letter for her father, gave it to her aunt, the lady Everard, told her what had happened, and desired, that as soon as she was dead, it might be sent to him. But the lady thought she was suddenly fallen mad, and thereupon sent presently away to Chelmsford for a physician and surgeon, who both came immediately; but the physician could discern no indication of what the lady imagined, or any indisposition of her body; notwithstanding the lady would needs have her let blood, which was done accordingly; and when the young woman had patiently let them do what they would with her, she desired the chaplain might be called to read prayers, and when prayers were ended, she took her guitar and psalm book and sat down upon a chair without arms, and played and sung so melodiously and admirably, that her music master who was then there, admired at it: and near the stroke of twelve, she rose and sat herself down in a great chair with arms, and presently fetching a strong breathing or two, immediately expired, and was so suddenly cold, as was much wondered at by the physician and surgeon. She died at Waltham

in Essex, three miles from Chelmsford, and the letter was sent to Sir Charles at his house in Warwickshire ; but he was so afflicted at the death of his daughter, that he came not till she was buried, but when he came he caused her to be taken up, and to be buried by the side of her mother at Edmonton, as she desired in her letter. This was about the year one thousand six hundred and sixty-two or sixty-three.

The apparition of a gentleman to the late Rev. and learned Dr. Scott, on account of an original deed belonging to his grandson's estate.

THE doctor was sitting alone by the fire, either in his study or in his parlour, in Broad-street, where he lived, and reading a book, his door being fast shut and locked ; he was well assured there was nobody in the room but himself, when accidentally raising his head a little, he was exceeding surprised to see sitting in an elbow chair, at the other side of the fire place or chimney, an ancient grave gentleman in a black velvet gown, a long wig, and looking with a pleasing countenance towards the doctor as if just going to speak.

The doctor, as we may reasonably suppose, was greatly surprised at the sight of him, and indeed the seeing him as sitting in the chair was the most likely

to be surprising; because the doctor knowing the door to be locked, and then seeing a man sitting in the chair, he must immediately and at first sight conclude him to be a spirit; or apparition, or devil, call it as you will. Had he seen him come in at the door, he might at first have supposed him to be really a gentleman come to speak with him, and might think he had omitted fastening the door, as he intended to have done.

The doctor appeared in great disorder at the sight, as he acknowledged to those whom he told the story to, and from whom (says my author) I received this account with very little remove of hands between.

The spectre it seems began, for the doctor had not courage at first, as he said, to speak to it; I say the spectre or apparition spoke first, and desired the doctor not to be frightened, nor to be surprised for that he would not do him any hurt; but that he came to him upon a matter of great importance to an injured family, which was in great danger of being ruined; and though he, (the doctor) was a stranger to the family, yet knowing him to be a man of integrity, he had pitched upon him to do an act of very great charity, as well as justice; and that he could depend upon him for a punctual performance.

The doctor was not at first composed enough to receive the introduction of the business with a due attention, but seemed rather inclined to get out of the

room if he could, and once or twice made some attempt to knock for some of the family to come up, at which the apparition appeared a little displeased.

But it seems he need not ; for, as the doctor said, he had no power to go out of the room if he had been next to the door, or to knock for help if any had been at hand.

But here the apparition seeing the doctor still in confusion, desired him to compose himself, for he would not do him the least injury, or offer any thing to make him uneasy ; but desired that he would give him leave to deliver the business he came about, which when he had heard, perhaps he would see less cause to be surprised or apprehensive than he did now,

By this time, and the calm way of discourse above mentioned, the doctor recovered himself so much, though not with any kind of composure, as to speak.

In the name of God, says the doctor, what art thou ?

I desired you would not be frightened, says the apparition to him again ; I am a stranger to you, and if I tell you my name, you do not know it, but you may do the business without enquiring.

The doctor continued discomposed and uneasy, and said nothing for some time.

The apparition spoke again to him, not to be surprised, and received only for answer the old ignorant question.

In the name of God, what art thou ?

Upon this the spectre seemed displeased, as if the doctor had not treated him with respect : and expostulated a little with him, telling him he could have terrified him into a compliance, but he chose to come calmly and quietly to him ; and used some other discourses, so civil and obliging, that by this time he began to be a little more familiar, and at length the doctor asked,

What is it you would have with me ?

At this, the apparition, as if gratified with the question, began his story thus :

I lived in the county of Somerset, where I left a very good estate, which my grandson enjoys at this time. But he is sued for the possession by my two nephews, the sons of my younger brother.

Here he gave his own name, the name of his younger brother, and the names of his two nephews ; but I am not allowed to publish the names in this relation, nor might it be proper for many reasons,

The doctor then interrupted, and asked him how long the grandson had been in possession of the estate ; which he told him was seven years, intimating that he had been so long dead,

Then he went on, and told him that his nephews would be too hard for his grandson in the suit, and would deprive him of the mansion house and estate ; so that he would be in danger of being entirely ruined and his family reduced.

Still the doctor could not see into the matter, or what he could do to remedy the evil that threatened the family, and therefore asked him some questions, for now they began to be a little better acquainted than at first.

Says the doctor, and what am I able to do in it, if the law be against him?

Why, says the spectre, it is not that the nephews have any right; but the grand deed of settlement, being the conveyance of the inheritance, is lost: and for want of that deed they will not be able to make out their title to the estate.

Well, says the doctor, and still what can I do in this case?

Why, says the spectre, if you will go down to my grandson's house, and take such persons with you as you can trust, I will give you such instructions as that you shall find out the deed of settlement, which lies concealed in a place where I put it with my own hands, and where you shall direct my grandson to take it out in your presence.

But why then cannot you direct your grandson to do this? says the doctor.

Ask me not about that, says the apparition, there are divers reasons which you may know hereafter. I can depend upon your honesty in it, in the mean time, and you may dispose of matters that you shall have your expences paid you, and be handsomely allowed for your trouble.

After this discourse, and several other expostulations, (for the doctor was not easily prevailed upon to go, till the spectre seemed to look angrily, and even to threatening him for refusing,) he did at last promise to go.

Having obtained a promise of him, he told him he might let his grandson know that he had formerly conversed with his grandfather, (but not how lately or in what manner,) and ask to see the house; and that in such an upper room, or loft, he should see a deal of old lumber, old coffers, old chests, and such things as were out of fashion now, thrown by, and piled upon one another, to make room for fashionable furniture, cabinets, chests of drawers, and the like.

That, in such a particular corner, was such a certain old chest, with an old broken lock upon it, and a key in it, which could neither be turned in the lock, or pulled out.

In that chest, says he, and in that place, lies the grand deed or charter of the estate, which conveys the inheritance, and without which the family will be turned out of doors.

After this discourse, the doctor promised to go down into the country and dispatch this important commission: The apparition putting on a very pleasant and smiling aspect, thanked him, and disappeared.

After some days, and within the time limited by the proposal of the spectre, the doctor went down accordingly

dingly into Somersetshire, and finding the gentleman's house very readily, by the direction, knocked at the door, and asked if he was at home; and after being told he was, and the servants informing their master it was a clergyman, the gentleman came to the door, and very courteously invited him in.

After the doctor had been there some time, he observed the gentleman received him with unexpected civility, though a stranger, and without business. They entered upon many friendly discourses, and the doctor pretended to have heard much of the family, (as so indeed he had) and of his grandfather; from whom, sir, says he, I perceive the estate more immediately descends to yourself,

Aye, says the gentleman, and shook his head, my father died young, and my grandfather has left things so confused, that for want of one principal writing, which is not yet come to hand, I have met with a great deal of trouble from a couple of cousins, my grandfather's brother's children who have put me to very great expences about it. And with that the doctor seemed a little inquisitive.

But I hope you have got over it, sir? says he.

No truly says the gentleman to be so open with you, we shall never get quite over it, unless we can find this old deed: which however, I hope we shall find, for I intend to make a general search after it.

I wish with all my heart you may find it sir, says the doctor.

I dont doubt but we shall; I had a strange dream about it last night, says the gentleman.

A dream about the writing! says the doctor, I hope it was that you should find it then.

I dreamed, says the other, that a strange gentleman came to me, that I had never seen in my life, and helped me to look for it. I dont know but you are the man,

I should be very glad to be the man, I'm sure, says the doctor.

Nay, says the gentleman, you may be the man to help me to look after it.

Aye, sir, says the doctor, I may help you to look after it indeed, and I'll do that with all my heart; but I would much rather be the man that should help you to find it: pray when do you intend to search?

To-morrow, says the gentleman, I have appointed to do it.

But, says the doctor, in what manner do you intend to search?

Why, replies the gentleman, 'tis all our opinions that my grandfather was so very much concerned to preserve this writing, and had so much jealousy that some that were about him would take it from him if they could, that he hid it in some secret place; and I am resolved to pull half the house down but I'll find it, if it is above ground.

A little before evening, the gentleman asked him to take a walk in the park; but he put it off with a jest

jest, I had rather, sir, said he, smiling, you'd let me see this fine old mansion house, that is to be demolished to-morrow ; methinks I'd fain see the house once, before you pul' it down.

With all my heart, says the gentleman. So he took him immediately up stairs, shewed him all the best apartments, and all his fine furniture and pictures ; and coming to the head of the stair case where they came up, offered to go down again.

But, sir says the doctor shall we not go up higher ?

There is nothing there, says he, but garrets and old lofts full of rubbish, and a place to go out in the turret, and the clock house.

O, let me see it all, now we are going, says the doctor, I love to see the old lofty towers and turrets, the magnificence of our ancestors, though they are out of fashion now : pray let us see all now. So away the gentleman goes, and the doctor after him.

After they had rambled over the wild part of this large house, I need not describe, he passed by a great room, the door of which was open, and in it a great deal of lumber. And what place is this, pray ? says the doctor, but not offering to go in.

O ! that's the room, says the gentleman softly, because there was a servant attending them, that's the room I told you of, where all the rubbish lay, the chests, coffers, and trunks ; look there, see how they are piled up one upon another almost to the ceiling.

With this the doctor goes and looks about him, for
this

this was the place he was directed to, and which he went to see. He was not in the room two minutes but he found every thing just as the spectre in London had described; he went directly to the pile he had been told of, and fixing his eye upon the very chest with the old rusty lock upon it, with a key in it, which would neither turn round nor come out.

Well, sir, says the doctor, I see you have been in earnest, and I find the thing is of great consequence to you; I have a strange fancy come into my head this very moment; will you gratify my curiosity with opening and emptying one small chest or coffer that I have cast my eye upon? there may be nothing in it; you are satisfied, I believe that I was never here before, yet I have a strange notion that there are some private places in it, which you have not found, perhaps there may be nothing in them when they are found.

Well says the gentleman, you shall see it turned bottom up before your face, and so you shall all the rest, if you do but speak the word.

Immediately the gentleman causes the coffer to be dragged out and opened; for it could not be locked, the key would neither lock it nor unlock it. When the papers were all out, the doctor turning his face another way, as if he would look among the papers, but taking little or no notice of the chest, and as if supporting himself with his cane, strikes his cane into the chest, but snatched it out again hastily, as if it had been a mistake, and turning to the chest, he claps the lid of it

it down, and sits down upon it, as if he was weary too. Now sir, says he let me say a bold word to you, I have found your writing, I have found your grand deed of settlement; I'll lay you a hundred guineas I have it in this coffer.

The gentleman takes up the lid again; handles the chest, looks over every part of it; but could see nothing; he is confounded and amazed! what do you mean; says he, to the doctor, you have no unusual art I hope, no conjuring in hand, here is nothing but an empty coffer.

At last up comes the man with the hammer and chisel, and the doctor goes to work with the chest, knocks upon the flat of the bottom: hark! says he don't you hear it, sir? don't you hear it plainly?

Why the chest has a double bottom, sir, a false bottom, says the doctor; don't you hear it sound hollow?

In a word they immediately split the inner bottom open, and there lay the parchment spread abroad flat on the whole breadth of the bottom of the trunk, as a quire of paper is laid on the flat of a drawer.

It is impossible for me to describe the joy and surprise of the gentleman, and soon after of the whole family! and you may easily suppose the doctor was rewarded with uncommon civilities, and sent up (after about a week's stay) in the gentleman's own coach to London. As far as I have had the story related, so far I have handed it forward; and I have the truth of it affirmed in such a manner that I cannot doubt it.

A true relation of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal, the next day after her death to one Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury, the 8th September, 1705.

THIS thing is so rare in all its circumstances, and so good authority, that my reading and conversation has not given me any thing like it: It is fit to gratify the most ingenious and serious enquirer. Mrs. Bargrave is the person to whom Mrs. Veal appeared after her death: She is my intimate friend, and I can avouch for her reputation, for these last fifteen or sixteen years on my own knowledge; and I can confirm the good character she had from her youth, to the time of my acquaintance; though since this relation she is calumniated by some people, that are friends to the brother of Mrs. Veal, who appeared; who think the relation of this appearance to be a reflection, and endeavour what they can to blast Mrs. Bargrave's reputation, and to laugh the story out of countenance. But by the circumstances thereof, and the cheerful disposition of Mrs. Bargrave, notwithstanding the ill usage of a very wicked husband, there is not the least sign of dejection in her face; nor did I ever hear her let fall a desponding or murmuring expression; nay, not when actually under her husband's barbarity, which I have

been witness to, and several other persons of undoubted reputation,

Now you must know Mrs. Veal was a maiden gentlewoman of about thirty years of age, and for some years last past had been troubled with fits, which were perceived coming on her, by her going off from her discourse very abruptly, to some impertinence: She was maintained by an only brother, and kept his house in Dover. She was a very pious woman, and her brother a very sober man to all appearance; but now he does all he can to null and quash the story. Mrs. Veal was intimately acquainted with Mrs. Bargrave from her childhood. Mrs. Veal's circumstance were then mean: her father did not take care of his children as he ought, so that they were exposed to hardships. And Mrs. Bargrave in those days had as unkind a father, though she wanted for neither food nor clothing, while Mrs. Veal wanted for both, insomuch that she would often say, Mrs. Bargrave, you are not only the best but the only friend I have in the world, and no circumstance in life shall ever dissolve my friendship. They would often condole each others adverse fortunes, and read together Drelincourt upon Death, and other good books; and so, like two chaste friends they comforted each other under their sorrow.

Some time after Mr. Veal's friends got him a place in the custom house at Dover, which occasioned Mrs. Veal, by little, and little to fall off from her intimacy with Mrs.

Bargrave,

Bargrave, though there was never any such thing as a quarrel, but an indifferency came on by degrees, till at last Mrs. Bargrave had not seen her in two years and a half; though above a twelvemonth of the time Mrs. Bargrave hath been absent from Dover, and this last half year has been in Canterbury, about two months of the time, dwelling in an house of her own.

In this house, on the eighth of September, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Five, she was sitting alone in the forenoon, thinking over her unfortunate life, and arguing herself into a due resignation to providence, though her condition seemed hard. And said she, I have been provided for hitherto, and doubt not but I shall be still, and am well satisfied that my afflictions shall end, when it is most fit for me: And then took up her sewing work, which she had no sooner done but she hears a knocking at the door. She went to see who was there, and this proved to be Mrs. Veal, her old friend who was in a riding habit: At that moment of time the clock struck twelve at noon.

Madam, says Mrs. Bargrave, I am surprised to see you, you have been so long a stranger: but told her, she was glad to see her, and offered to salute her; which Mrs. Veal complied with till their lips almost touched, and then Mrs. Veal drew her hand across her own eyes, and said I am not very well, and so waved it. She told Mrs. Bargrave she was going a journey, and had a great mind to see her first: But says Mrs.

Mrs. Bargrave how came you to take a journey alone ? I am amazed at it because I know you have a fond brother. Oh ! says Mrs Veal, I gave my brother the slip and came away, because I had so great a desire to see you before I took my journey. So Mrs Bargrave went in with her into another room within the the first ; and Mrs. Veal sat her down in an elbow chair in which Mrs Bargrave was sitting when she heard Mrs Veal knock. Then says Mrs Veal, " My dear friend I am come to renew our old friendship again, " and beg your pardon for my breach of it ; and if " you can forgive me you are the best of women. " " Oh ! (says Mrs Bargrave) do not mention such a " thing ; I have not had an uneasy thought about it, I " can easily forgive it. " What did you think of me, " said Mrs Veal. Says Mr Bargrave, " I thought " you were like the rest of the world, and that pros- " perity had made you forget yourself and me. "----- Then Mrs Veal reminded Mrs Bargrave of the many friendly offices she did her in former days, and much of the conversation they had with each other in the times of their adversity ; what books they read, and what comfort in particular they received from Drelin-court's book of Death, which was the best she said on that subject ever written. She also mentioned Dr. Sherlock, the other two dutch books, which were translated written upon death, and several others ; but Drelin-court she said had the clearest notions of death, and of the future state of any who had handled that subject.

Then

Then she asked Mrs Bargrave whether she had Drelincourt? she said yes, Says Mrs Veal, fetch it. And so Mrs Bargrave goes up stairs and brings it down. Says Mrs Veal, " Dear Mrs Bargrave if the eyes of
 " our faith were as open as the eyes of our body, we
 " should see numbers of angels about us for our good.
 " The notions we have of heaven now, are nothing
 " like what it is as Drelincourt says. Therefore be
 " comforted under your afflictions, and believe that
 " the Almighty has a particular regard to you, and that
 " your afflictions are marks of God's favour; and
 " when they have done the business they are sent
 " for they shall be removed from you. And believe
 " me, my dear friend, believe what I say to you, one
 " minute of future happiness will infinitely reward
 " you for all your sufferings; for I can never believe
 (and claps her hand upon her knee with great earnest-
 ness, (which ineed ran through most of her discourse)
 " that ever God will suffer you to spend all your days
 " in this afflicted state, but be assured that your afflictions shall leave you or you them in a short time. "
 She spake in that pathetic and heavenly manner, that Mrs Bargrave wept several times, she was so deeply affected with.

Then Mrs Veal mentioned Dr Horneck's Ascetic, at the end of which he gives an account of the lives of the primitive christians. Their pattern she recommended to our imitation, and said, " Their conversation

" was not like this of our age: For now, says she,
 " there is nothing but frothy vain discourse, which is,
 " far different from theirs. Theirs was to edification
 " and to build one another up in faith; so that they
 " were not as we are nor are we as they were; but,
 " said she we ought to do as they did. There was a
 " hearty friendship among them, but where is it now
 " to be found? " Says Mrs Bargrave, it is hard indeed
 to find a true friend in these days. Says Mrs Veal,
 Mr Norris has a fine copy of verses, called Friendship
 in perfection, which I wonderfully admire. Have you
 seen the book says Mrs Veal. No says Mrs Bargrave
 but I have the verses of my own writing out. Have
 you says Mrs Veal, then fetch them. Which she did
 from above stairs, and offered them to Mrs. Veal to
 read, who refused and waved the thing, saying, holding
 down her head would make it ache; and then desired
 Mrs Bargrave to read them to her, which she did. As
 they were admiring friendship, Mrs Veal said dear Mrs
 Bargrave I shall love you forever. In these verses
 there is twice used the word Elysian. Ah, says Mrs.
 Veal these poets have such names for heaven. She
 would often draw her hand across her own eyes and
 say, Mrs Bargrave do you not think I am mightily im-
 paired by my fits? No says Mrs Bargrave, I think
 you look as well as ever I knew you.

After which the Apparition put in this discourse in
 much finer words than Mrs Bargrave said she could
 pretend to, and as much more than she can remember,
 for

for it cannot be thought that an hour and three quarters conversation could be retained, though the main part of it she thinks she does, she said to Mrs Bargrave She would have her write a letter to her brother, and tell him she would have him give rings to such and such, and that there was a purse of gold in her cabinet and that she would have two broad pieces given to her cousin Watton.

Talking at this rate Mrs Bargrave thought that it was coming on her, and so placed her in a chair just before her knees, to keep her from falling to the ground if her fits should occasion it, for the elbow chair she thought would keep her from falling on either side ; and to divert Mrs Veal as she thought she took hold of her gown sleeve several times and commended it. Mrs Veal told her it was a scowered silk and newly made up. But for all this Mrs Veal persisted in her request and told Mrs Bargrave she must not deny her : And she would have her tell her brother all their conversation, when she had opportunity. Dear Mrs Veal says Mrs Bargrave, this seems so impertinent that I cannot tell how to comply with it ; and what a mortifying story will our conversation be to a young gentleman. Why says Mrs Bargrave, it is much better methinks, do it yourself. No, says Mrs Veal though it seems impertinent to you now you will see more reason for it hereafter. Mrs Bargrave then to satisfy her importunity, was going to fetch a pen and ink, but Mrs Veal said, Let it alone now, but do it when I am gone ; but you must

must be sure to do it. Which was one of the last things she enjoined her at parting, and so she promised her.

Then Mrs Veal asked for Mrs Bargrave's daughter; she said she was not at home, but if you have a mind to see her says Mrs Bargrave I'll send for her. Do says Mrs. Veal. On which she left her and went to a neighbours to see for her; and by the time Mrs. Bargrave was returning Mrs. Veal was got without the door into the street, in the face of the beast market on a saturday which is market day, and stood ready to part as soon as Mrs. Bargrave came to her. She asked her why she was in such haste. She said she must be going, though perhaps she might not go her journey till monday: and told Mrs. Bargrave, she hoped she should see her again at her cousin Watsons before she went whither she was going. Then she said, she would take her leave of her, and walked from Mrs. Bargrave in her view till a turning interrupted the sight of her, which was three quarters after one in the afternoon.

Mrs Veal died the 7th of September, at twelve o'clock at noon of her fits, and had not above four hours sense^s before death, in which time she received the sacrament. The next day after Mrs Veals appearing being Sunday, Mrs Bargrave was mightily indisposed with a cold and a sore throat, that she could not go out that day; but on monday morning she sent a person to Captain Watsons to know if Mrs Veal was there. They won-
dered

dered at Mrs Bargraves enquiry, and sent her word that she was not there, nor was expected. At this answer Mrs Bargrave told the maid that she had certainly mistook the name or made some blunder. And though she was ill, she put on her hood and went herself to captain Watsons, though she knew none of the family, to see if Mrs Veal was there or not. They said they wondered at her asking, for that she had not been in town, they were sure if she had she would have been there. Says Mrs Bargrave I'm sure she was with me on Saturday almost two hours. They said it was impossible; for they must have seen her if she had. In comes captain Watson while they were in dispute and said that Mrs Veal was certainly dead, and her escutcheons were making. This strangely surprised Mrs Bargrave, when she sent to the person immediately who had the care of them and found it true. Then she related the whole story to captain Watson's family, and what gown she had on and how striped, and that Mrs Veal told her it was scowered. Then Mrs Watson cried out you have seen her indeed, for none knew but Mrs Veal and myself that the gown was scowered. And Mrs Watson owned that she described the gown exactly, For said she I helped her to make it up. This Mrs Watson blazed about the town and avouched the demonstration of the truth of Mrs Bargrave seeing Mrs. Veals apparition. And captain Watson carried two gentlemen immediately to Mrs. Bargrave's house to hear the relation from her own mouth.

mouth. And when it spread so fast that gentlemen and persons of quality, the judicious and sceptical part of the world, flocked in upon her, it at last became such a task that she was forced to go out of the way, for they were in general extremely satisfied of the truth of the thing, and plainly saw that Mrs Bargrave was no hypochondriac; for she always appears with such a cheerful air, and pleasing mein, that she has gained the favour and esteem of all the gentry: And it is thought a great favour if they can get the relation from her own mouth. I should have told you before that Mrs Veal told Mrs Bargrave that her sister and brother in law were just come down from London to see her. Says Mrs Bargrave, how came you to order matters so strangely! It could not be helped said Mrs Veal. And her brother and sister did come to see her, and entered the town of Dover just as Mrs Veal was expiring. Mrs Bargrave asked her, whether she would drink some tea. Says Mrs Veal I do not care if I do, but I'll warrant you this mad fellow (meaning Mrs. Bargrave's husband) has broke all your trinkets. But, says Mrs Bargrave I'll get something to drink in for, all that, but Mrs Veal waved it and said it is no matter let it a one, and so it passed.

All the time I sat with Mrs Bargrave which was some hours, she recollected fresh sayings of Mrs Veal. And one material thing more she told Mrs Bargrave, that old Mr Breton allowed Mrs Veal ten pounds a year, which
was

was a secret and unknown to Mrs Bargrave till Mrs. Veal told it her.

Mrs Bargrave never varies in her story ; which puzzles those who doubt the truth or are unwilling to believe it. A servant in the neighbours yard adjoining to Mrs Bargraves house, heard her talking to somebody an hour of the time Mrs Veal was with her. Mrs Bargrave went out to her next neighbours the very moment she parted with Mrs Veal, and told her what ravishing conversation she had had with an old friend, and told the whole of it. Drelincourt's book of Death is, since this happened, bought up strangely. And it is to be observed, that notwithstanding all the trouble and fatigue Mrs. Bargrave has undergone upon this account, she never took the value of a farthing, nor suffered her daughter to take any thing of any body, and therefore can have no interest in telling the story.

But Mr. Veal does what he can to stifle the matter, and said, he would see Mrs. Bargrave ; but yet it is certain matter of fact, that he has been at captain Watson's since the death of his sister, and yet never went near Mrs. Bargrave ; and some of his friends report her to be a liar, and that she knew of Mr. Breton's ten pounds a year. But the person who pretends to say so, has the reputation of a notorious liar, among persons whom I know to be of undoubted credit. Now Mr. Veal is more of a gentleman than to say she lies ; but

but says a bad husband has crazed her. But she need only present herself, and it will effectually confute that pretence. Mr. Veal says, he asked his sister on her death bed, whether she had a mind to dispose of any thing; and she said, No. Now, the things which Mrs. Veal's apparition would have disposed of, were so trifling, and nothing of justice aimed at in their disposal, that the design of it appears to me to be only in order to make Mrs. Bargrave to demonstrate the truth of her appearance, so as to satisfy the world of the reality thereof, as to what she had seen and heard, and to secure her reputation among the reasonable and understanding part of mankind. And then again, Mr. Veal owns that there was a purse of gold; but it was not found in her cabinet, but in a comb box. This looks improbable; for that Mrs. Watson owned, that Mrs. Veal was so very careful of the key of the cabinet that she would trust nobody with it. And if so, no doubt she would not trust her gold out of it. And Mrs. Veal often drawing her hands over her eyes, and asking Mrs. Bargrave, if her fits had not impaired her, looks to me as if she did it on purpose to remind Mrs. Bargrave of her fits, to prepare her not to think it strange, that she should put her upon writing to her brother, to dispose of rings and gold, which looks so much like a dying person's request; and it took accordingly with Mrs. Bargrave, as the effects of her fits coming upon her; and was one of the many instances

of her wonderful love to her, and care of her, that she should not be affrighted ; which indeed appears in her whole management, particularly in her coming to her in the day time, waving the salutation, and when she was alone ; and then the manner of her parting, to prevent a second attempt to salute her.

Now, why Mr. Veal should think this relation a reflection (as its plain he does, by his endeavouring to stifle it). I cannot imagine ; because the generality believe her to be a good spirit, her discourse was so heavenly. Her two great errands were to comfort Mrs. Bargrave in her affliction, and to ask her forgiveness for the breach of friendship, and with a pious discourse to encourage her. So that, after all, to suppose that Mrs. Bargrave could hatch such an invention as this from Friday noon to Saturday noon (supposing she knew of Mrs. Veal's death the very first moment) without jumbling circumstances, and without any interest too ; she must be more witty, fortunate, and wicked too, than any indifferent person, I dare say will allow. I asked Mrs. Bargrave several times, if she was sure she felt the gown : she answered modestly, " If my senses be to be relied on, I am sure " of it." I asked her, if she heard a sound when she clapped her hand upon her knee : she said she did not remember she did ; but said she appeared to be as much a substance as I did who talked with her. " And I may" said she, " be as soon persuaded that your apparition is talking to me now, as that I did not really

“ see her: For I was under no manner of fear, and
 “ received her as a friend, and parted with her as such.
 “ I would not ” says she, “ give one farthing to make
 “ any one believe it: I have no interest in it; nothing
 “ but trouble is entailed upon me for a long time, for
 “ ought I know; and had it not come to light by ac-
 “ cident, it would never have been made public.” But
 now, she says, she will make her own private use of
 it, and keep herself out of the way as much as she
 can; and so she has done since. She says, “ She
 “ had a gentleman who came thirty miles to her
 “ to hear the relation; and that she had told it to
 “ a room full of people at a time.” Several particular
 gentlemen have had the story from Mrs. Bargrave’s
 own mouth.

This thing has very much affected me, and I am as
 well satisfied as I am of the best grounded matter of
 fact. And why we should dispute matter of fact, be-
 cause we cannot solve things of which we have no cer-
 tain or demonstrative notions, seems strange to me. Mrs.
 Bargrave’s authority and sincerity alone would have
 been undoubted in any other case.



Apparition of a Ghost to a miller to discover a bidden murder. From Webster on Witchcraft, 8vo.

ABOUT the year of our Lord, 1632, (as near as I can remember) near unto Chester-in-the-Street, there lived one Walker, a yeoman of good estate, and a widower who had a young woman to his kinswoman that kept his house, who was by the neighbours suspected to be with child; and was towards the dark of the evening one night sent away with one Mark Sharpe, who was a collier, or one that digged coals under ground, and one that had been born in Blackburn-Hundred, in Lancashire: and so she was not heard of a long time and little or no noise, was made about it. In the winter time after, one James Graham, or Grime, (for so in that country they call them) being a miller, and living about two miles from the place where Walker lived, was one night alone very late in the mill grinding corn; and at about twelve or one o'clock at night he came down stairs; having been putting corn in the hopper, the mill doors being fast shut; there stood a woman upon the midst of the floor with her hair about her head hanging down all bloody, with five large wounds on her head. He being much affrighted and amazed, began to bless himself, and at last asked her who she was, and what she wanted? To which she

Google said

said, I am the spirit of such a woman, who lived with Walker ; and being got with child by him, he promised to send me to a private place, where I should be well looked to, until I was brought to bed, and we I again, and then I should come again and keep his house.

And accordingly, said the apparition, I was one night late sent away with one Mark Sharpe, who, upon a moor (naming a place the miller knew) slew me with a pick (such as men dig coals withal) and gave me these five wounds, and after threw my body into a coal-pit hard by, and hid the pick under a bank ; and his shoes and stockings being bloody he endeavoured to wash them, but seeing the blood would not wash out, he hid them there. And the apparition further told the miller that he must be the man to reveal it, or else she must still appear and haunt him. The miller returned home very sad and heavy, but spoke not one word of what he had seen, but eschewed as much as he could to stay in the mill within night without company thinking thereby to escape the seeing again of that frightful apparition,

But notwithstanding, one night when it began to be dark, the apparition met him again, and seemed very fierce and cruel, and threatened him, that if he did not reveal the murder, she would continually pursue and haunt him, Yet for all this, he still concealed it until St. Thomas-eve, before Christmas, when, being after sun set, walking in his garden, she appeared

again, and then so threatened and affrighted him, that he faithfully promised to reveal it next morning.

In the morning he went to a magistrate, and made the whole matter known, with all the circumstances: and diligent search being made the body was found in a coal pit, with five wounds in the head, and the pick and shoes, and stockings yet bloody, in every circumstance as the apparition had related unto the miller: Whereupon Walker, and Mark Sharpe were both apprehended, but would confess nothing. At the assizes following (I think it was Durham) they were arraigned, found guilty, condemned, and executed, but I could never hear that they confessed the fact. There were some who reported, that the apparition did appear to the judge, or foreman of the jury, (who was alive at Chester-in-the-Street, about ten years ago,) as I have been credibly informed.

Apparition to Captain Henry Bell.

CAPTAIN Henry Bell, in his narrative prefixed to Luther's Table Talk, printed in England in 1652: after having mentioned the mystery and providence of the discovery of it under ground, in Germany, where it had lain hid fifty-two years, relates the following astonishing admonition relating to the translating it into English.

CASPAR VAN SPAR, a german gentleman, having, as before observed, recovered the copy from the worms, desired Captain Bell, with whom he was well acquainted, while he was the agent for King James I. on the continent, to translate it into English, and publish it in London for the advancement of religion; but Captain Bell was always somehow most unaccountably hindered from prosecuting that work in such sort as to bring it to a proper conclusion, being prevented by such intervening business as his public occupation required him to execute.

About six weeks after he had received the German copy, being well in health, and in bed with his wife, between twelve and one of the clock, there appeared to him standing at the side of the bed, an ancient man cloathed in a light coloured habit, and of a most reverend aspect, having a broad and white beard, which hung as low as his girdle, who smiling at him said, in a gentle manner of rebuke, "Will you not take time to translate that book which is sent you out of Germany? If you do not, I will shortly hereafter provide you both time and place to do it;" and then instantly vanished.

This extraordinary vision affrighted him so much that he fell into an extreme sweat; so that his wife awaking, and finding him all over wet, she asked him what he ailed? He then related to her his vision, and the remarkable message attending it. But Captain Bell not paying much attention to the matter afterwards

wards, time wore it off his memory, and he paid no more regard to what he had seen and heard than if it had been a mere dream.

However, he had soon reason to recollect the old man's words, for soon after being at his lodgings in King's street, Westminster, at dinner with his wife, two messengers came from the Council Board, with a warrant to carry him to the Gate house, there to be confined till farther orders from the Lords of the Privy Council. Upon this warrant he was detained ten whole years a close prisoner, whereof he spent five in the translation of the aforementioned work; having good cause to be mindful of the old man's saying, " I will shortly provide for you both time and place to translate it."

This narrative is extracted from the preface of Luther's Table Talk, printed in 1652, and from what Mr. Aubery observes upon the story, which he briefly relates, it appears, that, whatsoever was pretended for the cause of his confinement, yet the true reason of the Captain's commitment was, because he was urgent with the Lord Treasurer for his arrears which amounted to a great sum; he was unwilling to pay, and to be freed from his clamours, hit upon the scheme of holding him in prison.

*The Story of David Hunter, Neat-herd to the bishop of
Down and Connor, at Portmore in Ireland.*

DAVID Hunter, neat herd to the Bishop's house at Portmore, there appeared to him one night, carrying a log of wood into the dairy, an old woman, which amazed him, for he knew her not; but his fright made him throw away his log of wood and run into the house. The next night she appeared again to him, and he could not chuse but follow her all night; and so almost every night for three quarters of a year. Whenever she came, he must go with her through the woods at a good found rate; and the poor fellow looked as if he was bewitched and travelled off his legs. And when in bed with his wife, if she appeared, he must rise and go. And because his wife could not hold him in his bed, she would go too and walk after him till day, though she saw nothing; but his little dog was so well acquainted with the apparition, that he would follow her as well as her master. If a tree stood in her walk he observed her a'ways to go through it. In all this while she spoke not.

But one day the said David going over a hedge, into the highway, she came just against him, and he cried out, " Lord bless me, would I was dead; shall I ne-

" ver be delivered from this misery?" At which, and the Lord bless me too, says she, it was very happy you spoke first, for till then, I had no power to speak, though I have followed you so long. My name, says she, is Margeret——, I lived here before the war, and had one son by my husband: when he died I married a soldier, by whom I had several children, which the former son maintained, else we must all have starved. He lives beyond the Baun-water, pray go to him, and bid him dig under such hearth, and there he shall find twenty eight shillings. Let him pay what I owe in such a place, and the rest to the charge unpaid at my funeral; and go to my son that lives here, which I had by my latter husband, and tell him that he lives a wicked and dissolute life, and is very unnatural and ungrateful to his brother that maintained him; and if he does not mend his life God Almighty will destroy him."

David Hunter told her he never knew her, No, says she, I died seven years before you came into the country; but for all that, if he would do her message, she would never hurt him. But he deferred doing as the apparition bid him, and she appeared the night after as he lay in bed, and struck him on the shoulder very hard; at which he cried out, and asked her if she did not promise she would not hurt him? She said, that was if he did her message, if not, she would kill him. He told her, he could not go now, by reason the waters were out. She said, she was content he should

should stay till they were abated ; but charged him afterwards not to fail her. So he did her errand, and afterwards she appeared and gave him thanks. For now, said she, I shall be at rest, therefore pray you lift me up from the ground, and I will trouble you no more. So David Hunter lifted her up from the ground, and as he said, she felt just like a bag of feathers in his arms. So she vanished, and he heard most delicate music as she went off, over his head, and he never was troubled again.

This account the poor fellow gave us every day as the apparition spoke to him ; and my Lady Conway came to Portmore, where she asked the fellow the same questions and many more. This I know to be true, being all the while with my Lord of Down, and the fellow a poor neat-herd there.

THOMAS ALCOCK.

The following affair made no inconsiderable noise in the North, about the middle of the present [1816] Century, and is still in the memory of many men yet living,

ON the first Sabbath day, in the year 1749, Mr. Lilly, the son of a farmer in the parish of Kelso, in Roxburgshire, a young man intended for the church
of

of Scotland, and who then had made no small progress in literature, remained at home to keep the house, in company with a shepherd's boy, all the rest of the family, except a maid servant, being at sermon. The young student and the boy being sitting by the fire, whilst the girl was gone to the well for some water, a venerable old gentleman, clad in an antique garb, presented himself, and after some little ceremony, desired the student to take up the family bible, which lay on the table, and turn over to a certain chapter and verse in the second book of Kings. The student did so, and read, "there is death in the pot."

On this the old man, with much apparent agitation, pointed to the great family pot boiling on the fire, declaring, that the maid had cast a great quantity of arsenic into it, with intent to poison the whole family, to the end she might rob the house of the hundred guineas which she knew her master had lately taken for sheep and grain, which he had sold. Just as he was so saying, the maid came to the door, announcing her approach by the noise of the nails in her shoe heels. The old gentleman said to the student, remember my warning and save the lives of the family! and that instant disappeared.

The maid entered with a smiling countenance, emptied her pail and returned to the well for a fresh supply. Mean while young Lilly put some oatmeal into a wooden dish, skimmed the pot of the fat and mixed it for what is called brose or croudy, and when the maid returned

he, with the boy, appeared busily employed in eating the mixture. Come Peggy, said the student, here is enough left for you ; are not you fond of croudy ? She smiled, took up the dish, and reaching a horn spoon, withdrew to the back room. The shepherd's dog followed her, unscen by the boy, and the poor animal, on the croudy being put down by the maid, fell a victim to his voracious appetite ; for before the return of the family from church, it was enormously swelled, and expired in great agony.

The student enjoined the boy to remain quite passive for the present, mean while he attempted to shew his ingenuity in resolving the cause of the canine catastrophe into insanity, in order to keep the girl in countenance till a fit opportunity of discovering the plot should present itself.

Soon after his father, mother, brothers, and sisters, with the other servants, returned from church, all very hungry, and eager to sit down round the rustic board.

The table was instantly replenished with wooden bowls and trenchers, while a heap of barley bannocks graced the top. The kail or broth, infused with leeks or winter cabbages, was poured forth in plenty ; and Peggy, with a prodigal hand, filled all the dishes with the homely dainties of Tiviotdale. The master began grace, and all hats and bonnets were instantly off ? " O Lord," prayed the farmer, " we have been hearing thy word, from the mouth of thy aged servant, Mr.

"Ramsay ; we have been alarmed by the awful famine in Samaria, and of death being in the pot." Here the young student interrupted his father, by exclaiming Yes sir, there is death in the pot now here, as well as there was once in Israel ! Touch not ! taste not ! see the dog dead by the poisoned pot !

What ! cried the farmer, have you been raising the devil by your conjuration ? Is this the effect of your study sir ? No, father, said the student, I pretend to no such arts of magic or necromancy, but this day, as the boy can testify, I had a solemn warning from one whom I take to be no demon, but a good angel. To him we all owe our lives. As to Peggy, according to his intimation, she has put poison into the pot for the purpose of destroying the whole family root and branch ! Here the girl fell into a fit, from which being with some trouble recovered, she confessed the whole of her deadly design, and was suffered to withdraw from the family and her native country. She was soon after executed at Newcastle upon Tyne, for the murder of her bastard child, again making ample confession of the above diabolical design.

Second apparition to Mr. Lilly.

ABOUT the beginning of the year 1750, the same young Lilly was one day reading the 20th chapter of

the Revelation of John the Divine ; just as he was entering upon that part which describes the binding the devil a thousand years, after which he was to be loosed a little ; a very venerable old personage appeared at his elbow ; the young man fell on the floor, but quickly arose, and in the name of the Lord, demanded who he was, and the nature of his business ; shall I call thee Satan, the crooked serpent, the devil, Beelzebub, or Lucifer son of the morning ?

Ghost. I am a messenger arisen from the dead, to see or cause justice to be done to thee and thy father : I am the spirit of one of thy ancestors !

Lilly, Art thou the soul of my grandfather, who amidst uncounted riches perished for want of food ?

Ghost Thou art right. Money was my deity, and mammon my master : I heaped up the gold of Ophir, like Solomon ; but possessed none of his wisdom to use it as the blessing of heaven.

Lilly, I have frequently heard my father mention you, as a sordid, avaricious, miserable man. How did you dispose of the immense riches which you are said to have accumulated by so much toil, drudgery, and self mortification ?

Ghost. It is, for the most part, hidden in a field, in the farm of your father, and I intend that you his son, shall be the sole possessor of it, without suffering your father to know from whence your riches originated. Do you not recognize my face since the beginning of the last year ?

Lilly

Lilly. Are you the old gentleman whose timely intelligence saved the lives of all our family ?

Ghost. I am. Therefore think not your father ill-rewarded already,

Lilly. How can I account to him for the immediate accumulation of so much money as you seem to intimate ?

Ghost. Twenty thousand pounds, sterling money!

Lilly. You seem even now in your disembodied state to feel much emotion at the mention of so much money.

Ghost. But now I cannot touch the money of mortals ; else could I quick y wing my unwearied way to to the bank of England or the mines of Mexico. But I cannot stay : follow me to the field, and I will point out the precise place where you are to dig.

Here the apparition stalked forth around the barn yard, and Lilly followed him, dreadless and undismayed, till he came to a field about three furlongs from his father's door, when the ghost stood still on a certain spot, wheeled thrice round, and vanished into air.

This proved to be the precise place where young Lilly and his companions had often devoted to pastime, being a hollow, where stone had formerly been dug from. He lost but little time in consideration, for having procured a pick-axe and a spade, he employed a moonlight evening in search of the treasure, and actually discovered it. However, having made the discovery,

every, and not knowing how to apply it to immediate use, being but nineteen years old, and little acquainted with business, he found himself obliged to tell his mother of the adventure, and she told her sister-in-law, and the whole business came to the knowledge of the farmer himself, who sent his son to the university of Edinburgh settled upon him an handsome fortune; which, with the stipend and glebe, and the manse which he enjoys in the establishment in Scotland, has ever since rendered him respectable, and enabled him to perform many acts of charity in that country, as many can testify to this day.

The pots in which the money, consisting of large pieces of gold and silver, were deposited; are still in the possession of the parson, and have often been shewn as curiosities hardly to be equalled in the south of Scotland.

An awful warning, in a Dream.

SOME time ago a Lady dreamt that a frightful figure appeared at the window of her dining room, which was full of company. Upon her enquiring what it was, they told her it was Death. She begged they would keep him out; but he forced his way in, and pointed his dart at her. She prayed very earnestly

that he might be kept from her; upon which he answered her, She might put him from her for nine days, but then he should return to her and take no denial. Immediately after, she was translated into heaven, where she saw a great company all singing, and very happy. But as she knew not the tune, nor the words, she was very melancholy. At length she sat down in a corner by herself, when an angel came to her, and asked her why she looked so melancholy, as nothing but happiness was there? She replied, because she could not join. He then asked her, how she came there? She answered, she did not know. Upon which he opened a door, and let her down into a most dreadful place which she found to be hell, where she heard such shrieks and cries of the damned, that she awaked.

This was the dream. And it proved that the Lady died on the very day that Death said he would return.

A remarkable Dream.

A COMMON hackney coachman; had a most remarkable dream not long since, which is as follows: He dreamt one saturday evening, that he was out with his coach plying for a fare; and being engaged had

directions given him where to drive. As he was carrying his passengers, he thought he was called to ascend an exceeding steep hill ; and when he reached the summit, he found the declivity of the hill still more troublesome. However, with great difficulty he got down, and as he proceeded he arrived at a pair of great iron gates, wide open. When he had passed them, he found himself in an uncommonly dark and gloomy place in which were vast crowds of people dressed in mourning, all of whom by their countenances, seemed to be in a very pensive frame of mind. Hereupon he stopped and asked one of the persons what place that was ? He answered it was hell. Hell ! (said the coachman) I have had more frightful ideas of hell than this appears to be : if this be hell I shall not be under such fearful apprehensions of hell as formerly. Upon this the person informed him, that hell was not so much outward, as it was inward ; and, as a proof of this, he opened his waistcoat and shewed him his heart, which was in a flame of fire,

This shocked the coachman to a great degree : but the person proceeded to inform him that his case was not singularly shocking ; for all whom he then saw were in the same condition ; (and added) if he would accompany him, he should see worse than that. Here the coachman refused ; and in great confusion and consternation attempted to return ; but, to his surprise the person, in conjunction with others, caught hold of him, and refused to let him go, except he would pro-

wise to come again. After he had used every effort to free himself to no effect, he at last promised, if they would let him go, he would certainly come again at twelve o'clock. Upon this condition they let him depart, and he dove off in haste. When he was got out he awoke in great horror of mind. He then awoke his wife, and related the whole to her; but she treated it with ridicule, and soon went to sleep again. But the poor man slept no more; and in the morning said he was afraid he should die and go to hell; and desired his wife to seek for some man to go out with the coach that day, for he could not; and refused to eat or drink any thing. Hereupon his wife took fire, and used him with rough language; and went among her acquaintance, ridiculing his fancy, and said her husband was going to hell at twelve o'clock. This passed on, and the man got worse in his mind, till the clock struck twelve; when his wife damned him, and said, It is twelve o'clock, and you are not yet gone to hell. With that, he replied, hold your tongue for I am going, and immediately fell down dead. This the person related to the minister, the Rev. Mr. W. who communicated it to me as certain, and subjoined, that the wife was then almost in a state of distraction.

Will's Spiritual Register.



Apparition to a wicked Mother-in-law, and others, to preserve the right Heir from being cut off.

A GENTLEMAN possessed of a very good estate, married a lady of fortune, by whom he had one son and one daughter. After a few years, this lady died. He then married a second wife, tho' of inferior quality and fortune to the former, who took upon her to discourage and discountenance the children he had by his first lady, and made the family very uncomfortable, both to the children and their father also.

The first misunderstanding between the parties, was owing to his eldest son's desire of going abroad, which the mother-in-law would gladly have acquiesced in, for the sake of getting rid of the young gentleman, on any account (as she had children of her own), but did not approve of the father supporting him abroad, as it might be too expensive: The young gentleman not obtaining leave, applied to his own mother's brother, who countenancing him in his design, he set out for his intended journey, contrary to the intention of his father.

What part of the world he travelled into I do not remember; it seems his father constantly had intelligence from him for some time, and had been prevailed on to make him a reasonable allowance for his subsistence.

ence, which the young gentleman always drew bills for, and they were honourably paid; but after some time, the mother-in-law prevailing at home, one of his bills of exchange was refused, and being protested, was sent back without acceptance; upon which he drew no more, nor did he write any more letters, or his father hear more about him for upwards of four years, or thereabouts.

Upon this long silence, the mother-in-law made her advantage several ways: she first intimated to his father that he must needs be dead; and, consequently his estate should be settled upon her eldest son, (for she had several children.) His father withstood the motion very firmly, but the wife harrassed him with her importunities; and she argued upon two points against him, I mean the son.

First, If he was dead, then there was no room to object, her son being heir at law,

Secondly, If he was not dead, his behaviour to his father, in not writing for so long a time, was inexcusable, and he ought to resent it, and settle the estate as if he were dead; that nothing could be more disobedient, and his father ought to depend upon it that he was actually dead, and treat him as if he was so; for he that would use a father so, should be taken for one dead, as to his filial relation, and be treated accordingly.

His father however stood out for a long time, and told her, that he could not answer it to his conscience;

for that there might happen many things in the world which might render his son unable to write; that he might be taken by the Turks, and carried into slavery; or he might be among the Persians or Arabians (which it seems was the case) and so could not get any letters conveyed; and that he could not be satisfied to disinherit him, till he knew whether he had reason for it, or whether his son had offended him or not.

These answers, however just, were far from stopping her importunities, which she carried on so far, that she was perpetually teasing him and the gentleman was so wearied out with it, that once or twice he came to a kind of consent to do it; but his heart failing him he as often relented.

However, her restless solicitations at last produced this conditional agreement; that if he did not hear from his son within four years, he would consent to a resettling the estate.

She was not well satisfied with this conditional agreement, but being able to obtain no other, was obliged to accept of it as it was; though, as she often told him, she was far from being satisfied with it as to time.

He grew angry at her telling him so, and answered that she ought to be very well satisfied with it, for that it was time little enough, as his son's circumstances might happen to be.

Well, she teased him however so continually, that at last she brought him down to one year; but before

she brought him to that, she told him one day in a heat, that she hoped his ghost would one time or other appear to him, and tell him, that he was dead, and that he ought to do justice to his other children, for he should never come to claim the estate.

