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SIGNIFICANT DREAMS

By Duane V. Maxey

Job 33:15-16 In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed; 16 Then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction,

Numbers 12:6 I the LORD ... will speak unto him in a dream.

Matthew 2:13 And when they were departed, behold, the angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word: for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him.

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INTRODUCTION

This compilation was taken from throughout our HDM Digital Library using the "Search & Replace" program to search one of our CDs. It consists of what I have termed "Significant Dreams," i. e. dreams with a real significance or meaning. I pondered over the title, thinking of possibly titling the compilation, "God-Sent Dreams," or "Dreams From God." However, it is my belief that God perhaps uses some dreams that He did not send. Could it not be so that while the spectacular and odd visions of a particular dream may arise themselves from nothing more than purely natural causes, God impresses the individual's mind with a special interpretation of the images and events of the dream? Of course, God can and no doubt does, send some dreams, but I think that in other cases he may simply impress one's mind to place this or that interpretation on a dream that arose from natural causes. Thus, I have chosen the term "Significant" rather than "God-Sent" or "From God" as part of the title.

That God does send and use dreams, none should doubt after reading the evidence in support of this contained in the following 123 references in 87 verses of the Bible. Some of these verses do not speak of dreams that were used of God, but many of them do: Genesis 20:3; Genesis 20:6; Genesis 28:12; Genesis 31:10; Genesis 31:11; Genesis 31:24; Genesis 37:5; Genesis 37:6; Genesis 37:8; Genesis 37:9; Genesis 37:10; Genesis 37:19; Genesis 37:20; Genesis 40:5; Genesis 40:8; Genesis 40:9; Genesis 40:16; Genesis 41:1; Genesis 41:5; Genesis 41:7; Genesis 41:8; Genesis 41:11; Genesis 41:12; Genesis 41:15; Genesis 41:17; Genesis 41:22; Genesis 41:25; Genesis 41:26; Genesis 41:32; Genesis 42:9; Numbers 12:6; Deuteronomy 13:1; Deuteronomy 13:3; Deuteronomy 13:5; Judges 7:13; Judges 7:15; 1 Samuel 28:6; 1 Samuel 28:15; 1 Kings 3:5; 1 Kings 3:15; Job 7:14; Job 20:8; Job 33:15; Psalms 73:20; Psalms 126:1; Ecclesiastes 5:3; Ecclesiastes 5:7; Isaiah 29:7; Isaiah 29:8; Jeremiah 23:25; Jeremiah 23:27; Jeremiah 23:28; Jeremiah 23:32; Jeremiah 27:9; Jeremiah 29:8; Daniel 1:17; Daniel 2:1; Daniel 2:2; Daniel 2:3; Daniel 2:4; Daniel 2:5; Daniel 2:6; Daniel 2:7; Daniel 2:9; Daniel 2:26; Daniel 2:28; Daniel 2:36; Daniel 2:45; Daniel 4:5; Daniel 4:6; Daniel 4:7; Daniel 4:8; Daniel 4:9; Daniel 4:18; Daniel 4:19; Daniel 5:12; Daniel 7:1; Joel 2:28; Zechariah 10:2; Matthew 1:20; Matthew 2:12; Matthew 2:13; Matthew 2:19; Matthew 2:22; Matthew 27:19; Acts 2:17; Jude 1:8.

Add to these such references as Acts 10:10-47 that tells the story of Peter's "trance" on Simon's housetop and all that followed, and it is exceedingly clear that the Bible is replete with instances in which God has used the subconscious visions of a person's mind to convey a message.

In this compilation of dreams and their interpretations, it is not suggested that all of these were sent from God, or that every interpretation was God-inspired. Still, perhaps most who read these accounts will agree that many of the dreams were indeed sent of God, or that the interpretation was God-inspired.

One thing that impressed me in making this compilation was how much Christians have tended to ascribe a God-sent meaning to dreams. This tendency seems to have been quite strong among Wesley's early preachers, but it has also been strong among the early American Methodists, and is seen often among holiness people to this day. There have no doubt been many who have relied too heavily on dreams -- who have given too much significance to such visions, but, with so much in the Bible that supports this type of revelation, and with so many instances in which dreams, even today, are fulfilled, should we not have a balanced view about revelation through dreams? -- not being too ready or too quick either to shrug off a dream as insignificant or to attach to it a certain significance.

A number of these dreams involve early Methodist Missionaries to America: Boardman, Pilmoor, Shadford, etc., as well as early American Methodists such as Freeborn Garrettson, Nathan Bangs, Benjamin Abbott, etc.. The reader who wishes to learn more about these persons can do so by reading the files from which these dreams were taken. I have listed those files above the explanatory titles given to the dreams.

I thought that Beverly Carradine's chapter on "The Power of a Dream" would make a good excerpt with which to begin this compilation. So, it is the first item below. -- DVM

* * * * *

01 -- THE POWER OF A DREAM -- By Beverly Carradine

Just how and why dreams come is one of the mysteries of life. About the time we conclude that they are a projection of one's waking thoughts, comes a midnight vision of the most unique and fantastic pattern, and dealing with things that we never thought of before nor had concerning them the faintest imagination. There is also a difference of opinion as to their moral value. Some may be sent by God; while with others He unquestionably has nothing to do. In the olden days the Lord evidently made use of dreams for the comfort, direction, and deliverance of His people. In the present time with an open Bible in the hand, and the recognized leadings of the Holy Spirit in the life, we do not need these strange flitting mental pictures of the night to show us our duty, privilege or danger, as was done to men in an earlier dispensation that was far less favored than ours. Nevertheless there are times when the ordinary means of grace seem utterly to fail with certain individuals, and Heaven in its efforts to arouse and save the immortal soul, is driven to the employment of methods unusual and extraordinary. So we doubt not that there are dreams sent as directly to the slumberer on the bed, as a sermon to the sleeping conscience in the pew, or as a prophet has been directed to a sinful city, with a message of warning or woe.

In harmony with this thought, we recall the experiences related in our hearing of three preachers who are as widely removed in temperament as they are in the localities where they reside.

One of these men was greatly gifted in speech, possessed charming manners, and became a kind of pulpit and social idol with his congregation. The incense burned continually