When he came, so much against his will, to consent to shorten the time to one year, he told her, that he hoped his son's ghost, though he was not dead, would come to her, and tell her he was alive, before the time, expired ; for why, says he, may not injured souls walk while embodied, as well as afterwards ?

It happened one evening after this, that they had a most violent family quarrel upon this subject, when on a sudden a hand appeared at a casement, endeavouring to open it ; but as all the iron casements, used in former times, opened outward, but hasped or fastened themselves in the inside ; so the hand seemed to try to open the casement, but could not. The gentleman did not see it but his wife did, and she started up as if she was frightened ; and, forgetting the quarrel they had upon their hands, Lord bless me ! says she, there are thieves in the garden. Her husband ran immediately to the door of the room they sat in, and opening it, looked out.

There's nobody in the garden, says he ; so he shut the door again, and came back.

I am sure, says she, I saw a man there.

It must be the devil then, says he ; for I'm sure theres nobody in the garden.

I'll swear, says she I saw a man put his hand up to open

open the casement; but finding it fast, and I suppose adds she, seeing us in the room, he walked off.

It is impossible he could be gone, says he; did not I run to the door immediately? and you know the garden walls on both sides hinder him from escaping.

Prythe, says she angrily, I am not drunk, nor in a dream; I know a man when I see him, and it is not dark, the sun is not quite down.

You are only frightened with shadows, says he, very full of ill nature; folks generally are so that are haunted with an evil conscience; it may be twas the devil.

No, no, I'm not soonfrightened, says she, if twas the devil, twas the ghost of your son; who perhaps may be come to tell you he was gone to the devil, and you might give your estate to your eldest bastard, since you wont settle it on the lawful heir.

If it was my son, says he, he is come to tell us he is alive, I warrant you; and to ask how you can be so much a devil to desire me to disinherit him; and with these words, "Alexander," says he aloud, repeating it twice, and starting up out of his chair, if you are alive, shew yourself, and dont let me be insulted thus every day with your being dead.

At those very words, the casement which the hand had been seen at by the mother, opened of itself, and his son Alexander looked in with a full face, and staring directly upon the mother with an angry countenance,

cried out, here ; and then vanished in a moment.

The woman, who was so spirited before, shrieked out in a most dismal manner, so as to alarm the whole house ; her maid ran into the parlour, to see what was the matter ; but her mistress had fainted away in her chair.

Her husband ran immediately from the parlour into the garden, and from thence to two other doors which opened out of his garden, one into the stable-yard, and another into the field beyond the garden, but found them all fast shut and barred ; returning into the garden, he found his gardener and a boy drawing a rolling-stone : he asked them if any body else had been in the garden, but they both solemnly affirmed, that no body had been there ; and they were both rolling a gravel walk near the house.

Upon this, he came into the room, sat him down again, and said not one word for a good while ; the woman and servants being busy all the while ; and in a hurry, endeavouring to recover his wife.

After some time she came to herself so far as to speak, and the first words she said were,

Lord bless me ! what was it ?

Nay, says her husband, 'twas Alexander to be sure.

With that she fell into a fit, and screamed and shrieked out again most terribly.

Her husband, not thinking that would have affected her, did what he could to persuade her out of it again, but that would not do ; and they were obliged to call

ry her to bed, and get some help to her ; but she continued very ill for several days after.

However, this put an end for some considerable time to her solicitations about his disinheriting her son-in-law.

But time, that hardens the mind in cases of a worse nature, wore this off also by degrees, and she began to revive the old cause again, though not at first so eagerly as before.

Nay, he used her a little severely upon it too, and if ever they had any words about it, he would bid her hold her tongue ; or that, if she talked any more upon the subject, he would call Alexander again to open the casement.

This aggravated things much ; and though it terrified her a great while, yet at length she was so exasperated, that she told him she believed he dealt with the devil, and that he had sold himself to the devil, only to be able to frighten his wife.

He jested with her, and told her, any man would be beholden to the devil to hush a noisy woman, and that he was very glad he had found a way to do it, whatever it cost him.

She was so exasperated at this, that she threatened him, if he played any more of his hellish arts with her she would have him indicted for a wizard, and having a familiar spirit ; and she could prove it, she said, plain enough ; for that he had raised the devil on purpose to frighten his wife.

The fray parted that night with ill words, and ill nature enough: but he little thought she intended as she said, and the next day he had forgot it all, and was as good humoured as if nothing had happened.

But he found his wife chagrined and disturbed very much, full of resentment, and threatening him with what she resolved to do.

However, he little thought she intended him the mischief she had in her head, and offered to talk friendly to her, but she rejected it with scorn, and told him she would be as good as her word; for she would not live with a man that should bring the devil into the room whenever he thought proper, in order to murder his wife.

He strove to pacify her by fair words, but she told him she was in earnest with him; and in a word she was in earnest, for she went away to a justice, and made an affidavit that her husband had a familiar spirit, and that she went in danger of her life, so obtained a warrant to apprehend him.

In short she brought home a warrant, shewed it her husband, and told him, she had not given it into the hands of an officer, because he should have the liberty to go voluntarily before the justice of the peace; and if he thought fit to let her know when he would be ready, she would be so too, and would get some of her own friends to go along with her.

He was surprized at this, for he little thought she had been in earnest with him, and endeavoured to pacify her by all possible means; she did this to frighten

him, and so indeed she had ; for though the thing had nothing in it of guilt, but he found it might expose him very much, and being loth to have such a thing brought upon the stage against him, he used all the intreaties with her that he was able and begged her not to do it.

But the more he humbled himself, the more she triumphed over him, and carrying things to an unsufferable height of insolence, she told him at last, she would make him do justice, as she called it, that she was sure she could have him punished, if he continued obstinate, and she would not be exposed to witchcraft and forcery, for she did not know to what length he might carry it.

To bring the story to a conclusion ; she got the better of him to such a degree, that he offered to refer the thing to indifferent persons, friends on both sides ; and they met several times, but could bring it to no conclusion. His friends said, there was nothing in it, and they would not have him comply with any thing upon the pretence of it ; that he called for his son, and somebody opened the casement and cried *Here* ; that there was not the least evidence of witchcraft in that, and insisted that she could make nothing of it.

Her friends carried it high, instructed by her. She offered to swear, that he had threatened her before with his son's ghost ; that now he had visibly raised a spectre, for that calling upon his son, who was dead

to be sure, the ghost immediately appeared; that he could not have called on the devil thus to personate his son, if he had not dealt with the devil himself, and had a familiar spirit, and that this was of dangerous consequence to her.

Upon the whole, the man wanted courage to stand it, and was afraid of being exposed; so that he was grievously perplexed, and knew not what to do.

When she found him humbled as much as she could desire, she told him, if he would do her justice, as she called it, (that is to say, settle his estate upon her son) she would put it up, on condition that he would promise to frighten her no more with raising the devil.

That part of the proposal exasperated him again, and he upbraided her with the slander of it, and told her he defy'd her, and she might do her worst.

Thus it broke off all treaty, and she began to threaten him again; however at length she brought him to comply, and he gave a writing under his hand to her, some of her friends being by, promising that he would comply, if his son did not arrive or send an account of himself, within four months.

She was satisfied with this, and they were all made friends again, and accordingly he gave her the writing; but when he delivered it to her, in the presence of her two arbitrators, he took the liberty to say to her, with a grave and solemn kind of speech.

"Look you, you have worried me into this agree-

ment by your fiery temper, and I have signed it against justice, conscience, and reason; but depend upon it I shall never perform it."

One of the arbitrators said, Why, sir, this is doing nothing; for if you resolve not to perform it, what signifies the writing? Why do you promise what you do not intend shall be done? This will but kindle a new flame to begin with, when the time fixed expires.

Why, says he, I am satisfied in my mind, that my son is alive,

Come, come, says his wife, speaking to the gentleman that had argued with her husband, let him sign the agreement, and let me alone to make him perform the conditions.

Well, says the husband, you shall have the writing, and you shall be let alone, but I am satisfied you will never ask me to perform it; and yet I am no wizard, adds he, as you have wickedly suggested.

She replied, that she would prove that he dealt with the devil, for that he raised an evil spirit by only calling his son by his name, and so began to tell the story of the band and the casement.

Come, says the husband to the gentleman that was her friend, give me the pen, I never dealt with but one devil in my life, and there it sits, turning to his wife, and now I have made an agreement with her, that none but the devil would desire any man to sign, and I will sign it: I say give me the pen; but she, nor all

the devils in hell will ever be able to get it executed, remember I say so.

She began to open at him : and so a new flame would have been kindled, had not the gentlemen moderated between them ; and her husband setting his hand to the writing, put an end to the fray for that time.

At the end of four months, she challenged the performance ; accordingly a day was appointed, and her two friends, that had been the arbitrators, were invited to dinner upon this occasion, believing that her husband would have executed the deeds ; and accordingly the writings were all brought forth, engrossed, and read over ; and some old writings which at her marriage were signed by her trustees, in order to her quitting some part of the estate to her son, were also brought to be cancelled. The husband being brought over, by fair means or foul, I know not whether, to be in a humour for peace sake to execute the deeds, and disinherit his son ; alledging that, if indeed he was dead it was no wrong to him, and if he was alive, he was very unkind and undutiful to his father in not letting him hear from him in all that time.

Besides, it was urged, that if he should at any time afterwards appear to be alive, his father (who had very much increased, it seems, in his wealth) was able to give him another fortune, and to make him a just satisfaction for the loss he should sustain by the paternal estate.

Upon these considerations, I say, they had brought over the poor low spirited husband to be almost willing to comply; or at least, willing or unwilling, it was to be done, and (as above) they met accordingly.

When they had discoursed upon all the particulars, and (as above) the new deeds were read over, she or her husband took up the old writings to cancel them; I think the story says, it was the wife, not her husband; that was just going to tear off the seal, when on a sudden they heard a rushing noise in the parlour where they sat, as if somebody had come in at the door of the room which opened from the hall, and went through the room towards the garden door, which was shut.

They were all surprised at it, for it was very distinct, but they saw nothing. The woman turned pale, and was in a terrible fright; however, as nothing was seen, she recovered a little, and began to ruffle her husband again.

What, says she, have you laid your plot to bring up more devils again?

The man sat composed though he was under no little surprize too,

One of the gentlemen said to him, What is the meaning of all this?

I protest, Sir, says he, I know no more of it, than you do-

What can it be then? said the other gentleman.

I cannot conceive, says he, for I am utterly unacquainted with such things.

Have you heard nothing from your son? says the gentleman.

Not one word, says the father, no, not the least word these five years.

Have you wrote nothing to him says the gentleman, about this transaction?

Not a word, says he, for I know not where to direct a letter to him,

Sir, says the gentleman, I have heard much of apparitions, but I never saw any in my life, nor did I ever believe there was any thing of reality in them; and indeed I saw nothing now: but the passing of somebody, or spirit, or something, cross the room just now, is plain; I heard it distinctly. I believe there is some unseen thing in the room, as much as if I saw it.

Nay, says the other arbitrator, I felt the wind of it as it passed by me. Pray, adds he, turning to the husband, do you see nothing yourself?

No, upon my word, says he not the least appearance in the world.

I have been told, says the first arbitrator, and have read, that an apparition may be seen by some people, and be invisible to others, though all in the same room together.

However, the husband solemnly protested to them all, that he saw nothing.

Pray, Sir, says the first arbitrator. have you seen any

any thing at any other time, or heard any voices or noises, or had any dreams about this matter?

Indeed, says he, I have several times dreamt my son was alive, and that I had spoken with him; and once that I asked him, why he was so undutiful, and slighted me so, as not to let me hear from him in so many years, seeing he knew that I had it in my power to disinherit him.

Well, Sir, and what answer did he give?

I never dreamed so far on as to have him answer; it always waked me.

And what do you think of it yourself, says the arbitrator, do you think he his dead?

No, indeed, says the father, I do believe in my conscience he is alive, as much as I believe I am alive myself, and I am going to do as wicked a thing of the kind as ever any man did.

Truly, says the second arbitrator, it begins to shock me; I don't know what to say to it; I don't care to meddle any more with it; I don't like driving men to act against their consciences.

With this the wife, who as I said before, having a little recovered her spirits, and especially encouraged because she saw nothing, started up; What's all this discourse to the purpose, says she, is it not already agreed upon? what do we come here for?

Nay, says the first arbitrator, I think we meet now not to enquire why it is done; but to execute things according

according to agreement, and what are we frightened at?

I am not frightened says the wife, not I, come says she to her husband haughtily, sign the deed, I'll cancel the old writings, if forty devils were in the room; and with that she takes up one of the deeds, and went to tear off the seal.

That moment the same casement flew open again, though it was fast in the inside, just as it was before; and the shadow of a body was seen, as standing in the garden without, and the head reaching up to the casement, the face looking into the room, and staring directly at the woman with a stern and an angry countenance: *Hold*, said the spectre, as if speaking to the woman, and immediately clap'd the casement to again, and vanished,

It is imposible to describe here the consternation this second apparition put the whole company into; the wife who was so bold just before, that she would do it though forty devils were in the room. screamed out, fell into fits, and let the writing fall out of her hands: The two arbitrators were exceedingly terrified, but not so much as the rest; but one of them took up the award which they had signed, in which they awarded the husband to execute the deed, to dispose of the estate from the son.

I dare say, said he, be the spirit a good spirit or a bad one, it will not be against cancelling this; so he tore his name out of the award, so did the other by his example,

example, and both of them got up from their seats, and said they would have no more to do in it.

But that which was most unexpected of all was, that the man himself was so frightened, that he fainted away; notwithstanding it was, as it might be said, in his favour.

This put an end to the whole affair at that time; and, as I understand by the sequel, it did so for ever.

The story has many particulars more in it, too long to trouble the reader with, but two particulars, which are to the purpose, I must not omit, viz.

That in about four or five months more after the second apparition, the man's son arrived from the East-Indies, whither he had gone four years before in a Portuguese ship from Lisbon. That upon being particularly enquired of about these things, and especially whether he had not knowledge of them, or any apparition to him, or other extraordinary intimation concerning what was machinating against him here at home; he constantly affirmed that he had not, only that he once dreamt his father had written him a very angry letter, threatening him, that if he did not come home, he would disinherit him, and cut him off with a single shilling. This he added, had a great impression upon him and gave him serious cause of thoughtfulness, and was one of the principal reasons of his desire to return to England by the first opportunity.

This story is taken from Moreton's History of Apparitions.

Murder discovered by a Dream.

IN the year 1690 a man in Ireland dreamt that he was riding out with a relation of his, who lived at Amesbury in Wiltshire on the downs near that town; and that his relation was robbed and murdered by two men, whose persons and dress he perfectly remembered. His dream was so strong, that he wrote to his cousin at Amesbury, begging him not to ride late, and then related the dream he had had concerning him. The man received the letter, but laughed at the caution: and the next night on the very spot therein mentioned, he was both robbed and murdered. His wife extremely afflicted for his loss, shewed this letter to her friends; and, from the exact description of the murderers, they were taken up, separately confined, and by their equivocal and contradictory answers, some of the murdered man's things being also found upon them, they were convicted, and hanged in chains on the spot where the murder was committed.

The Warning observed.

MONSIEUR Calignan, chancellor of Navarre, was esteemed a man of singular virtue. Being at Berne, one night as he lay asleep, he heard a voice which called him by his name, Calignan ! Awaking, and hearing no more of it, he imagined it was only a dream, and fell asleep again. A little after he heard the same voice, calling him in the same manner. This made a greater impression on him than the former; so that being awaked, he called his wife, who was with him, and told her what had happened. They both lay waking for some time expecting to hear it a third time. At length they went to sleep together, when the voice awaked him again, calling him by his name, and advising him to retire immediately out of the town, and to remove his family, for that the plague would rage horribly in that place within a few days. He followed the direction, and, within a few days after, the plague began in the town, and destroyed a great number of people.

A Singular Dream.

WHEN the celebrated Dr. Harvey, being a young man, went to travel towards Padua, he went to Dover with several others, and shewed his pass, as the rest did to the Governor there. The Governor told him, that he must not go, but he must keep him prisoner. The Doctor desired to know for what reason, and what he had done amiss. He said it was his will to have it so. The packet boat hoisted sail in the evening, which was very clear, and the Doctor's companions in it. A terrible storm ensued, and the packet boat, with all the passengers, were cast away. The next day the melancholy news was brought to Dover. The Governor was a total stranger to Dr. Harvey, but by name and face; only the night before, he had a perfect vision, in a dream, of Dr. Harvey, who came to pass over to Calais; and an order to stop him.— This the Governor told the Doctor the next day, and the Doctor told the story again to several of his friends in London,

Dr.

A Vision seen by Dr. Donne.

DOCTOR Donne and his wife lived for some time in London with Sir Robert Drury. Sir Robert, having occasion to go to Paris took the Doctor along with him, whose wife was left big with child at Sir Robert's house. Two days after their arrival at Paris, Dr. Donne was left alone in the room where Sir Robert and he, and some other friends had dined together. Sir Robert returned in half an hour, and as he had left, so he found the Doctor alone; but in such an ecstasy, and so altered in his looks, as amazed Sir Robert to behold.—He enquired the cause; and after some time the Doctor told him he had seen a dreadful vision. I have seen says he, my dear wife pass twice by me, through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms. A messenger was immediately dispatched to England, to enquire after Mrs. Donne, and it appeared, that she had been brought to bed of a dead child, after a long and dangerous labour, about the very hour that Dr. Donne affirmed he saw her pass by him in his chamber at Paris.

The

The following narrative, is taken from the Rev. Mr. Wesley's Journal.

MAY 25, 1768, and the two following days, being at Sunderland, I took down from one who had feared God from her infancy, one of the strangest accounts I ever read. And yet I can find no pretence to disbelieve it. The well-known character of the person, excludes all suspicion of fraud. And the nature of the circumstances themselves, excludes the possibility of a delusion.

It is true there are several of them, which I do not comprehend. But this is with me a very slender objection. For what is it which I do comprehend, even of the things I see daily? Truly not

“The smallest grain of sand or spire of grass.”

I know not how the one grows, or how the particles of the other cohere together. What pretence have I then to deny well attested facts, because I cannot comprehend them?

It is true likewise, that the English in general, and indeed most of the men of learning in Europe, have given up all accounts of witches and apparitions, as mere old wives fables. I am sorry for it: and I will-

ingly take this opportunity of entering my solemn protest, against this violent compliment, which so many that believe the bible pay, to those who do not believe it. I owe them no such service. I take knowledge, these are at the bottom of the outcry which has been raised, and with such insolence spread throughout the nation, in direct opposition not only to the bible, but to the suffrage of the wisest and best of men in all ages and nations. They well know, (whether Christians know it or not) that the giving up witchcraft, is in effect, giving up the bible. And they know on the other hand, that if but one account of the intercourse of men with separate spirits be admitted, their whole castle in the air, (deism, atheism, materialism) falls to the ground. I know no reason therefore, why we should suffer even this weapon to be wrested out of our hands. Indeed there are numerous arguments besides; which abundantly confute their vain imaginations. But we need not be hooted out of one: neither reason nor religion require this.

One of the capital objections to all these accounts which I have known urged over and over is this, "Did you ever see an apparition yourself?" No: nor did I ever see a murder. Yet I believe there is such a thing: yea, and that in one place or another murder is committed every day. Therefore I cannot as a reasonable man deny the fact; although I never saw it, and perhaps

haps never may. The testimony of unexceptionable witnesses fully convinces me both of the one and the other.

But to set this aside, it has been confidently alledged, that many of these have seen their error, and have been clearly convinced, that the supposed preternatural operation was the mere contrivance of artful men. The famous instance of this, which has been spread far and wide, was the drumming in Mr. Mompesson's house at Tedworth; who it was said acknowledged, "It was all a trick, and that he had found out the whole contrivance." Not so. My eldest brother then at Christ Church, Oxon, enquired of Mr. Mompesson his fellow collegian, "whether his father had acknowledged this or not?" He answered, "The resort of gentlemen to my father's house, was so great, he could not bear the expence. He therefore took no pains to confute the report that he had found out the cheat: although he, and I, and all the family knew, the account which was published to be punctually true."

This premised, I proceed to as remarkable a narrative as any that has fallen under my notice. The reader may believe it if he pleases: or may disbelieve it, without any offence to me. Mean time let him not be offended if I believe it, till I see better reason to the contrary.

Elizabeth Hobson was born in Sunderland, in the
year

year 1744. Her father dying when she was three or four years old, her uncle, Thomas Rea, a pious man brought her up as his own daughter. She was serious from a child, and grew up in the fear of God. Yet she had deep and sharp convictions of sin, till she was about sixteen years of age, when she found peace with God, and from that time the whole tenor of her behaviour was suitable to her profession.

On Wednesday, May the 25, 1768, and the three following days, I talked with her at large. But it was with great difficulty I prevailed on her to speak. The substance of what she said was as follows:

From my childhood, when any of our neighbours died, whether men, women, or children, I used to see them either just when they died or a little before. And I was not frightened at all it was so common. Indeed many times I did not then know they were dead. I saw many of them by day, many by night. Those that came when it was dark, brought light with them. I observed all little children and many grown persons had a bright, glorious light round them. But many had a gloomy dismal light, and a dusky cloud over them.

When I told my uncle this he did not seem to be at all surprized at it. But at several times he said, "Be not afraid: only take care to fear and serve God. As long as he is on your side, none will be able to hurt you." At other times he said, (dropping a word

word now and then, but seldom answering me any questions about it) "Evil spirits very seldom appear," but between eleven at night and two in the morning. "But after they have appeared to a person a year, they frequently come in the day time. Whatever spirits, good or bad, come in the day, they come at sun-rise, at noon, or at sun-set."

When I was between twelve and thirteen, my uncle had a lodger, who was a very wicked man. One night as I was sitting in my chamber, about half hour after ten, having by accident put out my candle, when he came in, all over in a flame. I cried out, "William why do you come in so to fright me?" He said nothing, but went away. I went after him into his room: but found he was fast asleep in bed. A day or two after he fell ill, and within a week died in raging despair.

I was between fourteen and fifteen, when I went very early one morning to fetch up the kine. I had two fields to cross into a low ground which was said to be haunted. Many persons had been frightened there: and I had myself often seen men and women, (so many, at times, that they are out of count) go just by me and vanish away. This morning, as I came towards it, I heard a confused noise, as of many people quarrelling. But I did not mind it, and went on, till I came near the gate. I then saw on the other side a young man drest

dress in purple, who said, " It is too early : Go back " from whence you came. The Lord be with you. " and bless you." And presently he was gone.

When I was about sixteen, my uncle fell ill, and grew worse and worse for three months. One day, having been sent out on an errand, I was coming home through a lane, when I saw him in the field coming swiftly towards me. I ran to meet him; but he was gone. When I came home I found him calling for me. As soon as I came to his bed side, he clasped his arms round my neck; and bursting into tears earnestly exhorted me, to continue in the ways of God, kept his hold, till he sunk down and died; and even then they could hardly unclasp his fingers. I would fain have died with him, and wished to be buried with him, dead or alive.

From that time I was crying from morning to night, and praying that I might see him. I grew weaker and weaker, till one morning about one o'clock, as I was lying crying as usual, I heard some noise, and rising up, saw him come to the bed side. He looked much displeased, shook his head at me, and in a minute or two went away.

About a week after I took my bed and grew worse and worse, till in six or seven days my life was despaired of. Then about eleven at night, my uncle came in, looked well pleased, and sat down on the bed side, He came every night after at the same time, and stayed till cock-

cock-crowing. I was exceeding glad, and kept my eyes fixt upon him, all the time he stayed. If I wanted drink or any thing, though I did not speak or stir he fetched it, and set it on the chair by the bed side. Indeed I could not speak; many times I strove but could not move my tongue. Every morning when he went away he waved his hand to me, and I heard delightful music, as if many persons were singing together.

In about six weeks I grew better. I was then musing one night, whether I did well in desiring he might come? And I was praying that God would do his own will, when he came in, and stood by the bedside. But he was not in his usual dress: he had on a white robe which reached down to his feet. He looked quite well pleased. About one there stood by him a person in white, taller than him and exceeding beautiful. He came with the singing as of many voices, and continued till near cock crowing. Then my uncle smiled and waved his hand towards me twice or thrice. They went away with inexpressible sweet music, and I saw him no more.

In a year after this a young man courted me, and in some months we agreed to be married. But he proposed to take another voyage first, and one evening went aboard his ship. About eleven o'clock going to look for my mother, I saw him standing at his mother's

door

door with his hands in his pockets, and his hat pulled over his eyes. I went to him and reached my hand to put up his hat. But he went swiftly by me, and I saw the wall on the other side of the lane part as he went through, and then immediately close after him. At ten the next morning he died.

A few days after John Simpson one of our neighbours, a man that truly feared God, and one with whom I was particularly acquainted, went to sea as usual. He sailed out on a Tuesday. The Friday night following, between eleven and twelve o'clock, I heard one walking in my room, and every step sounded, as he was stepping in water. He then came to the bed side in his sea jacket all wet, and stretched his hand over me. Three drops of water fell on my breast, and felt as cold as ice. I strove to wake his wife, who lay with me; but I could not, any more than if she was dead. Afterwards I heard, he was cast away that night. In less than a minute he went away. But he came to me every night, for six or seven nights following, between eleven and two. Before he came and when he went away, I always heard sweet music. Afterwards he came both day and night: every night about twelve with the music at his coming and going, and every day at sun-rise, noon, and sun-set. He came whatever company I was in; at church, in the preaching-house, at my class: and was always just before me, changing his posture as I changed mine. When I sat he sat; when

I kneeled he kneeled ; when I stood he stood likewise. I would fain have spoke to him, but I could not ; when I tried, my heart sunk within me : mean time it affected the more and more, so that I lost both my stomach, my colour, and my strength. This continued ten weeks, while I pined away not daring to tell any one. At last he came four or five nights without any music, and looked exceeding sad. On the fifth night he drew the curtains of the bed violently to and fro ; still looking wishfully at me, and as one quite distressed. This he did two nights. On the third, I lay down about eleven, on the side of the bed. I quickly saw him walking up and down the room. Being resolved to speak to him, but unwilling any should hear, I rose and went up into the garret. When I opened the door, I saw him walking toward me, and shrunk back ; on which he stopped and stood at a distance. I said " In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, what is your business with me ? " He answered, " Betsy, God forgive you, for keeping me so long from my rest. Have you forgot what you promised before I went to sea ? To look to my children, if I was drowned ? You must stand to your word or I cannot rest." I said, " I wish I was dead : " He said, " say not so. You have more to go through before then. And yet, if you knew as much as I do, you would not care how soon you died. You may bring the children

“ children on in their learning while they live; they
 “ have but a short time.” I said. “ I will take all the
 “ care I can.” He added, “ Your brother has wrote
 “ for you, to come to Jamaica : But if you go it will
 “ hurt your soul. You have also thoughts of altering
 “ your condition : but if you marry him you think of,
 “ it will draw you from God, and you will neither be
 “ happy here nor hereafter. Keep close to God, and
 “ go on in the way wherein you have been brought
 “ up.” I asked, “ How do you spend your time? He
 answered, “ In songs of praise. But of this you will
 “ know more by and by : for where I am, you will
 “ surely be. I have lost much happiness by coming
 “ to you : And I should not have stayed so long with-
 “ out using other means to make you speak : but the
 “ Lord would not suffer me to fright you. Have you
 “ any thing more to say ? It draws near two, and after
 “ that I cannot stay. I shall only come to you twice
 “ more before the death of my two children. God
 “ bless you.” Immediately I heard such singing, as if
 a thousand voices joined together. He then went down
 stairs and I followed him to the first landing. He
 smiled, and I said “ I desire you will come back.”—
 He stood still till I came to him. I asked him one or
 two questions, which he immediately answered; but
 added, “ I wish you had not called me back ; for now I
 “ must take something from you.” He paused a little

and

“ and said, I think you can best part with the hearing “ of your left ear.” He laid his hand upon it, and in the instant it was deaf as a stone. And it was several years before I recovered the least hearing of it. The cock crowed as he went out of the door: and then the music ceased: The elder of his children died at about three years and a half, the younger, before he was five years old. He appeared before the death of each, but without speaking; after that I saw him no more.

A little before Michaelmas 1763, my brother George, who was a good young man, went to sea. The day after Michaelmas-day, about midnight I saw him standing by my bed side, surrounded with a glorious light, and looking earnestly at me. He was wet all over.— That night the ship in which he sailed, split upon a rock, and all the crew were drowned.

On April 9, 1767, about midnight, I was laying awake, and I saw my brother John standing by my bedside. Just at that time he died in Jamaica.

By his death I became intitled to an house in Sunderland, which was left us by my grandfather, John Hobson, an exceeding wicked man, who was drowned fourteen years ago. I employed an attorney to recover it from my aunts, who kept possession of it. But finding more difficulty than I expected, in the beginning of December I gave it up. Three or four nights after, as I rose from prayer, a little before eleven, I saw him

him standing at a small distance. I cried out, " Lord bless me ! what brings you here ? " He answered " You have given up the house : Mr. Parker advised you so to do : but if you do I shall have no rest. Indeed Mr. Dunn, whom you have hitherto employed, will do nothing for you. Go to Durham ; employ an attorney there, and it will be recovered." His voice was loud, and so hollow and deep, that every word went through me. His lips did not move at all, (nor his eyes) but the sound seemed to rise out of the floor. When he had done speaking, he turned about, and walked out of the room.

In January, as I was sitting on the bedside, a quarter before twelve he came in, stood before me, looked earnestly at me, then walked up and down and stood and looked again. This he did for half an hour ; and thus he came every other night, for about three weeks. All this time he seemed angry, and some times his look was quite horrid and furious. One night as I was sitting up in bed crying, when he came and began to pull off the cloaths. I strove to touch his hand but could not ; on which he shrunk back and smiled.

The next night but one, about twelve, I was again sitting up and crying, when he came and stood at the bedside. As I was looking for an handkerchief he walked to the table, took one up, brought and dropt it upon the bed. After this, he came three or four nights
and

and pulled the cloaths off, throwing them on the other side of the bed.

Two nights after he come as I was sitting on the bedside, and after walking to and fro, snatched the handkerchief from my neck. I fell into a swoon.— When I came to myself he was standing just before me. Presently he came close to me, dropt it on the bed, and went away.

Having had a long illness the year before, having taken much cold by his frequent pulling off the cloaths and being worn out by these appearances. I was now mostly confined to my bed. The next night, soon after eleven, he came again. I asked, "In God's name, why do you torment me thus? You know, it is impossible for me to go to Durham now. But I have a fear that you are not happy, and beg to know, whether you are or not?" He answered, after a little pause, "That is a bold question for you to ask. So far as you knew me to do amiss in my life-time, do you take care to do better." I said, "It is a shocking affair, to live and die after that manner." He replied, "It is no time for reflections now: what is done cannot be undone." I said, "It must be a great happiness to die in the Lord." He said, "Hold your tongue! Hold your tongue! At your peril never mention such a word before me again!" I was frightened and strove to lift up my heart to God. He

gave a shriek, and sunk down at three times, with a loud groan at each time. Just as he disappeared, there was a large flash of fire, and I fainted away.

Three days after, I went to Durham, and put the affair into Mr. Hugill the attorney's hands. The next night, about one, he came in; but on my taking up the bible, he went away. A month after, he came about eleven. I said, "Lord, bless me! What has brought you here again?" He said, "Mr. Hugill has done nothing but write one letter: you must write or go to Durham again. It may be decided in a few days." I asked "Why do not you go to my aunts, who keep me out of it?" He answered, "I have no power to go to them. And they cannot bear it. If I could, I would go to them, were it only to warn them: for I doubt, where I am, I shall get too many to bear me company." He added, "Take care: there is mischief laid in Peggy's hands; she will strive to meet you coming from your class. I do not speak to hinder you from going to it, but that you may be cautious. Let some one go with you and come back with you; though whether you will escape or no, I cannot tell." I said, "She can do no more than God will let her." He answered, "We have all too little to do with him. Mention that word no more. As soon as this is decided meet me at Boylston hill, between twelve and one at night." I said, "That

“ That is a lone place for a woman to go to at that
 “ time of night. I am willing to meet you at the
 “ Ballast hills, or in the church-yard:” He said,—
 “ That will not do. But what are you afraid of?”
 I answered, “ I am not afraid of you, but of rude men.”
 He said, “ I will set you safe, both thither and back
 “ again:” I asked, “ May I not bring a minister
 “ with me?” He replied, “ Are you thereabouts?”
 “ I will not be seen by any but you. You have
 “ plagued me sore enough already. If you bring any
 “ with you, take what follows:”

From this time he appeared every night, between
 eleven and two: If I put out the fire and candle, in
 hopes I should not see him, it did not avail: For as
 soon as he came, all the room was light; but with a
 dismal light, like flaming brimstone: But when ever I
 took up the bible, or kneeled down, yes, or prayed in
 my heart, he was gone:

On thursday May 12, he came about eleven, as I
 was sitting by the fire. I asked, “ In God’s name
 “ what do you want?” He said, “ You must either
 “ go or write to Durham. I cannot stay from you,
 “ ‘till this is decided: and I cannot stay where I am.”
 When he went away, I fell into a violent passion of
 crying, seeing no end of my trouble. In this agony I
 continued till after one and then fell into a fit. About
 two I came to myself, and saw standing at the bedside

one in a white robe, which reached down to his feet. I cried, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—" He said, "The Lord is with you. I am come to comfort you. What cause have you to complain and murmur thus? Why do you mourn thus for your friends? Pray for them, and leave them to God. Arise and pray." I said, "I can pray none." He said, "But God will help you: only keep close to God; you are backward likewise in praying with others, and afraid to receive the Lord's supper. Break through that backwardness and that fear. The Lord bless you and be ever with you!" As he went away, I heard many voices singing Hallelujah, with such melody as I never heard before. All my trouble was gone, and I wanted nothing but to fly away with them.

Sat. 28. About twelve, my grandfather stood at the bedside. I said, "In Gods name what do you want?" He said, "You do not make an end of this thing: get it decided as soon as possible. My coming is as uneasy to myself, as it can be to you." Before he came there was a strong smell of burning, and the room was full of smoak, which got into my eyes, and almost blinded me for some time after.

Wednesday, July 21. About sunset, I was coming up stairs at Mrs. Knot's and I saw him coming towards me out of the opposite room. He went close by me

on

on the stair-head. Before I saw him, I smelt a strong smell of burning: and so did miss Hosmer. It got into my throat and almost stifled me. I sat down and fainted away.

On Friday, July the third. I was sitting at dinner, when I thought I heard one coming along the passage. I looked about, and saw my aunt, Margaret Scot of Newcastle, standing at my back. On Saturday I had a letter informing me, that she died on that day.

Thus far Elizabeth Hobson.

On Sunday, July 10, I received the following letter from a friend to whom I had recommended her,

“ Sunderland, 6 July, 1768:

“ I wrote you word before, that Elizabeth Hobson, was put into possession of the house. The same night her old visitant, who had not troubled her for some time came again and said: “ You must meet me at Boyldon hill, on thursday night a little before twelve You will see many appearances, who will call you to come to them: but do not stir, neither give them any answer. A quarter after twelve, I shall come and call you; but still do not answer nor stir. She said, “ It is an hardship upon me for you to desire me to meet you there. Why cannot you take your leave now? He answered it is for your good that I desire it. I can take my leave of you now. But if I do I must take something from you which you would not like to part with.”

She said, " May not a few friends come with me ?" He said, " they may ; but they must not be present when I come."

That night, twelve of us met at Mr. Davison's and spent some time in prayer. God was with us of a truth. Then six of us went with her to the place, leaving the rest to pray for us. We came thither a little before twelve, and then stood at a small distance from her. It being a fine night, we kept her in our sight, and spent the time in prayer. She stood there 'till a few minutes after one. When we saw her move, we went to meet her. She said, " Thank God it is all over and done. I found every thing as he told me. I saw many appearances, who called me to them ; but I did not answer or stir. Then he came and called me at a distance ; but I took no notice. Soon after he came up to me and said, " You are come well fortified." He then gave her the reason, why he required her to meet him at that place ; and why he could take his leave there, and not in the house, without taking something from her. But withal he charged her to tell this to no one ; adding, " If you disclose this to any creature, I shall be under a necessity, of troubling you as long as you live. If you do not, I shall never trouble you, nor see you any more, either in time or eternity." He then bid her farewell, waved his hand, and disappeared.

Bishop Hall's Account of a remarkable Dream.

IN my youth, when I was at Cambridge, my brother Henry lying with me, early one morning I dreamed that my mother passed by with a sad countenance and told me, That she would not come to my Commencement, (having promised at that time to come to Cambridge.) When I related this dream to my brother (both of us waking together in a sweat) he protested he had dreamed the very same. The next Carrier brought us word of our mother's death.

How can this be accounted for on merely rational principles?

A Remarkable Anecdote.

IN the Duke of Sully's Memoirs, book the tenth, there is a very remarkable account concerning the lady of the Constable of France, then (in the year 1599) in the flower of her age and supposed to be one of the most beautiful women in Europe. The account was given by several ladies who were then at her house

house. She was conversing cheerfully with them in her closet, when one of her women came in who, seemed to be under great emotion, and said, " My lady, a gentleman is just entered your anti-chamber, who is very tall, and quite black, and desires to speak with you. He says it is about affairs of great consequence, which he cannot communicate to any but you." At every circumstance relating to this extraordinary courier, which the woman was ordered to describe minutely, the lady was seen to turn pale, and was so oppressed with horror, that she was hardly able to tell her woman, to entreat the gentleman, in her name, to defer his visit to another time. This message she delivered; but he answered in a tone which filled her with astonishment, " If your lady will not come to me, I will go and seek her in her closet " At last she resolved to go to him; but with all the marks of deep despair. In a short time she returned to her company, bathed in tears and half dead with dismay. She was able only to speak a few words to take leave of them; particularly the three ladies who were her friends, and to assure them she should never see them more. That instant she was seized with exquisite pains: all her beauty was gone. Every feature of her face was changed; and she became a spectacle of horror. At the end of three days she died in the utmost agonies both of body and mind.

“ Of this story (the Duke gravely adds) the wise thought as they ought to think.” Suppose the story be true; suppose it be related just as it occurred (and there is no shadow of reason to imagine the contrary,) all wise men ought to think, that God permitted an evil spirit to put an end to the life of an evil woman.

An Extraordinary Cure.

BISHOP HALL, speaking of the good offices which angels do to God's servants, says, of this kind was that marvellous cure, which was wrought upon a poor cripple, at St. Maderns', in Cornwall: whereof, besides the attestation of many hundreds of neighbours, I took a strict examination in my last visitation.

This man, for sixteen years together, was obliged to walk upon his hands, by reason the sinews of his legs were so contracted.

Upon an admonition in his dream, to wash in a certain well, he was suddenly so restored to his limbs, that I saw him able to walk and get his own maintenance. The name of this cripple was John Trebble.

(And were “ many hundreds of the neighbours,” together with Bishop Hall, deceived in so notorious a

matter of fact ! or did they all join together to palm such a falsehood on the world ! O incredulity ! what ridiculous shifts art thou driven to ! what absurdities wilt thou not believe, rather than own any extraordinary work of God !)

Murder prevented by a Three-fold Dream.

MONDAY, April 2, 1781, I was informed by a person, in an eminent station, of a very uncommon incident.

He had occasion to correct, with a few stripes, a lad that lived with him at Rochester, which he resented so as to leave his place. But sometime after he seemed to repent, humbled himself, and was received again — He now behaved in a most becoming manner, and was doubly diligent in his service.

But his mistress dreamed one night, that this lad was going to cut her throat. And she had a twin-sister, between whom and her there is so strange a sympathy, that if either of them is ill, or particularly affected at any time, the other is so likewise. This sister wrote to her, from another part of the kingdom, that she had dreamed the very same thing. She carried this letter

to

to her father, a gentleman that lives not far off, and was surprised to hear, that he likewise, on the same night, had had a dream to the same effect.

The lad had been observed to come up about noon, into his lady's apartment, with a case knife in his hand : and being asked, why he did so ? he said, he was going into the adjoining room, to scrape the dirt off from his Master's embroidered clothes.

His master now took the lad aside, and examined him strictly. After denying it for a considerable time, it was at length extorted from him, " That he had always remembered, with indignation, his master's severity to him, and that he had fully resolved to be revenged ; but in what particular manner he would not confess." On this he was totally dismissed without delay.

Dr Pordage's Account of several Apparitions made one night to him in his bedchamber : extracted from Lord Chief Justice Hale's Collections of Matters of Fact.

I Judge that God calls me to make a free and open discovery of those wonderful apparitions which were

seen in my family about four years since. And if all that read this, can but receive and judge of it by that rule and principle from which I write, they will be so far from judging me, that they cannot but bless God for his mercy to me ; and the more admire his wonderful works and the greatness of his power.

In August, 1649, there appeared in my bedchamber, about the middle of the night, a spirit in the shape of Everard, with his wearing apparel, band, cuffs, hat, &c. who after drawing the curtain, walked once through the chamber very easily, and disappeared.

That night there was another appearance of one in the form of a giant, with a great sword in his hand without a scabbard, which he flourished against me ; having the figurative similitude of a green tree lying by him.

After this had continued for the space of half an hour, it vanished ; and there succeeded a third appearance, which was very terrible ; being in the shape of a great dragon, which seemed to take up most part of a large room, appearing with great teeth and open jaws, whence he often ejected fire against me, which came with such a magical influence, that it almost struck the breath out of my body, making me fall to the ground.

These three dreadful apparitions were very terrible to nature, and might have hurt me much, had I not been supported in an extraordinary manner : the last of which continued till the day began to dawn, and then disappeared.

Warning of a Murder by a Dream.

A Young gentleman in the city of Dublin, in Ireland, dreamed one night that his sister (who was lately married, and lived at some small distance) had been murdered : and waking, it gave him some uneasiness ; but finding it was only a dream, he went to sleep again, when he dreamed the same thing. Then he got up, put on his night-gown, went to the apartment of an old lady, and told her his dream with great agitation of mind. She smiled at him, and said, she wondered that a gentleman of his understanding should be so troubled about a dream, and bid him go to bed again. He did so ; fell asleep, and dreamed the third time that his sister was murdered. He then got up and dressed himself with all speed, hastened to his sister's house, where he found her cut and mangled in a barbarous manner, by her most cruel husband, a rank papist : it seems they had been disputing about religion. She just lived to speak a few words to her brother, and then expired of her wounds ; and the base villain was quickly apprehended, tried, and hanged for the same.

Now if this gentleman had not been so slow to be-

lieve the Divine warning, and had hastened to his sister's relief at the first dream, in all-probability he had prevented the cruel murder, and saved two lives.

Another Murder discovered by a Dream.

IN the second year of the reign of King James I. one Anne Waters carrying on certain intrigues with a young man in the neighbourhood, and finding their appointments were interrupted by her husband, they agreed to strangle him with a wet napkin, so that the mark might not be perceived; which being done, they buried him under a dunghill near an adjoining cow-house. The man being missed by his neighbours, and the woman artificially dissembling her grief, carried it off so well, that none suspected her in the least of being accessory to death, or of so much as knowing what was become of him, but assisted her enquiries after him.—After a while, conjectures being almost over, one of the inhabitants of the village dreamed, that his neighbour Waters was strangled, and buried under a dunghill near the cow-house; and relating his dream to others, it was resolved the place should be searched with a constable; which being done, Waters's corps was found

found; and some concurring suspicions appearing, the wife was apprehended, and confessing the truth, she was burnt, according to the law in that case provided.

A Dream which saved the Life of an English Gentleman in Flanders.

A Merchant of London, being on the Continent upon business, chanced to meet an old school-fellow, who had turned Roman Catholic, and received priest's orders. This meeting naturally recalled their former affection and friendship, and induced them, regardless of the difference of their sentiments, to spend the evening in a manner the most agreeable and convivial.— This was in French Flanders; and the wine being good, led them insensibly on to a midnight conversation, in which religion became the principal topic.— That, as in but too often the case between persons of different persuasions, was carried beyond all bounds of decency on both sides; and the merchant, who had read many polemical books, got the better of the argument in favour of the reformed religion of his country, which the other had abandoned. The priest appeared to be much chagrined, and his countenance visibly dis-

covered

covered the emotions of his mind. At length, however, appearing to resume his pleasantry and good nature, he invited the merchant to breakfast with him the next morning at a convent, over which he presided.

They then parted in the utmost friendship, and the merchant soon after went to bed, where soon falling asleep, he fell into a dream of the most frightful nature. He thought he entered a den where were ten thousands of hissing serpents, one of which twisting its train round his neck, darted its sting into his bosom. The dread of this instantly awaked him, and caused him to start from his couch in the greatest agitation. His mind the remainder of the night was in great agony. He again endeavoured to compose himself to sleep, but all in vain, the horror of the vision hung on his imagination, till the sun arose, when he got up, and walked out to a field to receive the cheering gales wafting the odours from the vines and the fragrant flowers.

Meeting a friend and countryman, who was a military captain, and headed a party of soldiers encamped in the vicinity, who quickly discovered the confusion his mind was in, he opened the whole business, told his dream; and promised to meet him again after he had breakfasted at the convent. Although I pay but little regard to dreams in general, said the captain, yet there is something in yours so extremely uncommon, that I verily believe it to be ominous of some disaster that
awaits

awaits you this day. But, continued he, I would by no means have you go to the priest; for perhaps you may renew the argument, and he will by no means take it well to be overcome in his own convent. As I have given my promise, said the merchant, I must go and visit my old school fellow, whose friendship was always sincere, and whose company always delighted me.—My dear friend, quoth the captain, if you will go, I wish you well out again. These words so much struck the mind of the merchant, that he desired the captain to call upon him, as by accident, about half an hour after the time appointed, at the convent, which the captain promised to do.

As nine o'clock the merchant knocked at the gate of the convent, and was met by the priest, who welcomed him to the place with every expression of friendship. Then conducting him up a stair-case, they came to a door, which the priest opened. After some ceremonies, they advanced along a gallery, at the end of which were two folding doors, which, on the priest's ringing a bell, flew open, and presented a fire, and two ruffian-looking fellows, with instruments of torture in their hands. The merchant that instant gave himself up for lost, and in vain remonstrated with his false friend, who calling him heretic, and other opprobrious names, commanded the waiting villains to perform their task without farther ceremony.

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At that instant a dreadful alarm was given below, which greatly surprising the priest, he went to know the cause of it, and the ruffians followed him, leaving the merchant alone; who imagined that some unhappy sufferers below had gained the mastery over their tormentors, had courage enough to run down stairs, at the bottom of which he was agreeably surprised, to meet the captain with a file of musqueteers, who instantly took him under their protection, and conducted him safely from the convent to the inn, the captain declaring that he was obliged to have recourse to force, in order to make his way into the place.

*Three remarkable Cures performed by the advice of
Supernatural Information.*

ABOUT the year 1732, there lived in Bishopsgate-street without, an honest, industrious man, one Mr. Jones, who followed the business of selling tobacco and making up herb snuff of various qualities. He was well known to Mr. Lockyer, at that time and since so famous for his pills, and from whose family the following remarkable particulars are reported.

This

This honest man had been for many years much disturbed and tormented in his body, and had recourse for relief to all the most eminent physicians of the age, even from Dr. Daniel Turner, of Devonshire-square, to the great Dr. Ratchiff himself: but all was to no purpose; each Doctor declared him a wonder and a mystery to the then known practice of their art, and left him as much a wonder as they found him. Neither could the professors of surgery guess at his ailment, which seemed to all a complication of diseases: and after having spent from first to last, all his substance in search of a cure, he found all their endeavours ineffectual.

The ignorant and superstitious adjudged the disorder to witchcraft; but the more discerning considered him as under the afflicting hand of Providence, who would deliver him in his own time.

The task therefore of curing him was reserved to a supernatural power. It happened one evening as he was sitting alone in his own bed-room, and no person in the house, he heard somebody come into the room, the door of which was only upon the latch, and turning, he saw a venerable old man with white hair and beard, and of a more reverend aspect than any person he could recollect to have ever seen. The emotion which this visitant's sudden appearance caused in Mr. Jones's mind prevented him from asking him whom

he was, and from whence, and the illness of his body hindered him from observing the common rules of civility in accommodating him with a seat; but the visitor was not of this world and therefore sought not the civilities of it. " I am come, friend, to direct thee to
 " use the means for thy recovery; every morning, as
 " thou risest drink half a pint of thine own water, and
 " after thou findest relief, reduce the quantity to half,
 " but add a pint of the decoction of ground-ivy, and
 " then return thanks to thy God who gives thee blessings."

Mr. Jones received the advice with the respect the gravity of it required, and taking courage to speak, saw the apparition, for such it certainly was, retire, the door being shut it seemed to open and shut again; and when Mr. Jones's nurse came in, he related to her what he had seen, which she entirely then attributed to the state of his mind, for she observed that as the door was locked, and she had the key in her pocket, nobody could enter without her knowledge. But the case, however was a fact, that Mr. Jones observing the directions he had received in this extraordinary manner, recovered so far as to be able to go about his ordinary business, and to hear sermons at his usual place of worship.

Whatever some may dispute upon this subject there are other stories of this kind upon record, which

may serve to shew, that the agency of spiritual beings is sometimes permitted in this world. Mr. Aubrey cites from good and respectable oral tradition the two following stories; in the first of which the advice not being followed, was succeeded by death, and the other produced as sudden and wonderful a change.

FARMER Good, a neighbour of Mr. Aubrey, near his country seat at Broad Chalk, being ill of an ague and confined therewith to his bed, saw an apparition in the figure of a woman, in white, a neighbour and acquaintance long since deceased, who told him, that if he rose out of his bed, he would immediately die.—Regardless of the admonition, and no body being near him just then, he was fain to rise to let water, and was immediately seized, with a shivering fit, and died of the ague aged eighty-four.

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IN the reign of Charles II. there lived in the moorlands in Staffordshire, a poor old man who had been a long time lame. One Sunday in the afternoon, he being alone, one knocked at his door; he bade him open it and come in. The stranger desired a cup of beer; the lame man not being able to draw it, desired him to take a pot and help himself; and he did as bid.—The stranger then asked the poor old man how long he had been ill? The poor man answered so many years; then said the stranger, I can cure you; take two or three leaves of balm and steep them in your beer for a fortnight or three weeks, and you will be restored to your health; but constantly and zealously serve God. The poor man did so, and became perfectly well.

This strange visitor was in a purple shag gown, such as was not seen or known in those parts; and nobody in the neighbourhood ever saw any one in such a coloured habit. Doctor Gilbert Sheldon, archbishop of Canterbury, was then in the moorlands, and certified the truth of this to Elias Ashmole, Esq. who has made a memorandum of this affair in his memoirs, which are still in the Museum at Oxford.

Appar.

*Apparition at Belfast in Ireland. From Baxter's
Certainty of the World of Spirits.*

THERE having been a long contest between Lemuel Matthews, archdeacon in the county of Down, and Claudius Gilbert, minister of Belfast about their right to Drumbeg, a small parish near Belfast; it proved troublesome to the parishioners, who paid their dues to Mr. Gilbert, the incumbent. The archdeacon claimed it to be paid to him also, for which he procured a warrant; and in the execution of it by his servants, at the house of one Charles Loftin, they offered some violence to his wife who refused entrance, and who died of the injury a few weeks after; but she being an infirm woman, little notice was taken of her death, till some time after, by her strange appearance to one Thomas Donelson, a spectator of the violence done to her, she affrighted him into a prosecution of Robert Eccleson, the criminal. She appeared divers times, but chiefly upon one Lord's-day evening, when she fetched him, with a strange force, out of his house into the yard, and fields adjacent. Before her last coming, (for she did so three times that day) several neighbours were

were called in, to whom he gave notice that she was again coming, and beckoned to him to come out; upon which, they went to shut the door, but he forbid it, saying, that she looked with a terrible aspect upon him when they offered it. His friends laid hold on him and embraced him, that he might not again go out; notwithstanding which, (a plain evidence of some invisible power) he was drawn out of their hands in a surprising manner, and carried abroad into the field and yard as before, she charging him to prosecute Eccleson; which voice, as also Donelson's reply, the people heard though they saw no shape. There are many witnesses of all this yet alive, particularly Sarah the wife of Charles Loftin, son to the deceased woman; and one William Holiday and his wife, &c.

Upon this, Donelson deposed what he knew, before Mr. Randle Brice, a justice of the peace, and confirmed all at the assizes at Down in the year 1685, as I remember; where the several witnesses were sworn, and their examinations were entered in the records of the said assize, to the amazement and satisfaction of all the country, and of the Judges, whom I have heard speak of it at that time with much wonder; insomuch that the said Eccleson hardly escaped with his life, but was burnt in the hand.

The said Donelson is yet living in the same place, with the other witnesses.

All this, says Mr. Baxter, I heard spoken of myself, with universal amazement, at the time when transacted; and I should not have been beholden to any to have believed this relation who had been at the trial at Down.

An account of an Apparition in the north of England.

Newcastle, Dec. 29, 1758.

LAST Monday I took down the following particulars from John and Ann Lambert, of Winlington. The truth of which they are ready to confirm on oath.

Henry Cooke, of Winlington, (a Roman Catholic) departed this life, in the year 1752. and John and Ann Lambert took the house he died in. A few days after their removal to the house, Ann was greatly surprized with a noise in an inner room; the door shook very much, and the latch was lifted up several times.—About a week after this, John and Ann heard a knocking over the bed, (in which they lay) which seemed to be between the roof and the plastering. Ann heard the same noise three nights after. About a fortnight after this (and one year and a half after the death of Henry Cook) Ann Lambert, at one o'clock in the

day, saw in an inner room an appearance resembling a man dressed in his grave clothes, which frightened her so that she swooned away, and was lifeless for sometime : upon which they immediately left that house and removed to another about 300 yards from it. A month after their removing to this house Ann was suddenly surprised, as she lay in bed, by a stroke given to the bedside. About a week after this, as she lay awake in bed with her husband, at midnight she saw at the further end of the room a square light, and in the middle of it, the appearance of a man's head as white as chalk. She awoke her husband, who saw it likewise. Four days after, she heard, at one o'clock in the morning, a noise like the report of a large gun behind her ; upon which she got up and stired the fire, but could see nothing ; she then returned to her bed, but had scarcely laid down, when to her surprize she saw standing by the bedside an appearance, dressed in a surplice and white wig. She said, " In the name of God the Father, &c. why do you trouble me ? " He answered, " meet me at one o'clock, and I will tell you what I want ; " and then vanished away. No more noise was heard that night, but the next morning there were two heavy strokes given behind the bed, soon after her husband got up and went to his work. He had not been gone long, when she felt the heavy pressure, which

which was accompanied with a loud noise like the report of a large cannon ; after this all was hushed for some minutes, and then there was a shaking in the room, like the wind shaking of trees ; the apparition then appeared at the bed's foot, like a man in his working dress, and passing on slowly disappeared. Some days after this, as she lay in bed with her husband and children, (for they all lay together) about eleven o'clock at night, there was a great noise like a cannon, followed with a heavy pressure ; then one of the children (a girl five years old) was taken out of the bed, and carried to the middle of the room, and laid on the floor. The mother cried out, and her husband got up and brought the child into bed again. In the morning the child complained of a soreness under her thigh ; it being examined, nothing could be discovered but the mark of a pinch in the flesh, which increased every day more and more, and grew worse and worse till the child was obliged to take her bed, and remained five weeks under the Doctor's hands. The next night the noise was as usual. The youngest child lying in the mother's bosom, was snatched from her, and carried out of bed ; the mother immediately followed, and found her child laid on the ground unhurt. The night following the noise was repeated, and the eldest child was partly dragged out of the bed ; but upon the child's shrieking, the parents awoke and pulled her in again :

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the bed shook very much at these times. Being thus terribly frightened, and much fatigued for want of natural rest, they resolved once more to change their habitation, to see if this would put an end to these uncommon visits. Accordingly they removed their little all into a house at the other end of the town.—The third night after their removal, they were much disturbed by an uncommon scratching or scraping at their room door, and a great light at the same time appeared at the foot of the bed. The same week the pressure and noise were repeated; a few nights after her husband felt the pressure, which he thought would have pressed him through the bed.

About three weeks after, at night, there was a great rumbling in the next room, when Ann asked, "In the name of God what art thou?" but there was no answer: and the noise ceased. Soon after her husband went to work; about an hour after he was gone, she saw Henry Cook stand at her bed's foot, dressed in the clothes which he wore during his life time: she was so overpowered that she could not speak, so he vanished away. All remained quiet for a week; no noise was heard, nor any thing seen, but on Sunday night the noise began again, and there seemed to be a man grinding with a hand-mill over their heads: then the sash window shook very much, so that they thought all the glass had been broken; but upon examining it in the morning

ing, there was but one pane, which was cracked at the four corners, and broke in the middle in the shape of a diamond. Nothing remarkable happened from July 1755. the time the window was broke, till December, save a continual noise in the house, and a large cat killed in an uncommon manner. Dec 2. As Ann was making her bed at night, she saw a small black four-footed beast run along the bolster, and disappeared. Two or three nights after he saw the apparition in the likeness of a brown and white calf; it grew bigger and bigger till it was the size of a middling horse, then it leapt into the bed and struck her three times, but she received no hurt. Dec. 6. At midnight, John being awake in bed, saw Henry Cooke, dressed in his working clothes, come into the room; who walked to the fire-side, and stood there a considerable time; but he was so overcome that he could not speak, and the apparition vanished away. Dec. 20. At midnight Ann felt the hands of a man on her face as cold as ice, which kept teasing her till she awoke her husband, and then they were removed. Dec, 22. About two o'clock in the morning, she saw as it were a pewter dish the colour of blood, with blood sprinkled round the edges of it. This was the last time she saw it, which was the morning I took down this account.

J. G. M.

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An account of the Apparition of Major Sydenham.

OF the apparition of Major George Sydenham (late of Dulverton, in the county of Somerset) to Captain William Dyke (late of Skilgate in this county, now likewise deceased) he pleased to take the relation from a worthy and learned gentleman, Dr. Thomas Dyke, a near kinsman of the Captain's. Shortly after the Major's death, the Doctor was desired to come to the house, to take care of a child that was sick; and, in his way thither, he called on the Captain, who was very willing to wait on him to the place; because he must, as he said, have gone thither that night, though he had not met with so encouraging an opportunity. After their arrival at the house, and the civility of the people shewn them in that entertainment, they were conducted to their lodging, which they desired might be together in the same bed. After they had lain awhile, the Captain knocked, and bade the servant bring him two of the largest and highest candles, lighted, which he could get: whereupon the Doctor enquired what he meant by this? The Captain answered, "You know, cousin, what disputes my Major and I have had touch-

ing

ing the being of a God, and the immortality of the soul, in which points we could never yet be resolved, though we so much desired it. And therefore it was at length fully agreed between us, that he who died first should, the third night after his funeral, between the hours of twelve and one, come to the little house which his here in the garden, and there give a full account to the survivor touching these matters, who should be sure to be present there at the set time, and so receive a full satisfaction. And this (says the Captain) is the very night, and I am come on purpose to fulfil my promise." The Doctor advised him, not to follow strange counsels, for which he could have no warrant. the Captain replied, "That he had solemnly engaged, and that nothing should discourage him;" and added, "That if the Doctor would wake awhile with him, he would thank him; if not, he might compose himself to rest: but, for his own part, he was resolved to watch, that he might be sure to be present at the hour appointed." To that purpose he set his watch by him, and as soon as he perceived that it was half an hour past eleven, he arose, and taking a candle in each hand, went out by a back-door, of which he had before got the key, and walked into the garden-house, where he continued two hours and a half. At his return, he declared, he neither saw nor heard any thing more than usual. But I know, said he, that my

Major

Major would surely have come, had he been able.

About six weeks after, the Captain rode to Eaton, to place his son a scholar there, when the Doctor went thither with him. They lodged at the sign of the Christopher, and tarried two or three nights; not lying together now, as before at Dulverton, but in two several chambers. The morning before they went away, the Captain staid in his chamber longer than usual before he called the Doctor. At length he came into the Doctor's chamber, but with his hair and eyes staring, and his whole body shaking and trembling.—Whereat the Doctor wondering, presently demanded, "What is the matter?" The Captain replied, "I have seen my Major." The Doctor seeming to smile, the Captain said, "If ever I saw him in my life, I saw him but now:" and then related to the Doctor what had passed. "This morning after it was light; (said he,) one came to my bed-side, and suddenly drawing back the curtains, called, Captain! Captain! to whom I replied, what! my Major? To which he returned, I could not come at the time appointed; but I am now come to tell you, that there is a God, and a very just and terrible one: and if you do not turn over a new leaf, (the very expression, the Doctor punctually remembered) you shall find it so." The Captain proceeded: "On the table there lay a sword, which the Major had formerly given me. And after the apparition
had

had walked a turn or two about the chamber, he took up the sword, drew it, and finding it not so bright as it ought, cried, Captain ! Captain ! this sword did not use to be kept after this manner when it was mine."— After which words he presently disappeared.

The Captain was not only thoroughly persuaded of what he had thus seen and heard, but was, from that time, observed to be very much affected with it.— And it was judged, by those who were well acquainted with his conversation, that the remembrance of this passage stuck close to him ; and that those words of his dead friend were frequently sounding fresh in his ears, during the remainder of his life, which was about two years.

An account of a strange Deliverance, occasioned by an Apparition

A Few days ago I visited John Thomas, of St. Just, in Cornwall, He is about sixty-two years of age, and has been a notorious drunkard the greatest part of his life.

He told me, that on Sunday December 21, 1783, about seven o'clock in the evening, he left St. Cretes,

in order to go to St. Just. That as it was dark, he missed his way, and about midnight fell into a pit about five fathoms deep.

On his being missing, his friends made diligent search for him, but to no purpose. The next sabbath-day, as one of his neighbours was going to seek his sheep, he saw, at some distance, the appearance of a man sitting on the bank which had been thrown up in digging the pit. On drawing near, he saw the apparition go round to the other side of the bank.—When he came to the place, he could see no one; but heard a human voice at the bottom of the pit. Thinking that some smugglers had got down to hide their liquors he went on; but coming back the same way, he again heard the voice. He now listened more attentively; and as he could hear but one voice, he concluded it was John Thomas, who was missing: and on calling to him, he found he was not mistaken. On this he went and got help, and soon got him out of the pit. But as he had been there near eight days, he was very low when he was got out; but is now in a fair way to do well.

At the bottom of the pit he found a small current of water, which he drank freely of: this, in all likelihood, was the means of keeping him alive,—It is said, that several other persons saw the apparition, but took no notice of it.

As I am not fond of crediting stories of this kind on common report, I resolved to get the account from his own mouth.

Bedruth, Jan. 12, 1784,

W, MOORE,

*True account of an Apparition of one brother in London,
to another at Boston in New England.*

THE party in London of whom we relate, lived here with a merchant; and as he drove a considerable trade beyond sea, he established a factory, or, as the language of trade calls it, a house, at a certain port in the English colonies in America, and sent over his servants or apprentices thither, as is usual for merchants to do.

One of his said apprentices being fitted out, and ready to embark, his cargo being actually on board the ship, and the ship fallen down to Gravesend, his master was getting his letters and invoices, and other dispatches, ready for him, he being to go down the river the same evening.

The hurry of dispatching him prevented his master from taking him up to dinner with him at the usual hour,

hour, and told him he must be content to stay in the counting house till he came to relieve him.

Accordingly, dinner being over, he goes down to send him up to dinner. And when he came to the counting house door, there sat his man with the book-keeper also, writing as he left him.

It happened just that moment, some occasion extraordinary obliged him to step back again, and go up stairs to the dining room, from whence he came; and intending not to stay, he did not speak to the young man, but left him in the counting house, and went immediately up stairs.

It was not possible that he, or any one else, except such as could walk invisibly, could go by, or pass him unseen: good manners would have hindered the young man from thrusting by his master upon the stairs, if he had been going up; but he is positive he did not, and could not pass without being seen.

But when he came to the top of the stairs, there sat the young man at dinner with the other servants; the room they dined in being a little parlour, which opened just against the stairs, so that he saw him all the way of the upper part of the stair-case, and could not be deceived.

The master did not speak to him, which he was very sorry for afterwards; but the surprize made him pass by the room, and go into the dining-room, which was

to the right hand of it ; but he sent one immediately to look, and he was there really at dinner ; so that what he (the master) saw below in the counting house, must be the apparition, as it certainly was.

But this was not all : The young gentleman embarked as above, and arrived safe with all his effects in America, though he never lived to return. However, I cannot say his apparition, in the manner as related, could have the least relation to his being sick, and dying abroad, which was not till three years afterwards. But what followed was of another kind.

This young man had an elder brother, who lived in London ; he was a gentleman, and a scholar, and was at that time studying physic. He was also a stout man, and in particular understood a sword, that is to say, how to use a sword, as well as most gentlemen in England.

He had an accidental rencounter with a gentleman in the street, in that short street which goes out of Fleet-street into Salisbury-court ; and being so complete a master of his weapon, he wounded his antagonist, and drove him into a tavern in the street, from whence came out two men more upon him with their swords, but both of them found the gentleman so much an overmatch for them, that they left him as fast as the first ; whereupon a fourth came out, not with a sword, but a fire-poker, taken hastily out of the tavern kitchen, and running at

this gentleman with it, knocked him down and fractured his skull, of which wound he afterwards died.

While this was done in London, his brother as far off as Boston, in New England, writing to his master the merchant, and who gives this account of it, after other business, wrote this postscript.

“ SIR, I beg you will be pleased, in your return to
 “ this, to let me have some account, as much as
 “ conveniently may be, how my brother does
 “ and what condition he is in : which importunity
 “ I hope you will excuse, when you read the following account :

“ On the 20th of June last, about six o'clock in the
 “ morning, lying in bed, and broad awake, my brother
 “ came to the bed's feet and opened the curtain, looking full in my face, but did not speak. I was very
 “ much frightened, but however I so far recovered as to
 “ say to him, brother, what is the matter with you ?
 “ He had a napkin-cap on his head, which was very
 “ bloody ; he looked very pale and ghastly, and said
 “ I am basely murdered by one, naming the person ;
 “ but I shall have justice done me ; and then disappeared.”

Now this letter was so dated, that it was impossible any account could have been sent of the disaster, that
 ————— Google ——— could

could reach thither in that time; for it was not dated above fourteen days after the fact was committed in London; and that it was genuine I am well assured, because I saw the letter within an hour after it was received in London, read it myself, and knew the young man's hand, and the young man also perfectly well, as I likewise did his brother that was killed very intimately.

The young man was sober, religious, and sensible, not given to whimsey, or light-headed fancies, not vapourish or distempered, not apt to see double, or to dream waking, as many of our apparition making people are; he was likewise a scholar, and a very serious person. The first I mention as a protection to him from foolish imagination, and the last from falsehood; and I am satisfied the reader may depend upon both the stories, as to the truth of them.—*Moreton on Apparitions.*

A strange account.

JOHNS TAYLOR, of Bewdley, in Worcestershire, a young man about three and twenty years old, lived utterly without God in the world, till on Tuesday, Jan. 28, 1783, he was drinking at one Thomas Pountney's house, to such excess, that he was much disordered. the landlord observing this, refused to draw him any more ale. He then, after many oaths and imprecations upon himself, rose up to go away, but as he was going out of the door, he dropt down. Thomas Pountney being near, he caught him; he was stiff as a dead man, his eyes set wide open, and his teeth quite closed. They laid him upon a bed. He soon began to grind his teeth, while his face was distorted, and he was convulsed all over; and that so violently, that it was as much as four persons could do to hold him. Twice indeed, for a little space, he shewed a composed and quiet countenance. But after a short time, the violent convulsions, and all other symptoms returned. Thus he continued, from nine o'clock on Tuesday night, till seven on Thursday evening. He then

came

came to himself, but being unable to speak, made signs for a pen and ink, and having wrote, "Take me home to die," presently fainted away. He was removed home, but could not compose himself to sleep for a fortnight, which together with the terror that still remained upon his mind, reduced his body to the most deplorable state of weakness that can be imagined.

Mr Hanby, (who took the account from his mouth, on February the 25th) asked him whether he remembered being at Thomas Pountney's? He said, "I perfectly remember every circumstance, till the moment that I fell down, as I was going out of the door." But what became of you then said Mr Hanby? "As soon as I dropped down, said he, I fell into a dreadful deep pit, and when I came to the bottom, I was seized by many devils, who rejoiced over me and dragged me away: I struggled with them in the greatest agonies, while they were pushing and hauling me to get me into the fire." I asked him, what fire he meant? He said, "The fire is a vast mountain; I could see no end of it. I seemed to be thirty or forty yards from it. The devils strove to drag me to it: but they could not move me from the place that they dragged me to at first." Did you see any persons in the fire, or hear any remarkable noise? "I saw no persons: but I heard the most dreadful screams and lamentations." How did the place upon which you stood appear? "As black

black as pitch, with a darkness peculiar to itself, so that I could see nothing but the devils that surrounded me, and the world of fire before me." But did you feel any pain? at this question he fell a trembling, turned pale, and seemed to be struck with an universal horror. When he could speak he said, O yes! I felt such misery, pain, and anguish, that had I been in possession of the whole world, I would have given it for a moment's ease." How long do you suppose you remained there? "O, a long time; till an angel came at whose appearance the devils fled, and I found myself perfectly easy and wonderfully happy." The angel said, your wickedness has brought you to this place." I followed him a little way: but he then left me, and the devils came again with dreadful yells, and dragged me back to the place I was at before. They strove again to push me into the fire. But I struggled; and they were not suffered to prevail. In what forms did the devils appear? "Many of them appeared like bears, lions, and other wild beasts." How long do you suppose you were tormented a second time? He answered with the same emotion as before, "O, a great while! But the angel came again, and the moment I saw him, the tormentors fled, and I felt no pain at all; till he gave me up to be tormented a third time, and then my tormentors returned, and all my pain and anguish returned, with the same violence as before."

before?" How long in all do you imagine you remained in this place of torment? "It seemed to me to be five or six years." How dreadful must that pain be, which though it really lasted not two days, appeared to endure so many years. O what must those pains be, when continued o'all eternity!

Did the angel appear any more? "He did, and to my unspeakable joy, not only the devil's fled away, but I was permitted to follow him to the very gates of heaven. Yea, and to look into into it." Did you see any persons there? "I saw transparent persons, very beautiful and glorious, and heard them sing in a manner I cannot describe. This I heard long before I came to the gates. I would fain have gone in, but the angel told me, I must go back and tell my brethren what I had seen." I said, "And must I leave my good angel." In saying those words his spirit returned.

Since that time he is greatly changed, attends all the ordinances of God, and has left the company of all his wicked acquaintance. But he seems still ignorant of the power of religion. This is a mystery indeed! It is well if the last end of this man be not worse than the first.

*The Spirit of a poor man just deceased, appearing, is
the means of a gentleman's preservation.*

MR WESTON, of Old Swinford, in Worcestershire, was walking one evening in the summer of 1759, in the park of Lord Lyttleton at Hagley, and being overtaken by a sudden shower, ran for shelter into a grotto, and stood under a spreading oak, under whose shade several cattle were standing. He had not been ten minutes in that situation before he saw the form of a man pass over the brook almost close to the shade. Supposing it to be a poor peasant who had long worked for him, he called him by name ; but received no answer, and the spirit quickly disappearing, he found his mind agitated. Regardless of the storm, Mr Weston withdrew from the place where he had sought an assylum, and ran round a rising hill to discover the form which had presented itself to him. That however had not the effect desired, but one abundantly more salutary it certainly had ; for just as he had gained the summit of the hill, on his return to the grotto, a tremendous flash of lightning darted its forked fury on the venerable oak,

oak, shivered it to pieces, and killed two of the cattle under its boughs.

On Mr Weston's return to Swinford, he found that the death of the labourer was just announced in the neighbourhood. He told the story to his friends, who, on the ground of his known veracity, could not well refuse it credit. He saw the body, at his own expence, decently interred, and afterwards contributed to the support of the widow, not only by remitting a year's rent for her cottage and piece of ground, but also by settling a small annuity on her till she should marry.

We have told this tale simply as it was related by Mr Weston, and leave the reader to make his own reflections on so marvellous an interposition of divine providence, without deciding in this, or such other case, whether the form that appeared was the soul of the deceased, exerting its philanthropy in its flight to the unknown country, or the guardian angel of that soul returning to give up his charge and produce his account at the bar of the Supreme. When Peter was redeemed from death, and freed from prison by a miraculous power, he visited the assembled company of christians, who at first could hardly believe their eyes that it was the apostle, but said, it is his angel. This proves that the notion of ministring spirits prevailed in the earliest ages of christianity, a notion which not only

accords with many passages of the Old, but also of the New Testament.

Miss Pringle's appearance at two places at the same time.

MRS JANE LOWE, house-keeper to Mr Pringle, of Clifton Park, in the south of Scotland, one morning in the summer of 1745, beheld the apparition of a lady walking in the avenue, on the margin of a rivulet, which runs into Kale water. The form exactly resembled a daughter of her master who had long been absent from the family, at the distance of above an hundred miles south of Paris. As Mrs Lowe walked down the avenue and approached the rivulet, she grew more and more certain of the similitude of the phantom to the idea in her mind of the Miss Pringle, and seeing her master in an enclosure adjoining, she communicated to him what she had just seen. Mr Pringle laughed, and said, "You simple woman, that lady is Miss Chat-tow of Moorebattle." However, Mrs Lowe prevailed upon him to accompany her to the place; which they had nearly reached, when the apparition sprung into the water and instantly disappeared.

Mr

Mr Pringle and Mrs Lowe, on returning to the hall, apprised the family of the vision, and for their pains were heartily laughed at. The Reverend Mr Turnbull, minister of Linton, happened to breakfast that morning with Mr Pringle, his lady, and two young daughters, who joined the ridicule. About three months after, the same reverend gentleman honoured the family with his company; when standing at a window in the lower room, he observed a poor, ragged, lame, lean man, slowly approaching the house; "Here comes another apparition," cried Mr Turnbull, with a kind of contemptuous smile. This drew the immediate attention of all present, and Mr Pringle quickly recognized the person to be his second son, whom he had not seen before for above ten years.

On his arrival, he soon convinced them he was no apparition, declaring that he had narrowly escaped with his life from Tunis, in the vicinity of which he had been a slave to the Algerines seven years, but had happily been ransomed at the critical moment when he was ordered to be put to death for mutiny. He added, that on his return home through France, he called at the place where he had heard his sister resided, and to his unspeakable grief found that she died on the 25th of May, the same summer, about five o'clock in the morning, which he recollected to have been the precise time that he was saved from the jaws of death,

and

and when he thought he beheld his sister, Mrs Lowe, who was present in the room, on hearing his declaration, broke forth into an acclamation, affirming, that the day alluded to was that on which she had shewn Mr Pringle the apparition; and this was confirmed by the reverend divine, in whose study this story was found after his death.

The warning slighted.

WILLIAM NESSENU S, on a certain day after dinner, in a gentle sleep he had, dreamed that he was passing a river in a fisher's boat, as he frequently did for his diversion, and that the boat, striking on the trunk of a tree, was overturned, and he was drowned. This dream he told to Philip Melancthon, who then accidentally came to see him, at the same time deriding the vanity of dreams. But, however, that very evening his dream had its accomplishment.

The dream fulfilled.

IN the year 1610, Peireskius returning from Montpellier to Nismes with one James Rainer, a citizen of Aix, they slept together at an inn on the road. As Peireskius slept Rainer observed that he muttered something to himself in an unusual manner. He awaked him, and asked him what was the matter? O, said Peireskius, from what a pleasant dream have you roused me? I was dreaming, said he, that I was at Nismes, and that a goldsmith offered me a golden medal of Julius Cæsar for four crowns, and I was just paying him his money for it when you disturbed me. They went on to Nismes, and while dinner was preparing Peireskius took a walk into the city; where lighting by chance on a goldsmith's shop, he asked the master of it, whether he had any curiosity to show? He told him he had a Julius Cæsar of gold. He asked him the price. He replied four crowns. He paid him the money, and his dream was fulfilled in every particular.

A woman cured of a Cancer by a dream.

JANE COTTEREL of L— was afflicted with a cancer in her mouth for several years, and was brought very low both in body, mind, and circumstances. Being in an agony of pain one day, while the surgeon was dressing the sore, she cried out in great earnestness, " My good God, look down upon me in mercy, for Christ's sake." The surgeon being angry, immediately left off dressing the wound, bid her go to the God she called upon, and see if he would help her, for he himself would have nothing more to say to her. The poor afflicted woman was greatly shocked at his behaviour, and begged to know what he demanded for his attendance. His demand was exorbitant, and reduced her and her family almost to want. However, at last she paid all he required, and returned home with a light purse and a heavy heart.

Some little time after this, the poor woman dreamt three or four nights together, that she saw a man who made a perfect cure of her cancerous complaint. Up-

on this she greatly importuned her husband to take her to the place where she saw the man. He, thinking it was nothing but a dream, in consequence of her suffering, begged her not to think of going again from home, so ill as she was. Persisting, however, in the thought of going to the place where she saw the man, her husband consented. She went, and had not been long at the place before she saw the very person walk into the room that she had seen in her sleep. She immediately started up, thanked God, and running to the man, said, she was rejoiced to see him. The man surprised (having never seen the woman before) asked what she meant? O Sir, said she, you are the person who is to cure my cancer. Good woman, said he, I never cured a cancer in my life. At this reply the poor woman was cast down, and cried out, Then all is over. The man seeing the woman in such distress, and a deplorable object to look upon, asked the cause of her applying to him. She told him all the particulars before related; and added, if you can help me, do. He then bid her be comforted, for he knew of something which had been of use, if she would try it. Any thing Sir, you advise I will most certainly try, said she. He accordingly made her up an application, which she used. And, in a little time, she was quite cured of the cancer, and restored to perfect health. This happened upwards of fifteen years ago. I could

mention the surgeon's name who treated her with such inhumanity, if it were expedient. He was a noted deist.

Simpson on dreams.

A strange account.

MR W. had a brother that married without the approbation of his relations, who were of large property. They were so disobliged with his conduct, that they broke off all intercourse with him. The young man's family soon grew numerous, and their subsistence scant. In this situation he wrote to his oldest brother, and supplicated relief. But Mr W. was inexorable to his entreaties. One night after this, he dreamt that his brother came to him, and looked thin and shabby, but did not speak. The same thing happened a second and third time, only with this difference, that the last time the young man had his night cap on, and reproached him for his cruelty and neglect, adding, it was now too late, and so left him. This last dream affected Mr W's feelings greatly, and he awaked in vast horror of mind.

He

He instantly rung his bell, and ordered his servant to put the horses to his post carriage without delay. He set out to visit his brother, who lived in a very retired country place. He was met at the door of his brother's habitation by one of his children, who conducted him to his brother's room, who lay stretched on a bed in the agonies of death, having on the dirty night cap, and the very dress in which he dreamt he saw him. He died that same day, and his death so deeply affected M. W, that he never recovered his spirits afterwards, though he provided amply for the widow and children.

A wonderful relation of the apparition of old Sir George Villiers, father of the then Duke of Buckingham, to one Mr. Parker. to warn the Duke against something, which, if not prevented, would end in his death; which so fell out (he not regarding the advice) and soon after he was stabbed by one John Felton an officer.

THERE were many stories scattered abroad at that time of several prophecies and predictions of the duke's untimely and violent death: amongst the rest, there was

was one that was upon a better foundation of credit. There was an officer in the king's wardrobe in Windsor Castle, of good reputation for honesty and discretion, and then about the age of fifty or more. This man had in his youth been bred in a school in the parish where Sir George Villiers, the father of the duke, lived; and had been much cherished and much obliged in that season of his age by the said Sir George, whom afterwards he never saw. About six months before the miserable end of the of the duke of Buckingham; at midnight, this man being in his bed at Windsor, where his office was, and in very good health, there appeared to him at the side of his bed, a man of a very venerable aspect, who drew the curtains of his bed, fixed his eyes upon him, and asked him if he knew him.

The poor man, half dead with fear and apprehension, being asked the second time whether he remembered him, and having in that time called to his memory the presence of Sir George Villiers, and the very clothes he used to wear, in which, at that time, he seemed to be habited, he answered him, that he thought him to be that person, he replied, he was in the right, that he was the same, and that he expected a service from him, which was that he should go from him to his son, the duke of Buckingham, and tell him, if he did not something to ingratiate himself to the people, or at least to abate

abate the extreme malice which they had against him, he would be suffered to live but a short time.

After this discourse he disappeared, and the poor man (if he had been at all waking) slept very well till morning, when he believed all this to be a dream, and considered it no otherwise.

The next night, or shortly after, the same person appeared to him again, in the same place, and about the same time of the night, with an aspect a little more severe than before, and asked him, whether he had done as he required of him; and perceiving he had not, gave him some severe reprehensions, told him he expected more compliance from him, and that if he did not perform his commands, he should enjoy no peace of mind; but should always be pursued by him: upon which he promised to obey him. But the next morning, waking out of a good sleep, though he was exceedingly perplexed with the lively representation of all particulars to his memory, he was still willing to persuade himself he had only dreamed; and considered that he was a person at such a distance from the duke, that he knew not how to find out any admission to his presence much less to be believed in what he should say; so with great trouble and inquietness, he spent some time in thinking what he should do, and in the end resolved to do nothing in the matter.

The

The same person appeared to him a third time with a terrible countenance, and bitterly reproached him for not performing what he had promised to do. The poor man had, by this time recovered the courage to tell him, in truth he had deferred the execution of his commands upon considering how difficult a thing it would be for him to get any access to the duke, having acquaintance with no person about him; and if he should obtain admission to him, he never would be able to persuade him that he was sent in such a manner; that he should at least be thought to be mad, or to be set on and employed by his own, or the malice of other men to abuse the duke, and he should be sure to be undone.

The spectre replied, as he had done before, that he should never find rest till he had performed what he required, and therefore he had better to dispatch it; that the access to his son was known to be very easy, and that few men waited long for him; and for the gaining him credit, he would tell him two or three particulars, which he charged him never to mention to any person but the duke himself; and he should no sooner hear them than he should believe all the rest he should say; and so repeating his threats he left him.

In the morning the poor man, more confirmed by the last appearance, made his journey to London where the court then was; he was very well known by Sir Ralph Freeman

Freeman, one of the masters of requests, who had married a lady that was nearly allied to the duke, and was himself well received by him. To him this man went, and though he did not acquaint him with all the particulars, he said enough to let him know there was something extraordinary in it; and the knowledge he had of the sobriety and discretion of the man, made the more impression on him: he desired that by his means he might be brought to the duke in such a place, and in such a manner as should be thought fit, affirming that he had much to say to him, and of such a nature as would require much privacy, and some time and patience in the hearing.

Sir Ralph promised that he would speak first to the duke of him, and then he should understand his pleasure; and accordingly the first opportunity, he did inform him of the reputation and honesty of the man, and then what he desired, and what he knew of the matter.

The duke, according to his usual openness and condescension, told him, that he was the next day early to hunt with the king; that his horses should attend him at Lambeth Bridge, where he should land by five of the clock in the morning; and if the man attended him there at that hour, he would walk and speak with him as long as should be necessary.

Sir Ralph carried the man with him the next morning, and presented him to the duke at his landing, who

received him courteously, and walked aside in conference near an hour; none but his own servants being at that hour in the place, and they and Sir Ralph at such a distance, that they could not hear a word, though the duke sometimes spoke loud, and with great emotion, which Sir Ralph the more easily observed and perceived, because he kept his eyes always fixed upon the duke, having procured the conference upon somewhat he knew was very extraordinary.

The man told him in his return over the water, that when he mentioned those particulars that was to gain him credit, (the substance whereof he said he durst not impart unto him) the duke's colour changed, and he swore that he could come at that knowledge only by the devil; for that those particulars were only known to himself and to one person more, who he was sure would never speak of it.

How strongly does this confirm the opinion, that the soul, when departed, has a knowledge of the actions of the living, and willing to do any office for their good, if permitted.

The duke pursued his purpose of hunting, but was observed to ride all the morning with great pensiveness and in deep thought without any delight in the exercise he was upon; and before the morning was spent, left the field, and alighted at his mother's lodgings in Whitehall, with whom he was shut up for the
space

space of two or three hours, the noise of their discourse frequently reaching the ears of those who attended in the next rooms. And when the duke left her, his countenance appeared full of trouble, with a mixture of anger ; a countenance that was never before observed in him in any conversation with her, towards whom he had a profound reverence ; and the countess herself (for though she was married to a private gentleman, Sir Thomas Compton, she had been created countess of Buckingham shortly after her son had first assumed that title) was, at the duke's leaving her, found overwhelmed in tears, and in the highest agony imaginable.

Whatever there was of all this, it is a notorious truth, that when the news of the duke's murder (which happened within a few months after) was brought to his mother, she seemed not in the least degree surprised, but received it as if she had foreseen it ; nor did afterwards express such a degree of sorrow as was expected from such a mother, for the loss of such a son.

This story is related with some little circumstantial difference by several considerable authors, who all seem to agree in the most material parts of it. *Vide Baker's Chronicle.*

Fame, though with some privacy, says, that the secret token was an incestuous breach of modesty between the duke and a certain lady too nearly related to him, which

it

it surprised the duke to hear of; and that, as he thought he had good reasons to be sure the lady would not tell it of herself, so he thought none but the devil could tell it besides her; and this astonished him, so that he was very far from receiving the man slightly, or laughing at his message.

A considerable time before this happened, Sir Clement Throckmorton dreamed that an assassin would kill his Grace; therefore he took the first opportunity to advise him to wear a privy coat; the duke thanked him for his counsel very kindly, but gave him this answer, that he thought a coat of mail would signify little in a popular commotion, and from any single person he apprehended no danger. *Relique Wotton, p. 144.*

This relation is recorded by three different authors; viz. Mr Lilly the astrologer, in a work of his; Lord Clarendon's History of England; and Mr Baker's Chronicle. It is also mentioned by Mr Flavel in his Treatise on the Soul.

An extract of a letter from a gentleman in Barbadoes to a friend.

A VERY great friendship existed between Thomas Ostrahan and Robert Straker, two youths of this island, which was contracted at school in England, and continued after their arrival here. Ostrahan died lately; Straker attended his funeral, and expressed lively marks of sorrow at the death of his friend. On his return at night to rest, in his chamber, he there ruminated on Ostrahan's death, and consoled himself for his loss, in a hope that his friend would enjoy a degree of happiness in the invisible world that he could not have expected here. Whilst he was thus employed, he on a sudden saw a glimmering light at a distance from him, which seemed to approach near him, and directly there appeared to his sight a form that made every nerve in him tremble with fear, and so wrought on him, that he sunk speechless in his bed. After some little time he recovered from his swoon and saw the same form sitting in a chair by the side of his bed; and, notwithstanding

standing the terrific appearance of it, he soon recognized the features of his late departed friend, Ostrahan, who thus saluted him: "Do not be terrified, my dear friend, at my appearance; ~~be of good courage~~; do not be surprised." At these words he recollected his faltering spirits, and offered to take him by the hand. "No, my dear Bob," said the spirit, "I am not to be touched by mortal hands. But I have received a command from the Almighty to warn you of an impending danger that hangs over your brother's head, which he is ignorant of. Tell your father, that two intimate friends and companions of your brother will shortly seduce him to the most abandoned wickedness; and that, unless he uses some precaution to prevent it, your brother will inevitably be lost. I know you love him, and would not willingly see him undone, therefore fail not to acquaint your father. You yourself will shortly die, at what hour I know not; and another of our friends will shortly follow." At this he departed from his sight.

This made a deep impression on him, which his mother took notice of, and asked him the reason of it. He told her he should shortly die: she asked how he came to have such a thought; and in answer to her question he told her of his friend Ostrahan's appearance to him, which she laughed at, and told him it was a dream. At night he retired to rest with his brother as usual; but

but, being kept awake some time by uneasy reflections on what the spirit had told him respecting his brother, he on a sudden saw a very bright light illuminating the whole chamber, which was so beautiful and striking, that it both pleased and terrified him. At the same instant he jumped out of bed, in order to alarm the family ; but hearing a fluttering kind of noise, he looked towards the place, and saw his friend arrayed in celestial glory standing before him. Never did his eyes behold a form so beautiful ; he was dressed in a long white robe, that carried with it an air of inexpressible grandeur ; his cheeks appeared adorned with a rosy-coloured hue, that surpassed the beauty of the blooming rose. A glorious illumination sparkled around him. Straker beheld the sight with the most rapturous extacy, while he stood some minutes silent to indulge the admiration of his earthly friend. At length this celestial inhabitant broke silence, and said, " My dear friend, once more I come to visit you ; I am in a place of happiness, and sent by the Most High to repeat the former command respecting that youth who now lies sleeping in the bed : why did you delay communicating it to your father ? Straker replied, " I designed to acquaint my father of it, but my mother ridiculing it as a dream, prevented me. Will you permit me to awake my brother ? your warning him of his danger will have strong weight." " No, it is not permitted," repeated the

the spirit ; " should you awake him he might see me, because I am at present visible to human eyes ; but it would also oblige me to depart instantly. You will yourself bid adieu to this world in a few days ! Be resigned, and expect the stroke." " I am not afraid of death," replied Straker ; " I think I am prepared to obey the summons of the Most High." " Three hours before your death," said the other, " I shall appear to you : be mindful of the injunction laid on you." He then walked very leisurely towards the open window ; Straker had resolution enough to follow him, and trod upon the skirt of the white robe, but it did not seem to feel like a common substance. At this the shining seraph turned round, and most benignly smiled upon him ; and then appeared to soar up to the heavens.

Straker a few hours after penned every particular of this visitation, and directed it in a letter to his father.

He was soon after seized with a dangerous disorder. After being seated in a chair, he presently raised his drooping head, and cried, " I come, I come, my dear friend, I will soon follow." His friends around him, being surprised, asked him the reason of his exclamation : " I have just seen," said he, " my dear friend, Thomas Ostrahan : I shall expire in three hours." On being told that the young lady he courted was in the house, he desired his friends to introduce her into his chamber. He then embraced her with great tender-

ness,

ness, and, kissing her, mournfully exclaimed, " Farewell, my dear M— ! may heaven love you, as I have done ! farewell my dear friends ! " After this he prostrated himself on his face ; and, after lying some time in that posture, he expired with a gentle sigh.

Of apparitions in dreams, and how far they are or are not real apparitions, as recorded in sacred writ ; with several curious relations.

THERE may be dreams without apparitions, as there may be apparitions without dreams ; but apparition in dream may be as really an apparition as if the person who saw it was awake : The difference may be here, that the apparition in a dream is visible to the soul only, for the soul never sleeps ; and an apparition to the eye-sight is visible in common perspective.

How is it then that we see in our dreams the very faces and dress of the persons we dream of ; nay, hear their voices, and receive due impressions from what they say, and oftentimes speak to them with our own voices

voices articulately and audibly, although we are fast asleep. What secret power of the imagination is able to represent the image of any person to itself, if there was not some appearance, something placed in the soul's view, by a secret but invisible hand, and in an imperceptible manner? which something is, in all respects, and to all purposes, as completely an apparition, as if it was placed in open sight when the person was really awake. *Deacon and Walker's Dialogical Disquisitions on Spirits*, 4to, 1611.

The scripture confirms this opinion by many expressions directly to the purpose, and particularly this of appearing, or apparition in dream. Gen. xx. 3: "God came to Abimelech in a dream;" had it been said, that Abimelech dreamed that God came to him, there might have been some exception to the parallel; but God actually came to him; and although Abimelech was asleep, and in a dream, it was not the less an apparition, for God came to him, and spoke, and said to him: and in the 4th verse, Abimelech spoke to the apparition. Whatever the shape was, that the text does not mention but Abimelech knew whom he talked with too, that's evident, for the text mentions it fully; "And he said, Lord, wilt thou slay also a righteous nation?" And so he goes on, verse 5th, to expostulate and plead for himself and his people, "said he not unto me, she is my sister?" so that he knew he was speaking

speaking to the Lord. The text is very remarkable; it is plain that there was an apparition, but the man was asleep and in a dream.

Again, in the case of Laban pursuing Jacob, Gen. **xxxi. 24.** "God came to Laban the Syrian in a dream by night, and said unto him." Here again is an apparition, and a speaking apparition too; God came to him, and God spoke to him; and Laban owns, not that he dreamed of God's appearing, but that God really spoke to him, ver. 29. "The God of your father spake to me yesternight, saying."

Certainly in those dreams God spoke to them, and they answered; and when they were awake, they knew that it was God that spoke, and gave heed to the vision or apparition of God to them.

There are many more instances of the like in the sacred history; as first, in the remarkable case of King Solomon, 1 Kings **iii. 5.** "The Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night, and God said, ask what I shall give thee."

This is called in the scripture, a dream, ver. 15, "And Solomon awoke, and behold it was a dream;" and yet it is all confirmed; and the petition that Solomon made, though in his sleep, or dream, is accepted and answered as his real act and deed, as if he had been awake.

That

That passage of Solomon is very remarkable to the case in hand. If my readers please to believe that there was such a man as Solomon, and that he had such a dream ; they must allow also that it was a real apparition, God appeared to him in a dream.

To bring it down a step lower ; as God has thus personally appeared to men in dreams, so have inferior spirits, and we have examples of this too in the scripture, Matt. i. 20. " While he thought on these things, behold the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream." And again, Matt. ii. 13. " Behold the angel of the Lord appeared unto Joseph in a dream, saying : " And a third time it is repeated : " The angel came again to him in Egypt." ver. 19 of the same chapter : When Herod was dead, " Behold an angel of the Lord appeareth in a dream to Joseph in Egypt."

I will for once suppose that no man need desire any farther evidence than these, for the reality of the thing itself ; we may bring it down from hence, by just parallels, to matters within our own reach ; experience will furnish us with particular passages sufficient ; and some account I shall give you within the compass of our own times, such as come within the verge of my own knowledge, or of the knowledge of such as I have good reason to give credit to, I believe a variety will be acceptable, and much more useful than a bare repeating of what others have said. If I find it

it needful to quote what others have published, you shall have it justly marked as a quotation, that you may search for the truth in its original,

Before I come to quotation, or to collection of story, it is needful to observe, that as it has pleased God to appear in this manner, and to cause angels to appear also in the same manner, and upon special occasions, so I make no question but the devil often appears in dreams too; and I might give but too many examples of it, as particularly one in the scripture.

It is apparent that God gave Satan a kind of general licence to afflict Job, only not to kill him: with such a terrible commission, it might be expected that the devil would fall upon him with the utmost fury he was capable of, or allowed to take; he ruined his fortunes, reduced him to misery, murdered his children, tormented him with boils and sores; in short left him nothing but potsherds, and an ill wife to relieve him: as he had worried him, to use a moderate phrase, within an inch of life, he followed him in the night with apparition, lest he should recruit nature with rest, and be a little refreshed with sleep. Job himself complains of it, Job vii. 14. "Thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me with visions." Not that God appeared to Job in any frightful or terrible form; but the devil, to whom God was pleased to give a liberty of afflicting Job, took that liberty, and exerted his malice

to the utmost of his power. We are not indeed told what methods the devil took to scare and terrify that poor distressed sufferer; but as he can shew us nothing uglier and more frightful than himself, so it is very likely he appeared to him in person, and that in the most surprising manner possible, with all the circumstances of horror that he was able. But to pursue my subject:

The great, and perhaps one of the greatest difficulties of life, I mean that relates to dreams, is to distinguish between such as are real apparitions, and such as are only the product of an incumbered brain, a distempered head, or which is worse, a distempered mind: but some dreams are so significant, and there follows such an immediate visible effect, answering the designed illumination, that it cannot but be significant.—*Beaumont on Spirits.*

The following story I had from the mouth of the very person who was chiefly concerned in it. I mean the captain of the ship itself.

One Captain Thomas Rogers, commander of a ship called the Society, was bound on a voyage from London to Virginia, about the year 1694.

The ship was hired in London, and being sent light, as they call it, to Virginia, for a loading of tobacco, had not many goods in her outward-bound, suppose about two or three hundred ton, which was not counted

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ed a loading, or indeed half her loading; the ship being very large, about five hundred tons burden.

They had a pretty good passage, and the day before had had an observation, whereupon the mates and proper officers had brought their books and cast up their reckonings with the captain, to see how near they were to the coasts of America; they all agreed that they were at least about an hundred leagues distant from the cape of Virginia. Upon these customary reckonings, and withal heaving the lead, and finding no ground at an hundred fathoms, they set the watch, and the captain turned in (as they call it at sea), that is, went to bed.

The weather was good, a moderate gale of wind, and blowing fair for the coast; so that the ship might have run about twelve or fifteen leagues in the night, after the captain was in his cabin.

He fell asleep, and slept very soundly for about three hours, when he waked again, and lay till he heard his second mate turn out, and relieve the watch; and then he called his chief mate, as he was going off from the watch, and asked him how all things fared: who answered, that all was well, and the gale freshened, and they run at a great rate; but it was a fair wind, and a fine clear night; so the captain went to sleep again.

About an hour after he had been asleep again, he dreamed that a man pulled him, or waked him, and he did wake. I am not sure, but I think he said, the thing bade

bade him get up and look abroad. But whether it was so or no, he lay still and composed himself to sleep, and was suddenly awaked again, and thus several times ; and though he knew not what was the reason, yet he found it was impossible for him to go to sleep ; and still he heard the vision say, or thought he heard it say, turn out and look abroad.

He lay in this uneasiness near two hours ; but at last it increased so upon him, that he could lie no longer, but got up put on his watch gown, and comes out upon the quarter deck ; there he found the second mate walking about, and the boatswain upon the fore-castle, the night fine and clear, a fair wind, and all well as before.

The mate wondering to see him, at first did not know him : but calling, Who's there ? the captain answered, and the mate returns, Who, the captain ! what's the matter, Sir ?

Says the captain, I don't know ; but I have been very uneasy these two hours, and somebody, or my own fancy, bid me turn out, and look abroad, though I know not what can be the meaning of it.

There can be nothing in it but some dream, says the mate.

Says the captain, how does the ship cape ?

South-west by south, says the mate ; fair for the coast, and the wind east by north.

That's

That's all very good, says the captain; and so after some other usual questions, he turned about to go back to his cabin; when, as if it had been somebody that stood by him and spoke, it came into his mind like a voice, "Heave the lead, heave the lead."

Upon this, he turns again to his second mate: Mate, says the captain, when did you heave the lead? what water had you?

About an hour ago, says the mate, sixty fathom.

Heave again, says the captain.

There's no manner of occasion, Sir, says the mate; but if you please it shall be done.

I don't know, says the captain, 'tis needless indeed, I think, and so was going away again; but was, as it were, forced to turn back as before, and says to the mate, I know not what ails me, but I cannot be easy; come, call a hand aft and heave the lead.

Accordingly a hand was called, and the lead being cast or heaved, as they call it, they had ground at eleven fathoms.

This surprised them all, but much more when at the next cast, it came up seven fathoms.

Upon this the captain in a fright bade them put the helm a-lee, and about ship, all hands being ordered to back the sails, as is usual in such cases.

The proper orders being obeyed, the ship stayed presently, and came about, and when she was about, before

the sails filled, she had but four fathoms and a half water under her stern; as soon as she filled and stood off, they had seven fathoms again, and at the next cast eleven fathoms, and so on to twenty fathoms; so he stood off to seaward all the rest of the watch, to get into deep water, till day-break, when being a clear morning, there were the capes of Virginia, and all the coast of America in fair view under their stern, and but a few leagues distance: had they stood on but one cable's length farther, as they were going, they had been bump a-shore (so the sailors call it) and certainly lost their ship, if not their lives.

Now, what could this be? Not the devil, that we may vouch for him; he would hardly be guilty of doing so much good; hardly an angel sent from heaven express, that we dare not presume; but it was the work of a waking providence, by some invisible agent employed for that occasion, who took sleep from the captain's eyes; as once, in a case of infinitely more importance, was done to king Ahasuerus. This we may conclude, had the captain slept as usual, and as nature required, they had been all lost; the shore being flat at a great distance, and, as I suppose, the tide low the ship had been a ground in an instant, and the sea, which run high, would have broke over her, and soon have dashed her in pieces.

How

How it happened that the mates and other navigators on board should all of them have kept, and yet all of them be out in their reckoning, and that so much as to think themselves an hundred leagues from the coast when they were not above twenty or twenty-five, that was to be accounted for among themselves; but certain it was, that if it had not been for thus being alarmed in the night, the whole ship's company might probably have been lost.

If this was not an apparition, it must be what the scripture calls it, in another case, being warned of God in a dream, which by the way is the same thing; but here was something more than being warned, for the captain owned he was in no dream; he dreamed nothing at all, much less any thing of danger; he went to his bed or cabin, with all the prudent caution that any man in that important trust of a ship in the ocean could do; and then, after having made their calculations, cast up their reckonings, set their watch, and made every thing sure, he laid down with all the satisfaction that it was possible for any man in a like case to have.

I come now to another relation of fact, which also I take upon me to vouch the reality of, having been present at the very instant of every part of it.

A person, says Dr Beaumont, whose name is not so proper to mention here, but who may be produced if there should be occasion, being still living, that was
under

under the disaster, a few years ago, to fall under a party censure, (the occasion is needless to the present case.) In hopes, upon the recess of the house, which was not far off, he should (as usual) be at liberty, he withdrew himself, and avoided being taken up as much as he could; but the house resenting it, a vote was passed, ordering the secretary of state to prosecute him at law: this obliged him to resolve to leave the kingdom, and in the meantime to conceal himself with more exactness; the government having issued out a proclamation for apprehending him, with a reward to the person who should discover where he was, so as he might be taken.

In order to conceal himself more effectually, he left his lodging where he had been hid for some time, and removed to Barnet, on the edge of Hertfordshire; intending, as soon as he had settled some family affairs, to go away north, into Scotland; but before he went away, he was obliged to come once more to London, to sign some writings for the securing some estate, which it was feared might be seized by outlaw, if the prosecution had gone on so far.

The night before he had appointed to come to London, as above, being in bed with one Mr R. D. he dreamed that he was in his lodgings in London, where he [had been] concealed as above, and in his dream he saw two men come to the door, who said
they

they were messengers, and produced a warrant from the secretary of state to apprehend him, and that accordingly they seized upon and took him.

The vision surprised and waked him, and he waked Mr D. his brother-in-law, who was in bed with him, and told him the dream, and what a surprise he was in about it. Mr D. seeing it was but a dream, advised him to give no heed to it, but compose himself, and go to sleep again; which he did.

As soon as he was fast asleep again, he was waked with the same dream exactly as before; and he waked his brother again, as before: this disturbed them both very much; but being heavy to sleep, they both went to sleep again, and dreamed no more. It is to be observed, that he saw the very men that apprehended him, their countenances, clothes, weapons, &c and described them. In the morning to his said brother D. in all the particulars.

However, the call to go to London being as he thought urgent, he got ready in the morning to set off, resolving to stay but one day, and then set forward for Scotland. Accordingly, he went for London in the morning, and, that he might not be known, walked it on foot; that so he might go by more private ways over Enfield Chace, and so to Southgate, Hornsey, &c.

All the way he walked, his mind was heavy and oppressed, and he frequently said to his brother, who
walked

walked with him, that he was certain he was going to London to be surprised; and so strong was the foreboding impression upon his mind, that he once stopt at Hornsey, and endeavoured to get a lodging, intending to send his brother to London, to see if any thing had happened there, and to give him notice.

As he had just secured a convenient lodging, he saw a gentleman standing at the next door, whom he knew very well, but durst not venture to trust on that occasion; and finding on enquiry that he dwelt there, he concluded that was no place for him, and so resolved to go forward.

The impression upon his mind continuing, he stopt again at Islington, and endeavoured to get a lodging there, but could not; at length his brother brought him word he could not get a lodging, except where it was too public. Well, says he, then I must go to London, and take what follows, or to that purpose; and accordingly went, and the next morning was taken by the messengers, just in the very manner as he had been told in his dream; and the very same two men, whose faces he had seen, and with the same clothes on and weapons, exactly as he had described.

This story I had from his own mouth, and confirmed by Mr R. D. his brother-in-law, to whom he related this vision at the very moment of it as above.

I refer it to any impartial judgment, to weigh every circumstance of this account (the truth of which I have not the least reason to question), and to tell me by what power, and from what influence, could these things be performed, if there were no invisible world, and no inhabitants there who concerned themselves with our affairs? no good spirits which conversed with our embodied spirits, and gave us due intelligence, notice, and warning of approaching danger.

If there is any difficulty in this case, it seems to me to be in the event of the thing, as in the case mentioned: why was not the intelligence made so complete, so forcible, and the impression so plain, that the person in whose favour it was all done, might have been effectually alarmed, his going forward stopt, and consequently the mischief which was at hand, and which he had the notice of, effectually prevented?

It is not indeed so easy to answer that part; but it may be resolved into this, that the fault seems to be our own, that we do not give due attention to such notice as might be sufficient to our deliverance.

Thus the invisible spirits give a due alarm, they do their part; if they jog us and awaken us in a deep sleep, and pull us again and again, and give us notice that something is coming, that some danger is at the door; if we still sleep on till it comes, if we will go on, happen whatever may, the kind spirit has done its duty,

duty, discharged its office, and if we fall into the mischief, the fault is our own, we can by no means blame the insufficiency of the notice, and say, to what purpose is it? seeing we had due and timely warning, but would not take the hint; we had due notice of the danger, and would not step out of the way to avoid it, the fault is wholly our own.

Another account I had a sufficient voucher for, though the gentleman is now dead; but I have great reason to believe the truth of it.

A young gentleman of good birth and fortune, in the beginning of the late war with France, had a great inclination to see the world, as he called it, and resolved to go into the army; his father was dead, and had left him a good estate, besides his mother's jointure, which at her death would fall to him of course.

His mother earnestly intreated him not to go into the army, but persuaded him rather to travel, that so he might see the world, as she said, without feeling the calamities of the war, and without hazarding his life.

He told her, travelling, indeed, in time of peace was all a gentl man could do, and was at best very expensive; but that now was the time a man might see the world at the expence of the public, and perhaps might make his fortune too.

His

His mother represented to him the danger of his life, and bade him consider how many gentlemen went into the army, and of them, how few had lived to come home again, much less to rise to any degree of preferment.

He made light of that, and told his mother, that if he happened to be knocked on the head, there was an end of him, and he was provided for.

Well, son, says the old lady, I am obliged to submit to it, you are your own master ; I can but intreat you not to go, you have estate enough to make you easy ; therefore have no need to run the risk.

He slighted all her intreaties, and at length mortgaged part of his estate to purchase a company in the first regiment of guards, and entered into the army.

The night before he signed the agreement for the company, being in bed and fast asleep, he saw in a dream his father come to him in his gown, and with a great fur cap on, such as he used to wear ; and calling him by his name, What is the reason says he that you will not listen to the intreaties of your mother not to go to the wars ? I do assure you, that if you resolve to take this commission, you will not enjoy it three years.

Why, says he (in his dream) what will hinder me ? being, it seems desirous to know something of his fortune.

Ask me not the particulars, says the apparition, but, either decline the employ, or when you have enjoyed it two years and a half, sell out again as I did before you.

I cannot promise that. says he.

Then you may promise yourself says the apparition that it shall be worse.

He seemed to slight the admonition, and said, it was too late to look back.

Too late! too late! says the apparition, repeating the words; then go on, and repent too late.

He was not much affected with this apparition, when he waked, and found it was but a dream; for dreams, said he, are not to be heeded; so he went on, and bought the commission.

A few days after the commission was bought, the father appeared again, not to him but to his mother, in a dream too as before; and taking notice to her how his son had rejected her admonition, it added,

‘ Young heads are wilful ; Robert will go into the army ; but tell him from me, he shall never come back,’

All these notices were of no force with this young gentleman ; but as he had resolved so he pursued his resolution and went into the army ; and two battalions of that regiment going into the field that summer, his company was one, and was ordered into Flanders.

He

He wanted no occasion to show his bravery, and in several warm actions came off with applause ; so that he was far from being suspected of cowardice : but one day, and in the third year of his service, the army was drawn out in order of battle, the general having received certain advice that the enemy would come and attack them. As he stood at the head of his company, he was suddenly seized with a cold shivering fit, and it was so violent that some officers who were near him, every one at their post, perceived it.

As it was to no purpose for him to conceal it, he turned to his lieutenant, who stood next to him, and from whose mouth I received this particular account : I cannot imagine, says he, what is the occasion of this shaking fit.

It is your eagerness to fall on, says the lieutenant, I have often been so, and begin to be so now ; I wish the French would come on, that we might have something to do.

It continued about a quarter of an hour, and the enemy did come on as was expected ; but the fight began upon the left, at a good distance from them, so that the whole left wing was engaged before they began.

While this lasted, the lieutenant called to the gentleman ; Colonel, says he, how do do ? I hope your shivering fit is over.

No

No, says the colonel, it is not over, but it is a little better.

It will be all over presently, says the lieutenant.

Ay, so it will, says the colonel, I am very easy, I know what it was now ; and with that he called the lieutenant to come to him for a moment.

When he came, says he, I know now what ailed me, I am very easy, I have seen my father ; I shall be killed the first volley ; let my mother know I told you this.

In a few minutes after this, a body of the enemy advanced, and the very first volley the regiment received, was the fire of five platoons of grenadiers, by which the captain and several other officers, besides private men, were killed, and the whole brigade was soon after put into confusion ; though being supported by some regiments of the second line, they rallied again soon after ; the captain's body was presently recovered ; but he was irrevocably dead, for he received a shot in his face, which killed him immediately.

If all the notices from the invisible world could have been of any use to him, or he had been to be wrought upon by cautions and advices, which nothing but a most obstinate temper would have so totally disregarded, the man had been safe. But what can be expected, when men are as plainly informed of things, as by such methods can be supposed rational, and will not take the hint ?

*A remarkable instance of Divine Justice, in the death
of a drunkard.*

IN the year 1743, there lived in London, one who was then foreman to a stay-maker, a good workman, but a very great drunkard. He married, and in a short time after, he and his wife removed to Yorkshire. They lived together till she bore him six children; but by his excess in drinking, he kept himself, his wife and children without even common necessities. He then removed to the county of Durham. His wife then knew little more of religion than himself; though she had formerly heard Mr John Wesley call sinners to the Lord Jesus. But she did not dare to do it after her marriage, her husband swearing, if he had a wife who was inclined to the methodists, he would burn her.

As he now drew near his latter end, she got a clergyman to attend him. But the clergyman observing a peculiar hardness in him, told his wife it was to no effect.

The night of his death, she read a prayer out of the prayer-book to him : but he cried out, away with that popish book. She then begged him to say the Lord's prayer. He uttered some words with the utmost contempt and indifference, and said, " Bearn, I cannot pray, I cannot pray, it is all over !

About an hour or two before he died, his wife asked him if he had any thing against her ; he replied, " I have not ; but if I had taken thy advice I had not been brought to this deplorable condition."

About two o'clock in the morning he said, " Hand me down my clothes, for I must away !" and died !

In the winter, about six weeks after his death, she with her helpless children, one of them sucking on her breast, were carried in a cart to her parish, whence they were ordered to the poor house, which was a place where they used to confine bad women and lunatics. Into this loathsome prison she and her infants were thrust, with nothing to lie on, save a little straw, and nothing to cover them. However, after some time they all dropped asleep. Towards morning she awaked, began to bemoan her wretched condition, and calling her husband by his name, said, " To what a miserable state have you brought me and my innocent babes ? We are all to perish for want."

She had scarce spoke, when there was a terrible rustling noise, as if the place was going to be unroofed,

ed, and a glimmering light with a sulphureous smell. Then appeared her husband, with fiends who formed a circle round him. He seemed in exquisite pain, and cringed and leapt while they scourged and tormented him.

He said, "do not grieve on account of your situation, you will be soon taken out of this place. And you and your children will be taken care of, and you will never perish for want. But as for me, this is to be my condition to all eternity;" and then disappeared.

Stockton,, Feb. 25, 1783.

W. COLLINS,

Here we may enquire, What is this eternity? How shall we pour any light upon this abstruse subject? It cannot be the object of our understanding. And with what comparison shall we compare it? How infinitely does it transcend all these? What are any temporal things placed in comparison with those that are eternal? What is the duration of the long-lived oak, of the ancient castle, of Trajan's pillar, of Pompey's amphitheatre? What is the antiquity of the Tuscan urns, though probably older than the foundation of Rome; yea, of the pyramids of Egypt, suppose they have remained upwards of three thousand years; when laid in the balance with eternity? It vanishes into nothing. Nay, what is the duration of the everlasting hills, figuratively so called, which have remain-
ed

all ever since the general deluge, if not from the foundation of the world, in comparison of eternity? No more than an insignificant cypher. Go farther yet, consider the duration, from the creation of the first born sons of God, of Michael the archangel in particular, to the hour when he shall be commissioned to sound his trumpet, and to utter his mighty voice through the vault of heaven, "Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment!" Is it not a moment, a point, a nothing in comparison of unfathomable eternity? Add to this a thousand, a million of years, add a million of million of ages, before the mountains were brought forth, or the earth and the round world were made: what is all this in comparison to that eternity which is past? Is it not less, infinitely less, than a single drop of water to the whole ocean? Yes, immeasurably less than a day, an hour, a moment to a million of ages. Go back a thousand million still. Yet you are no nearer the beginning of eternity.

Are we able to form a more adequate conception of the eternity to come? In order to this, let us compare it with the several degrees of duration, which we are acquainted with. An Ephemeron fly lives six hours, from six in the evening till twelve. This is a short life compared to that of a man, which continues threescore or fourscore years. And this itself is short, if it be compared to the nine hundred and sixty-nine years

years of Methuselah, Yet what are these years, yea, all that have succeeded each other from the time that the heavens and the earth were erected, to the time when the heavens shall pass away, and the earth with the works of it shall be burned up, if we compare it to the length of that duration, which never shall have an end!

In order to illustrate this, a late author has repeated that striking thought of St. Cyprian. Suppose there were a ball of sand, as large as the globe of earth: suppose a grain of this sand were to be annihilated, reduced to nothing in a thousand years; yet that whole space of duration, wherein this ball would be annihilating, at the rate of one grain in a thousand years, would bear infinitely less proportion to eternity. Duration without end, than a single grain of sand would bear to all the mass.

To infix this important point the more deeply in your mind, consider another comparison. Suppose the ocean to be so enlarged as to include all the space between the earth and the starry heavens. Suppose a drop of this water to be annihilated once in a thousand years: yet that whole space of duration wherein this ocean would be annihilating, at the rate of one drop in a thousand years, would be infinitely less in proportion to eternity, than one drop of water to that whole ocean.

Look

Look then at those immortal spirits, whether they are in this, or the other world. When they shall have lived thousands of thousands of years, yea, millions of millions of ages, their duration will be but just begun : they will be only upon the threshold of eternity.

But besides this division of eternity into that which is past and that which is to come, there is another division of eternity, which is of unspeakable importance. That which is to come, as it relates to immortal spirits, is either a happy or miserable eternity.

See the spirits of the righteous, that are already praising God in a happy eternity. We are ready to say, How short will it appear to those who drink of the rivers of pleasure at God's right hand ? We are ready to cry out,

“ A day without night
They dwell in his sight,
And eternity seems as a day !

But this is only speaking after the manner of men For the measures of long and short, are only applicable to time, which admits of bounds, and not to unbounded duration. This rolls on (according to our low conceptions) with unutterable, inconceivable swiftness ; if one would not rather say, it does not roll, or move at all, but is one, still immoveable ocean. For the inhabitants

habitants of heaven cease not day or night, but continually cry, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord, the God, the Almighty : who was, and who is, and who is to come ! And when millions of millions of ages are elapsed, their eternity is but just begun.

On the other hand, in what a condition are those immortal spirits, who have made choice of a miserable eternity ? I say, made choice : for it is impossible this should be the lot of any creature, but by his own act and deed. The day is coming, when every soul will be constrained to acknowledge, in the sight of men and angels,

“ No dire decree of thine did seal,
Or fix the unalterable doom ;
Consign my unborn soul to hell,
Or damp me from my mother’s womb.”

In what condition, will such a spirit be, after the sentence is executed, depart ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels ? Suppose him to be just now plunged into the lake of fire, burning with brimstone, where they have no rest day or night, but the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever ! Why, if we were only to be chained down one day, yea one hour, in a lake of fire : how amazingly long would one day, or one hour appear ? I know not

not if it would not seem as a thousand years. But, astonishing thought ! After thousands of thousands, he has but just tasted of his bitter cup ! After millions it will be no nearer the end, than it was the moment it began.

What then is he, how foolish, how mad, in how unutterable a degree of distraction, who seeming to have the understanding of a man, deliberately prefers temporal things to eternal ? Who (allowing that absurd, impossible supposition, that wickedness is happiness : a supposition utterly contrary to all reason, as well as to matter of fact) prefers the happiness of a year, say a thousand years, to the happiness of eternity ? In comparison of which, a thousand ages are infinitely less than a year, a day, a moment ? especially when we take this into the consideration, (which indeed should never be forgotten) that the refusing of a happy eternity implies the chusing of a miserable eternity. For there is not, cannot be any medium between everlasting joy and everlasting pain. It is a vain thought, which some have entertained, that death will put an end to the soul as well as the body. It will put an end to neither the one nor the other ; it will only alter the manner of their existence. But when the body returns to the dust as it was, the spirit will return to God that gave it. Therefore, at the moment of death, it must be unspeakably happy or unspeakably miserable. And that misery will never end.

" Never! Where sinks the soul at the dread
sound!

Into a gulf how dark, and how profound!"

How often would he, who had made the wretched
choice, wish for the death both of his soul and body? It is not impossible, he might pray in some such manner as Dr. Young supposes,

" When I have with'd ten thousand years in
fire,

Ten thousand thousand, let me then expire!"

Yet this unspeakable folly, this unutterable madness, of preferring present things to eternal, is the disease of every man, born into the world, while in his natural state. For such is the constitution of our nature, that as the eye sees only such a portion of space at once, so the mind sees only such a portion of time at once. And as all the space that lies beyond this, is invisible to the eye, so all the time which lies beyond that compass, is invisible to the mind. So that we do not perceive, either the space or the time, which is at a distance from us. The eye sees distinctly the space that is near it, with the objects which it contains. In like manner, the mind sees distinctly those objects which are within such a distance of time. The eye does not

see the beauties of China. They are at too great a distance. There is too great a space between us and them : therefore we are not affected by them. They are as nothing to us : it is just the same to us, as if they had no being. For the same reason the mind does not see either the beauties or the terrors of eternity. We are not at all affected by them, because they are so distant from us. On this account it is, that they appear to us as nothing, just as if they had no existence. Meantime we are wholly taken up with things present, whether in time or space ; and things appear less and less as they are more and more distant from us, either in one respect or the other. And so it must be ; such is the constitution of our nature, till nature is changed by almighty grace. But this is no manner of excuse for those who continue in their natural blindness to futurity ; because a remedy for it is provided, which is found by all that seek it. Yea, it is freely given to all that sincerely ask it.

This remedy is faith. I do not mean, that which is the faith of a heathen, who believes that there is a God, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him ; but that which is defined by the apostle, An evidence or conviction of things not seen : a divine evidence and conviction of the invisible and eternal world. This alone opens the eyes of the understanding, to see God and the things of God. This, as it were,

were, takes away, or renders transparent, the impenetrable veil,

“ Which hangs ’twixt mortal and immortal being.”

When

“ Faith lends its realizing light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly :
The invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.”

Accordingly, a believer (in the scriptural sense) lives in eternity, and walks in eternity. His prospect is enlarged. His view is not any longer bounded by present things: no, nor by any earthly hemisphere, though it were, as Milton speaks, “ Tenfold the length of his Terrene.” Faith places the unseen, the eternal world continually before his face. Consequently he looks not at the things that are seen :

“ Wealth, honour, pleasure, or what else,
This short-enduring world can give.”

These are not his aim, the object of his pursuit, his desire or happiness: but at the things that are not seen at the favour, the image and the glory of God: as well knowing,

knowing, that the things which are seen are temporal, a vapour, a shadow, a dream that vanishes away ; whereas the things that are not seen are eternal, real, solid, and unchangeable.

Mr Aubrey recites in his Miscellanies, the following awful admonition of a departed friend, to one yet in this world. His words are :

TWO persons (ladies) of fortune, both being not long since deceased, were intimate acquaintance, and loved each other sincerely. It so fell out, that one of them fell sick of the small-pox, and desired mightily to see the other, who would not come, fearing the catching the distemper ; the afflicted lady at last died of them. She had not been buried long, before she appeared at the other's house in the dress of a widow, and asked for her friend, who was then at cards ; she sent down her woman to know her business, the answer was, that she must impart it to none but her lady, who, after she had received this message, bid her woman,

man,

man introduce her into a room, and desire her to stay till the game was done, and she would then wait on her. The game being finished, down stairs she goes to the apparition, to know her business, "Madam," (says the ghost, turning up her veil, and her face appearing full of the small-pox) "You know very well, that you and I loved entirely. Though I took it very ill of you, that you was not so kind as to come and see me, yet I could not rest till I had seen you. Believe me, my dear, I am not come to fright you; but only out of regard to your eternal happiness to forewarn you of your approaching end, which I am sorry to say will be very miserable, if you do not prepare for it, for there is a righteous God above, and you know you have led a very unthinking giddy life these many years. I cannot stay, I am going, my time is just spent, prepare to die; and remember this, that when you make the thirtieth at a ball, you have but a few days to live." She then vanished. To conclude, she was at a ball where she made the thirtieth in number; and was afterwards asked by the brother of the deceased, whether his sister had appeared to her as was reported; she made him no answer, but fell a weeping, and died in a little time after.

The solemnity of a visit from the dead is yet heightened by coming at a time of festivity, when the heart is glad, and there is no room in the mind for serious

reflection. How seriously we should esteem friendship and a solemn promise !

A Story taken from Josephus

GLAPHYRA, the daughter of King Archelaus, after the death of her two first husbands (being married to a third, who was brother to her first husband, and so passionately in love with her that he turned off his former wife to make room for this marriage) had a very odd kind of dream. She fancied she saw her first husband coming towards her, and that she embraced him with great tenderness ; when in the midst of the pleasure she expressed at sight of him, he reproached her thus : “ Glaphyra, thou hast made good the old saying, That women are not to be trusted. Was not I the husband of thy virginity ? Have not I children by thee ? How couldst thou forget our loves so far as to enter into a second marriage, and a third ; nay, to take for thy husband a man who has so shamefully crept into the bed of his brother ? However, for the sake of our past loves, I shall free thee from thy present reproach, and
make

make thee mine for ever." Glaphyra told this dream to several women of her acquaintance, and died soon after.

I thought this story might not be impertinent, as it contains a most certain proof of the immortality of the soul, and of divine Providence. If any man thinks these facts incredible, let him enjoy his own opinion to himself, but let him not endeavour to disturb the belief of others, who, by instances of this nature are excited to the study of virtue.

Vanity in Death.

IN the year 1544, there was found in Rome, a coffin of marble, eight feet long, and in it a robe embroidered, which yielded six-and-thirty pounds weight of gold; besides forty rings, a cluster of emeralds; a little mouse made of another precious stone; and among the rest, two leg-bones of a corpse, known by the inscription on the tomb, to be the bones of the empress Mary, daughter of Silius, and wife of the emperor Honorius.

An extract from the will of Mr Richard Baxter.

I RICHARD BAXTER, of London, Clerk; an unworthy servant of Jesus Christ, drawing to the end of this transitory life, having, through God's great mercy, the free use of my understanding, do make my last will and testament. My spirit I commit with trust and hope of the heavenly felicity, into the hands of Jesus, my glorified Redeemer, and intercessor; and, by his mediation, into the hands of God, my reconciled Father, the infinite, eternal spirit, light, life, and love; most great and wise, and good, the God of nature, grace, and glory; of whom, and through whom, and to whom are all things, my absolute owner, ruler, and benefactor: whose I am, and whom, (though imperfectly) I serve, seek, and trust, to whom be glory for ever, Amen,

To him I render most humble thanks, that he hath filled up my life with abundance of mercy, pardoned my sins by the merits of Christ; and vouchsafed by his spirit to renew and seal me as his own, and to moderate and bless to me my long-sufferings in the flesh, and at last to sweeten them by his interest and comforting approbation, who taketh the cause of love and concord as his own.

Apparition of the Laird of Cool.

WHAT I know concerning the matter is this. The servant of Dr Menzie, Physician at Dumfries, told his master and many others, that the laird of Cool, lately dead, appeared to him, rode him down, and killed his horse; that he appointed him to meet him some time after, at such a place, which he promised to do. But Mr P. (then minister of Dumfries) advised him to break that promise.

Mr Ogilvie (then minister at Innerwick near Dunbar) on hearing this, blamed Mr Paton much: saying, Had he been there, he would not only have advised him to keep his promise, but would have gone with him. The ensuing relation of what followed, wrote in Mr O's own hand, was found in his desk after his death, by Mrs Ogilvie. She gave it to Mr Lundie, now minister at Oldhamstocks, who gave it to me.

JAMES HAMILTON.

What

What follows is transcribed from Mr Lundie's Copy.

On Feb. 3, 1722, at seven o'clock at night, as I was coming up the burial-road, one came riding up after me. Looking back, I called, Who is there? He answered, the laird of Cool. Thinking it was some one who wanted to put a trick upon me, I struck at him with my cane. It found no resistance. but flew out of my hand, to the distance of about twenty yards. I alighted and took it up, but found some difficulty in mounting, partly by reason of the ramping of my horse, partly by a trembling which ran through my joints. He stopt till I came up to him again, and said, " If you are the laird of Cool, what is your business with me?" He answered, " You have undertaken what few in Ridsdale would." I asked in surprise, " What have I undertaken?" He answered, Last Sabbath you blamed Mr Paton for advising the young man not to keep his promise, and said, You would be willing to go with him yourself! Og. Who informed you, that I said so? C. We that are dead know many things that the living know nothing about. All I want is, that you would fulfil your promise, and deliver my commission to my wife. O. Did I say I would go all the way to Dumfries upon such an errand? It never entered into my thoughts. C. What was in your thoughts I do not know: but I can depend upon my information, that these were your words.

words. But I see you are in some disorder : I will wait upon you again, when you have more presence of mind.

By this time we were come below the church-yard. And while I was considering whether I had promised or no, he broke from me through the church-yard with amazing violence, and with such a whizzing noise, as put me into more disorder than before. When I came to my house, my wife seeing me very pale, enquired, What ailed me ? I told her I was a little uneasy, and desired something to drink. Being thereby eased and refreshed, I retired to my closet, to meditate on this astonishing adventure.

On the fifth of March, 1722, as I was riding about sun-set, near William White's march, the jaird of Cool came riding up to me again, and said, " Be not afraid : I will do you no harm." I replied, " I am not afraid : for I know He in whom I trust is stronger than all of you put together." C. You are as safe from me, as when I was alive. O. Then let us have a free conversation together, and give me some information about the affairs of the other world. C. What information do you want from me ? O. Are you in a state of happiness or not ? C. That is a question I will not answer ? Ask something else. O. I ask then, what sort of a body is that you appear in ? C. It is not the same body wherein I was witness to your marriage, nor that

that in which I died. That is rotting in the grave, But it is such a body as answers me in a moment. I can fly as fast in this body as without it. If I would go to London, to Jerusalem, or to the Moon, I can perform all these journies equally soon. For it costs me nothing but a thought: This body is just as fleet as your thought. In the same time you can turn your thought, to Rome I can go there in person. O. But tell me, Have you not yet appeared before God, and received sentence from him as a Judge? C. never yet. O. It is commonly believed, there is a particular judgment immediately after death, and a general one at the last day. C. No such thing, no such thing. There is no trial, no sentence till the last day. The heaven good men enjoy immediately after death, consists in the serenity of their minds, the satisfaction of a good conscience, and the certain hope of glory everlasting, and in being with Christ and his Saints.

The hell which the wicked suffer immediately after death, consists in their wickedness, in the stings of an awakened conscience, the terrors of facing the great Judge, and of everlasting torments, and in being with the devil and angels. And their misery when dead bears a due proportion to the evil they did while living: but some of these although not good were far less wicked than others, and so are far less miserable. And on the other hand, some were not wicked in this life, yet had

and but a small degree of goodness. And their faces are not more various in life, than their circumstances are after death.

O. To pass this, there is another question I want to ask: "How came you to know what I said to Mr. Paton?" Were you with us, though invisible? C. I was not. But you must know, that not only angels are continually sent from heaven, to guard and comfort good men, but also the spirits of holy men are employed on the same errand. O. But has every man his guardian angel? C. Not every man; but many particular men have. And there are few families but have one attending on them. From what you have heard of spirits, you may easily conceive, how one may be serviceable to each member of the family, even when far distant from each other. Yea, one powerful angel or departed spirit is sufficient for some villages; but to a great city many angels or departed spirits are assigned, who are superintended by one great angel.

Now Satan in the government of his kingdom, apes the kingdom of Christ as much as possible. Accordingly he sends out missionaries too; but because he has plenty of them, he frequently commissions two or three to attend one family, if it be of great power or influence. O. I cannot understand how the evil angels should be more numerous than the good ones.

S

C.

C. Whatever the number of devils be, it is certain the number of wicked spirits departed, who are employed on this errand, is abundantly greater than that of the good ones. And there is as great a difference between the good and bad spirits, as there is between the good and bad angels, both with regard to their knowledge, activity, strength, and faculties. Yea, some departed souls exceed some of the original angels, in all these respects.

Now both the good and the evil angels, have stated times of rendezvous: at which the principal angels (good and bad) that have the charge of towns, cities, or kingdoms (not to mention villages or individuals,) hear all that is transacted. Many things false are related among the living, but nothing among the dead. Indeed an evil spirit would not scruple telling a falsehood, if he could gain any thing by it. But he cannot. Nay, in making his report, he must tell nothing but the truth, or woe be to him!

But beside their monthly, quarterly, and yearly meetings, departed spirits may take a trip to see each other when they please. Three of these informed me of what you said; Andrew Akeman, that attends Mr Thurston's family, James Corbet that waits on Mr Paton's family, (and was looking after Mrs Paton when she was at your house) and an original emissary appointed to wait on yours. At this I was much surprised,

prised, and after a little thinking, asked, and is there an emissary from hell that attends my family? C. You may depend upon it there is. O. And what is his business? C. To divert you from your duty, and make you do as many ill things as he can. For much depends upon having the minister on his side. On this I was struck with a horror I cannot express. But after a time, recollecting myself, I said, But is there a devil that attends our family, though invisibly? C. As sure as you breathe: But there is also a good angel, that attends your family, and is stronger than him. O. Are you sure of this? C. Yes: and there is one just now riding on your right arm. But he might have been elsewhere: for I meant you no harm. O. How long has he been with me? C. Only since we passed Branskie: but now he is gone. O. I desire to part with you, and to see you another time. C. Be it so. I want your help of another kind. Now I bid you farewell. So saying he went off, at the head of the path going to Elmselough.

On April 5, 1722, as I was returning from Oldhamstocks, Cool struck up with me at the ruinous inclosure. I told him, I am glad to see you what now are your demands upon me? C. All I desire is, that you will go to my wife, who possesses all my effects and inform her of the following particulars. First, I owed Provost Crosby 500l, Scots, with three years interest

terest. On his death my brother and I forged a discharge, and when his heir wrote to me concerning this bond, I shewed him the discharge and silenced him. Second, When I heard of Robert Kennedy's death, I forged a bill of 190l. Sterling, which was paid me. Third, When Thomas Greor died, to whom I owed 36l. Sterling, I met with a poor lad, a writer, whom I told, I had paid Thomas Greor's account, but I had not a receipt, which I desired he would write for me. He flew into a passion, and said, he would rather be hanged. I said, Nay, I was but in jest, and desired he would never mention it to any. Fourth, I sent for your brother, who did all I desired for a guinea, and for a guinea and a half more gave me a discharge for 200l. more (Scots) which I owed to your father-in-law. But what vexes me more than all the rest, is the injustice I did to Homer Maxwell, for whom I was factor. I had borrowed two thousand marks from him, two hundred of which he had borrowed from another. For this I gave him my bond. He died that year, leaving nine children. His wife died a month before him. His eldest daughter desired me to look over the papers and give her an account of the stock and debts. I slipt this bond into my pocket: whereby his circumstances proved bad, and the nine children are all starving.

These

These things I beg you would represent to my wife, and let them be rectified. She has funds sufficient. If this be done, I think I shall be easier.

After a short pause, I answered,—"It is a good errand you would send me on, to do justice to the oppressed; and I might be a gainer myself; yet I beg a little time to consider on the matter. You need not bid me take courage: for though I see what your state is, I am no more afraid of you than of a new born child. Tell me then, since your agility is such, that in the twinkling of an eye you can fly a thousand miles, why cannot you fly to your wife, empty her bags, into your hat invisibly, and do these people justice? C. I cannot. O. But you say if these things were rectified, you should be easier; I cannot understand that. For whatever justice be now done to the people, the guilt of the injustice still lies upon you. But why cannot you take money to pay your debts? C. I cannot touch any man's money, by reason of those that are the stated guardians of justice. O. Nay, but do not men take the money of others continually? And cannot you do it, that can put yourself into a hundred shapes? C. God will not suffer us thus to injure men. And indeed men may guard themselves against men; but not against spirits. Were not these restrained, nothing that a man had would be safe. O. But might not you go to the mines of Mexico, where is gold

enough that would never be missed? C. No spirits good or bad, have any power to touch money or gold. O. But what hinders bad spirits from doing it? C. A superior power that guards and governs all. O. But why cannot you go to your wife yourself, and tell her what you have a mind? C. That is one of the questions I will not answer. But if you will go, I will make you full satisfaction for your trouble.

On April 10, coming from Old Cambus, I met him again upon the post-road, on the head of the heath called The Pees. He asked, Whether I had considered the matter? I told him, "I have, and am in the same opinion still. For what a fool should I make of myself, if I should go to Dumfries, and tell your wife, that you had appeared to me, and told me of many forgeries and villanies you had committed, for which it behoved her to make reparation? Is it probable, she would part with her money? Would she not rather say I was mad? If she did not sue me for scandal. But dropping these matters till our next interview,"

Here the manuscript ends. Whether Mr Ogilvie did not see him any more; or whether death prevented his writing the rest of their conversation is not certain.

Although there are several things in the preceding account, which I do not understand, yet this is no considerable

considerable objection to me, as my understanding is not the adequate measure of truth.

J. W.

A retrospective view of Death and Eternity, in a time of Sickness.

TO talk of death, and to enter in good earnest upon dying work, are two things. To view the messenger who comes as a serjeant from the Judge of all, at a distance first, but afterwards as actually approaching, and that too, with hasty steps, with his opened commission in one hand, and his dart to execute it in the other, and with an expecting grave and eternal judgment in his immediate train, is as different as to view a painted lion, who is only terrible on canvass, and to see him really with his rolling eyes of fire, and hear his hideous roar.

Nature, her bravest efforts broke,
Would fain resign the strife,

Bat:

But oh ! the soul at dying shook,
And shiver'd back to life,

See all before me, wild ! I cry'd,
Th' eternal ocean roll !
Tremendous gulf unknown, untry'd,
And thither hastes my soul.

O how can I sustain the woe,
If when I drop my shell,
The Judge his flaming bolt should throw,
And dash me down to hell !

To hell ! intolerable thought,
A world of black despair ;
Thence no redemption can be bought,
And boundless wrath is there.

I cannot say but I had frequently, in former times, endeavoured to celebrate my own funeral, though I never went so far as, with the emperor Charles V. to put myself in my coffin, never caused my grave to be dug, or laid myself down in the solemn entrenchment. I never did thus indeed, but I often separated myself from the busy scenes of life, and endeavoured to draw aside the curtain of mortality, and look into the vast abyss. I often in a peculiar solemn manner, recollected:

flected death and its important consequences, when I attended a friend to the grave, or saw the awful approach of that monster, in the quivering limbs, distorted eyes, and convulsed countenance of my acquaintance, or when I accidentally saw a neighbour carried to his long home, or beheld in the repositories of the dead, a fresh grave, opening its mouth, or a rotten bone, or a shattered skull, or when I heard but the funeral bell from the tower. I say, I often took occasion from these things to think the more of death, remembering a saying of Bishop Hopkins, that "It is no great mistake to account every funeral our own." I often looked into eternity, till through the perspective of faith, assisted by steady meditation, the objects before me were brought near, and increased in bulk; while the things of time, as if I had turned the other end, lessened to my view, and appeared comparatively despicable. But how shall I tell the difference between my former, and these latter converses with death? I had before a distant glimpse, but now an immediate and comprehensive view. The light, which before reflected on my visive powers, was as the dawn of the morning; but now it was almost like the dazzling moon. My soul was awake, how did my heart palpitate? my breath, which was shortened before by my fever, almost forgot to return, when gone from my nostrils; like the traveller upon the road,

who,

who, before he is aware, stands still to view some wonderful object, that had just broke in upon his eye. Could I make the busy world know how insignificant they and their pursuits appeared, they would receive the story with a jest; or the good-natured carnalist would tell me, with pity, that my brain was weakened by my illness, and that I had not even yet recovered from my delirium. But oh, I assure you, were it possible for me to communicate my views of persons and things, the exchange would be in danger of being locked up, for want of merchants to frequent it; and the high offices at court, the most lucrative and honourable, into which so many are pressing, would want petitioners, nay, scarce would royal importunities prevail upon persons to be at liesure to accept and fill them. The greatest cities to me were but molehills, and the busy inhabitants but a company of emmets, and the richest prize seemed to me as inconsiderable as a grain of corn. The merry sensualists were but as grasshoppers, whose noise was despicable and troublesome, and whose life I saw to be exceeding short, and liable to be crushed every moment. Princes I called glow-worms, which shine only to those who are in the dark, and are found to be no better than contemptible insects (dim and disrobed of all their lustre) when the light of eternity breaks in upon them.

I thought, I believed, and was somewhat affected with the great truths of the gospel before; and how have the glories of that revelation darted upon my eye, and overspread my soul, when I have heard them descanted upon, with a pleasing mixture of solid judgment and ravished affection? But, oh, words are far from being sufficient to be a vehicle of my thoughts, while I would fain tell you what I felt when death was in immediate view.

Could the unbelieving wretches (for I could with an affectionate pity call them no better) have seen what I did, sure, thought I, it would not only have cured them of their infidelity, but have made them confirmed believers; yea, perhaps preachers of that faith, which now they treat with contempt. O the glories of the Godhead! O the ravishing sweetness that appeared in every feature of the countenance, I mean in every character of Jesus the Mediator:

Thou stain'd with sins and follies, yet serene
In penitential peace and cheerful hope,
Sprinkled and guarded with atoning blood.
Thy vital smiles, amid this desolation,
Like heavenly sunbeams hid behind the clouds,
Break out in happy moments with bright radiance
Cleaving the gloom; the fair celestial light

Softens

Softens and gilds the horrors of the storm,
And richest cordials to the heart conveys.

Incarnate love

Has seiz'd and holds me in almighty arms;
Here's my salvation, my eternal hope,
Amid the wreck of worlds, and dying nature.

Though nature was sunk low, and I could scarce utter a complete sentence before, yet I remember I cried out, to the surprise of all my friends, "I account all things but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in him!" I called to mind the views I had had of sin, in its guilt, power, and pollution, and the suitableness I saw in Jesus the Redeemer; even in the blood and righteousness, the power and grace of that Emanuel. I had a testimony within, that I had fled for refuge to him, as the hope, the only hope set before me; that I had days and times without number, repeated the solemn acts of repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. I could now say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth. He hath loved me and given himself for me, I have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins. And I know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, I have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Then

Then with an holy, but humble triumph, for I cannot describe what depths of self-abasement, and what heights of admiration, I was in at the same time, I cried out,

Then shall he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

And will he, said I, with arms extended, and eyes elevated? it is enough; *Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.*

My cheerful soul now all the day
Sits waiting here and sings;
Looks through the ruins of her clay,
And practises her wings.
Faith almost changes into sight,
While from afar she spies
Her fair inheritance in light
Above created skies.
The shines of heav'n rush sweetly in
At all the gaping flaws;
Visions of endless bliss are seen,
And native air she draws.

*The apparition of Edward Avon, to his son-in-law,
Thomas Goddard.*

THOMAS GODDARD, of Marlborough, in the county of Wilts, on the ninth of November, 1674, going to Ogburn, at a stile near the highway, met the apparition of his father-in-law, Edward Avon, who died in May last, having on, to appearance, the same clothes he usually wore when living. When he came near, the apparition said, Are you afraid? To which Goddard answered I am, thinking on one who is dead whom you are like. To which the apparition replied, I am he whom you were thinking of. I am Edward Avon, your father-in-law: come near to me; I will do you no harm. Goddard answered, I trust in God you will do me no harm. Then the apparition said, how does William and Mary? meaning his son William Avon, and Mary his daughter. Then the apparition held out his hand, and in it twenty or thirty shillings in silver, and spake with a loud voice, Take this money and send it to Sarah; for I shut up my bowels of compassion against her in my lifetime. But Goddard answered,

ed, In the name of Jesus, I refuse all such money. Then the apparition said, I perceive you are afraid : I will meet you another time.

The next night about seven o'clock, the apparition opened Goddard's window, and looked him in the face, but said nothing. The night following, as Goddard went into his yard with a candle in his hand, it appeared to him again ; but he being afraid, ran into his house, and saw it no more then.

Thursday the 12th, as he came from Chilton, the apparition met him again in the same habit ; and standing about eight feet before him in the way, spake to him with a loud voice. Thomas, bid William Avon take the sword that he had of me, and carry it into the wood, as we go to Alton ; for with that sword I did wrong thirty years ago. It further said, Tell Margaret (meaning his wife) I desire her to deliver up the money which I gave to Sarah Taylor, the child ; but if she will not, tell her, I will see her very suddenly ; and see that this be done within a twelve-month and a day after my decease. Accordingly, Goddard saith, that he paid the twenty shillings to Edward Lawrence of this town, who being now present, remembers that he lent Avon that money about twenty years ago, which none knew but himself and his wife, and Avon and his wife ; and was never paid it again before now ;

Goddard

Goddard says further, that this very day, by Mr Mayor's order, he with his brother-in-law, William Avon, went with the sword, and laid it down in the copse, near the place the apparition had appointed : Goddard looking back saw the same apparition, who said to him, Thomas, take up the sword and follow me : so he took it up and followed the apparition into the copse. Then Goddard laying down the sword upon the ground, the apparition said, I have a commission not to touch you ; and then it took up the sword and, and pointed the end of it into the ground, and said, In this place lies buried, the body of him whom I murdered in the year 1635, who is now rotten and turned to dust. Whereupon Goddard said, Why did you commit this murder ? He said, I took money from the man, who contended with me, and therefore murdered him. Then Goddard asked, Who was confederate with you ? He said, None. Then said Goddard, What would you have me to do ? The apparition said, Let the world know that I murdered a man, and buried him in this place, in the year 1635.

Then the apparition vanished ; whereupon Goddard, and his brother-in-law, Avon, went away together.

Avon told Goddard that he heard his voice, and understood what he said ; and also heard the voice of another distinct from his, but could not understand any thing he said ; nor see any one ; who being now
present

present affirms the same. And as to Goddard, he not only positively asserts it, but saith, he will make affidavit of the whole whenever required.

But what signifies affidavits! Were a thousand men, of the greatest veracity and candour, to make affidavits of things of this nature, and were they to do it with their dying breath, such is the infidelity of this generation, that they would not be believed. If there was ever such a thing as the appearance of angels or spirits (which many good christians of this age think doubtful; every thing of this kind, they are sure, is now at an end! Is it not then very remarkable that such should pretend to believe the bible?

The awful Prospects of the Wicked.

THE Wicked—My mind recoils at the apprehension of their misery. It has studiously waved the fearful subject, and seems unwilling to pursue it now. But 'tis better to reflect upon it for a few minutes, than to endure it to eternal ages. Perhaps, the con-

consideration of their aggravated misery may be profitably terrible ; may teach me more highly to prize the Saviour, who " delivers from going down to the bottomless pit ;" may drive me, like the avenger's sword, to this only city of refuge for obnoxious sinners.

The wicked lie in their graves like malefactors in a deep and strong dungeon, reserved against the day of trial. " Their departure was without peace." Clouds of horror sat lowering upon their closing eye-lids most sadly foreboding the " blackness of darkness for ever," When the last sickness seized their frame, and the inevitable change advanced ; when they saw the fatal arrow fitting to the strings ; saw the deadly archer aiming at their heart ; and felt the envenomed shaft fastened in their vitals—Good God ! what fearfulness came upon them ! what horrible dread overwhelmed them ! How did they stand shuddering and aghast upon the tremendous precipice ; excessively afraid to plunge into the abyse of eternity, yet utterly unable to maintain their standing on the verge of life.

O ! what pale reviews, what startling prospects, conspire to augment their sorrows ! They look backward : and, behold ! a most melancholy scene ! Sins unrepented of, mercy slighted, and the day of grace ending. They look forward, and nothing presents itself, but the righteous Judge, the dreadful tribunal, and a most solemn reckoning to them : They roll
around

around their affrighted eyes on attending friends. If accomplices in debauchery, it sharpens their anguish, to consider this further aggravation of their guilt, that they have not sinned alone, but drawn others into the snare. If religious acquaintance, it strikes a fresh gash into their hearts, to think of never seeing them more, but only at an unapproachable distance, separated by the unpassable gulf.

At last, perhaps, they begin to pray. Finding no other possible way of relief, they are constrained to apply unto the Almighty: with trembling lips, and a faltering tongue, they cry unto that sovereign being, "who kills and makes alive." But why have they deferred, so long deferred their addresses to God? Why have they despised all his counsels, and stood incorrigible under his incessant reproofs? How often have they been forewarned of these terrors, and most importunately intreated to seek the Lord, while he might be found? I wish they may obtain mercy at the eleventh, at the last hour, I wish they may be snatched from the jaws, the opened, the gaping, the almost closing jaws of damnation. But, alas! who can tell, whether affronted Majesty will lend an ear to their complaint? whether the Holy One will work a miracle of grace in behalf of such transgressors? He may, for aught any mortal knows, "laugh at their calamity, and mock, when their fear cometh."

Thus.

Thus they lie, groaning out the poor remains of life: their limbs bathed in sweat; their heart struggling with convulsive throes; pains insupportable throbbing through every pulse; and innumerable pangs of agony transfixing their conscience.

In that dread moment, how the frantic soul,
 Roves round the walls of her clay tenement,
 Runs to each avenue and shrieks for help;
 But shrieks in vain; how wishfully she looks
 On all she's leaving, now no longer here!
 A little longer, yet a little longer,
 O! might she stay to wash away her crimes,
 And fit her for her passage! Mournful sight!
 Her very eyes weep blood; and every groan
 She heaves, is big with horror; but the foe,
 Like a staunch murd'rer, steady to his purpose,
 Pursues her close thro' every lane of life,
 Nor misses once the track but presses on:
 Till, forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
 At once she sinks.

If this be the end of the ungodly, "my soul, come not thou into their secret! Unto their assembly, mine honour be not thou united!" How awfully accomplished is that prediction of inspired wisdom! Sin, though

though seemingly sweet in the commission, yet at last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

Happy dissolution ! were this the period of their woes. But, alas ! all these tribulations are only the "beginning of sorrows ;" a small drop only from that cup of trembling, which is mingled for their future portion. No sooner has the last pang dislodged their reluctant souls, but they are hurried into the presence of an injured angry God ; not under the conducting care of beneficent angels, but exposed to the insults of accursed spirits, who lately tempted them, now upbraid them, and will for ever torment them. Who can imagine their confusion and distress, when they stand, guilty and inexcusable, before their incensed Creator ? They are received with frowns : "The God that made them has no mercy on them." The prince of peace rejects them with abhorrence. He consigns them over to chains of darkness, and receptacles of despair, against the severe doom and more public infamy of the great day. Then all the vials of wrath will be emptied upon these wretched creatures. The law they have violated, and the gospel they have slighted ; the power they have defiled, and the goodness they have abused ; will all get themselves honour in their exemplary destruction. Then God, the God to whom vengeance belongeth, will draw the arrow to the very head, and set them as the mark of his inexorable displeasure.

Resurrection.

Resurrection will be no privilege to them; but immortality itself their everlasting curse. Would they not bless the grave, "that land where all things are forgotten," and wish to lie eternally hid in its deepest gloom? But the dust refuses to conceal their persons, or to draw a veil over their practices. They must also awake, must arise, must appear at the bar, and meet the Judge; a Judge before whom "the pillars of heaven tremble, and the earth melts away; a Judge, once long-suffering, and very compassionate, but now unalterably determined to teach stubborn offenders, what it is to provoke the omnipotent Godhead; what it is to trample upon the blood of his Son, and offer despite to all the gracious overtures of his Spirit.

O, the perplexity! the distraction! that must seize the impenitent rebels, when they are summoned to the great tribunal! what will they do in this day of severe visitation! this day of final decision. Where? how? whence can they find help? To which of the saints will they turn? whither betake themselves for shelter, or for succour? Alas! it is all in vain; it is all too late. Friends and acquaintances know them no more: men and angels abandon them to their approaching doom: even the Mediator himself, deserts them in this dreadful hour. To fly, will be impracticable if to justify themselves, still more impossible; and now to make supplications, utterly unavailable.

Behold!

Behold ! the books are opened ; the secrets of all hearts are disclosed ; the hidden things of darkness are brought to light. How empty, how ineffectual, now, are all those refined artifices with which hypocrites imposed upon their fellow-creatures, and preserved a character in the sight of men ! The jealous God, who has been about their path, and about their bed, and spied out all their ways, " sets before them the things they have done." They cannot answer him one in a thousand, nor stand in the awful judgment. The heavens reveal their iniquities, and the earth rises up against them. They are speechless with guilt, and stigmatized with infamy. Before all the armies of the sky, and all the nations of the redeemed. What a favour would they esteem it, to hide their ashamed heads in the bottom of the ocean, or even to be buried beneath the ruins of the tottering world !

If the contempt poured upon them be thus insupportable, how will their hearts endure, when the sword of infinite indignation is unsheathed, and fiercely waved around their defenceless heads, or pointed directly at their naked breasts ! How must the wretches scream with wild amazement, and rend the very heavens with their cries, when the right aiming thunderbolts go abroad ! go abroad with a dreadful commission, to drive them from the kingdom of glory ; and plunge them, not into the sorrows of a moment,

or

or the tortures of an hour, but into all the the restless agonies of unquenchable fire, and everlasting despair.

Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell; hope never comes,
That comes to all: but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever burning sulphur unconsum'd.

Misery of miseries! too shocking for reflection to dwell upon. But, if so dismal to foresee, and that at a distance, together with some comfortable expectation of escaping it. O! how bitter, inconceivable bitter, to bear, without any intermission, or any mitigation, through hopeless and eternal ages.

Who has any bowels of pity? Who has any sentiments of compassion? Who has any tender concern for his fellow-creatures? Who? In God's name, and for Christ's sake, let him shew it, by warning every man, and beseeching every man, to seek the Lord while he may be found; to throw down the arms of rebellion, before the act of indemnity expires; submissively to adore the Lamb, while he holds out the golden sceptre. Here let us act the friendly part to mankind; here let the whole force of our benevolence exert itself in exhorting relations, acquaintances, neighbours,

bours,

beurs, whomsoever we may probably influence, to take the wings of faith unfeigned, of repentance undelayed and flee away from this wrath to come.

An account of an apparition attested by the Rev. Mr Ruddle, minister at Launceston, in Cornwall.

IN the beginning of the year 1665 a disease happened in this town of Launceston, and some of my scholars died of it. Among others who fell under its malignity, was John Elliott, the eldest son of Edward Elliott of Treberse, Esq. a stripling of about sixteen years of age, but of uncommon parts and ingenuity. At his own particular request I preached at the funeral, which happened on the 20th day of June, 1665. In my discourse I spake some words in commendation of the young gentleman; such as might endear his memory to those who knew him, and withal tend to preserve his example to those who went to school with him, and were to continue after him. An ancient gentleman, who was then in the church, was much affected with the discourse, and often heard to repeat

the same evening, one expression I then used out of Virgil.

Et puer ipse suit contari dignus.

The reason why this grave gentleman was so concerned at the character, was a reflection made upon a son of his own, who being about the same age, and but a few months before not unworthy of the like character I gave of the young Mr. Elliott, was now by a strange accident quite lost to his parents' hopes, and all expectations of any further comfort by him.

The funeral rights being over, I was no sooner come out of the church, but I found myself most courteously accosted by this old gentleman ; and with an unusual importunity, almost forced, against my humour to his house that night ; nor could I have rescued myself from his kindness, had not Mr Elliott interposed, and pleaded title to me for the whole day, which (as he said) he would resign to no man. Hereupon I got loose for that time, but was constrained to leave a promise behind me to wait upon him at his own house the Monday following. This then seemed to satisfy, but before Monday came I had a new message to request me that if it were possible I would be there the Sunday. The second attempt I resisted, by answering

ing that it was against my convenience, and the duty which mine own people expected from me. Yet was not the gentleman at rest, for he sent me another letter the Saturday by no means to fail the Monday, and so to order my business as to spend with him two or three days at least. I was indeed startled at so much eagerness, and so many dunnings for a visit, without any business; and began to suspect that there must needs be some design at the bottom of all this excess of courtesy. For I had no familiarity scarce common acquaintance with the gentleman, or his family; nor could I imagine whence should arise such a flush of friendship on the sudden.

On the Monday I went and paid my promised devoir, and met with entertainment as free and plentiful, as the invitation was free and importunate. There also I found a neighbouring minister, who pretended to call in accidentally, but by the sequel I suppose it otherwise. After dinner this brother of the coat undertook to show me the gardens, where, as we were walking, he gave me the first discovery of what was mainly intended in all this treat and compliment.

First he began to inform me of the infelicity of the family in general, and then gave instance in the youngest son. He related what a hopeful sprightly lad he lately was, and how melancholy and sottish he was now grown. Then did he with much passion lament,

that

that his ill humour should so incredibly subdue his reason ; (saith he) " The poor boy believes himself to be haunted with ghosts, and is confident that he meets with an evil spirit in a certain field about half a mile from this place, as often as he goes that way to school." In the midst of our discourse, the old gentleman and his lady (as observing their cue most exactly) came up to us. Upon their approach, and pointing me to the harbour, the parson renewed the relation, to, and they (the parents of the youth) confirmed what he said, and added many minute circumstances, in a long narrative of the whole : In fine, they all three desired my thoughts and advice in the affair.

I was not able to collect my thoughts enough on the sudden, to frame a judgment upon what they had said. Only I answered, that the thing which the youth reported to them, was strange, yet not incredible, and that I knew not then what to think or say of it ; but if the lad would be free to me in talk, and trust me with his counsels, I had hopes to give them a better account of my opinion the next day.

I had no sooner spoken so much, but I perceived myself in the springe their courtesy had laid for me ; for the old lady was not able to hide her impatience but her son must be called immediately. This I was forced to comply with, and consent to ; so that, drawing off from the company to an orchard hard by, she went herself

herself, and brought him to me, and left him with me.

It was the main drift of all these three to persuade me, that either the boy was lazy, and glad of any excuse to keep from the school, or that he was in love with some wench, and ashamed to confess it; or that he had a fetch upon his father to get money and new clothes, that he might range to London after a brother he had there; and therefore they begged of me, to discover the root of the matter; and accordingly to dissuade, advise, or reprove him; but chiefly by all means to undeceive him, as to the fancy of ghosts and spirits.

I soon entered a close conference with the youth, and at first was very cautious not to displease him but by smooth words to ingratiate myself and get within him; for I doubted he would be too distrustful or too reserved. But we had scarce past the first situation and began to speak to the business, before I found, that there needed no policy to skrew myself into his heart; for he most openly and with all obliging candour did aver, that he loved his book, and desired nothing more than to be bred a scholar; that he had not the least respect for any of womankind as his mother gave out; and that the only request that he would make to his parents was, that they would but believe his constant assertions, concerning the woman he was disturbed with, in the field, called the Higher-Broom-Quartils.

U:

He

He told me with all naked freedom and a flood of tears, that his friends were unkind and unjust to him, neither to believe nor pity him; and that if any man (making a bow to me) would but go with him to the place he might be convinced that the thing was real.

By this time he found me apt to compassionate his condition, and to be attentive to his relation of it; and therefore he went on in this manner.

This woman which appears to me, said he, lived a neighbour here to my father; and died about eight years since; her name was Dorothy Dingley, of such a stature, such age, and such complexion. She never speaks to me, but passeth by hastily, and always leaves the foot path to me, and she commonly meets me twice or three times in the breadth of the field.

It was about two months before I took any notice of it, and though the shape of the face was in my memory, yet I could not recall the name of the person; but without more thoughtfulness, I did suppose it was some woman who lived thereabout, and had frequent occasion that way. Nor did I imagine any thing to the contrary, before she began to meet me constantly morning and evening, and always in the same field, and sometimes twice or thrice in the breadth of it.

The first time I took notice of her, was about a year since; and when I began to suspect and believe it to be a ghost, I had courage enough not to be afraid; but

but kept it to myself a good while, and only wondered very much at it. I did often speak to it, but never had a word in answer. Then I changed my way and went to school the under horse road, and then she always met me in the narrow lane, between the quarry park and the nursery, which was worse.

At length I began to be afraid of it, and prayed continually, that God would either free me from it, or let me know the meaning of it. Night and day, sleeping and waking, the shape was ever running in my mind; and I often did repeat these places in scripture (with that he took a small Bible out of his pocket). Job. vii. 14. "Thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions;" and Deut. xxviii. 67. "In the morning thou shalt say, would God it were evening, and at evening thou shalt say, would God it were morning, for the fear of thine heart, where with thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine eyes which thou shalt see." I was very much pleased with the lad's ingenuity, in the application of the pertinent scriptures to his condition, and desired him to proceed. Thus said he—By degrees I grew very pensive, insomuch that it was taken notice of by all our family; whereupon being urged to it, I told my brother William of it; and he privately acquainted my father and mother; and they kept it to themselves for some time.

The success of this discovery was only this; they did sometimes laugh at me, sometimes chide me, but still commanded me to keep my school, and put such fopparies out of my head.

I did accordingly go to school often, but always met the woman in the way.

This and much more to the same purpose (yea as much as held a dialogue of near two hours) was our conference in the orchard; which ended with my proffer to him, that (without making any privy to our intents) I would next morning walk with him to the place about six o'clock. He was even transported with joy at the mention of it, and replied, but will you sure, Sir? Will you really Sir? Thank God, now I will be believed. From this conclusion we went into the house.

The gentleman, his wife, and Mr Williams were impatient to know the event, insomuch that they came out of the parlour into the hall to meet us; and seeing the lad look cheerfully, the first compliments from the old man was, "Come Mr Ruddle, you have talked with Sam, I hope now he will have more wit; an idle boy, an idle boy! At these words the lad ran up stairs to his chamber, without replying, and I soon stopped the curiosity of the three expectants, by telling them I had promised silence, and was resolved to be as good as my word, but when things were riper they might know all; at present I desired them to rest in

in my faithful promise, that I would do my utmost in their service, and for the good of their son. With this they were silenced, I cannot say satisfied.

The next morning, before five o'clock, the lad was in my chamber, and very brisk; I arose and went with him. The field he led me to I guessed to be twenty acres, in an open country, and about three furlongs from any house. We went into the field, and had not gone above a third part, before the spectrum in the shape of a woman, with all the circumstances he had described her to me in the orchard the day before, as much (as the suddenness of its appearance, and evanition would permit me to discover) met us and passed by. I was a little surprised at it; and though I had taken up a firm resolution to speak to it, yet I had not the power, nor indeed durst I look back, yet I took care not to shew my fear to my pupil and guide, and therefore telling him that I was satisfied in the truth of his complaint, we walked to the end of the field, and returned, nor did the ghost meet us at that time above once. I perceived in the young man a kind of boldness mixed with astonishment; the first caused by my presence, and the proof he had given of his own relation, and the other by the sight of his prosecutor.

In short we went home; I somewhat puzzled, he much animated. At our return the gentlewoman whose

(whose inquisitiveness had missed us) watched to speak with me; I gave her a convenience, and told her, that my opinion was, that her son's complaint was not to be slighted, nor altogether discredited, yet that my judgment in his case was not settled. I gave her caution moreover, that the thing might not take wind, lest the whole country should ring, with what we yet had no assurance of.

In this juncture of time I had business which would admit of no delay; wherefore I went to Launceston that evening, but promised to see them again next week. Yet I was prevented by an occasion which pleaded a sufficient excuse; for my wife was that week brought home very ill. However my mind was upon the adventure; I studied the case, and about three weeks after went again, resolving by the help of God to see the utmost.

The next morning being the 27th day of July, 1665 I went to the haunted field myself, and walked the breadth of it without any encounter. I returned and took the other walk, and then the spectrum appeared to me much about the same place I saw it before when the young gentleman was with me; in my thoughts this moved swifter than the time before, and about ten foot distant from me on my right hand; insomuch that I had not time to speak to it, as I had determined with myself before hand.

The

The evening of this day, the parents, the son, and myself, being in the chamber where I lay ; I proposed to them our going all together to the place next morning, and some asseveration that there was no danger in it, we all resolved upon it. The morning being come lest we should alarm the family of servants, they went under the pretence of seeing a field of wheat, and I took my horse, and fetched a compass another way and so met at the stile we had appointed.

Thence we all four walked leisurely into the Quarters ; and had passed above half the field before the ghost made its appearance. It then came over the stile just before us, and moved with that swiftness that by the time we had gone six or seven steps it passed by. I immediately turned my head and ran after it, with the young man by my side ; we saw it pass over the stile at which we entered, but no farther ; I stepped upon the hedge at one place and he at another, but could discern nothing, whereas I dare aver, that the swiftest horse in England could not have conveyed himself out of sight in that short space of time. Two things I observed in this days appearance :

1. That a spaniel dog who followed the company unregarded, did bark and run away, as the spectre passed by ; whence 'tis easy to conclude that 'twas not our fear or fancy which made the apparition.

2. That the motion of the spectre was not gradatim,

or

or by steps, and moving of the feet; but a kind of gliding as children upon the ice, or a boat down a swift river, which punctually answers the descriptions the ancients gave of the motions of their Lemurs.

But to proceed, this ocular evidence clearly convinced, but withal strangely affrighted the old gentleman and his wife; who knew this Dorothy Dingley in her life time, were at her burial, and now plainly saw her features in this present apparition. I encouraged them as well as I could; but after this they went no more. However I was resolved to proceed, and use such lawful means as God hath discovered, and learned men have successfully practised in these uncommon cases.

The next morning being Thursday, I went out very early by myself, and walked for about an hour's space, in meditation and prayer in the fields next adjoining to the Quarts. Soon after five I stept over the stile into the disturbed field, and had not gone above thirty or forty paces before the ghost appeared at the farther stile. I spake to it with a loud voice, in some such sentences as the way of these dealings directed me, whereupon it approached but slowly, and when I came near it moved not. I spake again, and it answered in a voice neither very audible nor intelligible. I was not in the least terrified, and therefore persisted, until it spake again and gave me satisfaction,

But

But the work could not be finished at this time ; wherefore the same evening an hour after sun set, it met me again near the same place, and after a few words of each side it quietly vanished, and neither doth appear since nor ever will more, to any man's disturbance. The discourse in the morning lasted about a quarter of an hour.

These things are true, and I know them to be so with as much certainty as eyes and ears can give me ; and until I can be persuaded that my senses do deceive me about their proper object ; and by that persuasion deprive myself of the strongest inducement to believe the christian religion, I must and will assert, that these things in this paper are true.

As for the manner of my proceeding, I find no reason to be ashamed of it, for I can justify it, to men of good principles, discretion, and recondite learning, though in this case I chose to content myself in the assurance of the thing, rather than be at the unprofitable trouble to persuade others to believe it. For I know full well with what difficulty, relations of so uncommon a nature and practice, obtain belief. He that tells such a story, may expect to be dealt withal, as a traveller in Poland by the robbers, viz. first murdered, and then searched, first condemned for a liar, or superstitious, and then (when 'tis too late) have his reasons and proofs examined. This incredulity may be attributed.

First to the infinite abuses of the people, and impositions upon their faith by the cunning [monks and friars, &c. in the days of darkness and popery. For they made apparitions as often as they pleased, and got both money and credit by quieting the Terculamenta Vulgi, which their own artifice had raised.

Second, To the prevailing of Somatism and Hobbean principles in these times; which is a revival of the doctrine of the Sadduces, and as it denies the nature, so cannot consist with the apparitions of spirits, of which see Leviath. p. 1. c. 12.

Third, To the ignorance of men in our age, in this peculiar and mysterious part of philosophy and religion, namely the communication between spirits and men. Not one scholar of ten thousand (though otherwise of excellent learning) knows any thing of it, or the way how to manage it. This ignorance breeds fear, and abhorrence of that, which otherwise might be of incomparable benefit to mankind.

But I being a clergyman, and young, and a stranger in these parts, do apprehend silence and secrecy to be my best security.

The Reprobate's Prayer, on the morning of the Resurrection.

WHO burst the barriers of my peaceful grave ?

“ Ah ! cruel death, that wou’d no longer save,
 “ But grudg’d me ev’n that narrow dark abode,
 “ And cast me out into the wrath of God ;
 “ Where shrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain,
 “ And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,
 “ Our only song, black fire’s malignant light,
 “ The sole refreshment of the blasted sight.

“ Must all those powers heaven gave me to supply
 “ My soul with pleasure, and bring in my joy,
 “ Rise up in arms against me, join the foe,
 “ Sense, reason, memory, increase my woe ;
 “ And shall my voice ordained on hymns to dwell,
 “ Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell,
 “ Oh ! must I look with terror on my gain,
 “ And with existence only measure pain ?
 “ What ! no reprieve, no least indulgence giv’n,
 “ No beam of hope from any point of heaven !
 “ Ah ! mercy ! mercy ! art thou dead above ?

* Is love extinguished in the source of love ?

" Bold that I am, did heaven stoop down to hell ?

" Th' expiring Lord of life my ransom seal.

" Have I not been industrious to provoke ;

" From his embraces obstinately broke,

" Pursu'd and panted for his mortal hate ;

" Earn'd my destruction, labour'd out my fate ?

" And dare I on extinguish'd love exclaim ?

" Take, take full vengeance, rouse the slack'ning
flame ;

" Just is my lot,---But oh ! must it transcend

" The reach of time despair a distant end ?

" With dreadful growth shoot forward and arise

" Where thought can't follow, and bold fancy dies ?

" Never ! where falls the soul at that dead sound ?

" Down an abyss how dark, and how profound ?

" Down, down (I still am falling, horrid pain !)

" Ten thousand thousand fathoms still remain ;

" My plunge but still begun---And this for sin ?

" Could I offend, If I had never been,

" But still increas'd the senseless happy mass,

" Flow'd in the stream or flourish'd in the grass,

" Father of mercies ! why from silent earth

" Did'st thou awake and curse me into birth ?

" Tear me from quiet, ravish me from night,

" And make a thankless present of thy light,

" Push

- " Push into being a reverse of thee,
 " And animate a clod with misery ?
 " The beasts are happy, they come forth and keep,
 " Short watch on earth, and then lye down to sleep,
 " Pain is for man; and oh ! how vast a pain
 " For crimes which made the Godhead bleed in vain !
 " Annul'd his groans, as far as in them lay,
 " And flung his agonies and death away ?
 " As our dire punishment for ever strong,
 " Our constitution too forever young,
 " Curs'd with returns of vigour still the same,
 " Powerful to bear and satisfy the flame ;
 " Still to be caught and still to be pursu'd !
 " To perish still, and still to be renewed !
 " And this, *my help ! my God !* at thy decree ?
 " Nature is chang'd, and *hell* should *succour* me.
 " And canst thou then look down from perfect bliss,
 " And see me plunging in the dark abyss,
 " Calling thee father in a sea of fire,
 " Or pouring blasphemies at thy desire !
 " With mortals anguish wilt thou raise thy name,
 " And by my pangs omnipotence proclaim ?
 " Thou who canst toss the planets to and fro,
 " Contract not thy great vengeance to my woe :
 " Crush worlds ; in hotter flames fall'n angels lay ;
 " On me almighty wrath is cast away.
 " Call back thy thunders, Lord, hold in thy rage,

- " Nor with a speck of wretchedness engage :
 " Forget me quite, nor stoop a worm to blame,
 " But lose in me the greatness of thy name .
 " Thou art all love, all mercy, all divine,
 " And shall I make those glories cease to shine,
 " Shall sinful man grow great by his offence,
 " And from its course turn back Omnipotence ?
 " Forbid it ! and oh ! grant, great God, at least,
 " This one, this slender almost no request ;
 " When I have wept a thousand lives away :
 " When torment is grown weary of its prey,
 " When I have rav'd ten thousand years in fire,
 " Ten thousand thousands, let me then expire .

Deep anguish ! but too late ; the hopeless soul,
 Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
 Though loth, and ever loud blaspheming owns
 He's justly doom'd to pour eternal groans ;
 Enclos'd with horrors, and transfix'd with pain,
 Rolling in vengeance, struggling with his chain ;
 To talk to fiery tempests, to implore
 The raging flame to give its burnings o'er,
 To toss, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,
 And bear the weight of an offended God .

Practical reflections on the Divine Judgments:

1. **I**T should render us modest and sober in our judgment about providential occurrences; not pretending thoroughly to know the reasons of God's proceedings, or to define the consequences of them. For it is plainly fond arrogance, or profane imposture to assume perfect skill in that which passeth our capacity to learn.

2. It should make us cautious of grounding judgment or censure upon present events about any cause, or any person; for it is notorious temerity to pass sentence upon grounds incapable of evidence.

3. It should repress wanton curiosity, which may transport us beyond our bounds, in speculation of these mysteries; so that we shall lose our labour and time, shall discompose our minds, shall plunge ourselves into vain errors, or anxious doubts.

4. It should keep us from confidence in our own wisdom; for how can we conceive highly of that, or much confide in it which we find so unable to penetrate the reason of most common and obvious appearances;

ances; so non plust in its enquiries, so defeated in its expectations, so mistaken in its judgment of things?

5. It should prevent our taking offence, or being discontented, at any events rising up before us; for to be displeased at that which a superior wisdom unsearchable to us, doth order, is to be displeased at we know not what, or why, which is childish weakness; to fret and wail at that, which, for all we can see, proceedeth from good intention, and tendeth to a good issue.

6. It should guard us from security, or from presuming upon impunity for our miscarriages; for, seeing God doth not always clearly and fully discover his mind, it is vain from God's reservedness to conclude his unconcernedness; or because he is now patient, that he never will be just in chastising our offences.

7. It should quicken our industry in observing and considering the works of providence; for since they are not easily discernible, and the discerning them in some measure is of great use, it is needful that we be very diligent in contemplation of them. The fainter our light is, the more intent we should be in looking; the knottier the subject, the more earnest should be our study of it.

8. It should oblige us to be circumspect and wary in our conversation; for the darker the way is, the more careful should be our walking therein, lest we err, lest we stumble, lest we strike on somewhat hurtful to us.

9. It should preserve us from infidelity, and from despair, upon account of any cross accidents occurring here; for it is unreasonable to disbelieve a notion, otherwise well-grounded, because we cannot answer scruples or cavils drawn from matters inscrutable to us; it is foolish to despair of a good event, upon appearances, whereof we cannot apprehend the full reason, or final result.

10. It should engage us constantly to seek God, and to depend on him for the protection and conduct of his grace; which is the only clew that can lead us safely through this intricate labyrinth of worldly contingencies.

11. In fine, it should cause us humbly to admire and adore that wisdom, which governeth the world in ways no less great and wonderful, than just and holy.
 " For great and marvellous are thy works, O Lord
 " God Almighty: just and true are thy ways, O thou
 " King of Saints.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

An Authentic Account of Lord ———'s Death.

SOME time since, I heard a surprising relation, which I had no reason to disbelieve. When I was on the spot, I hoped to procure a full account of all the circumstances. But I was disappointed; being not able to procure any at all: the matter was quite hushed up. I was glad therefore to find that Mr. Wills had procured the information which I could not. I believe every tittle of his relation is true, which follows almost verbatim.

J. W.

"A Nobleman who had long pursued his abandoned courses, as he lay in bed one night, was awaked out of his sleep (as he himself described it) by a noise not unlike the fluttering of a bird, about the curtains. On opening his eyes he saw the appearance of a woman, (supposed to be the mother of one whom he had seduced, who died at this time of a broken heart.) He was shocked, and cried out, "What do you want?" She answered, "I am come to warn you of your dissolution." He answered, "What! shall I not live two months?" She replied, "No: you will die within three days."

All

All the following day he was observed to be greatly agitated in his mind. In the afternoon he told the story to many of his friends, in the House of Lords. At breakfast on Saturday which was the third day, he appeared very pensive. But he affected to carry it off, saying, to those who were with him, " Why do you look so grave? What, are you thinking about the Ghost? I am as well as ever I was in my life." He then (probably to get rid of those unwelcome thoughts) invited company to dinner. In the evening he said to his company, " A few hours more, and I shall *jockey the ghost*." At eleven o'clock he retired to his chamber. Sometime after he began to undress himself. Mean while his servant was preparing for him a rhubarb draught, according to his custom. But having nothing to mix it with, he went out of the room for a spoon. By the time he came into it again, his Lordship was getting into bed. But before the man could give him the medicine, he reclined his head on the pillow, fell into convulsions and died. The cries of the servant alarmed the company: they flew to him, but all was over. Thus the event corresponded with the warning, which he had himself mentioned before to several persons. And his friends who were in the house at the time, related it afterwards. A minister (says Mr Wills) who first told it me, had the account from one of those gentlemen: which was confirmed.

ed.

ed to me afterwards by a religious person, related to
Lord ———



*Some thoughts on an Expression of St. Paul, in the first
Epistle to the Thessalonians, chap. 5. ver. 23.*

THE words, as literally translated as the English tongue will bear, run thus: May the whole of you, the spirit and the soul, and the body be preserved blameless.

What does St. Paul here mean, by dividing man into three parts, the spirit, and the soul, and the body?

This creates what has been thought an unsurmountable difficulty, by those who argue thus:

“How is it possible to contradistinguish the soul, both from the spirit and from the body? for it must be either material or immaterial, matter or not matter: there is no medium. But if it be matter, does it not coincide with the body? If it be not matter, does it not coincide with the spirit?”

But perhaps a way may be found of untying this knot, of unravelling this difficulty, by simply declaring the (at least probable) meaning of these three terms.

May

May not the spirit mean (so it has been understood by the christians in all ages) the highest principle in man, the immortal Spirit made in the image of God, endued (as all Spirits are, so far as we can conceive) with self-motion, understanding, will, and liberty ?

Is not the body, that portion of organized matter, which every man receives in the womb, with which he is born into the world, and which he carries with him to the grave ? At present it is connected with flesh and blood. But these are not the body. They are only the temporary clothing of the body, which it wholly puts off in the grave.

The soul seems to be the immediate clothing of the spirit, the vehicle with which it is connected from its first existence, and which is never separated from it, either in life or in death. Probably it consists of ethereal or electric fire, the purest of all matter. It does not seem to be affected by the death of the body, but envelops the separate, as it does the embodied spirit: neither will it undergo any essential change, when it is clothed upon with the immortal body at the resurrection.

May not the apostle have an eye to this, in those remarkable words (2 Cor. v. 4.) We that are in this tabernacle (this corruptible flesh and blood) do groan, being burdened: not for that we would be unclothed (divested of all all covering, which belongs only to

the father of spirits) but clothed upon with the glorious resurrection-body, covering both our soul and spirit. This will swallow up, totally destroy that which was mortal, namely, the flesh and blood, which alone was liable to death.

If we understood the words of the apostle in this sense, all the difficulty vanishes away. We allow there can be no medium between material and immaterial: But still there is room for a wide and essential difference between the soul and the body: the latter implying that original portion of matter, which is clothed with flesh and blood; the former, that vehicle of ethereal fire, which immediately covers the immortal spirit.

See Bentley's Spiritual Telescope.



Anecdote of a Gentleman at Bath.

A YOUNG woman, servant at Bath, was brought to the knowledge of God, in the year 1788. She like the woman of Samaria, could not help speaking of the things she had heard and experienced to her fellow-servants; and the Lord was pleased to accompany her words

words with a divine blessing to three or four of them : the coachman in particular was turned away from his service for fear, (as his master said) that he would turn his horses to be methodists, and drive him to hell.

In the summer of 1793, the master himself being taken ill, and given over by the physicians, one day he asked them, " If they thought there was any hope of his recovery ? " They replied in the negative. Several of his friends were in the room at the same time, and the servant before mentioned was then waiting upon the company ; the gentleman, with great concern, said, " And can none of you all be of service to a dying man ? He then spoke to this young woman, " Nor can you help me in this present sad condition ? She replied, " Sir, all that I can do is to pray for you, " and that I have done many times." He answered with some emotion, " Did you ever pray for me ? " I insist on it, that you pray for me now ; shut the door, let not one go out of the room." With fear and trembling she obeyed ; and no sooner was prayer ended, but putting his hands together he said, " Now I know that Christ is God, and able to forgive my sins." He lived a few days longer, and gave happy evidence of the power and grace of God.

A true account of the manner and conversion of Colonel Gardiner, a few years before he fell in battle ; taken down in writing from his own mouth, by two intimate friends of his, viz. the Rev. Dr Doddridge, and the Rev. Mr Spears, Minister at Brentisland.— Also his death.

THIS remarkable event (says Dr Doddridge) happened about the middle of July 1719 ; he thinks it was on a Sunday evening. The Major had spent the evening with some gay company, and had made an unhappy appointment with a married woman, whom he was to meet exactly at twelve o'clock. The company broke up about eleven ; and not judging it convenient to anticipate the time appointed, he went into his chamber, to kill, as he said, the tedious hour with some book, or other amusement ; but it very providentially happened that he took up a religious book, which either his mother, or his aunt, had slipped into his portmanteau. The book was entitled " The Christian Soldier, or Heaven taken by Storm ! " writ-

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ten by Mr Watson ; and guessing by the title of it, he should find some phrases of his own profession spiritualized in such a manner, as might afford him some diversion (as he said), he resolved to dip into it for a few minutes, but yet he took no particular notice of any thing he read in it. But on a sudden, while the book was open in his hand (as he related to me several times), there was presented to his sight, in a very lively manner, not to his imagination only, but to his bodily eyes, the Lord Jesus Christ upon the cross, surrounded with a refulgent light and glory, and that a voice, or something equivalent to a voice, was impressed upon him, in words to this effect, " Oh sinner ! did I suffer all this for thee ? and are these the returns ? " But whether this was an audible voice, or a strong impression upon his senses, he did not presume to affirm, but looked upon it as a vision of an extraordinary nature, as from God ; and struck with so amazing a phenomenon (said he), " there remained hardly any life in me ; I sunk down into an arm chair on which I sat, and continued (I knew not how long) quite insensible," whether in a sleep or not, he could not say ; but after a while he opened his eyes, and saw nothing more than usual ; nor did he (as he declared to me) during the remainder of the night, once recollect that criminal and detestable assignation, which had before engrossed all his thoughts. He then rose from

the chair, in a tumult of passion not to be conceived, and walked to and fro in his chamber till he was ready to drop down in unutterable astonishment and agony of soul; now appearing to himself as the vilest monster in the creation of God, who had all his life-time been crucifying the Lord Christ by his sins, and disobedience to his precepts. And now saw (as he assuredly believed, by so wonderful a vision) all the horrors of what he had done and acted; and yet, at the same time, he saw (as he said) both the majesty and goodness of God in sparing such a rebel, and the chief of sinners; that he ever had abhorred himself, as deserving nothing at God's hand, but wrath and eternal damnation. And that, from this moment, he became the greatest penitent before God and man; abhorring himself as in dust and ashes; and so continued to the day of his death; attributed all to the free unmerited grace of Christ, to one of the vilest of sinners; and never mentioned the name of God, or of Christ, but with the greatest reverence; and yet the Lord so lifted up the light of his countenance upon him, at different times, and strengthened his faith in him, that he never after doubted of his salvation, through the above merits of his Redeemer. He had also a foresight of his death in a dream, as he related himself, "I thought (says he), I saw my Saviour walking before me over a large field (the very field of battle where he fell), and the

Lord

Lord turned round and smiled upon me ; so that I never after doubted of his aid and protection, nor of my interest in his precious blood." He died of his wounds received at the battle of Preston Pans.

Though this, and the following relation are not of the most striking order of apparition stories, they, notwithstanding, carry in themselves internal marks of a supernatural revelation in these latter times, and serve to prove in general that Providence has not left man entirely alone, but that his grace is yet sufficient. If any degree of credit can be given to any thing of this kind, the assent must be granted to respectable witnesses, who have no interest to delude, and whose characters remove them too far from the temptation of fraud to practise deceit.

Warning of the late Rev. Mr Wesley's Death to a young man of his congregation.

ABOUT a month before the Rev. Mr Wesley died a young man in Yorkshire, belonging to the society, dreamed that he saw that aged divine departing this

life,

nise, and heard him with the utmost attention, delivering his last sermon to a large congregation. This dream the young man, being in London soon after, communicated to Mr Wesley, who appeared not a little affected by the relation.

On the morning of that reverend gentleman's departure, the writer of this article (and he avers it as a fact) beheld him in a dream, exactly habited as usually, in the pulpit; but thought no more of it till the next day, when his death was announced in the News-papers.

Reflections on our Saviour's coming to Judgment.

HOW awful an event does our great Redeemer here offer to the serious contemplation of all mankind! In the glory of his Father, accompanied with a mighty host of holy angels, He shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, making all heaven, earth, and hell

to

to resound. The dead of all countries and times hear the tremendous call. Hark ! the living filled with joy exult at the approach of God ; or, seized with inexpressible terror, send up doleful cries, and are all changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. Behold ; the dead press forth from their graves, following each other in close procession, the earth seems quick, and the sea gives up its dead. Mark the beauty, the boldness, and the gladness of some, springing up to honour, but the ghastly countenances, the trembling, the despair of others, arising to shame and everlasting contempt. See how amazed and terrified they look ! with what vehemence they wish the extinction of their being ! Fain would they fly, but cannot : impelled by a force as strong as necessity, they hasten to the place of judgment. As they advance, the sight of the tribunal from afar strikes new terror : they come on in the deepest silence, and gather round the throne by thousands of thousands. In the mean time, the angels having brought up their bands from the uttermost parts of the earth, fly round the numberless multitudes, singing melodiously with loud voices, for joy that the day of general retribution is come, when vice shall be thrown down from its usurpation, virtue exalted from its debasement to a superior station, the intricacies of providence unravelled, the perfections of God vindicated,

the

the church of God purchased with his blood cleared of them that do iniquity and of every thing that offendeth, and established unpeccable forever. " Let God arise ! let his enemies be scattered ! as smoke is driven away, so drive them away : as wax melteth before the fire, so let the wicked perish at the presence of God. But let the righteous be glad ! let them rejoice before God ! yea, let them exceedingly rejoice ! " Psal. lxxviii. 1. " For strong is the Lord God who judgeth. " Rev. xviii. 8.

And now the Son of man appears on the throne of his glory, and all nations, princes, warriors, nobles, the rich, the poor, all intirely stripped of their attendance, and every external distinction, stand naked and equal before him, silently waiting to be sentenced to their unchangeable state ; and every individual is filled with an awful consciousness that he in particular is the object of the observation of Almighty God, manifest in his sight, and actually under his eye, so that there is not one single person concealed in the immensity of the crowd. The Judge, who can be biassed by no bribe, softened by no subtle insinuations, imposed upon by no feigned excuses, having been himself privy to the most secret actions of each, needs no evidence but distinguishes with an unerring certainty.

He

He speaks ! “ Come from among them, my people that ye receive not of their plagues. They separate, they feel their Judge within them, and hasten to their proper places, the righteous on the one hand of the throne, and the wicked on the other : not so much as one of the wicked daring to join himself to the just. Here the righteous, most beautiful with the brightness of virtue stand serene in their looks, and full of hope at the bar of God, a glad company ! Whilst the wicked confounded at the remembrance of their lives, and terrified with the thought of what is to come, hang down their heads, inwardly cursing the day of their birth, and wishing a thousand and a thousand times, that the rocks would fall on them, and the mountains cover them : But in vain, for there is no escaping nor appealing from this tribunal.

Behold, with mercy shining in his countenance and mild majesty, the King invites the righteous to take possession of the kingdom prepared for them from the creation of the world : But with angry frowns he drives the wicked away, into punishment that shall have no end, no refreshment, no alleviation, everlasting punishment ! O the rejoicing ! O the lamenting ! The triumphant shouting of ascending saints, caught up in the clouds, to be ever with the Lord ! The horror, the despair, the hideous shrieking of the damned, when they see hell gaping, hear the devils roaring

roaring, and feel the unspeakable torment of an awakened conscience.

Now they bitterly cry for death; but death flies from them. Now they envy the righteous, and gladly would be such; but all too late! Lo! the Son of God bows his head, the signal for his servants, the heavens and the earth depart, their work being at an end. See, with what a terrible thundering noise the heavens pass away, the elements melt with fervent heat, and the earth, and all the works that be therein, are burnt up! the frame of nature dissolves! earth, seas, skies, all vanish together, making way for the new heaven and the new earth. It appears! The happy land of Promise, formed by the hand of God, large, beautiful and pleasant, a fit habitation for his favourite people, and long expected by them as their country. Here all the righteous, great and small, are assembled, making one vast blest society, even the kingdom and city of God.

Here God manifests himself in a peculiar manner to his servants, wipes away all tears from off their faces, and adorns them with the beauties of immortality, glorious to behold. Here they drink fulness of joys, from the chrystal river proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb, and eat of the tree of life; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; but every one happy in himself, imparts the blessing to his fellows:

for

or mutual love warms every breast; love like that which subsists between the Father and the Son; mutual conference on the sublimest subjects refreshes every spirit with the divine repasts of wisdom, and joys flowing from the tenderest friendship, fixed on the stable foundation of an immoveable virtue, gladden every heart. All the servants of God serve him in perfect holiness, see his face, feel transports of joy, and by the reflexion of his glory, shine as the sun in the firmament for ever and ever. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither the light of the sun; for the Lord God hath given them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever.

Happy day! happy place, and happy people! O blest hope of joining that glorious society! All the servants of God shall serve him, and see his face. Serve God, and see his face! What an immensity of felicity is here! Imagination faints with the fatigue of stretching itself to comprehend the vast, the unmeasurable thought.

A remarkable narrative of the apparition of a young gentlewoman to her sweetheart, taken down in writing from the young man's own mouth, by the editor, who, from the young man's sober behaviour, believes the account to be true.

THIS young gentlewoman lived at St. Ives, in Cornwall, and died of the small-pox in September 1764; and her sweetheart was the son of Mr Haine, a very reputable butcher and grazier, at Scar, about twenty miles from Plymouth. The match was not approved of by the young woman's friends; and during her illness they would not suffer the young man to come to see her, though she greatly desired to see him. About the time of her illness, he also was taken sick of a fever, and confined to his room; so that it was above a month after her death, before she made her first appearance to him; which is as follows:

After

After I had recovered from my illness, says he, I went out one afternoon on my father's horse for a little airing; and, returning home just at dusk, about a mile from my father's house, I saw something, as on horseback, pass ver swiftly by me; which so affrighted my horse, that he flew home with me as fast as possible, and I was also much affrighted. A short time after this she appeared again to me, and then I knew her; and what is very remarkable when I was on horseback, she appeared to me on horseback; and when I was on foot she appeared so too; and her appearances to me were so frequent, that she became quite familiar, and I had no fear at all on seeing her; which she never failed to do if I was abroad; but she never appeared to me in my father's house.

It was above a month before I had any power given me to speak to her, although I thought to do it from time to time, but could not speak; though she gave me all the opportunity she could by walking often by my side, or very near me. This was a great trouble to me, as well as to her; and it began to bring a great weakness upon me.

I related the thing to my father and mother, and some others; but they not believing my relation, gave little heed to what I said, and thought it was only phrenzy; till the following circumstance happened which was about a week before God gave me power to speak to her.

My father and mother used to go to a place of worship belonging to Mr Wesley, about a mile off; and one evening about this time, I went with them to light them home, as I often did, with a large lantern and candle, and coming home along the high road, she appeared to me as usual; I said to my father, Now, don't you see her? there, there she is! and at the very moment I spoke, the lantern was twisted violently out of my hand, and flung to a considerable distance from me, the ring of it remaining in my hand, my father and mother were now both somewhat affrighted at this, and began to believe what I had so often related to them of the apparition, that there was some truth in it. A doctor who attended me in my illness, to whom I had also related the story, urged me by all means to speak to her, telling me what words to use; and said, it might be of bad consequence to neglected it longer.

A few nights after this, as I was sitting in my father's house, it was strongly impressed upon my mind to go out that night, and with God's leave to speak to her. Accordingly, about ten o'clock, I went out with all the courage imaginable, and she appeared to me as usual; and I said to her, in the name of the Lord Jesus, why do you thus trouble me? and I was going to lay hold on her arm. She shrunk back, and said, do not touch me, I am as cold as clay; she spoke out and blamed me for not speaking to her sooner; and said,
that

that this was the very last night of her liberty to appear to me ; and had you not spoken to me now, said she, I should have had power to do you some mischief. Then she related to me what she had to say about her family, who had cruelly hindered her from seeing some of her dear relations. After telling me but her whole mind, she gave me plain directions concerning herself. We conversed together near two hours, till twelve o'clock ; and I promised, if possible, to fulfil all her instructions.

Accordingly, I set out early next morning, rode near fifty miles, to different parts, fulfilled all her commands, and got back safe to my father's house. She appointed me to meet her that night, if I had done my business before twelve, at the church door where she was buried ; this was about two miles from my father's house. She met me at the church porch, expressed her entire approbation of all that I had done, saying she should now be at rest, and would trouble me no more.

After a short discourse, which she charged me never to divulge, she said, My time is nearly expired, follow me into the church. The door opening, she entered the church, which was illuminated with the most glorious light ; and my hearing the most soft and heavenly music betokened her happiness. She bid me take notice when the music began to cease, to go then out of the church ; which I did ; and being very glad that all

my trouble in this affair was ended, I hastened away and saw her no more.

J. HAINE.

Apparition of Mr Thompkins to the Rev. Mr Warren.

MR JOHN WARREN, minister of Hatfield-Broad-Oak, in Essex, a worthy and pious man, being one day in his garden reading Bunyan's Publican and Pharisee, was accosted by a neighbour, as he thought, who entered into discourse with him upon the words " Shall man be more righteous than his Maker!" Mr Warren's discourse in general ran upon the promises, while Mr Thompkins, his neighbour, as he imagined he was discoursing with, chiefly urged the threatenings of God. For a while they discoursed in this sort, till Mr Warren's servant came and informed him the dinner was ready, and mistress waited for him: common civility made him ask his neighbour Thompkins to come in with him and eat some dinner, which the latter, with tears now standing in his eyes, refused, saying, " My time is come, and I must away." Mr Warren thought it very odd, and was proceeding to ex-

postulat

postulate with his friend Thompkins, when the servant repeated the message, urging that a neighbour had sent for him to go immediately upon occasion of life and death. Mr Warren withdrawing towards the house, still held up the discourse upon the former subject, comforting his friend till he arrived at the door, when entering first, he left the door open that Mr Thompkins might come in, but nobody coming in, he went directly and sought him all over his garden, but found him not, which much disturbed his mind then, and much more soon afterwards, when he found that his neighbour and friend Thompkins was just expired, and had not been out of his house, according to every testimony, that day. Mr Warren's servant testified seeing her master in conversation with a person, in the garden, and telling her mistress so, she wondered she had seen nobody go through the house, as there was no other way into the garden. Mr Warren, a pious and sensible divine, often relates this to Mr Goodman, who recites it in his Winter-evening Conferences between Neighbours.

The apparition of Samuel, Sam. chap. 28.

THE Philistines, recruited about this time, as Sir Isaac Newton judges, by vast numbers of men driven out of Egypt by Amosis, resolve upon a new war with Israel. Nor were Samuel's death and David's disgrace (as we may well judge) inconsiderable motives to it.

Now, forasmuch as the event of this war turned upon a remarkable piece of misconduct in Saul, as a captain; and a grievous and deliberate violation of his known duty to God, as his Creator and his King; the sacred historian here interrupts the course of his relation, to acquaint us with that event; and, in order to it, acquaints us with the situation of both armies. At that time Saul encamped upon Mount Gilboa; and the Philistines, in full prospect under him, upon the plains of Sunem.

When Saul saw their numbers, their orders, and their appointments, he judged himself greatly overpowered,
and

and fell into great terror upon the prospect. What should he do! Samuel was dead, and Abiathar was with David. He had, for some years past, shewn no regard, or, to speak more justly, shewn all imaginable disregard to religion. His pride had lifted him up above his duty; he had said in his heart, There is no God: but now his fears had got the better of his infidelity. He then, too late, had recourse to God for aid. He had massacred the priests of God at Neb, all but one; and that one was gone away to David with the ephod. He applied himself to some other priest. And since he consulted God by Urim, it is evident, that he had also gotten another ephod made; not considering the peculiar sanctity of the first, or that God would confine his manifestations of himself to that which was of his own appointment. At least, Saul had no reason to hope, that God would exhibit himself in an extraordinary manner in his favour. Samuel was dead, and Gad was with David; and we hear of no other on whom the Spirit of God rested in those days: However, he applied himself to some of the prophetic colleges, probably to some of the most eminent of those sons of the prophets he had seen at Ramah; but to no purpose: God refused to answer him, either by Urim, by prophets, or by dreams.

What should he do! The heart of man is fond of prying into futurity, and more especially upon the edge of

of great events. In great dangers men are desirous even to know the worst : it is some consolation to be prepared for it. He had long since renounced every thing that was serious in religion. However, he had been threatened as from God ; and, in all probability, the time was now come, when the sentence, so long since pronounced upon him, was to be executed : could he but see Samuel, he should know all ! It was said, there were men who had power over spirits. Who knows how far that power might extend ! God had forsaken him ; he could be no worse on that side ; he might be better on some other ; he resolved to try.

Saul had, in the days of his devotion, partly cut off, and partly frightened away, those wizards and sorcerers ; those execrable wretches, the pest of society, and enemies of true religion, whom God commanded to be extirpated. However, some of them might have remained, or returned : he enquired ; and was informed of a *Pythoess*, (a witch) that dwelt not far off, at Endor. His anxiety would let him think of nothing else ; he could neither eat nor drink until it was done. To Endor he hies that very night, stript of his regal apparel, and disguised as well as he could, and attended only by two companions. When he arrived, he prayed the woman to divine to him by her familiar spirit, and to bring him up whom he should name to her. She

She answered, That he knew very well, Saul had cut off all of that profession; and why should he go about to lay such a snare for her to have her destroyed? He replied with a solemn oath, by the living God, That no evil should happen to her upon that account. She then demanded whom he would have raised? He answered, Samuel. And the instant he pronounced his name †, the woman saw Samuel, and shrieked out loud, in terror and surprise; and soon after asked the king, why he had deceived her; for he was Saul? She saw an apparition she did not expect; she knew the prophet; she knew the veneration Saul had for him; she knew that prophets were only sent to kings: and she knew the poor deluded mortals she had to do with, had no notion of having to do with persons of sacred character; and she knew her art, whatever that was, had never exhibited a person of that figure to her

When the king heard her cry out in such terror, he bade her not be afraid; and asked her what she saw?

She

† Here English translators have inserted the particle *when*: And *when* the woman saw Samuel. Which would imply, that some space of time had passed between Saul's request and the appearance of Samuel.—Whereas the original text stands thus: *When* Saul said, bring me up Samuel, then immediately follows:—And the woman saw Samuel, and cried, &c.

She answered, that she saw gods, (or, as the word may be translated, lords) ascending out of the earth. Saul then enquired after his form; and she told him, it was that of an old man covered with a mantle. The text then immediately adds, that Saul perceived that it was Samuel himself; and stooped with his face to the ground, and bowed himself.

The narration is short and uncircumstantial; but, as I humbly apprehend, the matter was thus:

Saul, to prevent all delusion, would not tell the Pythoress whom he would have raised, until he brought her to the very cell †. or place of her incantations; and then he told her he would have Samuel called up to him. And the very instant he said this she looked in, to her cell, saw Samuel; and seeing him so unexpectedly, and without the aid of her art, she was affrighted, and cried out: and the king, upon enquiry, hearing that it was an old man with a mantle, believed it was Samuel she saw; and straitway going to the cell, and perceiving

† For I believe it can be no doubt, that persons of that character had, all, places peculiarly set apart for those accursed rites; and we have reason to believe, from the xxixth of Isaiah, verse 4. that they were caverns or cells under ground.

perceiving † the prophet, did him obeisance. Immediately Samuel asked him why he had disquieted him, to bring him up ? (Will not this ground a presumption, that the pythoness had not disturbed him by her incantations ? for if she had, the question had been more naturally directed to her) To which Saul answered, That he was sore distressed ; for the Philistines warred against him ; and God had forsaken him, and would neither answer him by dreams, nor prophets : Therefore (says he) I have called unto thee ‡, that thou mayest make known unto me what I shall do.

Then said Samuel, Wherefore then dost thou ask of me ; seeing the Lord is departed from thee, and is become thine enemy ? And the Lord hath done for himself, as he spake by me ; for the Lord hath rent the kingdom out of thine hand, and given it to thy neighbour, even unto David : because thou obeyedst not the voice of the Lord, nor executedst his fierce wrath upon Amalek :

† The original word signifies knowing, and sometimes seeing.

‡ Saul expresses himself here in the same terms that David makes use of to signify his praying to God. Which persuades me, that Saul invoked him, as some deluded christians do saints and angels.

Amalek : Therefore hath the Lord done this thing unto thee this day.

In this we see the prophet foretells, that Saul should that day be stript of the kingdom ; and that the kingdom should be divided, and given to David. Then follows, what nothing but infinite and unerring prescience could predict ; an exact, minute, precise account of all the circumstances of the then depending event : Moreover, the Lord will also deliver Israel, with thee, unto the Philistines ; and to-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me ; and also the camp of Israel shall the Lord deliver into the hands of the Philistines.

I own, I am astonished at the inattention (shall I call it ?) or impiety, or both, of those critics and commentators, who could ascribe this prediction to the sagacity of an impostor, or even of the devil. I shall take a proper time to refute them ; and, in the meantime, go on with my history.

When Saul heard this dreadful sentence, pronounced upon himself, his family, and his people, the terror of it struck him to the heart ; and he hasted to get away from that fatal place : but as he went, his fears operating upon a mind weakened with guilt, and upon a body exhausted with fatigue and fasting, he lost all power of motion, and fell at his full length upon the floor. The woman seeing this, ran up to him, and, finding the distressed and weak condition he was in, endeavoured to

persuade

persuade him, as well as she could, to take some sustenance : which he absolutely refused. Then, calling his servants to her aid, they all, in a manner compelled him to consent : So he arose from the earth and sat upon the bed. And the woman had a fat calf in the house, and she hasted and killed it ; and took flour and kneaded it, and did bake unleavened bread thereof ; and she brought it before Saul and before his servants, and they did eat. Then they rose up and went away that night.

What remorse, what despair, what desolation of mind, what horrors of guilt, what terrors and anticipations of divine vengeance, haunted him by the way ; may no reader of this history ever learn from his own experience.

Other opinions upon this Head examined:

I FIND many learned men of a different opinion from me, in relation to the reality of Samuel's appearance on this occasion : some imagining, that it was an evil.

evil spirit that now appeared unto Saul; and others, that the whole was the work of imposture.

I shall give my reasons, and the reader will judge for himself.

In the first place, then, I readily agree with one party of those that differ from me, that neither this pytho-ness, nor all the devils in hell, could raise up Samuel; nor is there one title in the whole narration to support or countenance such a persuasion: but I differ entirely from them, in supposing all this the work of a juggler.

1. Because I can see nothing ascribed in this relation, to Samuel, which is not entirely out of character in an impostor, or absolutely out of the power of the subtlest impostor that ever lived. And,

2. Because I have as good an opinion of the author of this history, his ability, his integrity, his knowledge of what he wrote about, and his undesigning to deceive, as I can have of any man that ever commented or criticised upon it; and therefore when he gives me to understand, that the woman saw Samuel, I absolutely believe that she did,

Allow that the scripture speaks of things according to their appearances, and that Saul and his companions might be deceived by an impostor in Samuel's guise: Was this author deceived, or did he mean to deceive

me, when he gives me to understand, that the woman saw Samuel, and was frightened at the sight ?

Suppose a possibility, that Saul and his companions could be imposed upon by an impostor on this occasion; yet, surely, the highest probability is on the other side, Saul was far from having an implicit faith even in Samuel, although the manner of his coming to the kingdom demonstrated the divinity of the prophet's mission. And would he easily be the dupe of a silly woman ! He was perfectly acquainted with the voice, stature, and figure of Samuel. He was a brave man ; and, doubtless, his companions were so. Can we doubt whether he chose two of his old tried friends on this occasion ? And, if he did, they also must have been acquainted with Samuel. They came upon the woman by night, and unprepared. Had they allowed her the least time for juggle or artifice, or suffered her so much as one moment out of their sight ; would a sacred historian, whose business it was to expose these practices, as far as truth would allow, omit these circumstances ? Would he omit all mention of the preceding sacrifices and incantations ? Would he omit every circumstance that tended to detect the fraud ? Would he omit every thing that tended to shew it to be fraud, and insert every thing that tended to imply the real appearance of the prophet ?

Shall this author relate in plain terms, that Saul perceived it was Samuel himself * ; and shall he relate this by a word which signifies either certain knowledge, experience, or sensible perception ? and are we to understand by this word, ' (contrary to all the rules of grammar, and rational interpretation) that he neither knew, nor had sensible evidence of this ? that he only imagined it was Samuel, by the description of an impostor ? a description that would suit ten thousand other men as well as Samuel !

But the text says not, that Saul saw Samuel.

True, but tell us something that plainly implies it, that he stooped with his face to the earth, and bowed himself.

When the sacred writers express themselves in the same style, and in the very same words, on occurrences of the same kind, such as the behaviour of people upon occasion of seeing some extraordinary person ; are we not to understand them in the same sense ?

The text is both strong and full in this place. It first says, that Saul knew that it was Samuel himself ; and then adds, that he stooped with his face to the ground, and bowed himself. Must we believe, notwithstanding

* It is astonishing, that the English translation should leave out this last word, *himself*.

withstanding all this, that he neither knew nor saw what he bowed to? that he bowed only to a creature of the pythoness's imagination? What strange suppositions are these! and what violence must we do to the sacred text, to the analogy of scripture, to common grammar, and to common sense, to gratify some dogmatic doubters!

But Saul was frightened out of his wits, and did not know what he said or did.

I am very much inclined to think, that they who surmise this, believe it.

But, pray, how does it appear? The gentlemen that object thus, have not, perhaps, considered, that Saul desired Samuel to be raised up to him †, (not to the pythoness); which plainly shews, that he had no apprehension of fear, from the thoughts of seeing him. And when the woman was frightened, and shrieked at the sight of Samuel, it is plain, that Saul was not; for he bids her not be afraid; and desires to know what it was she saw, which could cause her fears: Be not afraid; for what sawest thou? And the whole tenor of his answer to Samuel's question is as rational and undisturbed as any thing I ever read.

In

† Bring up Samuel to me.

In the next place, let us consider, whether this person, supposed to be an impostor, acts in character.

Are we to believe that a little contemptible juggler; (supposing such a person, without any foundation in the history) or a poor dastardly woman, would dare to treat a king of Israel with that air of superiority and contumely wherewith Samuel treats Saul on this occasion? Would she, that paid such court to him the instant the affair was over, treat him with so high a hand whilst it was in agitation? Josephus observes of this woman, that she was in her nature gentle, compassionate, and beneficent, Is this agreeable to that character? to insult, to threaten, and to upbraid; to ask him, to the reproach of his reason and religion, as well as the disgrace of her own art, how he came to enquire of her. Would she dare to treat Saul so? Saul, famed for rage and resentment, and not famed for mercy; Saul, that rooted the race of impostors out of the land; And all this after it was owned she knew him! He must have as much credulity as an infidel, that can believe this.

In the next place, would an impostor be so very zealous for a strict observance of the law and commands of God; and so rigid in pronouncing divine vengeance upon the violation of them? and, in the depth of his cunning, limit that vengeance to time, place, and per-

son ? and all this at no greater distance than the next day ?

These suppositions are too wild to be seriously confuted ; they are the very reverse of what should and would have been done upon such an occasion, had imposture interferred in it: Every one knows, the business of impostors is to flatter, to delude, to deceive, to answer doubtfully ; to promise good, and put off the evil : it was this woman's business in a particular manner to act thus. Had she promised Saul victory, and the success had answered, she was sure of considerable advantage. He who could have no benefit from priests, or from prophets, would, doubtless, have had her in high honour ; and with good reason.

If he died in the battle all was safe ; and even if he escaped, and was worsted, what she said would at least have been taken for an indication of good-will, and good wishes to the king, and to his people ; and so would be more likely to escape any after-enquiry. Whereas, if she prognosticated evil to the royal race, she was sure of destruction, if the event did not at once justify and save her. Nay, it might justify, and yet not save her. For, might not Saul's companions, or some of his surviving friends, think that this evil fortune was the effect of her incantations, and the work of some wicked spirits under her influence ? And would she, who knew her own ignorance, put all this to the hazard

hazard of a conjecture ? And God would make the event exactly and minutely conformable to that conjecture, to establish the credit of imposture over the face of the earth, and to the end of the world.

But an evil spirit, or even an impostor, might know, that Saul and his sons were determined either to die, or conquer in the battle.

Let this also be allowed, without any foundation in the text : Hath not many a man been determined to die, and yet been prevented ? But the truth is otherwise : Neither Saul nor his sons were determined to die ; they all fled from the enemy as fast and as far as they could. The enemy first overtook the sons of Saul, and slew them : And, when Saul could fly no farther, rather than fall into the enemy's hands, who were hard at his heels, he killed himself.

Besides all this ; shall we so far outrage our reason and our religion, as to believe any being, but God, capable of seeing into futurity, and pronouncing upon it ? If there be any that think so, let me call upon them, with Isaiah, to bring forth their strong reasons. Let them bring forth, and shew us what shall happen : Let them shew the former thing, and what they be, that we may consider (or set our hearts upon) them ; or declare us things for to come. In one word : The assertions and reasonings on the other side seem to me grounded upon great mistakes, and fruitful of grievous absurdities.

absurdities. I cannot assent to them; I envy no man that can.

The consequence from all this is clear: If that person, who now denounced the divine vengeance upon Saul, under the semblance of Samuel, was neither an impostor, nor an evil spirit; he must be what the scriptures constantly call him throughout this narration, Samuel.

That spirits of another world may carry about them such vehicles, as may admit them to a sensible commerce with us, in like manner as our spirits bear about these bodies of ours, the best philosophy will admit. And that they have done so upon extraordinary occasions, the most authentic histories in the world will attest. If then God Almighty thought fit either to appoint, or permit Samuel to appear to Saul on this occasion; I see no more difficulty in it, than in his appearing to him on any other occasion whilst he was in this world, and in full health and strength. For Saul no more saw his spirit then, than he did now; and his spirit was as well able to bear a body about with it now, as it was then.

The only question then is, Why God should appoint, or permit, Samuel to appear on this occasion? And this is a question which no man living hath a right to ask, and be informed in. Such questions as these are the very source and fountain-head of all infidelity:

I don't know why things should be done so and so ; and therefore I will not believe they were done. And what is this, but saying, in other words, that you are as wise as God ; and as good a judge of fit and just, at least with regard to things of this world, as he can be ? And therefore, it is ridiculous to suppose, that he transacted any thing in the affairs of this world, which you cannot discover to be wise, and fit, and just. Can any thing in nature be more extravagant than such surmises as these ?

“ But is it likely, that God should refuse to answer Saul, when he consulted him in ways appointed by himself, and yet should answer him in a forbidden way.”

I answer, What if it be not ? that is, What if my little understanding cannot reach the reasons of this conduct ? Must it follow, that there was no such thing ? Is not this the same infatuation of arrogance, which was just now reproved and exposed ?

But after all ; What if God did not depart from his own institutions ? What if Saul did not consult him in ways appointed by himself ? The ways appointed by himself to consult him were by prophets, to whom he manifested himself in visions, as he did to Samuel ; or by prophets, to whom he vouchsafed a more open communication of his purposes, as to Moses ; or by Urim and Thummim.

It

It is not likely, that Saul consulted God by the Urim and Thummim of his appointment; for that was with Abiathar, and Abiathar with David. And, very probably, there was no prophet then alive, to whom God communicated himself either by vision, or by his word.

On the other hand; What if Saul did consult God in a way appointed by himself; and, What if God did depart from his own institutions on this occasion? Is God so tied down to his own institutions, that he cannot at any time depart from them?

Here is a fine dilemma: If God confines the communication and manifestation of himself and his purposes, to priests and prophets; are all the rest of his creation excluded? Is he the God only of priests and prophets? All this is artifice and contrivance, plain priestcraft! If at any time he is said to have manifested himself in a different manner, such accounts are incredible; for is it likely he should depart from his own institutions!

But if Samuel had been raised by God, no doubt he would never have said unto Saul, Why hast thou disquieted me? for it would have been no disquiet, nor trouble to him, to come upon God's errand.

But is this gentleman sure, that the prophet's disquiet arose from his being sent on that errand? Surely he will not say so, upon better deliberation. No, his

disquiet plainly arose from Saul's hardened impenitence in the ways of irreligion ; it was this that grieved and provoked his righteous spirit. And so it should be translated, *Why hast thou provoked me, to make me to rise up ? Why dost thou ask of me, seeing the Lord is departed from thee ? Hath God forsaken you ; and do you hope for help from me ? from me his minister, who act nothing but in obedience to his will ! Is God offended with you ; and will you enquire what to do, in a way that he hath forbidden ? Will you go on still to offend him more ? Know then, that I am now come [to confirm that sentence, which God long since past upon you by my mouth, for disobeying his commandments : Your kingdom is divided, and given even to David ; and God will deliver you, your sons, and your people, into the hands of the Philistines ; And this sentence shall be executed upon you to-morrow : To-morrow shall you and your sons be with me among the dead. All this is plainly spoken in the indignation of a righteous spirit against guilt ; and he must have read it with very little attention, that does not see it to be so.*

Give me leave to add, that the Bible is a history of God's providence, more particularly to a peculiar people. It teaches us, that all revolutions in the world are of his appointment, and all events in his hands ; that nations are punished, and kings deposed, for their
guilt,

guilt, and others appointed in their stead. And in order to convince his people of these great truths, God, at sundry times, raised up prophets from amongst them to denounce his judgments upon their guilt, and to foretell the fatal consequences of it. If they repented upon these monitions, his judgments were averted; if not, they were surely executed.

Now the case stands thus: The scriptures say, Samuel was seen on this occasion; that Saul perceived it was Samuel himself; that Samuel spoke, and denounced the divine judgments, and Saul heard him; and the judgments he denounced were demonstrably such, as none but God could denounce. And some men that call themselves critics, without attending to the text, the nature of the prophet's threats, or the reason of his appearance, say, it was not Samuel that did all this, but some impostor, or some evil spirit; and they say this upon the idlest reasons that ever were urged; reasons, that have already been abundantly confuted and exposed. And can it yet be made a question, which we shall believe?

I have but two observations to annex: The first is; That the son of Syrach, who seems to have had as much wisdom, penetration, and piety, as any critic that came after him, is clearly of opinion with the sacred historian, that it was Samuel himself, who foretold the fate of Saul and his house in this interview. And it is

no ill presumption, that his judgment was also that of the Jewish church upon this head.

The next is; that whereas it hath been made a question, whether the Jews had any belief of the immortality of the soul; this history is a full decision upon that point: And, perhaps, the establishment of that truth upon the foot of sensible evidence, was not the lowest end of Samuel's appearance upon this occasion.

Lord Bacon's apparition to Lord Middleton, as related by Mr Aubrey.

SIR WILLIAM DUGDALE informed several gentlemen that Major-general Middleton, afterwards created Lord, went into the Highlands of Scotland, to endeavour to make a party for King Charles I. an old gentleman, that was second-sighted, met him and told him, that his attempt, though laudable, would not be successful; and that besides they would put the king to death: and that several other attempts would be made, but all in vain, but that his son would come in, although

although it would be long first, and should at last be restored. This nobleman had a great friendship with the Laird Bocconi, and they made an agreement, that the first of them that died should appear to the other in extremity. It happened that the Lord Middleton was taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester, and sent up to London : while he was confined in the Tower under three locks, one day in the morning, lying pensive in his bed, Bocconi appeared to him. My Lord Middleton asked him if he were dead or alive ? He replied, that he was dead, and had been so many years, but that he was come to revive his hopes, for that in a very short time, within three days, he should escape : this fell out as it was foretold, and he did so in his wife's clothes. When he had performed his message, he lightly tript about the room, like a vapour; then gathered up and vanished.

This account Sir William Dugdale had from the Bishop of Edinburgh, who had inserted it in his miscellanies, which is now deposited, with other books in the museum at Oxford.

*Strange Warning to a reprobate Publican. From the
Arminian Magazine.*

IN Bethnal Green, and near the school-house, there is a public-house known by the name of the 'Gibraltar, which was long kept by one John Harris, a native of Birmingham, and silver plater by trade. This man for many years, encouraged by his great success in business, led a very irregular life, insomuch that he lost his trade in the public house, and getting into a disorderly way entirely, the parish officers and justice refused to renew his license, and for a whole year he was fain to keep his house close. During this interval, having dismissed his servants, and his wife having left him for some words which had happened; as he sat by the parlour fire, it being the winter-time, he heard the bar bell ring which made him wonder much, knowing there was nobody in the house but himself. At first he paid but little attention, but upon hearing it distinctly a second time, he got up and went to the back door, sus-
pecting

pecting some one had entered that way and was putting a trick upon him ; but finding all safe, he returned to the fire side, wondering much at the oddness of the thing, when all of a sudden the bell fell a ringing again, though not in so quick a tone as before, but somewhat more regularly, as if the hand that pulled it held it for a while.

Disturbed at this extraordinary call, he got up, and was determined to discover the cause, and taking the poker in his hand, being the first thing he could lay hold on, he passed through the bar into the back room, where, to his great astonishment and terror, for he allowed that he was severely frightened, he beheld the figure of a good-looking female personage, dressed in brown much like a quaker, seated in a chair, between the two back windows, and leaning upon a long stick, which seemed to support her.

At first Mr Harris was too much affected to speak, for though very valiant and noisy in company, there was something about the figure before him which declared her not to be of this world : besides, his own conscience upbraided him with more evil than his memory could just then recollect. However, he summoned power enough to put the old foolish question, " What art thou ? " and with that fell on his knees in a devout manner to pray : " What I am is not now my business to relate, but what you may hereafter be-
come

come if you do not amend your life and manners ; so get up man, and remember the warning voice of one from the dead. You have but a few years to live, make the most of your time, and train up your daughter Phebe in a good way, and keep her from such and such company, or she will die young, violently, and by the force of justice. Consider her life is just now in your hands, 'a little time will place it out of your power to reverse the evil that awaits her. Remember this, and live accordingly.'" With this she seemed to strike the ground with her stick and immediately disappeared, leaving Mr Harris much astonished at what he had both heard and seen, and only lamenting that he had no witness to the truth of this accident.

Be it as it will, it produced a wonderful alteration in him for the better ; and though his former companions laughed at him for becoming a methodist, he ever after adhered to the paths of prudence and sobriety. I knew him in the year 1765, a very orderly and sober man, and from his invariable relation of this matter have no doubt of its truth.

The prediction with respect to his daughter Phebe was too fatally accomplished a few years since, she being burnt for treason as is called, that it is, for counterfeiting the current coin called a shilling.

Remarkable conversion of Henry Webb, related by credible witnesses, and attested for facts.

THERE is no truer maxim than, that in endeavouring to shun one extreme, we are often apt to fall into another : this the great Mr Addison has observed in respect to religion ; that, by endeavouring to avoid the cant and hypocrisy formerly too much practised, we have fallen into a habit of being quite ashamed of any religion at all. This too has been the case with every thing uncommon or more than ordinary, especially in regard to spiritual matters ; the fear of being imposed upon, and the many idle stories we often hear, make us refuse to give credit to any thing of this sort, though ever so well attested, and though we have very sensible evidence of a great and good end being answered thereby.

That God Almighty does sometimes make use of extraordinary means, more particularly in the conversion of some sinners is too well attested by scripture, repeated

peated experience, and the testimony of the wisest and best of men, to admit of any doubt; and likewise, that he has made use of no method so often as that of visions of the night; many are the proofs which might be brought from scripture of the truth of this, particularly that very striking and amazing instance recorded in the book of Job, which the ingenious Mr Harvey, in his book of meditations, lately published, justly says "is a proof of the reality of them upon some very extraordinary emergencies, while it discountenances those legends of idle tales, which superstition has raised, and credulity received; since it teaches us, that when they come to pass, it is not upon any errand of frivolous consequences, but to convey intelligencies of the utmost moment, or to work impressions of the highest advantage." In the 4th chapter of Job, and the 12th verse, Eliphaz the Temanite describes a vision of this nature, which had happened to himself.

Henry Webb, the subject of this relation, was born at Crewkerne, in Somersetshire, being the son of John and Mary Webb, both known for many years in that place, his father being deceased but fourteen months ago, and his mother still residing in or near that place. He had a common education given him, according to their abilities; and was, when young, put out apprentice to Mr John Hooper, a cordwainer, in that place, but being wild and disobedient, he soon ran away from

from his master and parents, and going many miles distant and falling into bad company, he soon became a reprobate liver, a common swearer, and sabbath-breaker, having no thoughts of goodness or religion at all: in this state he continued, without any serious reflection, till the 21st year of his age, at which time he worked with Mr Thomas Eades, at a place called Euley, about five miles from Lymington in Hampshire; where, on Monday the 11th of February, 1749-50, he was seized with an oppression on the spirits, but continued working till Tuesday about noon, when finding himself worse, he was bled, after which he walked about half a mile, drank half a pint of warm ale at a public house, and then returned home, and sat down by the fire till four or five o'clock in the afternoon, still growing worse, when he went up to bed; in which he had not been long before he seemed to himself to be dying or fainting away, or rather his soul going out of his body; at which time (as he has since been told) the people belonging to the house, hearing a deep groan, came up stairs, and found his arm had burst out a bleeding to the quantity of near two quarts, and him, to all appearance dead, his eyes and teeth being closed, and not the least breath perceivable; upon which, after having applied several remedies to no purpose, they resolved to lay him out in order to be buried; but his master, Mr Eades, perceiving a small warmth in his

body;

body, was resolved he should not be moved out of the bed till he was cold ; and in this manner he lay for the space of three nights and days, all which time he received no manner of sustenance, for though they endeavoured to open his teeth with a spoon, and pour down some cordials, yet, as he is informed by those who administered it, none of it went down.

At the time he felt himself dying away, as we have mentioned above, he seemed to go into fields inexpressibly delightful and pleasant, beautified with streams and fountains of water clearer than chrystal, having at the same time a glorious prospect of heaven before him, to which he directed his steps, not once thinking upon this world, or reflecting on the heinousness of his sins : after some time, he seemed to arrive at the gates of heaven, which shone more glorious and bright than the sun in its greatest lustre : he knocked at the gates, which were immediately opened to him, and he saw within, three men in bright and shining clothing, far exceeding every thing he had ever seen, and far more glorious than he can express ; two of them came out to him, and the gates were immediately shut again : he entreated of these two men in shining clothes admittance in at the gate, but was told by them, " it was not a place for any such wicked sinners as he was." It was at this moment he first had any sense of his sinful life ; for as quick as fire catches the dry stubble, so quick

quick and penetrating were the words of the shining one ; for no sooner were they spoke, than all the sins he had ever committed in his life seemed to arise before him with all their weight and horror, so that he believes the agonies of hell itself cannot exceed what he felt at that time : however, he still kept begging in the most earnest and passionate manner for entrance in at the gate, but was still denied, and in this manner he seemed to continue for several hours : at last, one of the men in bright clothes, bid him look on his left hand, which he doing, saw at some distance from him, hell itself opened, which seemed covered with the most dismal, lonesome, and doleful darkness, it is possible to imagine, and sent forth a suffocating smell of sulphur ; but he did not discern any flame : he saw a great multitude of persons in it, seemingly in the utmost agonies and torments, and the prince of darkness, as it were, raging as a ravenous lion to come at him : but what struck him with still more horror and despair, was to distinguish the faces of three of his old wicked companions among those tormented wretches, as plain as he ever saw any person with his eyes, and to hear them utter the most dismal cries and sad lamentations ; his eyes and attention seemed to fix upon this dreadful scene, that he was not able once to take them off for several hours, or even turn them towards hea-

ven ; neither was he able to utter a word all this time, but at length gaining utterance, he entreated in the most moving manner the person in the shining clothes, that he would let him return back, and have some time to repent of and reform his wicked life ; but he answered him, " those were the torments he was going to," which made him beg the more vehemently that he might be allowed to return and repent, which seemed to be denied him still : till at last, the person told him, that if he was allowed to return he would lead the same course of life : but he cried out and promised in the most solemn manner, that he would amend and lead a new life ; upon which this glorious person told him, he would allow him a few months longer ; but that if he continued in the same wicked course of life he had hitherto done, he would shorten that time ; then he seemed to turn about and direct his steps back again to this world, the person in bright clothing walking with him for (as it seemed) the space of two or three miles, rebuking him all the way for his sinful life, and telling him, " he had deserved the punishments he had seen, repeated times, and adding, that if he led the same wicked course of life again, the torments he had seen would be his portion for ever and ever."

After the departure of this glorious person from him, he seemed to travel for many miles through places
 dark,

dark, desolate, and horrible, beyond all that tongue or pen can express, being at the same time grievously oppressed with this heavy burden of his sins, which seemed to be all before his eyes, set against him in terrible array. He cannot describe in what manner he returned to life, but is informed that some of the people below stairs, hearing a deep groan, came up into the room, and found life coming into him, which they were greatly surprised at, as for two hours before he had felt colder than he had done at all; that he lay for the space of half an hour or more in great strugglings and agonies, and then came quite to himself, and recovered his speech, telling them what things he had seen, and desiring the minister of the place to be fetched to him: who was accordingly sent for and soon came with his master, Mr Thomas Eades, and several of the neighbours, who enquired how he did; upon which he repeated to them the same account he had given before of what had happened to him: but the minister suspected he might probably be light-headed, asked him several questions, whether he knew those who were in the room, asking him the name of each particular person; and finding him to be thoroughly sensible, and that he gave rational answers to all he asked him, he began (like a truly pious divine,) and talked him in a serious manner, telling him how happy a thing it was, that God, through his great mercy and goodness, had

not

not taken him away in his sins; exhorting him to place his faith and confidence in Jesus Christ, (and not in his own works) for that it was through and by him that he must be saved; for unless he was washed clean in his blood, he could not enter into the kingdom of heaven, for no unclean thing could enter there; after some further pious christian discourse, the minister and all who were present, went to prayers with him, and then left him to take some repose.

The next day but one, this worthy divine visited him again, and enquired how he was; to which he replied, " he was much easier in his mind, but abhorred himself for his sins, and could tear himself to pieces that he had not a sense of them before."

Many other times was he visited by the clergyman, who in all his visits instructed and exhorted him by religious conversation to amendment of life and faith in Christ Jesus.

But in about a fortnight's time he was seized with a very violent fever, so that his life was despaired of, at which time the heinousness of his sins overwhelmed him with horror. so that he was continually begging every person who came into the room, to pray with and for him: but during all the continuance of his fever, (though he was sometimes light-headed) yet he never saw any thing of what he had done before, which makes it more probable that it did not proceed from the force.

o rice of a disordered imagination ; for if it had, it is certain that something of the same nature would have happened during his fever, more especially as his whole mind and thoughts had been entirely fixed ever since on what he then saw.

After some time, as it pleased God, the violence of the fever abated, so that he has been able to go about and work at his business, though he still continues in a weak condition.

He has ever since lived a regular, sober, christian-life shunning all loose and unprofitable company, not being able to hear any prophane discourse or oaths from the mouths of others, without the greatest uneasiness, and even reproving them for it; he daily bewails his former course of life, and frequently applies to God in prayer, being never so easy as when he is engaged in some religious duty or conversation; he cannot yet speak, (though he has repeated it so many times) of those dreadful things he saw, without being deeply affected; but declares he is ready and willing to die with pleasure, whenever God is pleased to appoint, as he has a strong persuasion of his being made happy hereafter through the merits of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Witness to the above facts, Permenia Brewer, No. 18, Prince's-street, Cavendish-square. William Mumford, Honeysuckle court, near White cross street E. Sibley, bookseller, No. 29, Brick lane, Spittal fields.

A dying Prostitute.

A YOUNG man, scarcely nineteen, and at that time an apprentice to an eminent merchant in the city, had for some months unhappily indulged himself in every kind of licentiousness, especially with the most abandoned of the female sex. He seldom neglected any opportunity of frequenting the most infamous brothels, during his master's excursions to his country house. At one time his whole attention was engrossed by a most beautiful young woman not more than sixteen years of age. On a certain day, which was Monday, he went with rapture to the infernal house she was kept at; but how is it possible to express the distraction and astonishment which seized him, when he was informed, the unhappy wretch died the preceding Friday evening, and that in so shocking a manner, that humanity must shudder at the bare imagination; and the bosoms of the guilty be chilled with terror at the thought

She,

She, with great distress, declared on Friday morning, that she knew herself to be struck with death, and damned to all eternity. In her raving she frequently cried out, that the devil told her so, and that he would drag her to endless torment at six o'clock. Her agonies were inexpressible, so that even the wretches, her companions and sisters in iniquity, whom she earnestly exhorted to repent, or they would assuredly follow her to the bottomless pit, were so much affected at it as to mention a necessity for sending for a clergyman; but the miserable girl, with screams of horror exclaimed, Nothing could save her, but the fatal sentence was already pronounced, and that there was no possibility of forgiveness or escape. The wicked man who kept the house, desired earnestly to see her; but she would by no means consent to his request. O tell him, (said she) that I curse him in the bitterness of my soul, and wish, with my latest breath, that he may very soon follow me to endless misery. I shall long for his arrival, that I myself may help to torment him. It is to him I owe my destruction, He first seduced me to guilt and ruin when I was but thirteen years of age. Perdition, no doubt, will be his portion, as well as of numbers besides, who, like him, have laboured for the destruction of innocence and virtue. She several times jumped out of bed, and screaming in a most dreadful manner, cried out, You shall not have me yet! it is not

six o'clock. She continued raving thus till the hour she had so often mentioned : the clock struck six and she expired.

ALTAMONT.

THE sad evening before the death of this noble youth I was with him. No one was there, but his physician, and an intimate friend whom he loved, and whom he had ruined. At my coming in, he said ;

You, and the physician, are come too late. I have neither life, nor hope. You both aim at miracles. You would raise the dead.

Heaven, I said was merciful.

Or I could not have been thus guilty. What has it not done to bless, and to save me? I have been too strong for Omnipotence ! I plucked down ruin.

I said, the blessed Redeemer.

Hold ! hold ! you wound me ! This is the rock on which I split. I denied his name.

Refusing

Refusing to hear any thing from me, or take any thing from the physician, he lay silent, as far as sudden darts of pains would permit, till the clock struck. Then with vehemence.

Oh, time ! time ! it is fit thou shouldest thus strike thy murderer to the heart. How art thou fled for ever ! A month ! Oh, for a single week ! I ask not for years ; though an age were too little for the much I have to do.

On my saying we could not do too much : that heaven was a blessed place.

So much the worse. 'Tis lost ! 'tis lost ! Heaven is to me the severest part of hell !

Soon after I proposed prayer.

Pray you that can. I never prayed. I cannot pray. Nor need I. Is not heaven on my side already ? It closes with my conscience. Its severest strokes but second my own.

His friend being much touched, even to tears, at this, (who could forbear ? I could not) with a most affectionate look, he said ;

Keep those tears for thyself. I have undone thee. Dost weep for me ? That's cruel. What can pain me more ?

Here his friend, too much affected, would have left him.

No,

No, stay. Thou still mayest hope. Therefore hear me. How madly have I talked? How madly hast thou listened and believed? But look on my present state as a full answer to thee, and to myself. This body is all weakness and pain; but my soul, as if strung up by torment to greater strength and spirit, is full powerful to reason; full mighty to suffer. And that, which thus triumphs within the jaws of mortality, is doubtless, immortal. And, as for a Deity, nothing less than an Almighty could inflict what I feel.

I was about to congratulate this passive, involuntary confessor, on his asserting the two prime articles of his creed, extorted by the rack of nature; when he thus very passionately:

No, no! let me speak on. I have not long to speak. My much injured friend! my soul, as my body, lies in ruins, in scattered fragments of broken thought: remorse for the past, throws my thoughts on the future; Worse dread of the future, strikes it back on the past. I turn, and turn, and find no ray: Didst thou feel half the mountain that is on me, thou wouldst struggle with the martyr for his stake; and bless heaven for the flames; that is not an everlasting flame; that is not an unquenchable fire.

How were we struck? Yet soon after, still more With what an eye of distraction, what a face of despair, he cried out:

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My principles have poisoned my friend ; my extravagance has beggared my boy ; my unkindness has murdered my wife ! And is there another hell ? O thou blasphemed, yet most indulgent Lord God ! Hell itself is a refuge, if it hides me from thy frown.

Soon after his understanding failed. His terrified imagination uttered horrors not to be repeated, or ever forgot. And e'er the Sun arose, the gay, young, noble, ingenious, accomplished, and most wretched Altamont expired.

A fragment from Mr Wesley's journal.

A Servant of Mr Bradley, sent to desire to speak with me. Going to him, I found a young man ill, but perfectly sensible. He desired the rest to go out, and then said, " On Thursday night, about eleven, being in bed but broad awake, I heard one calling aloud Peter, Peter Wright ! And looking up, the room was as light as day, and I saw a man in very bright clothes stand by the bed, who said, Prepare yourself ; for your end is nigh ; "

nigh ; and then immediately all was dark as before." I told him, The advice was good whence soever it came. In a few days he recovered from his illness : his whole temper was changed as well as his life ; and so continued to be, till after three or four weeks he relapsed and died in peace.

A true and awful relation.

IN the neighbourhood of H—, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, lived E. B. For many years he was held a respectable character, both^d for piety and industry. He was the principal cause of bringing the gospel into the place where he lived ; and through his persuasion and influence many were brought to attend the word ; and found it the power of God to salvation to every one that believeth.

Among others, a person of the name of J. M. was truly converted to God ; and between him and E. B. there was a close, mutual friendship, which subsisted for some years. But, alas ! in how many cases is that
word

word verified, the first shall be last, and the last shall be first? E. B. forsook the good ways of God, fell from his steadfastness, and became an unbelieving apostate.

E. B.'s business led him to keep a cart, and frequently take considerable journies through the country. Hereby he became exposed to many temptations; especially from the conversation of men, who glory in their shame, by denying the Lord that bought them; and representing the word of truth as a fiction, or a cunningly devised fable. Their words *ate as a canker*. At first he withstood them; but by degrees, he lost his faith and love; and could hear, with indifference, the things of God abused; till at last he wallowed in drunkenness, blasphemed with the atheist, scorned with the deist, set *his mouth against the heavens*, and became a most profligate character. But the way of transgressors is hard. He one day, on setting off from an ale-house, his horses being unwilling to go, got into the cart, exclaiming "I will drive them to the devil;" immediately they set off on a gallop, and soon after the cart was overturned, and he falling under it, was killed by the load falling on him. He was in a state of intoxication when the melancholy event happened; and had just before been giving free scope to his licentious principles, with all possible energy and spirit.

J.ring of this, was greatly affected; and fearing that his friend was not happy, wished to see him

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in his disembodied state. Accordingly, it pleased the Almighty to indulge him in his request. One night, just as J. M. was got into bed, he heard a voice from without, calling him distinctly by his name, J. M. J. M. J. M. three times. Judging it was some one who wanted his assistance, he got up, opened the window, and looked out; but seeing no person, he fastened the window; and, after walking two or three times across the room, sat himself down on the side of his bed, and essayed to go into it; but before he could lie down, he heard a very loud knocking at his door, as if with a stick or cane, and presently the spirit of his deceased friend, came in and passed along the room, and turning round, stood full before him at his bed's feet, leaning with his arm on a chest of drawers. He had on (to appearance) the very clothes which he wore when he met his untimely fate; with his hat inclining on one side of his head, the way he usually wore it. The room was immediately filled with a gloomy kind of light. J. M. viewed him very distinctly; but he seemed a picture of horror and despair, impossible to be expressed:

J. M. now said, E. B. is it you?

E. B. Yes, it is me.

J. M. I wished to see you.

E. B. I was informed so,

J. M.

J. M. Do you believe there is a God now ?

E. B. Yes, I know it to my sorrow.

J. M. Are the torments of the damned so great as the scripture would have us believe they are ?

E. B. If all the devils in hell were assembled to describe them, they could not give you the idea of a thousandth part of them.

J. M. Who are those with you ? (for there seemed two black appearances, visible, yet indistinct, one on each side.) E. B. answered, They are my guards. Immediately those two fiends flew forward, with the greatest rage and fury, to seize on J. M. ; but he cried out, I plead the *blood of Christ*, I plead the *blood of Christ*, I plead the *blood of Christ*, three times : and they shrunk back again to their place. On this, E. B. said, Aye, plead but the *blood of Christ*, and all the devils in hell can never harm you.

J. M. I fear you are not happy.

E. B. *Lost for ever ! Lost for ever ! Lost for ever !*

On his departure, the room was filled with a strong offensive smell, like the smell of burning brimstone ; at least this was the most exact description J. M. could give it.

How awful is the above account. The detail is exact and correct. There is nothing laboured ; no new conceit, but plain matter of fact, a relation unvarnished, and delivered with no other design than to alarm the careless,

careless, and to set forth that great truth, "our God is a consuming fire." J. M. is now alive, and his integrity such, as to give the fullest assurance to every serious enquirer. Reader, be admonished. There is a God, and a just one. There is a hell, and a terrible one. Thy soul is immortal, and after death it will be required of thee. Wilt thou live in sin a few years, and dwell in torments for ever? God forbid! Arise and call upon thy God. Behold the Lord Jesus Christ, plead his precious blood, and God shall be merciful to thy unrighteousness, and thy sins and thy iniquities remember no more.

"Time shall be no longer."

THIS alludes to the beginning of Revelations the xth; which, abstracted from its spiritual meaning, and considered only as a stately piece of machinery, well deserves our attention; and, I will venture to say, has not its superior, perhaps not its equal, in any of the most celebrated

celebrated masters of Greece and Rome. All that is gloomy or beautiful in the atmosphere, all that is striking or magnificent in every element, is taken to heighten the idea. Yet nothing is disproportionate; but an uniform air of ineffable majesty greatens, exalts, ennobles the whole. Be pleased to observe the aspect of this august personage. All the brightness of the sun shines in his countenance; and all the rage of the fire burns in his feet. See his apparel. The clouds compose his robe, and the drapery of the sky floats upon his shoulders. The rainbow forms his diadem; and that which compasseth the heaven with a glorious circle, is the ornament of his head. Behold his attitude. One foot stands on the ocean, the other rests on the land. The wide extended earth, and the world of waters, serve as pedestals for those mighty columns. Consider the action. His hand is lifted up to the height of the stars. He speaks; and the regions of the firmament echo with the mighty accents, as the midnight desert resounds with the lion's roar. The artillery of the skies is discharged at the signal; a peal of seven fold thunders spread the alarm, and prepares the universe to receive his orders. To finish all, and to give the highest grandeur, as well as the utmost solemnity, to the representation, hear the decree that issues from his mouth. "He swears by him that liveth for ever and ever." In whatever manner so majestic a person had

expressed himself, he could not fail of commanding universal attention. But when he confirms his speech by a most sacred and inviolable oath, we are not only wrapt in silent suspense, but overwhelmed with the profoundest awe. He swears, "that time shall be no longer." Was ever voice so full of terror; so big with wonder? It proclaims, not the fall of empires, but the final period of things. It strikes off the wheels of nature; bids ages and generations cease to roll; and, with one potent word, consigns a whole world over to dissolution. This is one among a multitude of very sublime and masterly strokes, to be found in that too much neglected book, the Bible.

OF HELL.

THE punishment of those who in spite of all the warnings of God, resolve to have their portion with the devil and his angels, will according to the antient, and not improper division, be either *Pæna damni*, what they lose, or *Pæna sensus*, what they feel.

1. 1. And first, let us consider the *Pæna damni*, the punishment or loss. This commences in that very moment wherein the soul is separated from the body : in that instant the soul loses all those pleasures, the enjoyment of which depends on the outward senses. The smell, the taste, the touch delight no more : the organs that ministered to them are spoiled, and the objects that used to gratify them are far away. In the dreary regions of the dead, all those things are forgotten : or, if remembered, are only remembered with pain, seeing they are gone for ever. All the pleasures of the imagination are at an end. There is no grandeur in the infernal region ; there is nothing beautiful in these dark abodes ; no light, but that of livid flames. And nothing new, but one unwearied scene of horror upon horror. There is no music but that of groans and shrieks, of weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth ; of curses and blasphemies against God, or cutting reproaches of one another. Nor is there any thing to gratify the sense of honour : no ; they are the heirs of shame and everlasting contempt.

2. Thus are they totally separated from all the things they were fond of in the present world. At the same instant will commence another loss ; that of all the persons whom they loved. They are torn away from their nearest and dearest relations, their wives, husbands, parents, children, and (what to some will be

worse

worse than all this) the friend which was as their own soul. All the pleasures they ever enjoyed in these is lost, gone, vanished away. For there is no friendship in hell. Even the poet who affirms (though I know not on what authority)

“ Devil with devil damned
Firm concord holds :”

Does not affirm that there is any concord among the human fiends, that inhabit the great abyss.

3. But they will then be sensible of a greater loss, than all they have enjoyed on earth. They have lost their place in Abraham's bosom, in the paradise of God. Hitherto indeed, indeed it hath not entered into their hearts to conceive, what holy souls enjoy in the garden of God, in the society of angels, and of the wisest and best men, that have lived from the beginning of the world : (not to mention the immense increase of knowledge, which they will then undoubtedly receive.) But they will then fully understand the value of what they have vilely cast away.

4. But as happy as the souls in paradise are, they are preparing for far greater happiness. For paradise is only the porch of heaven; and it is there the souls of just men are made perfect. It is in heaven only that there is the fulness of joy, the pleasure that ~~are~~ at God's
right

right hand for ever more. The loss of this, by those unhappy spirits, will be the completion of their misery. They will then know and feel, that God alone is the centre of all created spirits; and consequently that a spirit made for God, can have no rest out of him. It seems that the apostle had this in his view, when he spoke of those, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord. Banishment from the presence of the Lord, is the very essence of destruction to a spirit that was made for God. And if that banishment lasts for ever, it is everlasting destruction.

Such is the loss sustained by those miserable creatures, on whom that awful sentence will be pronounced, "Depart from me ye cursed!" What an unspeakable curse, if there were no other! But, alas! This is far from being the whole: for, to the punishment of loss will be added, the punishment of sense. What they lose, implies unspeakable misery, which yet is inferior to what they feel. This it is, which our Lord expresses in those emphatical words, "Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

II. 1. From the time that sentence was pronounced upon man, "Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return," it was the custom of all nations, so far as we can learn, to commit dust to dust: it seemed natural to restore

restore the bodies of the dead to the general mother earth. But in process of time another method obtained, chiefly among the rich and great, of burning the bodies of the relations, and frequently in a grand magnificent manner. For which purpose they erected huge funeral piles, with immense labour and expence. By either of these methods the body of man was soon restored to its parent dust. Either the worm or the fire soon consumed the well wrought frame; after which the worm itself quickly died, and the fire was entirely quenched. But there is likewise a worm that belongs to the future state; and that is a worm that never dieth. And there is a fire, hotter than that of the funeral pile; and it is a fire that will never be quenched.

2. The first thing intended by the worm that never dieth, seems to be a guilty conscience, including self-condemnation, sorrow, shame, remorse, and a sense of the wrath of God. May not we have some conception of this, by what is sometimes felt in the present evil world? Is it not of this chiefly that Solomon speaks, when he says, "The spirit of a man may bear his infirmities," his infirmities or griefs of any other kind: but a wounded spirit who can bear? Who can bear the anguish of an awakened conscience, penetrated with a sense of guilt, and the arrows of the Almighty sticking in the soul and drinking up the spirit! How many

many of the stout-hearted have sunk under it, and chose strangling rather than life? And yet what are these wounds, what is all this anguish of a soul while in this present world, in comparison of those they must suffer when their souls are wholly awakened, to feel the wrath of an offended God! Add to these, all unholy passions, fear, horror, rage, evil desires; desires that can never be satisfied. Add all unholy tempers, envy, jealousy, malice, and revenge: all of which will incessantly gnaw the soul, as the vulture was supposed to do the liver of Tityus. To these if we add hatred of God and all his creatures, all these united together serve to give us some little, imperfect idea of the worm that never dieth.

3. We may observe a remarkable difference in the manner wherein our Lord speaks concerning the two parts of the future punishment. He says, Where their worm dieth not, of one; where the fire is not quenched, of the other. This cannot be by chance. What then is the reason for this variation of the expression?

Does it seem to be this? The fire will be the same, to all that are tormented therein; only perhaps more intense to some than others, according to their degree of guilt. But their worm will not, cannot be the same. It will be infinitely varied, according to their various kinds, as well as degrees of wickedness. This variety will arise partly from the just judgment of God, reward-
ing

ing every one according to his works. For we cannot doubt but this rule will take place, no less in hell than in heaven. As in heaven every man shall receive his own reward, incommunicably his, that is, the whole tenor of his tempers, thoughts, words, and actions : so undoubtedly every man in fact will receive his own bad reward, according to his own bad labour. And this likewise will be incommunicably his own, even as his labour was. Variety of punishment will likewise arise from the very nature of the thing. As they that bring most holiness to heaven, will find most happiness there, so on the other hand it is not only true, that the more wickedness a man brings to hell, the more misery he will find there ; but that this misery will be infinitely varied according to the various kinds of his wickedness. It was therefore proper to say the fire, in general ; but their worm in particular.

4. But it has been questioned by some, " Whether there be any fire in hell ? That is, any material fire." Nay, if there be any fire, it is unquestionably material. For what is immaterial fire ? The same as immaterial water or earth ! both the one and the other is absolute nonsense, a contradiction in terms. Either therefore we must affirm it to be material or we deny its existence. But if we granted them there is no fire at all there, what would they gain thereby ? Seeing this is allowed on all hands, that it is either fire or something worse.

And

And consider this : does not our Lord speak as if it were real fire ? No one can deny, or doubt of this. Is it possible then to suppose, that the God of truth would speak in this manner, if it were not so ? Does he design to fright his poor creatures ? What, with scare-crows ? With vain shadows of things that have no being ? O let not any one think so ! Impute not such folly to the Most High !

5. But others aver, " It is not possible that fire should burn always. For by the immutable law of nature, It consumes whatever is thrown into it. And by the same law, as soon as it has consumed its fuel, it is itself consumed ; it goes out."

It is most true, that in the present constitution of things, during the present laws of nature, the element of fire does dissolve and consume whatever is thrown into it. But here is the mistake : the present laws of nature are not immutable. When the heavens and the earth shall flee away, the present scene will be totally changed : and with the present constitution of things, the present laws of nature will cease. After this great change, nothing will be dissolved, nothing will be consumed any more. Therefore if it were true, that fire consumes all things now, it would not follow that it would do the same after the whole frame of nature has undergone that vast, universal change.

6. I say, " If it were true, that fire consumes all things now." But indeed it is not true. Has it not pleased God, to give us already some proof of what will be hereafter? Is not the *Linum Asbestum*, the incombustible flax, known in most parts of Europe? If you take a towel or handkerchief made of this (one of which may now be seen in the British Museum,) you may throw it into the hottest fire, and when it is taken out again it will be observed, upon the nicest experiment, not to have lost one grain of its weight. Here therefore is a substance before our eyes, which even in the present constitution of things, (as if it were an emblem of things to come) may remain in fire without being consumed.

III. It remains now only to consider two or three circumstances attending the never-dying worm and the unquenchable fire.

1. And first consider the company wherewith every one is surrounded in that place of torment. They are restrained by none from exerting to the uttermost their total wickedness. Not by men: none will be restrained from evil by his companions in damnation. And not by God; for he hath forgotten them, hath delivered them over to the tormentors. And the devils need not fear, like their instruments upon earth, lest they should expire under the torture. They can die no more: they
are

are strong to sustain, whatever the united malice, skill, and strength of angels can inflict upon them. And their angelic tormentors have time sufficient to vary their torments a thousand ways. How infinitely may they vary one single torment. Horrible appearances? Whereby, there is no doubt, an evil spirit, if permitted, could terrify the stoutest man upon earth to death.

2. Consider, Secondly, that all these torments of body and soul, are without intermission. They have no respite from pain; but the smoke of their torment, ascendeth up day and night. They have nothing to divert them from their torments even for a moment,

“ Total Eclipse : no Sun, no Moon ! ”

no change of seasons or of companions. There is no business, but one uninterrupted scene of horror, to which they must be all attention. They have no interval of inattention or stupidity : they are all-eye, all-ear, all-sense. Every instant of their duration, it may be said of their whole frame, that they are

“ Tremblingly alive all o’er,
And smart and agonize at every pore.”

3. And of this duration there is no end ! What a thought is this ? Nothing but eternity is the term of
their

their torment ! And who can count the drops of rain, or the sands of the sea, or the days of eternity ? Every suffering is softened, if there is any hope, though distant of deliverance from it. But here

“ Hope never comes, that comes to all ”

the inhabitants of the upper world ! What, sufferings never to end !

“ Never ! Where sinks the soul at that dread sound ?
Into a gulf how dark, and how profound ! ”

Suppose millions of days, of years, of ages elapsed, still we are only on the threshold of eternity ! Neither the pain of body or soul is any nearer an end, than it was millions of ages ago. When they are cast into utter darkness, (how emphatical !) The fire, the unquenchable, all is concluded : Their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched !

“ It demands our highest gratitude, that we who have long ago deserved this misery, are not plunged into it. While there are thousands that have been adjudged to this place of punishment, before they had continued so long in sin as many of us have done, what an instance is it of divine goodness, that we are not under this fiery vengeance ? Have we not seen
many

many sinners on our right and our left, cut off in their sins? And what but the tender mercy of God, hath spared us week after week, month after month, and given us space for repentance? What shall we render unto the Lord, for all his patience and long-suffering, even to this day? How often have we incurred the sentence of condemnation by our repeated rebellion against God! And yet we are still alive in his presence, and are hearing the words of hope and salvation. O let us look back and shudder at the thoughts of that dreadful precipice, on the edge of which we have so long wandered! Let us fly for refuge to the hope that is set before us, and give a thousand thanks to the divine mercy, that we are not plunged into this perdition."

Apparition to Brutus.

THE apparition to Brutus is well known. He being to pass his army from Abydos to the opposite continent, laid himself down one night, as he used to do

in his tent : he was not asleep, but thinking of his affairs, and the event of the war ; for he was naturally of a watchful constitution, and no general ever required so little sleep. He thought he heard a noise at the door of his tent ; and looking that way by the light of his lamp, which was almost extinguished, he saw a terrible figure, like that of a man, but of an extraordinary bulk and grim countenance. He was somewhat frightened at first, but seeing it neither did nor spoke any thing to him, but only stood silently by his bed side, he asked it at last, Who it was. The spectre answered him, I am thy evil genius, Brutus, and thou shalt see me at Philippi. Brutus answered very courageously, well, I will see thee there. And immediately the apparition vanished. When the time was come, he drew up his army near Philippi against Antony and Cæsar, and the first battle, got the day, routed the enemy, and plundered Cæsar's camp. The night before the second battle, the same spectre appeared to him again, but spoke not a word. He presently knew that his death was near, and exposed himself to all the danger of the battle ; yet he did not die in the fight ; but seeing his men defeated, he got up to the top of a rock, and there presenting his sword to his naked breast, and being assisted, as they say, by a friend, who helped him to give the thrust, died upon the spot.

SOCRATES.

SOCRATES.

WHEN Socrates was in prison, Crito went to pay him an early visit, and told him, he was informed by persons come from sea, that the ship from Delos would return that day, the consequence of which was, that Socrates should be put to death on the morrow. Be it so, said Socrates, if it please the gods: yet, I think, the ship will not be here to-day, but to-morrow. Why so, dear friend? said Crito. Because this night, replied Socrates, a woman of a beautiful and majestic form, clothed in a white robe, appeared to me in a dream, and calling me by my name, said, the third day shall land thee safe at fruitful Phthia. They are the words of Achilles in Homer, when he proposed to return home. Socrates took it for a prediction of his death, because he judged, that to die was to go home to his own country. And this dream was accomplished.

The next is singularly remarkable, and as well authenticated as any thing of the kind is well capable of being. I will give it in the words of Rollin,

The

The destruction of the Jews prevented by a dream.

WHEN Alexander laid siege to Tyre, the Samaritans sent him a considerable body of troops; whereas the Jews thought they could not submit themselves to him, so long as Darius, to whom they had taken an oath of allegiance, should be living.

Alexander, being little used to such an answer, particularly since he had obtained so many victories, and thinking that all things ought to bow to him, resolved, the instant he had conquered Tyre, to march against the Jews, and punish their disobedience as rigorously as he had done that of the Tyrians.

In this imminent danger, Jaddus, the high priest, who governed under the Persians, seeing himself exposed, with all the inhabitants, to the wrath of the conqueror, had recourse to the protection of the Almighty, and gave orders for the offering up public prayers to implore his assistance, and made sacrifices. The night after God appeared to him in a dream, and bid him to cause flowers to be scattered up and down the city; to

set

set open all the gates, and go, clothed in his pontifical robes, with all the priests dressed in their vestments, and all the rest clothed in white, and meet Alexander, and not fear any evil from that king, insomuch as he would protect them. This command was punctually obeyed; and accordingly this august procession, the very day after, marched out of the city to an eminence called Shapha, whence there was a view of all the plain, as well as of the temple and city of Jerusalem. Here the whole procession waited the arrival of Alexander.

The Syrians and Phenicians who were in his army, were persuaded that the wrath of this prince was so great, that he would certainly punish the high priest after an exemplary manner, and destroy that city in the same manner as he had done Tyre; and flushed with joy upon that account; they waited in expectation of glutting their eyes with the calamities of a people, to whom they bore a mortal hatred.

As soon as the Jews heard of the king's approach, they set out to meet him with all the pomp before described. Alexander was struck at the sight of the high priest, in whose mitre and forehead a golden plate was fixed, on which the name of God was written. The moment the king perceived the high priest, he advanced towards him with an air of the most profound respect; bowed his body, adored the august name above mentioned, and saluted him who wore it with a religious
veneration.

veneration: Then the Jews, surrounding Alexander, raised their voices to wish him every kind of prosperity. All the spectators were seized with inexpressible surprise; they could scarce believe their eyes; and did not know how to account for a sight, so contrary to their expectation and so vastly improbable.

Parmenio, who could not yet recover from his astonishment, asked the king how it came to pass that he, who was adored by every one, adored the high priest? I do not, replied Alexander, adore the high priest, but the God whose minister he is; for whilst I was at Dios in Macedonia (my mind wholly fixed on the great design of the Persian war,) as I was revolving the methods how to conquer Asia, this very man, dressed in the same robes, appeared to me in a dream; exhorted me to banish every fear, bid me cross the Hellespont boldly; and assured me, that God would march at the head of my army, and give me victory over that of the Persians.

Alexander added, that the instant he saw this priest, he knew him by his habit, his stature, his air, and his face, to be the same person whom he had seen at Dios; that he was firmly persuaded, it was by the command, and under the immediate conduct of heaven, that he had undertaken this war; that he was sure he should overcome Darius hereafter, and destroy the empire of the Persians; and that this was the reason why he

adored

adored this God in the person of his priest. Alexander having thus answered Parmenio, embraced the high priest, and all his brethren; then walking in the midst of them, he arrived at Jerusalem, where he offered sacrifices to God, in the temple, after the manner prescribed to him by the high priest.

Apparition of Sir John Owen to his Lady, to warn her from her extravagant way of living.

SIR JOHN OWEN was a person of note, and of well-known credit; his lady and one of her sons lived here in London; and being of a gay disposition, and given to live high and expensive, it was thought she spent beyond what the knight could afford, and that he was sensible of it, and uneasy about it. She had a very fine house in London, and a country house, or lodgings for the Summer, at Hampstead, and kept a great equipage; the consequence of these things did at last prove, that Sir John's dislike of it was justly founded; but that's by the bye.

It

It happened one day, the lady being at her country lodgings, a person well-dressed, appearing very much like a gentleman, came to her city house, and knocked at the door, asked the maid if there were any lodgings to let there, and if her lady was at home ? the maid answered no, there ~~was~~ no lodgings to let there ; and speaking, as if it ~~was~~ with some resentment, lodgings, says she, no, I think not, my lady does not use to let lodgings. Well, but sweetheart, says he. don't be displeased, your lady has had some thoughts of staying at her summer lodgings all the winter, and so would dispose of some apartments here for the parliament season ; and I am directed by herself to look upon the rooms, and give my answer ; let me but just see them child, I shall do you no harm ; so he stepped in, and as it were pushed by her, going into the first parlour, and sat down in an easy chair, his servant staying at the door ; and as the maid did not apprehend any mischief, she went in after him ; for he did not look like one that came with an ill design, or to rob the house, but looked like a gentleman that could have no such intent ; so I say she went in after him.

When she came in, he rose up and looking about the room, he found fault with every thing there, even the furniture, and the disposition of it ; nothing pleased him ; but this was not because they were not good enough for him, but that was all too good, and too rich,

rich, far above the quality that owned it; and said, that the lady did not know what she did, that it was an expence she could not carry on, and her estate would not support it; and that such a way of living would bring her and all the family to ruin and beggary, and the like.

By and by, she carried him into another parlour, and there he found fault in the same manner: he told her, he was surprised at what her lady meant, and that she lived at so extravagant a rate as Sir John's estate could never maintain, but would run him into debt and ruin him; and so he would be undone by her extravagance.

Upon this the maid began to take him short a little, and told him, that this was all out of the way of what he came about; if the lodgings were too good for him, that was his business indeed; but else he had nothing to do with her lady's conduct, and how she pleased to furnish her house; that her master was a gentleman of a great estate, and had large plantations in Jamaica; that he constantly supplied her lady with money sufficient for her support, and for all her expences; and she wondered he should trouble himself with that which she was sure was none of his business: in short, the girl huffed him, and asked him what it was to him, who was quite a stranger, how her lady lived?

However, he turns to the maid, and sitting down again, calmly entered into some discourse with her about her lady, and her way of living, and told so many of the secrets of the family to her, that she began to be more mild with him, and perceived he knew more of the family than she thought he had, or indeed than she did herself; at last the girl began to be very uneasy, and to question with herself, whether it was not her master, come over incognito, and that he had not yet discovered himself.

She tried several times to learn who he was, his quality, his country, his name, and how she might send to him; but he always put it off, and only told her he would go to Hampstead, where her lady lodged, and wait upon her lady himself; and so treating the servant very civilly, and thanking her for showing him the house, he went away in form, with his servant following him, so that he did not vanish as an apparition.

Yet all this time the poor girl was very uneasy; she began to think it could not be an ordinary creature, because he gave such strange and particular accounts of things done in the family; such as, where several things were deposited that belonged to the family, with several circumstances belonging to her mistress, to her little son, and to his father in the West-Indies: and, in short, said some things, which, as she imagined, none but the devil could tell of; which by the way,

was

was talking as ignorant people talk of such things; namely, that if any thing be said, or done, out of the ordinary way, and more than is common for men to talk or to do, they will immediately say, it must be the devil.

The poor girl was very much surprised at this gentleman's appearance, and more so after he was gone than before; for he did not give her time to reflect upon the particulars he mentioned to her; but relating one thing after another, she had enough to do to take in the heads in general.

But when he was gone, and she came to reflect and compare things together, she began to consider, who could this possibly be? how could he know such and such things? how could he tell whose picture that was? where my mistress had such a suit of curtains, and such a cabinet? Who must he be, to tell me how long my master has been at Jamaica, how much his estate is there, and how much money he has sent my lady over, at such and such times? This must be the devil in my master's clothes; something must be in it: I'll go to my lady, and let her know it all; and with this the maid gets a woman, that used to be trusted in such cases, to look after the house, and away she goes to Hampstead to her mistress.

I think it a part of the story, that the gentleman desired she would acquaint her mistress with it; that
such

such a person had been there, and gave her some particular tokens, by which he said her mistress would understand who he was ; and that she should tell her what he said, that her income would not support the expences she lived at, but that it would bring her to ruin, and she would be undone ; but this part I do not positively remember ; but am certain that he told the maid it would be so.

However, the poor girl, the more she ruminated upon the thing, the more she was alarmed at it ; at length, away she went, as I have said, to give her lady an account of what had happened ; and she was the more eager to go, as she understood, that he intended to wait upon her himself, to talk about the lodgings, and so she would prepare her lady to receive him, and to consider what kind of a man it must be, that she must not be frightened at him ; but he had been too quick for the maid.

When she came to Hampstead. she found her mistress lying upon the bed, and so very ill, that they at first told her she could not be spoke with. Don't tell me, says Mary (the London maid), I must speak with her, and will speak with her, for I have extraordinary business with her. What extraordinary business can you have ? says the lady's woman, in a taunting manner ; if your business was from the devil, you can't speak with my lady just now, for she is very ill, and laid down upon the bed.

From

From the devil, says Mary, I don't know but it may, and I believe it is indeed ; so I must speak with my lady immediately.

Nay, says the woman, here has been one messenger too many for the devil already, I think ; - sure you don't come of his errand too, do ye ?

I don't know whose errand I come of, but I am frighted out of my wits; let me speak with my lady presently, or I shall die before I deliver my message.

Die ! says the woman ; I wish my lady don't die before she can hear it ; pry'thee Mary, if it be anything to frighten her, don't tell it her just now, for she is almost frighted to death already.

Why, says Mary, has my lady seen any thing ?

Ay, ay : seen ! says the woman, she has seen and heard too : here has been a man who has brought her some dreadful tidings, I don't know what it is.

They talked this so loud, or were so near, that the lady hearing something of it, immediately rang the bell for her woman.

When the woman went in, Who is that, below, says the lady, talking so earnestly ? Is any body come from London ?

Yes, Madam, says the woman, here is Mary come to speak to your ladyship.

• Mary come, says she, in a surprise, what can be the matter ! why, sure, has she seen something too ? mercy on me, what's the matter ! what does she say ?

• She does not say much, Madam, says the woman, but she wants mightily to speak with your ladyship, and is in a great hurry.

• What, says the lady, is she frightened ?

• I believe she is, says the woman, but she will tell nothing but to yourself.

Oh, I shall die ! says the lady ; call her up.

• Pray, Madam, says the woman, don't call her up till your ladyship has recovered yourself a little from your other disorders ; she'll tell you some wild tale or other of her own imagination, that will discomfit you, and do you mischief.

• O, says the lady, let her have whatever she will to say, I do insist upon hearing it ; if it should be from the devil, it cannot be worse than it is ; call her up, I must speak with her.

• Accordingly Mary came up, and the woman was ordered to withdraw.

As soon as the door was shut, the lady again burst into tears ; for she had before been crying vehemently. O Mary, says she, I have had a dreadful visit this afternoon ; your master has been here.

My master ! why, madam that's impossible.

May,

Nay, it was your master, I am sure, or the devil in his likeness.

In a word, it is certain it was her husband in apparition, or the apparition of her husband, and he talked very warmly and closely to her, and told her his estate would not support her expensive way of living, and that she would bring herself to misery and poverty; and a great deal more to the same purpose as he had said to Mary.

Mary immediately asked her ladyship, what manner he appeared in: and by the description that her mistress gave, it was exactly the same figure that had appeared to her, and desired to see the lodgings; so Mary gave her ladyship a particular relation of what had happened to her also, and of the message she was charged to deliver.

What followed upon this alarm, and how the lady was reduced, and obliged to sell her fine furniture and equipage, and came to very low circumstances, though it be a part of the story, is not so much to my purpose in the relation. But what is remarkable to the case in hand is, that they allege, that just at that juncture, Sir John Owen, the lady's husband, died at the West-Indies. I suppose, by his death, her supplies were immediately stopped, and that was the occasion of her being reduced so suddenly.

This

This relation is taken from a manuscript, late in the possession of Sir John Owen Ap Owen, of Brecknockshire: the circumstance happened in the beginning of Queen Anne's reign.

The murderer detected.

A CERTAIN man who was brought to the bar of justice on suspicion of murder, which, however, he knew it was not in the power of human knowledge to detect. When he came to hold up his hand at the bar, he pleaded not guilty; and the court began to be at a loss for a proof, nothing but suspicion and circumstances appearing; however such witnesses as they had, they examined as usual; the witness standing up, as is customary, upon a little step, to be visible to the court.

When the court thought they had no more witnesses to examine, and the man in a few moments would have been acquitted; but recovering his courage a little, he stretches out his arm towards the place where the witnesses usually stood to give evidence upon trials, and
pointing

pointing with his hand, my lord, says he, (aloud) that is not fair, 'tis not according to law, he's not a legal witness.

The court was surprised and could not understand what the man meant ; but the judge, a man of more penetration, took the hint, and checking some of the court that offered to speak, and which would have perhaps brought the man back again to himself; hold, says the judge, the man sees something more than we do, I begin to understand him; and then speaking to the prisoner:

Why, says he, is not he a legal witness? I believe the court will allow his evidence to be good when he comes to speak.

No, my lord, it cannot be just, it can't be allowed, says the prisoner, (with a confused eagerness in his countenance, that shewed he had a bold heart but a guilty conscience)

Why not friend, what reason do you give for it? says the judge.

My lord, says he, no man can be allowed to be witness in his own case; he is a party, my lord, he can't be a witness.

But you mistake, says the judge, for you are indicted at the suit of the king, and the man may be a witness for the king, as in cases of robbery on the highway we always allow that the person robbed is a good witness;

witness; and without this the highway-man could not be convicted; but we shall hear what he says, when he is examined.

This the judge spoke with so much gravity, and so easy and natural, that the criminal at the bar answered, say, if you will allow him to be a good witness, then I am a dead man; the last words he said with a lower voice than the rest, but withal called for a chair to sit down,

The court ordered him a chair, which if he had not had, 'twas thought he would have sunk down at the bar; as he sat down he was observed to be in a great consternation, and lifted up his hands several times repeating the words, a dead man, a dead man, several times over.

The judge, however, was at some loss how to act, and the whole court appeared to be in a strange consternation, though no body saw any thing but the man at the bar: at length the judge said to him, look you Mr ——— calling him by his name, you have but one way left that I know of, and I'll read it to you out of the scripture; and so calling for a Bible he turns to the book of Joshua, and reads the text, Josh. vii. 19: "And Joshua said unto Achan, my son, give, I pray, the glory to the Lord God of Israel, and make confession unto him, and tell me now what thou hast done, hide it not from me."

Here

Here the judge exhorted him to confess his crime for he saw, no doubt, an evidence ready to convict him, and to discover the whole matter against him ; and if he did not confess, Heaven would, no doubt, send witness to detect him.

Upon this the self condemned murderer burst out into tears and sad lamentations for his own miserable condition, and made a full confession of his crime ; and when he had done, gave the following account of his case, as to the reasons of his being under such a surprise, viz. that he saw the murdered person standing upon the step as a witness, ready to be examined against him, and ready to shew his throat which was cut by the prisoner, and who, as he said, stood staring full upon him with a frightful countenance : and this confounded him, as well it might, for it was seen by no one but himself.

Mrs TOOLEY.

AFTER her grandfather's death, she was left sole heiress of his great estate : and being in the bloom of youth,

youth, and having none to controul her, she ran after all the fashionable diversions of the time in which she lived, without any manner of restraint. But at the same time, she confessed, that, at the end of them all, she found a dissatisfaction both with herself and them, that always struck a damp to her heart, which she did not know how to get rid of, but by running the same fruitless ground over and over again; but all in vain. She contracted some slight illness, upon which she thought she would go to Bath, as hearing that was a place for pleasure as well as health. When she came thither, she was led in providence to consult an apothecary, who was a religious man. He enquired, what she ailed? Why, says she doctor, I don't ail much, as to my body; but I have an uneasy mind, which I can't get rid of. Truly, said he, Miss, I was so too, till I met with a book that cured me of it. Books! said she: I get all the books I can lay my hands on: all the plays, novels, and romances I can hear of. But after I have read them, my uneasiness is the same. That may be, said he: I don't wonder at it. But this book I speak of, I can say of it, what I can say of no other I ever read: I never tire of reading it; but can begin to read it again, as if I had never seen it before. And I always find something new in it. Pray says she, doctor, what book is that? Nay, Miss, answered he,

that

that is a secret I don't tell to every one. But could I get a sight of that book, says she. Yes, Miss, if you speak me fair, I can help you to it. Pray get it me then, doctor, and I will give you any thing you please. He answered, If you will promise one thing, I will bring it you; and that is, that you will read it over, carefully: and, if you should not see much in it at first, that you will give it a second reading. She promised faithfully she would: and after raising her curiosity by coming twice or thrice without bringing it, he at last brought it, ¶, took it out of his pocket, and gave it her, It was a New Testament. When she looked on it she said, poh, I could get that at any time. Why, Miss, so you might replied the doctor; but remember, I have your solemn promise, that you will read it carefully.

Well, says she, though I never read it before, I'll give it a reading. Accordingly she began to read it; and it soon attracted her attention. She saw something she had a deep concern in, and if she was uneasy in her mind before, she was ten times more so now. She did not know what to do with herself. So she got away back to London, to see what the diversions there would do again. But all was in vain. She lodged at the court end of the town; and had a gentlewoman with her, by way of a companion. One Saturday night she dreamed, that she was in a place of worship, and heard a sermon which she could remember nothing of,

when she awaked, excepting the text; but the dream made such an impression upon her mind, that the idea she had of the place and of the minister's face, was as strong as if she had been acquainted with both for a number of years. She told her dream to her companion on the Lord's-day morning; and, after breakfast, said, she was resolved to go in quest of it, if she should go from one end of London to the other. Accordingly they set out, and went into this and the other church, as they passed along; but none of them answered what she saw in her dream. About one o'clock they found themselves in the heart of the city; and they went into an eating-house, and had a bit of dinner; and set out again in search of this unknown place. About half an hour after two, they were in the Poultry; and she saw a great many people going down the Old Jewry. So soon as she entered the door of it, and looked about, he turned to her companion, and said, with some surprise, This is the very place I saw in my dream. She had not stood long, till Mr Shower, who was then minister of the place, went up into the pulpit; and so soon as she looked on him, with greater surprise still, she said, This is the very man I saw in my dream; and if every part of it hold true, he will take that for his text, Psalm 116. 7. "Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." When he began to pray, she was all attention, and every sentence

tence went to her heart. Having finished prayer, he took that for his text; and there God met with her soul in a saving way and manner: and she at last obtained what she so long sought for in vain elsewhere, rest to her soul in him, who is the life and happiness of them that believe.

*Apparition of the learned Henry Jacob, to his Cousin
Doctor Jacob, M. D. in the City of Canterbury.*

HENRY JACOB was a man of as good learning as any in the college he belonged to, which was Merton, in Oxford, where he died in 1673. About a week after his death, Doctor Jacob being in bed, and awake, and the moon shining bright, saw his cousin Henry standing by his bed, in his shirt, with a white cap on his head, and his beard, which he wore very particular, turning up, just as when he was alive.

At first the doctor questioned himself as to the reality of his being awake, and getting up in a sitting posture, for a while looked at the phantom before him with a mixture of dread and astonishment; at last he lay him-
self

self down, and thought to compose himself to sleep again; but curiosity urged him on to have another look, and he first turned himself only on his side, when he saw his cousin standing there as before; he again lay down, but soon after taking courage, rose up as at first, and there saw the same Henry Jacob, in the same form, as before, but yet he had not sufficient courage to speak to him, for which he ever after blamed himself. He was certain he was awake, for he pinched himself, coughed and spit, and several times wiped his eyes with his hand. The spectre stood full half an hour before him, and then vanished.

Dr Jacob immediately got up and went down, and while he was relating the story, the cook-maid, who had gone out to fetch wood to keep up the fire, returned in great trepidation having seen a ghost standing like in a shirt upon the wood pile.

This account was sent in a letter from Dr Jacob to Mr Anthony wood to be inserted in the life of Henry Jacob, which Mr Wood was then writing.

.. It was remarkable, that when Henry Jacob died, he would have spoken to the people around him, but could not, his tongue faltered; and it is imagined he would have informed them with what person he had deposited his M.S.S. They were all the riches he possessed, and it is more than probable, that somebody that had them, afterwards printed and published them under

under their own name. Mr Aubrey also reports that passage from Dr Jacob himself who related the whole to him when at Lord Teynham's in Kent where he was then in a medical capacity.

Apparition of Robert Nelson, Esq. to the Right Honourable Lady Elizabeth Hastings, at Ledstone, in the county of York.

THIS lady was very remarkable for her piety and charity. The company she saw was none but the most eminently pious, and their discourse, when assembled, was chiefly serious and improving. Archbishop Sharper, Dr Lucas, Mr Nelson, and the philosopher Locke, were her most intimate friends. Mr Nelson was the first called away, and between him and this lady it seems there subsisted a sort of religious compact for a communication of spirits in the hour of extremity, for in her last illness she was constantly anxious and in expectation of a messenger of glad tidings, as she called him whom she waited for.

For a while her friends, household, and servants, thought that the severity of the pain she suffered, which proceeded from a cancer in her breast, had rendered her somewhat delirious: but in this they deceived themselves, for she convinced them at last, that her hope was rational, in [declaring that in a short time she should be able to tell the exact hour of her departure.

She called for a manuscript volume of notes of her own writing, and shewed her brother, the Earl of Huntingdon, a memorandum which plainly mentioned, that something like an agreement had been made between her and Mr Nelson, that the first that died should return, if consciously possible, and warn the other of the approaching period and termination of life.

During the whole of her illness, two proper nurses sat up with her, relieving each other at intervals for rest in the night. On the morning of the sixth day previous to her dissolution, about four o'clock, there came visibly into the room the form and appearance of a grave and venerable looking gentleman: the nurse saw it plainly, and related how he was dressed; which was exactly the general appearance of the late Mr Nelson, as the family well remembered when she related the vision in the morning at breakfast. Lady Hastings was all the while seemingly asleep: The phantom,
after

after standing a while at the side of the bed, sat down on an elbow chair which chanced to be near, but said not a word. The nurse, after beholding it a short time rang a bell for a servant to come down to her, but not being answered, she took light in her hand, and went to call her up ; but before she could return it was gone, and lady Hastings being then awake, rebuked her servants for their silly fears, and said, she had now the sweet assurance of relief from her pain, in six days, which happened accordingly.

This story is so well attested that it has passed into several serious works, and more than once has been mentioned in the pulpit. Mr Thomas Barnard, who wrote her historical character, and published it, with an account of her public charities, mentions it with some additional circumstances not within the plan of this work.

The truly religious, (says Mr Hervey), whose evidences for heaven are clear, rational, and well-grounded, have a tide of joy springing up in their minds beyond expression ; something more moving and satisfactory, than any ~~one~~ can imagine but they that perceive it.—When they are just entering upon the Promised Land, the splendor of the eternal day dawns upon them, and shines through the breaches of their shattered bodies, and raises in the inward man such earnest
of

of happiness, such foretastes of joy, as enable them to pass through the valley of death in peace and triumph.

Extract of a letter to Richard Nash, Esquire.

SIR,

I was not long since called to visit a poor gentleman, ere while of the most robust body, and of the gayest temper, I ever knew. But when I visited him; Oh! how was the glory departed from him! I found him no more that sprightly and vivacious son of joy, which he used to be; but languishing, pining away, and withering under the chastising hand of God. His limbs feeble and trembling, his countenance forlorn and ghastly, and the little breath he had left, sobbed out in sorrowful sighs! His body hastening apace to the dust, to lodge in the silent grave, the land of darkness and desolation. His soul just going to God who gave it, preparing to wing its way unto its long home, to enter upon an unchangeable

ble and eternal state. When I was come up into his chamber, and had seated myself on his bed, he first cast a most wishful look upon me, and then began as well as he was able to speak; Oh! that I had been wise, that I had known this, that I had considered my latter end. Ah! Sir, death is knocking at my doors: in a few hours more I shall draw my last gasp; and then judgment, the tremendous judgment! How shall I appear, unprepared as I am, before the all-knowing and omnipotent God. How shall I endure the day of his coming! When I mentioned among many other things, that strict holiness, which he had formerly so slightly esteemed, he replied with a hasty eagerness, Oh! that holiness is the only thing I now long for. I have not words to tell how highly I value it. I would gladly part with all my estate, large as it is, or a world to obtain it. Now my benighted eyes are enlightened, I clearly discern the things that are excellent. What is there in the place whither I am going but God? Or what there to be desired on earth but religion? But if this God should restore you to health, said I, think you that you would alter your former course? I [call heaven and earth to witness, said he, I would labour for holiness, as I shall soon labour for life. As for riches and pleasures, and the applauses of men, I account them as dross and dung, no more to my happiness, than the feathers that lie on the floor, Oh! if the
righteous

righteous judge would try me once more ; if he would but reprieve and spare me a little longer ; in what a spirit would I spend the remainder of my days ! I would know no other business, aim at no other end, than perfecting myself in holiness. Whatever contributed to that, every means of grace, every opportunity of spiritual improvement, should be dearer to me, than thousands of gold and silver. But alas ! why do I amuse myself with fond imaginations ? The best resolutions are now insignificant, because they are too late. The day in which I should have worked is over and gone, and I see a sad, horrible night approaching, bringing with it the blackness of darkness for ever. Heretofore, woe is me ! when God called, I refused ; when he invited, I was one of them that made excuse. Now therefore I receive the reward of my deeds ; fearfulness and trembling are come upon me : I smart, and am in sore anguish already ; and yet this is but the beginning of sorrows ! it doth not yet appear what I shall be ; but sure I shall be ruined, undone, and destroyed with an everlasting destruction.

This sad scene I saw with mine eyes ; these words, and many more equally affecting, I heard with mine ears, and soon after attended the unhappy gentleman to his tomb.

 Mr THOMAS HALIBURTON.
Of his Death.

You see the *man* ; you see his hold on heaven ;
 His comforters he comforts : great in ruin,
 With unreluctant grandeur *gives*, not *yields*
 His soul sublime ; and closes with his fate,

ON Wednesday, September, 1710, and some days preceding, he was under great trouble of mind ; and a friend asking him that morning, How he had rested in the night ? He answered, " Not well. I have been this night sore tossed with the thoughts of eternity. I have been thinking on the terrible things of God, and all that is difficult in death to a christian. All my enemies have been round about me. I had a great conflict, and faith was like to fail. O that I may be kept now in this last trial, from being an offence to his people !"

In the afternoon when some of his brethren visited him, he said, " I am but young and of little experience, but this death-bed now ~~makes me~~ old ; therefore I exhort you to faithfulness in the Lord's work. You will never repent this: He is a good master, I have always found him so. If I had a thousand lives, I should think all too little to be employed in his service:"

Thursday, September 18, being asked in the morning, how he was? he said, O what a terrible conflict had I yesterday, but now I may say, I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith. Now he hath put a new song in my mouth. Praise, praise is comely for the upright. Shortly I shall have another sight of God than ever I had, and be more fit to praise him than ever. O the thoughts of an incarnate God are sweet and ravishing ! And O how I wonder at myself, that I do not love him more ! that I do not admire him more ! O that I could honour him ! What a wonder I enjoy such composure under these pains, and in view of approaching death ! O what a mercy, that I have the use of my reason, till I have declared his goodness to me !"

To his wife he said, " He came to me in the third watch of the night, walking upon the waters, and he said, I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end : I was dead, and am alive, and live for ever more,

and have the keys of death and hell. He stilled the tempest of my soul, and there is a sweet calm."

When desired to be tender of his health, he said, I'll strive to last as long as I can. I have no more to do with my time, but to spend it thriftily for the glory of God. Then he said, I shall see my Redeemer stand on the earth at the last day. But before then I shall see the Lamb in the midst of the throne. O it will be a glorious company, the spirits of just men made perfect, and Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant! O for grace! Grace to be patient to the end!"

When the physician came, he said, Doctor, as to this piece of work, you are near at an end of it. God be with you, and persuade you to be in earnest: I return you thanks for your diligence. Is my pulse low? I am well pleased it is. I would have been content to have been away long e're now: a few more strokes, and victory, victory for ever, through the captain of our salvation!

Now get acquaintance with God. The little acquaintance I have had with God within these two days, has been better than ten thousand times the pains I have been at all my life about religion. It is good to have him to go to, when we are turning our face to the wall. He is known in Sion for a sure refuge, a very present help in trouble.

Whaf

What a strange hardness is in the hearts of men ! But whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear, it is our duty to speak ; and when we are dead and gone, what we spoke in the name of the Lord, may take hold of them."

To the apothecary he said, study religion in youth : when you come to be as I am, you will find no comfort without it. 'I give you this as a solemn warning from God, if you come to be hardened by the frequent sight of men in my state ; you may come to be hardened for ever."

When advised to be quiet a little, he said, how should a man bestow his last breath, but in commending the Lord Jesus Christ, God cloathed in our nature dying for our sins !" And when again prest to be tender of his body, he said, O but my heart is full !" And then desiring a minister, to pray for him, he said, "Pray that God may have pity on a weak thing, that is not able to bear much in the conflict !"

In the night-time he said, "This growing weakness of my eyes is a sign of a change approaching. If he shut my eyes, he will open my eyes ; eyes no more to behold vanity. But I shall behold him in righteousness, and when I awake, I shall be satisfied with his likeness."

Afterwards he said, "If this be the last day of my conflict, I would humbly desire of the Lord, that he would

would condescend to be tender to one that loves his appearing : that as he has dealt wonderfully with me hitherto, so he may deal tenderly with me even to the end, in losing the pins of my tabernacle, and helping me to honour him by a composed resignation of myself into his hands."

Finding some sweat on his face, he said, "I fancy a greater change is near. I can compose myself, I bless his name. I know not how it comes to pass, that one who has met with so much of God, should be so unthankful as to doubt him in the least ! O what an evil heart of unbelief have I ! O that I should yet have an enemy in my bosom !"

When one said, Sir, I think you have need of rest ;" he answered, "I have no need of rest, were it not to put me in ease, to finish my course with joy. Lo, here is the power of Christ's death, and the efficacy of his resurrection ! I find the advantage of one at the right hand of God, who is able to save to the uttermost, that is the sight I long for : he will but shut my eyes, and open them in glory. To have my soul entirely submissive to him in all things, that is my desire.—And so it will be shortly, then never will there be a reluctant thought, never one more estranged thought from God !"

To one, who asked if he was not faint, he answered, "I am not faint ; I am refreshed as with wine. O there

there is a sweet calm in my soul. My desires are towards him, and the remembrance of his name. Remember him ! Why should not I remember him, that that remembered me in my low condition ? He passed by, and said Live ! And when he says, he gives life."

When he was desired to sleep, he answered, "Those I am going to sleep not day or night, but cry, Holy, Holy, Holy ! They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength, and mount up with wings as of an eagle. I cannot get my heart in a right tune, as I would have it ; but it will be so in a short time." After he had lain still a little, one said, "You have not slept." He answered, "No ; I had much work ; but blessed be God pleasant work."

Afterwards, when his wife asked how he was, he said, "My dear I am longing for the salvation of God, and hastening to it. Then seeing her very sad, he said, "My dear, encourage yourself ; here is a body going to clay, and a soul going to heaven, where I hope you are to come."

3. Friday, Sept. 19. About five in the morning, when he was desired to try if he could sleep, he answered, "No no ; should I lie here altogether useless ? Should not I spend the last of my strength, to shew forth his glory ? He then held up his hands, which were much swelled, and said, "Lame hands, and lame feet !

feet ! But see a lame man leaping and rejoicing."

Feeling some pain, he said, "This is one of the forerunners of the change, the great change. O when shall I be admitted to see the glory of the higher house ? Instead of that clouded night of a created sun, to see that clear and perfect glory."

After some time's silence, he took leave of his wife and children, saluting and speaking to them all, one by one. Then he said, "A kind and affectionate wife you have been to me. The Lord bless you, and he shall bless you." To a minister, that came in, he said, "Brother, I am upon a piece of trying work. I am parting with my wife and children. I am resolved, I bless his name ; though I have had one of the best of wives, yet she is no more mine, but the Lords." Then to his son he said, "God bless the lad, and let my name be named upon him. But O, what is my name ! Let the name of the Lord be named upon him. Tell the generation following, how good God is, and hand down this testimony."

After that he spoke to his servants, and said, My dear friends, make religion your business. I charge you all, beware of graceless masters ; seek to be with them that fear the Lord."

Then he said, "Here is a demonstration of the reality of religion ; that I a poor, weak, timorous man, once as much afraid of death as any ; I that have been many

years under the terrors of death, come now, in the mercy of God, and by the power of his grace, composedly and with joy to look death in the face. I have seen it in it's paleness, and in all it's circumstances of horror. I dare look it in the face in it's most ghastly shape, and hope within a while to have the victory."

A while after he said to those about him, "O this is the most honourable pulpit I was ever in ! I am preaching the same Christ, the same holiness, the same happiness I did before. I have much satisfaction in that.— I am not ashamed of the gospel I have preached. I was never ashamed of it all my days, and I am not ashamed of it at the last. Here am I a weak man, in the hands of the king of terrors, rejoicing in hope of the glory that shall be revealed ; and that by the death and resurrection of despised Christ. When the beginning of this trouble was upon me, I aimed (as my strength would allow) at that, shew me some token for good ; and indeed, I think, God hath shewed me a token for good."

Then perceiving his spirits faint, he said, "Come, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit, fluttering within my breast like a bird to be out of the snare,—When shall I hear him say, the winter is past ; arise my love, and come away : come and take me by the hand, that I stumble not in the dark valley of death !"

Then he desired a minister to pray ; and after
prayer

prayer said, "Lord I wait for thy salvation. I wait as the watchman watcheth for the morning. I am weary with delay ! O why are his chariot-wheels so long a coming ? I am sick of love, I am faint with delay !"

O ! I am full of matter ! I knew not where to begin or end. The spirit of the Lord hath been mighty with me ! O the book of God is a strange book ! It is written within and without, I never studied it to the half of what I should : but now God hath given me much of it together.—Never was I more uneasy in my life ; and yet I was never more easy. All my bones are ready to break ; my hand is a burden to me ; and yet all is easy !

When awakened out of sleep, he said, "I am now hand in hand, grappling with my last enemy ; and I find he is a conquerable enemy ; yea I am more than conqueror." One said, "A strange champion indeed !" He answered, "I ! not I, but the grace of God that is in me. By the grace of God, I am what I am ; and the God of peace hath bruised Satan under my feet. I have often wondered how the martyrs could clap their hands in the fire : I do not wonder at it now. I could clap my hands, though you held burning candles to them, and think it no hardship, though the flames were going about them. And yet, were the Lord withdrawn I should cry, and not be able to bear it, if you but touched my foot,"

8. Monday, Sept. 22. At half an hour past two, he ask'd what hour it was, and said, "Early in the morning my friends shall be acquainted. for I expect this cough will hasten my deliverance! Well, well; I shall get out of the dark cloud; within a little I shall be in Abraham's bosom; yea, in his, who carries the lambs in his bosom: and I am sure of goodness and mercy to follow me. O how good is he to a poor worm! Let us exalt his name together, It is the constant employ of all above, day and night. They see and sing; they have a clear vision. O when shall I see his face, who is fairer than the sons of men! Yea, who is brighter than the sun in his strength!"

To a minister he said, "Could I have believed (but I am an unbeliever) that I could have had this pleasure in this condition? Once or twice Satan was assaulting my faith. I waked in a sort of carnal frame, and I thought I had lost my jewel; but now he will stand by me to the end. What shall I render to him? My bones are rising thro' my skin; and yet all my bones are praising him."

After struggling with a defluxion in his throat, he said, "This is a messenger from God to hasten me home. The other day I would have gone away without this glorious evidence of the grace of God. But this is more for my advantage, that I am thus tried and comforted, I said, Why are his chariot wheels so long

long a coming? But I will not say so any more. Yet a little while, and he that shall come will come and will not tarry."

Then he said, "If I should say that I would speak no more in the name of the Lord, it would be like a fire within my breast." And some looking at him as in amaze, he said, "Why look ye stedfastly on me, as though by my might or power I were so? Not I, but the grace of God in me. 'Tis the Spirit of God that supports me."

To his wife he said, "Be not discouraged, my dear, at the unavoidable consequences of nature. 'Tis an evidence that there is but a very little time more, and death will be swallowed up in victory: the body will be shaken in pieces, and yet blessed be God, my head is composed as it was before my sickness.

Then to some present he said, "My moisture is much exhausted this night, but the dew lies all night on my branches, the dew that waits not for man, nor tarries for the sons of men. O what cannot grace do? How have I formerly repined at the hundredth part part of this trouble! O study the power of religion! 'Tis the power of religion, and not the name, will give the comfort I find. I have peace in the midst of pain.—And O how much of that I have had for a long time past! My peace has been like a river; not a discomposed thought. There have been some little suggestions,

tions, when my enemies joined in a league together, and made their great assault upon me. I had then one assault, and I was like to fall. But since the Lord rebuked them, there is not a discomposed thought, but all is calm."

Some time after he said, "Good is the will of the Lord. Every one of these throws is good; and I must not want one of them: I must not fly from my post, but stand as a sentinel, for this is my particular work. This would be hard work without Christ: But 'tis easy with him, for he is the captain of my salvation."

He mentioned the pain in his head, but said, "In a battle there must be blood and dust. Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood. 'Tis meet I should be so hard put to it that I may know to whom I owe my strength. O that I were at the throne above, that my glimmering sight were taken away, that this unsteady faith might terminate in vision!"

Then he said, "If I am able, though I cannot speak, I'll shew you a sign of triumph, when I am near glory!"

To his wife he said, "My dear be not discouraged, tho' I should go away in a fainting fit. The Lord's way is the best way. I am composed. Tho' my body be vexed, my spirit is untouched."

One said, "Now you are putting your seal to that truth, that godliness is great gain. And I hope you
are

are encouraging yourself in the Lord. As a sign of it he lifted up his hands and clapped them. And in a little time, about seven in the morning, he went to the land, where the weary are at rest.

Death brings all upon a level.

EXAMINING the records of mortality, I found the memorials of a promiscuous multitude. They were huddled, at least they rested together, without any regard to rank or seniority. None were ambitious of the uppermost rooms, or chief seats in this house of mourning. None entertained fond and eager expectations of being honourably greeted in their darksome cells. The man of years and experience, repnted as an oracle in his generation, was content to lie down at the feet of a babe. In this house appointed for all living, the servant was equally accommodated, and lodged in the same story with his master. The poor indigent lay as softly, and slept as soundly as the most opulent possessor. All the distinction that subsisted was, a grassy hillock, bound with osiers ; or a sepulchral stone, ornamented with imagery.

The

The sepulchre's pertinent address to Man.

*B*Eye always ready ; for in such an hour as ye think not—Important admonition ; methinks it reverberates from sepulchre to sepulchre ; and addresses me with line upon line, precept upon precept,—The reiterated warning, I acknowledge is too needful ; may co-operating grace render it effectual ! The momentous truth, though worthy to be *engraven* on the table of a most tenacious memory, is but slightly *sketched* on the transient flow of passion. We see our neighbours fall ; we turn pale at the shock ; and feel perhaps, a trembling dread. No sooner are they removed from our sight, but driven in the whirl of business, or lulled in the languors of pleasures, we forget the providence, and neglect its errand. The impression made on our unstable minds, is like the trace of an arrow, through the penetrated air ; or the path of a keel in the furrowed wave.

A letter from Pliny, an heathen philosopher, to his friend Sura.

THE present recess from business we are now enjoying affords you leisure to give, and me to receive instruction. I am extremely desirous therefore to know your sentiments concerning spectres, whether you believe they have a real form, and are a sort of divinities, or only the false impressions of a terrified imagination? What particularly inclines me to give credit to their existence, is a story which I heard of Curtius Rufus. When he was in low circumstances and unknown in the world, he attended the governor of Africa into that province. One evening as he was walking in the public portico, he was extremely surprised with the figure of a woman which appeared to him, of a size and beauty more than human. She told him she was the tutelar power that presided over Africa, and was come to inform him of the future events of his life; that he should go back to Rome, where he should be raised to the highest honours, and return to that pro-

vince invested with the proconsular dignity, and there should die. Accordingly every circumstance of this prophecy was actually accomplished. It is said farther, that upon his arrival at Carthage, as he was coming out of the ship, the same figure accosted him upon the shore. It is certain, at least, that being seized with a fit of illness, though there were no symptoms in his case that led his attendants to despair, he instantly gave up all hope of recovery; judging, it should seem, of the truth of the future part of the prediction, by that which had already been fulfilled, and of the misfortune which threatened him, by the success which he had experienced. To this story let me add another as remarkable as the former, but attended with circumstances of great horror; which I will give you exactly as it was related to me. There was at Athens a large and spacious house, which lay under the disrepute of being haunted. In the dead of the night, a noise, resembling the clashing of iron, was frequently heard, which, if you listened more attentively, sounded like the rattling of chains; at first it seemed at a distance, but approached nearer by degrees: immediately afterwards a spectre appeared in the form of an old man, extremely meagre and ghastly, with a long beard and dishevelled hair, rattling the chains on his feet and hands. The poor inhabitants in the mean while passed their nights under the most dreadful terrors imaginable. This as
it

night passed with usual silence, when at length the
 chains began to rattle : however, he neither lifted up
 his eyes, nor laid down his pen, but diverted his ob-
 servation by pursuing his studies with greater earnest-
 ness. The noise increased and advanced nearer, till it
 seemed at the door, and at last in the chamber. He
 looked up and saw the ghost exactly in the manner it
 had been described to him : it stood before him, bec-
 koning with the finger. Athenodorus made a sign with
 his hand that it should wait a little, and threw his eyes
 again upon his papers, but the ghost still rattling his
 chains in his ears, he looked up and saw him beckon-
 ing as before. Upon this he immediately arose, and
 with the light in his hand, followed it. The ghost
 slowly stalked along, as if incumbered with his chains,
 and turning into the area of the house, suddenly vanish-
 ed. Athenodorus being thus deserted, made a mark
 with some grass and leaves where the spirit left him,—
 The next day he gave information of this to the ma-
 gistrates, and advised them to order that spot to be dug
 up. This was accordingly done, and the skeleton of
 a man in chains was there found ; for the body having
 lain a considerable time in the ground, was putrified
 and mouldered away from the fetters. The bones being
 collected together were publicly buried, and thus after
 the ghost was appeased by the proper ceremonies, the
 house was haunted no more. This story I believe
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upon the credit of others; what I am going to mention I give you upon my own. I have a freed-man named Marcus, who is by no means illiterate. One night as he and his younger brother were lying together, he fancied he saw somebody upon his bed, who took out a pair of scissars, and cut off the hair from the top part of his head, in the morning, it appeared the boy's hair was actually cut; and the clippings lay scattered about the floor. A short time after this, an event of the like nature contributed to give credit to the former story. A young lad of my family was sleeping in his apartment with the rest of his companions, when two persons clad in white came in (as he tells the story) through the windows, and cut off his hair as he lay, and as soon as they had finished the operation, returned the same way they entered. The next morning it was found that this boy had been served just as the other, and with the very same circumstance of the hair spread about the room. Nothing remarkable indeed followed these events, unless that I escaped a prosecution, in which, if Domitian (during whose reign this happened) had lived some time longer I should certainly have been involved. For after the death of that emperor, articles of impeachment against me were in his scrutoire, which had been exhibited by Carus. It may therefore be conjectured, since it is customary for persons under any public accusation to

let their hair grow, this cutting off the hair of my servants was a sign I should escape the imminent danger that threatened me. Let me desire you then maturely to consider this question. The subject merits your examination: as, I trust, I am not myself altogether unworthy to participate of the abundance of your superior knowledge. And, though you should, with your usual scepticism, balance between two opinions, yet I hope you will throw the weightier reasons on one side, lest, whilst I consult you in order to have my doubts settled, you should dismiss me in the same surpence and uncertainty that occasioned this application. Farewell.

Consolations in the views of death.

FEAR not thou faithful Christian; fear not, at the appointed time, to descend into the tomb. Thy soul thou mayest trust with thy omnipotent Redeemer, who is the Lord of the unseen world; "who has the keys of hell, and death." Most safely mayst thou trust thy better part in those beneficent hands, which were pier-
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ced with nails, and fastened to the ignominious tree for thy salvation.—With regard to the earthly tabernacle, be not dismayed. It is taken down, only to be rebuilt upon a diviner plan, and in a more heavenly form.—If it retires into the shadow of death, and lie immured in the gloom of the grave; it is only to return from a short confinement to endless liberty. If it falls into dissolution, it is in order to rise more illustrious from its ruins, and wear an infinitely brighter face of perfection and of glory.

The intermediate state considered.

WHEN the souls, of the righteous, depart from the body; by whom are they received? By holy angels. The angels were ministring spirits to them, in the days of their flesh, and will be their guard and their convoy, when they relinquish the earthly tabernacle, When Lazarus died, he was carried by angels: What a comfortable priviledge is this! not to be left solitary and desolate, like a ship-wrecked mariner on some

some unknown coast; but to be under the guidance and protection of those benevolent beings!

2dly. In what place are they lodged?—This is described, not from our ideas of locality, or any properties of space, but from the society and the enjoyments. It is not very material, whether they are above or below, in the heaven of heavens (which I think, is most probable) or in some separate mansion. A disembodied spirit, if under the wrath of God, must every where be extremely miserable; if surrounded with his favour, will every where be exceedingly happy. To such a spirit, that has no longer any connection with sensible things, God's smile must be heaven, God's frown must be hell.—Where-ever this region lies, we are sure it lies under the beams of the Sun of Righteousness; Christ is there, and where he is present, happiness cannot be absent. 'Thou shalt be with me,' is his promise to the penitent thief.—Abraham is there, the friend of God, and the father of the faithful. Lazarus, we are told, was carried into Abraham's bosom, and where he resides; where all the children of God, and heirs of glory dwell, there must be pleasure.—Such pleasure; that the place is called Paradise; thou shalt be with me in Paradise; the delightful garden of Eden, which the Lord himself planted, and which innocent man inhabited, was incomparably the finest, noblest spot in this sublunary world; and this is used
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to give us some faint representation of these blessed abodes, where the souls and spirits of the righteous remain till the shout of the arch-angel and the trumpet of God summon them.

3dly. How soon are they lodged in this desirable situation?—Without delay. I find no mention of any intermediate purgation, or of any period for inactivity or forgetfulness. 'To day shalt thou be with me,' is our Lord's expression; and it is observable, that the Jewish day was very near closing, when our Saviour gave up the ghost; nearer still when that converted malefactor expired.—'I have a desire to be dissolved,' says St. Paul, 'and to be with Christ,' he speaks of his release from clay, and his introduction into the Redeemer's presence, as instantaneous. No sooner does the former commence, but the latter takes place.—What an encouragement is this to fight the good fight of faith, and finish our course, with alacrity and diligence! since we are not to wait in wishfull but disappointed expectation: No, the very moment our warfare is accomplished, our reward begins.—Which reminds me of another inquiry.

4thly. What is the condition of holy souls, in this separated state?

1st. They rest from their labours; from all the disorders that afflicted their bodies, from all the temptations that disquieted their souls. They are no longer
ridiculed

riculed and persecuted by ungodly men. They have no more conflict with the powers of darkness and their own corruptions; sin and sorrow cease eternally.— They are freed, entirely freed, from every evil.

2dly, They enter into peace. They have then peace with God, peace in their own thoughts, peace with fellow saints, which passeth all understanding.— Peace implies a positive happiness. Peace, in the scriptural language, denotes all manner of blessings, and such is its import in the preceding passage. In this large extent will it be made good to the righteous. When they relinquish the earthly tabernacle, the scales of ignorance fall from their understandings; their will is wonderfully conformed to Christ's; every weight drops off from their affections; and their holiness is exceedingly confirmed; they are honoured with nearer approaches to God, they are favoured with clearer manifestations of his glory, they feel richer emanations of his love, and are more and more transformed into his image; every doubt vanishes, and they rejoice in the prospect, the assured and refreshing prospect of receiving all the fullness of their everlasting felicity — I said fullness, for tho' the felicity of the soul upon its dismissal from mortality is great, is high, is to us inconceivable; yet it will not be complete till the body is re-united to it, re animated by it.—Then it will not only be rescued from corruption, but made like unto
Christ's

Christ's glorious body, will be dignified with divine approbation, and that before the largest assembly of men and angels; they will receive a crown of righteousness, they will sit on thrones and judge the apostate angels; they will then possess the kingdom prepared for them from the foundation of the world.

What is said of the righteous may lead us to some proper conceptions with regard to the wicked and their state—the one is the reverse of the other; as they were quite dissimilar in their life, in their death they are equally different. If the righteous are committed to the care of benevolent angels, the wicked, it is very probable, are abandoned to the insults and rage of malevolent spirits. If the righteous are admitted into mansions of bliss, the wicked are consigned over to the places of horror and torment, where is all the misery which is expressed by weeping and wailing; all that self-condemnation and anguish, which is expressed by gnashing of teeth. If the righteous enjoy the calm of uninterrupted tranquillity, and the light of perpetual sun-shine; the wicked are reserved in chains of darkness unto the judgment of the great day. Wearied by their ungovernable passions, stung by eager but unsatisfied desires, haunted by a stern upbraiding conscience.—In a word, while the righteous are looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God, and their Saviour Jesus Christ; they are trembling

trembling under the dismal apprehensions of that dreadful day when Jesus Christ shall be revealed in flaming fire.

A true account of an apparition ; in a letter, addressed to Mr Glanvill when he was writing on Spirits.

S I R,

AS all such narratives as contain incidents wonderful and surprizing, and in which the superintendence of Divine Providence is displayed in an extraordinary manner, accompanied with circumstances of a marvellous nature, and calculated to strike the reader with surprize, coincide with the plan of your work, and are sure of a favourable reception from you, I doubt not but the following history, the truth of which I can vouch for, will prove acceptable to your readers.

Mr. R——N——, and Mr J——N——, two brothers, whose education had been equally liberal,

as they had both been bred at the university of Oxford, imbibed in that excellent seminary, principles diametrically opposite.

The former was for venturing every thing, and running all hazards, in order to push his fortune; whilst the maxim of the latter, was to regulate his conduct by the stricted prudence and œconomy, and leave nothing to chance.

When their studies were finished, they both returned to their father's at Bristol. He was an eminent merchant of that city, and for some time after their return, their minds were entirely taken up with deliberating what profession they should attach themselves to, and what plan of life they should pursue for the remainder of their days.

In the midst of these golden dreams, the father by a sudden and unexpected turn of fortune broke, and took so to heart the loss of his wealth, that he died in a few days, and left his two sons in a state of absolute indigence.

They then found themselves reduced to deliberate not what measure they should pursue, in order to make a fortune, but how to shift, in order to procure a subsistence. The temper of the former was sanguine, therefore he was resolved to go to London, though quite unknown in that city, and throw himself upon Providence; this the latter remonstrated against, urg-

ing, that it was an act of desperation, and little better than downright suicide, to leave a place where he was well known, and had friends, to go to another where he had not a single acquaintance, and where he could expect nothing but to die of hunger, as soon as the trifling stock of money he had about him should be spent.

All these remonstrances had no effect, Mr R——, the eldest brother, declared, that he was resolved, rather to venture death than to stay at Bristol, where he had formerly lived in affluence, and be an abject of scorn or pity to those by whom he had once been beheld with envy.

The two brothers accordingly took leave of each other, the former bent upon buffeting fortune, and the other resolved to avail himself, to the best of his power, of the few resources which remained to him in the place of his nativity.

He accordingly went to live with a merchant, an acquaintance of his father's, by whom he was employed as clerk, whilst Mr R——N——went to London, a step which he considered as going to death, as he did not know which way to turn himself in that metropolis. The trifle of money he had brought with him being quickly spent, he was soon reduced to the utmost distress, and felt the pressure of extreme want to such a degree, that having been four days without food, he

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one evening, wandered about St. James's Park in despair, and as soon as it was dark, sat down upon one of the benches, and taking a knife out of his pocket, was upon the point of piercing his breast, when looking up on a sudden, he saw a figure of such beauty, that he could not doubt but it was a vision from heaven: It appeared to him to be a beautiful youth, of a form resembling those with which angels are represented by painters; the eyes shone with a starry brightness and a lambient flame or glory played about the hair.

As Mr R——N——, who had formed the desperate resolution of destroying himself, lifted up his awe-struck eyes to this angelic appearance, which seemed to stoop forwards, and spread out its arms to embrace him, his organs of hearing were impressed in such a manner, that he heard these words distinctly pronounced, "Hold, rash mortal!"—He immediately desisted from his impious attempt, and the phantom advancing forward, and beckoning to him, he rose up and followed it—on a sudden it vanished, and he walked on, his heart exulted with a joy, which he could not account for, till at last he met a soldier, who pressed him to enter a public house, which was the rendezvous of a recruiting party.

The obstreperous mirth of these desperadoes, who venture their lives for a livelihood, but little suited with the serious turn of Mr R——N——, but as then

then he was quite destitute, he readily accepted of their proposal of listing; and the regiment to which he belonged being soon after commanded abroad, he behaved so well at the siege of Quebec, and upon other occasions, that he rose from a private soldier to a lieutenant; and upon his return to England, found himself reduced to half pay, which proved quite insufficient to support him in that extravagance and round of pleasures which gentlemen of the army think they have a right to indulge in.

What led him into the greatest expences was, his attachment to a fine woman, whose temper was so extravagant, that the fortune of a lord much less that of a lieutenant, upon half pay, would have proved insufficient to gratify her eternal craving.

With her he went to all the places of public diversion, the Play houses, the Opera, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Marybone, &c. &c. &c.

She had likewise as great a passion for finery; and no clothes would satisfy her, but such as might be worn by a duchess. She was indeed a very lovely woman, and the charms of her person were greatly heightened and set off by the politeness of her behaviour, and pleasing manner in which she expressed herself in conversation.

But all these attractives served only to render her more dangerous; and she would have been the ruin of
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the unhappy Mr R——N——, as she had been of several other unthinking young men, if his good, which constantly struggled with his evil genius, had not preserved him from perdition, upon this as well as a former occasion.

As he had a something in his countenance which excited, in all those who saw him, an opinion of his probity; and as he always dressed like a gentleman of fortune, he found means to procure credit for considerable sums; and thus, for a time, gratified his Thais, whose caresses were always proportioned to the expence to which her lover put himself.

At length, however, the clamours of his creditors became so importunate, that he was in a perplexity inconceivable, and the thought of having imposed upon persons, who had so generously obliged him, drove him almost into a phrenzy: he did not, however, form the same desperate resolution he had done before, namely, that of laying violent hands upon himself; but his evil genius, in the shape of the enticing harlot above suggested to him, a course almost equally desperate, namely, that of going upon the highway.

He accordingly provided himself with pistols, and one evening rode to Blackheath, where, at the sight of every coach, and of every man that passed on horseback, he was seized with terrors not to be expressed, and his conscious guilt made him suffer more, though

he never attempted to rob a single passenger, than a hardened highway man suffers in prison between the time of his receiving sentence, and his execution.

He rode to and fro in the utmost perturbation of mind; his terrors still increasing as the night approached, till at last he beheld the same angelic appearance that he had seen before, which seemed to point to the road to London. Even in the darkness of the night the whole figure appeared very manifestly by the irradiation of glory, which incircled its head, and he could hear distinctly these words, "Mortal brave not death." I leave it to philosophers to determine, whether it was a real personage, or of a nature above human, that appeared to him upon this occasion; or whether it was the force of an heated imagination, which traced this figure to his eyes, and caused the figure above-mentioned to resound in his ears. Be that as it will, we may justly look upon this appearance as a vision from heaven, as it had the effect of turning a sinner to grace: for no sooner had Mr R——N——beheld it, but that all his agitation and disorder subsided, and he, with the utmost composure of mind, returned to London, having taken the precaution of throwing away his pistols, the instruments of destruction, with which his evil genius had armed him lest they might give rise to any suspicion of the purpose which he had in leaving town.

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Upon his return to his lodgings, he broke with the pernicious woman, who had given him the horrid advice above mentioned, as his love for her was entirely converted into hatred, when he considered, that her vile suggestions might have brought him to a shamefull end.

However, the grand source of his inquietudes still remained. He was apprehensive every moment of being arrested, and thrown into jail by his creditors.— Had he sold his half-pay, it would have been by no means sufficient to satisfy them all, for he could not expect above two hundred pounds for it, and five hundred would have been hardly sufficient to gratify his creditors.

He therefore formed a resolution to go over to Ireland, thinking he could there be more secure from his creditors, than by going to lodge at any privileged place.

Whilst his mind was taken up with these thoughts he was arrested, and there being several actions against him at the same time, he was obliged to get himself removed to the Fleet by Habeas Corpus. A man of Mr R——N——'s temper could but ill brook confinement.

The days hung so heavily on his hands, and passed so tediously away, that he was obliged to have recourse to hard drinking, to dispel the gloom by which his mind

mind was overcast. But he soon found, as many others in his circumstances have done, that this remedy, by frequent use, increases that anxiety of mind it was intended to cure.

Whilst Mr R——N—— led this life of care and inquietude, he one night had a dream, which revived his drooping spirits, and animated his soul with hope. *

He dreamed that the same angel, which had twice appeared to him before, came in the night and opened the gates of his prison, by a supernatural power; and the ideas which passed in his imagination took so strong a possession of his soul, that when he awoke in the morning, he could not for some time be persuaded that he was still in prison. The delusion soon vanished but he still retained his alacrity of mind. This seemingly groundless joy was soon followed by a real one.

About noon he heard himself enquired for, and immediately knew the voice to be that of his brother — He rushed into his arms, and embraced him with the utmost transport. When then first emotions of joy were somewhat subsided, Mr J——N—— gave his brother to understand, that he had made a fortune by the East india trade; and enquiring into the state of his affairs, and the sum for which he was in confinement.

ment, paid the debt, and had him set at liberty that very evening.

They both went together to the lodgings of Mr—J——N——, in Great Broad-Street, where he related to his brother his adventures, and the several voyages he had made since their separation.

Ominous presage to Robert Bruce of Scotland.

BRUCE, the restorer of the Scottish monarchy, in the reign of Edward the Second of England, being out one day to reconnoitre the enemy, lay that night in a barn belonging to a loyal farmer. In the morning, still reclining his head on a strawy pillow, he beheld a spider climbing a beam of the roof. The insect fell to the ground, and immediately made a second essay to ascend, this attracted the notice of the hero who with regret saw the spider fall a second time from that eminence, it made a third attempt without success; and in short the monarch, not without a mixture of concern and curiosity, beheld the reptile no less than twelve

twelve times baffled in its aim; but the thirteenth trial carried its success. The spider gained the summit of the vates; when the king, starting from his couch, thus exclaimed in colloquy; "Behold, this despicable insect has taught me perseverance! I will follow its example. Have not I been twelve times defeated by the superior force of the enemy? On one fight more hangs the independency of my kingdom." In a few days was fought the memorable battle of Bannockbourn, in which Bruce proved victorious, slew thirty thousand of the invading enemy, and restored the monarchy of Scotland.

A fact, proving the unaccountable communication of Spirits.

A FEW years ago a gentleman of character and serious carriage and his wife, who lived near St. James's and had lived for many years together in great harmony, and love, and who were never so happy as in each others company, both at home and abroad; always walking

walking arm in arm whenever they went out any where, and seemed as one soul and one body, they were so closely united in love to each other: but as the most near and dearest friends must part in this world, when God calls us hence, so it happened; the gentleman was taken sick and died; which so affected his dear-left companion, that she sickened also, and kept her bed, and had a servant, or some other always to attend her.

In about ten days after her husband's death, as she was sitting upright in bed, a friend and near relation was then sitting by her; she looked stedfastly toward the foot of the bed, and said, with a cheerful voice, "My dear I will be with you in two hours." The gentlewoman, her friend, that was with her (and who firmly attested the same as most true), said to her, "Child, who did you speak to?" (for she saw nobody) she answered, "It is my husband, who came to call me hence, and I am going to him:" which surprised her friend very much, who thinking she was a little light-headed, called in somebody else, to whom she spoke very cheerfully and told the same story; but before the two hours were expired, she went off to her dear companion, to be happy together forever; to the great surprise of all present.

This person could not be said to see a corporeal being, as her friend saw nothing. The communication

was entirely mental. Were not our eyes withheld by this dross of earth, clouded as it were, and seeing only the grosser part of matter, we should see numbers of unembodied spirits, as Milton writes, traversing this globe of earth all around us—But when we shall be purged from this clod of flesh and sin, the soul will rejoice to behold such heavenly messengers.

The soul receives not its perfections or activity from the body, but can live and act out of the body as well as in the body, yea, and much better, having then its perfect liberty, divested of that heavy incumbrance which only clogged and fettered it. "Doubtless, saith Tartullian, when the soul is separated from the body it comes out of darkness into its own pure and perfect light, and quickly finds itself a substantial being, able to act freely in that light, and participate of heavenly joys." A testimony of this sort I have just received of a gentleman, one Mr Jos. Reynier, lately deceased, who, in his last moments, though on a bed of sickness and pain, was in such raptures of joy, that he said he felt no pain at all, but declared that he was then in heaven, meaning his soul; and that he heard distinctly music, as of angels singing most melodiously, and would join with them, as he did in the words of a hymn with "Hallelujah," &c. and his soul soon departed in that most triumphant manner. This account was related by the Rev. Mr Elliot, who preached his funeral sermon,

sermon, 1762. Likewise several other instances of the soul or spirits of the godly who have exceedingly rejoiced just before their leaving of the body, are mentioned by Mr Flavel, Mr Baxter, and others,

Extracts from the life of Mr Morris of Manchester.

I FOUND it exceeding difficult to be entirely divested of all attachment to the Church of Rome; and was painfully anxious to be certified whether the doctrines preached by the Methodists were agreeable to the Oracles of God! In this dilemma, I placed all my dependance upon the Almighty, and importuned him in the most earnest manner I was capable that he would direct me in the way of truth and salvation. In the ignorance and simplicity of my heart, I even presumed to solicit, that he would stoop so low to his poor, distressed, sinful creature, as to send an angel to remove my doubts and perplexities. The Lord saw my distress

distress and ignorance, and condescended to regard my sincerity. I saw in a dream a holy angel, clothed in shining raiment, surrounded with a blaze of light descend into my room: his hair seemed like sparkling gold, and his countenance was inexpressibly beautiful and glorious. He approached me, and said, " John Morris, I am sent from God to tell thee, that the people among whom he hath lately led thee, are many of them in reality his people, and that the doctrines which they teach are the doctrines of the Gospel. For the truth of what I say I have in my hand a Book which contains the Mind and Will of God." He then, to my apprehension, put a book upon my breast, saying, " Search this Book and it will shew the right way to Salvation." And then added, " Your petition was, that God would send an angel to resolve the doubts upon your mind; but as you had not sufficient strength to bear a sight so glorious, otherwise than while asleep, the Almighty hath in tender mercy, granted your request in sending me to visit you in a dream; for a proof of which I give you a token, that when you awake you may be satisfied that the Methodists are God's people; whom I charge you to join, and never to leave while they continue to preach the Truth." The token which the angel gave of his visitation, was, by pressing the tip

tip of his finger thrice upon my naked breast, which caused exquisite pain and instantly awoke me. Immediately I felt in my bosom and found the book, which was the Old and New Testament bound up for the pocket, and which belonged to the room where I lay. The young man who slept with me was equally astonished with myself, because we were both certain that the book lay upon a box at some distance from the bed when we retired to rest. The pain in my breast continued only two or three days, but the mark remained visible for some months: when I afterwards shewed it to the person who brought me among the Methodists, and related all the circumstances, he was so astonished at the sight, that he almost fainted.

As soon as the day dawned I was anxious to examine my book, and was much surprised when I found it was the Bible, and more especially, as it is a thing uncommon for Catholics to read the Scriptures. I now embraced every opportunity of perusing this sacred Treasury, in which I found my own present state described, and the way of Salvation clearly pointed out. I likewise immediately joined the Methodists, and trust I shall live and die among them. This step however brought upon me a torrent of persecution from all quarters, particularly from my relations, my fellow-servants, and from the mob that infested the Methodist Meeting.

John

John Morris lived and died a Methodist. His last words were, " Christ is all ! " and immediately breathed out his soul into the hands of his gracious Redeemer on November 8, 1793, in the 60th year of his age.

Devout Meditations on: 1 John, iii. 2. " We shall see Him as He is ! "

THE DIVINE ESSENCE, is a perfect and stupendous Sphere; and it is the more perfect, because it has no Circumference. This is the most glorious and delightful of all the scenes of thought ! Stay, glorious object, abide with us, and enlighten our darkness, that we may see Thee ! When we, by Faith are ascended up this Mount of thy Glory, we are constrained to acknowledge, that is good to be here, and to enjoy so much of heaven as thou makest upon earth. It is good to be here, or indeed any where, where thou art. And though we cannot find a tongue, or a language, to express

express thy wonders ; yet, at least, to dwell awhile in holy contemplation of that immense excellency, the Vision of which will hereafter be our Happiness.

But then think, if thou canst, O my soul, what a great and glorious Beauty must that be, the very sight of which will make thee happy, whose Vision is truly Beatific, in whose very presence is fullness of joy, and whom to know is Eternal Life ! We know him now and that too by himself ; and the greatest pleasure that we can relish, is to know and contemplate him ; but we neither do, nor can know him now, as we shall know him hereafter, when we shall see him in the full blaze of his Glory. Now we see him through a glass darkly, but then face to face. Now we know him in part, but then we shall know him, even as we ourselves are known. Now we see him as we can, with feeble eyes, and in an obscure light ; but then our view of him shall be clear and distinct, " WE SHALL SEE HIM AS HE IS ! "

Words of wonder and astonishment, and that carry a Heaven in their sound ! How great art thou, O God, and how great are thy Rewards ? Blessed state, tremendous happiness ! Who is able to think of thee without amazement, or speak of thee without confusion, or enjoy thee without the invigoration of the celestial comforts, those divine cordials of living water that

that issue from the throne ! But with thee O Lord is the well of Life, and in thy light shall we see light. For it is thou, who must strengthen our weak faculties, or else we shall not be able to endure thy majestic presence, before whom angels tremble and veil their faces; we should be oppressed with glory, and even wish to shade our eyes from thy too powerful and overcoming light.

But, O Lord, what is man, that thou shouldst have such respect unto him ; or the son of man that thou shouldst so far regard him, as to admit him to thy beatific presence, to the *vision of thyself*, and to fortify him for the bearing of it; that so the bush where thou art may not waste, or be consumed with the flame of thy Glory.

The Vision of God ! O what a Vision must that be ! to see thee, who art infinitely great, and infinitely good, and infinitely happy ; and in thy self, in the comprehensive view of thine own infinite greatness, and goodness ! To see Thee, who art Being itself, and the fountain of it ; who art Truth itself, and the light of our minds, and the life of our hearts, and the centre of our desires, and the ultimate end of our natures ; who art infinite good, all good, even goodness itself ! To see all this, and see it clearly, and to have all those inconceivable beauties unveil'd to us, for which

which angels incessantly praise thee, and which thou thyself hast been contemplating from all eternity with infinite pleasure and complacency : What an astonishing vision must this be, and what glorious effects must it have upon our souls !

1. To make us wise. For how wise and knowing must he needs be, that sees thee, the true intelligible light, the best and greatest object of thought ! Thee who possessest the ideas of all things, and who therefore art all ! Thee who art immense and boundless truth, and with whom Wisdom dwells ; even the eternal Wisdom that sitteth by thy throne and was with thee when thou created the world ! And to see also, thy eternal and con-substantial Word, the universal Reason, in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, and who is that very wisdom that enlightens our minds, and by a participation of which every one is wise, that is truly wise. And to see him also who is personal Love, even thy eternal Spirit, the divine Author and Giver of all life. And to see how these blessed Three centre in One : what an instructive view, what a scientific vision must this be ! Now we take a great deal of pains for a little knowledge, and are at the mercy of a fever or bruise, whether we shall keep that little ; but then a sudden light shall break in upon our minds that shall dispel all darkness, and clear all mysteries,

teries, and remove all difficulties, and we shall know without study, and be learned without libraries, and keep, and increase our knowledge for ever. And how shall we then despise all that is here called science, or learning that of the memory and imagination especially, when we shall see original truth, and be always quenching our intellectual thirst where the pure springs of wisdom rise ; for then shall be the great intellectual Feast when we shall sit at the table, which Wisdom herself hath furnished, and shall eat of the bread and drink of the wine which she hath mingled.

2 To make us good. For then shall we behold thee in the beauty of holiness ; or rather, the beauty of holiness in thee : and the very sight of that ravishing appearance, will, by a celestial influence, conform us to thy adoreable perfections, transfuse a godlike temper into our souls, assimilate us into thy image, and make us truly partakers of thy divine nature, and so we shall be like thee, because we shall see thee as thou art. And because thou art infinitely beautiful, the sight of thee will so inflame our hearts with thy love, that we shall love thee with a love worthy of thee with all our heart, soul, mind, and strength ; and the more we see thee still the more we shall burn with love towards thee : and the more we love thee, the more we shall still covet to resemble thee, and endea-

vour to be like thee, that so we may the better enjoy thee, and be more and more happy in thee. And thus, we with open face, beholding the Glory of the Lord, shall be changed into the same image, from glory to glory.

The things of this world the less they are known, the more they are valued, and our love of them is founded upon our ignorance of them. Ignorance is, indeed, in these things, the mother of devotion ; and the more we improve our acquaintance with them, the more we despise them, and that because of their vanity, and those defects which we discover in them. But, O my God thy infinite perfections will endure the light and stand the test of the most illuminated intelligence ; and that knowledge which lessens the value of other things, will improve our esteem, and raise our passions for thy excellencies.

And O that men did thus truly know thee ! O that they had but one glimpse of thy excellent Glory ! Then would they never offend thee, then would they for ever adore and love thee, then would they resolve upon any terms to enjoy thee : they would even lay hold upon eternal life, and take the kingdom of heaven and happiness by holy violence : they would never revolt from thee, but continue thine for ever. For that is another effect of this beatific view. The blessed that behold thy face, are thereby confirmed in good beyond

yond all possibility of declining from it. For the Vision of thy glorious Essence has the the influence of the most efficacious grace, both to determine them to good, and also to confirm them in it. For thy Essence is the very Essence of goodness ; and those that clearly see it, will be as much influenced by it, as those that do not see it, are by the general appearance of good. And as there will be then no possibility of a version from good, in common, so there will be no declining from thee. Blessed Light ! that dispels all darkness, when wilt thou arise upon us ? Thou shalt shalt shew us thy glory, O Lord, and then shall we ever adhere to thee. In the mean time give us thy grace so to use our liberty, that we may have the reward to lose it in this happy necessity.

3. To make us happy. For how can we be otherwise, when we have a clear and intimate vision of thee and the highest operation of our nature is employed upon the most perfect object of it ? Thou, O Lord, art the best and greatest intelligible Good, and we are intellectual beings, whose noblest faculty is our understanding, and therefore the sight of thee must needs be truly beatific ; and to know thee, can be no less than eternal life. Thou art all good, and therefore they that enjoy thee, must needs acquiesce in thee. The most covetous cannot but here be satisfied ; for
thy

thy perfection is an immense sea, and in thee every faculty will find its proper object, and every desire its full contentment. We shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house, and thou shalt make us drink of the river of thy pleasures; a river which can never be drawn dry, because it is fed by the everlasting springs of thy infinite sufficiency. We shall then love and delight in what we see, and have what we love, and shall be ever ravished with the contemplation of thy beauty, and dwell in the communion of thy ineffable joys, and in the embraces of thy love, and shall eternally praise and adore thy goodness. Amen. Hallelujah.

But, O my God, there is a beatific temper, as well as a beatific vision, and heaven imports, not only an outward profession, but an inward state and disposition of mind. Thy kingdom must be within us; and, as great a good as thou art, every soul however disposed is not qualified to enjoy thee. There must be a wedding garment provided for the Marriage Feast. O sanctify us, therefore, and purify our souls by thy blood, that we may be meet partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light, and help us to behold thy face now in righteousness, that when we awake up after thy likeness, we may be abundantly and eternally satisfied with it!

The

The Libertine admonished.

TWO gentlemen, great libertines and ridiculers of all true religion, and truths of the gospel, in one of their gay humours, made an agreement, that whichever of them should die first, should come and acquaint the other what state he was in. Accordingly one of died soon, and a few nights after he appeared to his friend, and in much horror said, "I am come to let you know there is a hell, and I experience it." and vanished away. This story was related by the Rev. Mr. M———n, in a sermon preached at Blackfriars church, and was brought in as a confirmation of the doctrine in the discourse he was upon; name'y, on the rich man and Lazarus, Luke xvi. 30, 31. And he, (the rich man) said, Nay, Father Abraham, but if one went unto them from the dead, they would repent. And he said unto him, if they hear not Moses and the prophets (i. e. neither the threats of God's law, nor the promises of the gospel for their repentance) neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead

dead. This was verified in the surviving gentleman above mentioned : Although he was at first a little shocked at the words of his friend, yet it made no alteration or amendment in his life, for he had lived a libertine, and a despiser of all true religion, and of those who profest it, so he died ; and Mr. M——n said, that he knew them both well ; one of them was a near neighbour to him at the time.

O how dreadful the reflection ! that man a rational creature, endued with clear understanding, and assisted with the light of the gospel, should so give himself up to wickedness and a reprobate mind, denying the truths of God word, as to plunge his poor soul into everlasting ruin with the devil and his angels !

An anecdote of Robert Leister of Epworth, delivered by himself.

I HAVE known the goodness of God for near thirty years : but in spite of all my advice, my five sons, and two daughters, all grown up, ran on in the broad way

to destruction. This cost me many a prayer and tear yet I saw no fruit of all my labour. In January last I dreamed the day of judgment was come. I saw the Judge on his great white throne. The holy angels sat round him in form of a half moon, and all nations were gathered before him. I and my wife were on the right hand ; but I could not see any of my children. I said, I cannot bear this, I must go and seek them: so I went to the left hand, and found them all seven standing together, tearing their hair, beating their breasts, and cursing the day that ever they were born. As soon as they saw me. they all caught hold of me, and said, " O Father we will never part no more." I said, " My dear children I am come to see, if I can get you out of this dismal situation," So I took them all with me. But when we were come within a bow shot of the judge, I thought he cast an angry look, and said, " What do thy children with thee now? They would not take thy warning when upon earth. They shall not share the crown with thee. Depart ye cursed !" At these words I awoke bathed in sweat and tears.

Awhile after, as we were all together on a Sunday night, I related my dream to them. No sooner did I begin, but first one, then another, yea all of them burst into tears. And God fastened conviction on
their

their hearts. Five of them are now rejoicing in God their Saviour. And I know God is at work with the other two: so that I doubt not but he will give them also to my prayers.

The remainder of ~~his children~~ have since been converted, and walk according to the truth as it is in Jesus.

The Valour of an Athiest.

SOME years since, Dr. Barraby, then an eminent Physician in London, was intimately acquainted with ————Str———t, Esq. who was a profest Athiest, priding himself in the utter denial of the being of a God. After some time he was seized with a violent fever, and soon sent for Dr. Barraby. The Doctor prescribed several medicines, but none of them took effect. At length he told him plainly, “Sir, I know nothing more that can be done; you must die.” Upon this he clenched his fists, gnashed his teeth, and said with

with the utmost fury, " God ! God ! I wont die !" and died immediately.

On the Last Judgment.

BUT now the mantling flames in concourse join,
 And deep, descending seize the burning mine,
 Its richest treasures aid the mounting blaze,
 'Twas all confusion, tumult and amaze.
 When, lo ! a cloud just opening on the view,
 Illum'd with dazzling light the etherial blue !
 On its broad breast a mighty angel came,
 His eyes were lightning, and his robes a flame.
 O'er all his form the circling glories run,
 And his face lighten'd as the blazing sun ;
 His limbs with heaven's aerial vesture glow,
 And o'er his head was hung the sweeping bow.
 As shines the bright'ning steel's refulgent gleam,
 When the smooth blade reflects the sparkling beam,
 Its light with quickened glance the eye surveys,
 Green, gold, and vermil, trembling as it plays,
 So flam'd his wings along the etherial road,
 And earth's long shores resounded as he trod.

Sublime

Sublime he tower'd, keen terrors arm'd his eyes,
 And grasp'd his redd'ning bolt that rends the skies;
 One foot stood firmly on the extended plain,
 Secure, and one repell'd the bounding main,
 He shook his arm, the lightnings burst away,
 Through heaven's dark concave gleam'd the paly ray,
 Roar'd the loud bolt tremendous through the gloom,
 And peals on peals prepare the impending doom.
 Then to his lips a mighty trump applied,
 (The flames were ceas'd, the muttering thunders died,)
 While all the revolving firmaments rebound,
 He rais'd his voice, and labour'd in the sound :
 These dreadful words he spoke :

" Be dark, thou sun, in one eternal night !
 And cease, thou moon, to rule with paler light ;
 Ye planets drop from these dissolving skies,
 Rend all ye tombs, and all ye dead arise !
 Ye winds, be still ! ye tempests rave no more !
 And roll, thou deep, thy millions to the shore !
 Earth, be dissolv'd with all these worlds on high !
 And time be lost in vast eternity.
 Now, by creations dread, tremendous sire,
 Who sweeps these stars, as atoms in his ire ;
 By heaven's omnipotent, unconquer'd King ;
 By him who rides the rapid whirlwinds wing ;
 Who reigns supreme in his august abode,
 Forms, or confounds, with one commanding nod ;

Who wraps in blackning clouds his awful brow,
 Whose glance like lightning, looks all nature through :
 By him I swear ! (he paus'd, and bow'd his head,
 Then rais'd aloft his flaming hand, and said :)
 Attend ye saints, who, in seraphic lays,
 Exalt his name, but tremble while ye praise ;
 Ye hosts that bow to your Almighty Lord,
 Hear, all his works. the irrevocable word !
 Thy reign O man ! and earth ! thy days are o'er !
 I swear by HIM, that time shall be no more :"
 He spoke : all nature groan'd a loud reply,
 Then took the sun, and tore him from the sky.

Divine Retribution

A GENTLEMAN, and a man in good circumstances too, committed a murder in or near St. Pancras, Soaper-Lane. London, many years ago ; the murder was attended with some very cruel and barbarous circumstances, such as he could not expect pardon for ; so he fled, and making his escape into France, got out of the reach of justice.

Hw

His personal safety was for awhile so much satisfaction to him, that he did not make any reflections at all upon the fact; but soon after he took shipping from France and went to Martinico, where he lived several years, and even for two or three years he carried it off well enough; but the first shock given to his soul was in a fit of sickness, when being in danger of death, he saw, as he was between sleeping and waking, the spectre, as he thought, of the murdered person, just as in the posture when he killed him, his wound bleeding, and his countenance ghastly, the sight of which exceedingly terrified him and at length awakened him.

But being awake and finding it was but a dream, and that the murdered person did not really appear to him and as he called it, haunt him, he was easy as to that part; but being in a high fever, and believing he should die, conscience began to stare at him, and to talk to him; he resisted a long time, but death approaching, he grew very pensive, tho', as he said, still more afraid of dying, than penitent for his crime.

After he recovered he grew easy, and began to forget the affair; came over to Europe again, and being at Roan in Normandy, he dreamed he saw the murdered man again, and that he looked frightful and terrible, and with a threatening aspect, and this threw him into a kind

kind of melancholy, which increased exceedingly, the spectre, as he called it coming to him every night.

But this was not all; for now as he dreamed of it all night, so he thought of it all day; it was before his eyes continually, his imagination formed figures to him, now of this kind, then of that, always relating to the murdered man: so that in short he could think of nothing else: and it seemed as if the murdered man was never out of his sight.

He was so reduced by the constant agitation of his soul, that he was in a very weak condition, and in a deep consumption: but in the midst of these tumults of his soul, he had a strong impression upon his mind, that he could never die in peace, nor go to heaven, if he did not go over to England, and either get pardon, or if he could not obtain a pardon, then he would surrender himself into the hands of justice, and satisfy the law with his life, which was the debt he owed to the blood of the man he killed, and could no other way be expiated.

He withstood this as a wild distracted thing, and the fruit of his disturbed mind: What, said he to himself, should I go to England for? To go there is to go and die.

die ; and these words *go and die*, ran daily upon his mind : but though they came first into his thoughts, as an answer to his other distractions, yet they turned upon him soon after, and he dreamed that the murdered man said to him, *go and die* ; and repeating it, said, *go to England and die* ; and this followed him night and day, asleep and awake, so that he had always in his ears, *go to England and die*.

In short, he was so continually terrified by the reproaches of his conscience, that the voice which he thought followed him, that he answered it once in his sleep thus ; ‘ Well, if it must be so, let me alone, I will *go and die*. ’

It was some time however before he did ; but at last unable to support the torture of his mind, he resolved to come over to England, and did so : he landed at Gravesend, and there took passage in the tilt-boat for London.

When he arrived at London, intending to land at Westminster, he took a wherry at Billingsgate to carry him through the bridge. It happened that two lighters loaded with coals ran foul of the boat he was in, and of one another, over against Queen Hith ; the watermen were so hard put to it, that they had much ado to avoid being crushed between the lighters, so that they were
obliged

obliged to get into one of the lighters and let the boat sink.

This occasioned him contrary to his design to go on shore a little to the eastward of Queen Hith: from thence he walked up on foot towards Champside, intending to take a coach for Westminster.

As he passed a street which crossed out of Bread Street into Bow-lane, being almost night, and he not well knowing the streets, having been absent eighteen years, he heard somebody cry, stop him! stop him! it seems a thief had broke into a house in some place as he passed by, and was discovered, and ran for it, and the people after him, crying, stop him, stop him!

It presently occurred to him, that being so near the place where the murder was committed, and where he had lived, he thought that some body knew him, and that it was him they were crying after; upon which he began to run with all his might.

Had the people cry'd stop this, he had taken no notice of it, knowing as he said, that he had stolen nothing; but the crowd crying, stop him, stop him, it was as likely to be him as not; and his own guilt concurring he ran as above.

As he ran with all his might it was a considerable time before the people overtook him; but just at the

corner

corner of Soaper Lane, near about where now stand, the Rummer Tavern, his foot slipt, and his breath failed him so he fell down.

The people not knowing who he was, had lost their thief, and pursued him; when they came up to him they found him not the right person, and would have left him; but his own guilty conscience which at first set him a running, and which alone was his real pursuer, continued to follow him close, and which at last had thrown him down too, so increased his fright, that believing they all knew him, he cried out, it is very true, I am the man, it was I did it.

It seems, when he first fell, some people in a house opposite, came to the door upon hearing the noise, and said one to another, There he is, that's he, they have caught him; and it was upon that saying that he answered, It is very true I am the man, and I did it; for still he imagined they knew him to be the murderer, that killed the man so long ago; whereas there was nobody there that had any knowledge of the matter, and the very memory of the thing was almost forgot in the place, having been done eighteen years before.

However when they heard him cry I am the man, and I did it, one of the people that came about him said, what did you do? why, I killed him, says he, I
killed

killed Mr. ——— and then repeated his name ; but no body remembered the name.

Why you are mad, says one of the people ; and then added another, the man's a distracted, disordered man. They pursued a little shop-lifting thief, and here they have frighted a poor gentleman, that they own is not the person, but is an unhappy disordered man, and imagines they pursue him.

But are you sure he is not the man ? Sure, says another, why they tell you so themselves. Besides the man's distracted

Distracted says a third, how do you know that.

Nay says the other he must be distracted or in drink, dont you hear how he talks, I did it, I killed him, and I dont know what. Why, here is nobody killed is there ? I tell you the poor man is craz'd. Thus they talked a while, and some ran forwards towards Cheap-side to look for the real thief, and were about to let him go, when one grave citizen, wiser than the rest cry'd nay, hold, let's enquire a little farther, tho' he's not the theif they look for, there may be something in it ; let us go before the lord mayor with him : and so they did. I think the lord mayor then in being was Sir William Turner.

When he came before the lord mayor, he confessed the fact and was afterwards executed for it. I had the substance

-substance of this relation from an ear-witness of the thing, so that I can freely say that I give entire credit to it.

It was remarkable also, that the place where this man fell down when he ran, believing he was pursued and known, tho' at first he really was not, was just against the very door of the house where the person liv'd that he had murdered.

Dawgreen, near Watfield, Feb. 18, 1781.

The following Lines contain a plain matter of Fact, & just as it was.

WHERE Humber pours her rich commercial streams,
There dwelt a wretch, who liv'd, but to blaspheme,
In subterraneous caves his life he led,
Black as the mine in which he wrought for bread:
When on a day emerging from the deep,
A sabbath day (such sabbaths thousands keep,)
The wages of his weekly toil he bore
To buy a cock, whose blood might win him more,
As if the noblest of the feather'd kind,

Were but for battle; and for death design'd !
 As if the consecrated hours were meant,
 For sport, to minds on cruelty intent.

It chanced (such chances providence obey,)
 He met a fellow lab'rer on the way ;
 Whose heart the same desires had once inflam'd,
 But now the savage temper was reclaim'd,
 Persuasion on his lips had taken place,
 (For all plead well, who plead the cause of grace,)
 His iron heart with scripture he assail'd,
 Woo'd him to hear a sermon, and prevail'd,
 His faithful bow the mighty preacher drew,
 Swift as the light'ning glimpse the arrow flew,
 The sinner, trembling, cast his eyes around,
 To find a worse than him, but none he found.
 He felt his sins, and wonder'd he should feel ;
 Grace made the wound, and only grace could heal.
 Now farewell oaths, and blasphemies and lies,
 He quits the sinners, for the martyrs prize.
 That holy day was wash'd with many a tear,
 Gilded with hope, yet shaded too by fear

The next, * his swarthy bre thren of the mine,
 Learn'd from his alter'd lips the change divine :
 Laugh'd where they should have wept, and swore the day
 Was nigh, when he would swear as fast as they :
 No (said the penitent) such words shall share

This

This breath no more, henceforth employ'd in prayer.
 Oh ! if thou seest ! (thine eye the future sees,)
 That I shall yet again blaspheme like these,
 Now strike me to the ground on which I kneel,
 E'er yet this heart relapses into steel :
 Now take me to that heaven I once defied ;
 Thy presence, thy embrace." He spake ! He died !
 Short was the time allotted him to run,
 Just enter'd in the lists he gain'd the crown,
 His prayer scarce ended, ere his praise begun.

*An account of Mr. Booty ; extracted from captain
 Spink's journal, and from the records of the Court
 of King's Bench.*

TUESDAY, May 12, we anchored in Mansat-
 Road, with Capt. Barnaby, Capt. Bristow, and Capt.
 Brewer. About six o'clock we all four weighed an-
 chor and sailed for the island of Lusara. Friday 15,
 about two o'clock we saw the island, and about seven
 came to an anchor in twelve fathom water. Saturday 16
 we

we (the Captains) with Mr. Ball, merchant of Wentworth, went on shore, in order to shoot curlews, on mount Strembolo. Half an hour and fourteen minutes after three, we called our men to us, when we all, to our great surprise, saw two men running with amazing swiftness, and Capt. Barnaby cried out, "Lord, bless me! the foremost man is Mr. Booty, my next neighbour in London." He was in grey cloaths with cloth buttons. He that ran after him was in black. They both ran straight into the burning mountain, and at the instant was such a noise as made us all tremble. Capt. Barnaby said, "I do not doubt, but it is old Booty running into hell:" and as soon as we came on board, he desired us to mark the time, and write it down in our Journals, which we did.

We returned to Gravesend, October 6. Capt. Barnaby then went for the rest, to congratulate them on their safe arrival. After some discourse, Capt. Barnaby's wife said, "I can tell you some news: old Booty is dead." He answered, "That we all know; for we saw him run into hell." Mrs. Barnaby related this to an acquaintance in London: and she informed Mrs Booty of it. On this, Mrs Booty arrested Capt. Barnaby in an action of a thousand pounds. It came to a trial in the court of King's Bench, The four Captains, Mr. Ball, and all the men made oath, that
they

they saw him run very swiftly, and leap into the burning mountain : that he had on a grey coat with cloth buttons, (which was brought into the court, and exactly answered the description.) And that they all set it down just then in their Journals, which were also produced in Court, and answered the time when he died to two minutes, as appeared from the sexton of the Parish, and several others who were with him at his death. In summing up the evidence the Lord Chief Justice said, " Two or three may be mistaken ; but we cannot suppose above thirty were." So the cause was given for the defendant.

*An account of the first Duke of Queensbury, taken
from a book, called, The Scots Worthies,*

A YOUNG man perfectly well acquainted with the Duke, (probably one of those he had formerly banished,) being now a sailor and in foreign countries, while the ship was upon the coast of Naples or Sicily

Sicily, near one of the burning mountains, one day they espied a coach and six, all in black, going towards the mount with great velocity ; when it came past them they were so near that they could perceive the dimensions and features of one that sat in it. The young man said to the rest, If I could believe my own eyes, or if ever I saw one like another, I would say, that is the Duke. In an instant, they heard an audible voice echo from the mount, Open to the Duke of Queensberry ; upon which the coach, now near the mount, vanished. The young man took pen and paper, and marked down the month, day, and hour of the apparition ; and upon his return, found it exactly answer the day and hour the duke died.

The Rapture.

BURST ye emerald gates ! and bring,
 To my raptur'd vision,
 All the extatic joys that spring,
 Round the bright elysian ;
 Lo ! we lift our longing eyes !
 Break ye intervening skies ;
 Son of Righteousness arise ;
 Ope the gates of paradise.

Floods

Floods of everlasting light
 Freely flash before him :
 Myriads with supreme delight
 Instantly adore him.
 Angel trumps resound his fame,
 Lutes of shining gold proclaim
 All the music of his name,
 Through eternity the same.

Four and twenty elders rise,
 From their princely stations :
 Shout his glorious victories,
 Sing the great salvation :
 Cast their crowns before his throne,
 Cry in reverential tone,
 Holy ! holy ! holy One !
 T'whom be endless praise alone.



CONTENTS.

	Page
The Apparition of the Duchess of Mazarine to Madam de Beauclair, ———	13
Warning given by a strange messenger to James the VI. ——— ——— ———	22
An Account of Miss Lee, ———	24
The Apparition of a gentleman to the late Rev. and learned Dr. Scott, ———	26
The Apparition of Mrs. Veal, ———	37
An Apparition to a miller, to discover a hidden murder, ——— ———	51
An Apparition to Captain Henry Bell, ———	53
The Story of David Hunter, ———	56
The Apparition to Mr. Lilly. ———	58
The Second Apparition to Mr. Lilly, ———	61
An awful warning, ——— ———	64
A remarkable dream, ——— ———	65
An Apparition to a wicked mother-in-law, ———	68
Murder discovered by a dream, ———	85
• The warning observed, ——— ———	86

A singular

A singular dream,	— —	87
A Vision seen by Dr. Donne,	—	88
An Account of Apparitions seen by Eliz. Hobson,		89
Bishop Hall's account of a remarkable dream,		107
A remarkable anecdote,	— —	107
An extraordinary Cure,	—	109
Murder prevented by a three-fold dream,		110
Dr. Pordage's account of several Apparitions,		111
Warning of a murder by a dream,	—	113
Another murder discovered by a dream,		114
A dream which saved the life of an English gentleman in Flanders	—	115
Three remarkable dreams,	—	118
Apparition at Belfast in Ireland,	—	123
An account of an Apparition in the north of England,	— —	125
An account of the Apparition of Major Sydenham,	— —	130
A strange deliverance,	—	133
True account of an Apparition of one brother in London to another at Boston in new England,	— —	135
A strange account,	— —	146
The spirit of a poor man just deceased, appearing, is the means of a gentleman's preservation,	— —	144
Miss Pringle's appearance,	—	146
The warning sighted,	—	148

	Page
The dream fulfilled, — — —	149
A woman cured of a cancer by a dream,	150
The apparition of Sir George Villiers,	153
An extract of a letter from a gentleman in Barbadoes to his friend, — — —	161
Several curious relations, — — —	165
A remarkable instance of divine justice,	185
An awful admonition, — — —	196
A story taken from Josephus, — — —	198
Vanity in Death, — — —	199
An Extract from the will of Mr. Richard Baxter,	200
Apparition of the Laird of Cool, — — —	201
A retrospective view of death and eternity,	211
The apparition of Edward Ayon,	218
The awful prospects of the wicked,	221
Mr. Ruddle's account of an apparition,	229
The Reprobate's prayer, — — —	243
Practical Reflections, — — —	247
An account of Lord Lyttleton's death,	250
Some thoughts on an expression of St. Paul,	252
Anecdote of a gentleman at Bath, — — —	254
The conversion of Colonel Gardener,	256
Warning of the late Rev. J. Wesley's Death,	259
Reflections on our Saviour's coming to Judgment,	260
An apparition of a young gentlewoman to her sweetheart, — — —	266
An apparition of Mr. Thomkins, — — —	270
The ditto of Samuel, — — —	272
The ditto of Lord Bacon, — — —	293

	Page
A strange warning, — — —	294
The conversion of Henry Webb, — — —	297
A dying prostitute, — — —	306
Altamont, — — —	308
A fragment from the Rev. J. Wesley's journal, — — —	311
A true and awful relation, — — —	312
Time shall be no longer, — — —	316
Of Hell, — — —	318
Apparition to Brutus, — — —	329
Socrates, — — —	331
The destruction of the Jews prevented by a dream, — — —	332
Apparition of Sir John Owen, — — —	335
The murderer detected, — — —	344
Mrs. Tooley, — — —	347
The apparition of the learned Henry Jacob, — — —	351
The ditto of Robert Nelson, Esq., — — —	353
Extract of a letter to Richard Nash, Esq., — — —	356
The death of Mr. Haliburton — — —	359
Death brings all upon a level, — — —	371
The sepulchre's pertinent address to man, — — —	372
A letter from Pliny, — — —	378
Consolations in the views of death, — — —	378
The intermediate state considered, — — —	379
An account of an apparition, — — —	384
Ominous presage to Robert Bruce, — — —	394
A fact, proving the unaccountable communication of spirits, — — —	395

	Pa
Extracts from the life of Mr. Morris,	39
Devout meditations, — — —	40
The Libertine admonished, — — —	40
An anecdote of Robert Leister, — — —	41
The valour of an Athiest, — — —	41
On the last Judgment, — — —	41
Divine Retribution, — — —	415
A plain matter of Fact, — — —	423
An account of Mr. Booty, — — —	424
An account of the first Duke of Queensbury,— Taken from a book, called "The Scots Worthies," — — —	426
The Rapture, — — —	427

BURSLEM :

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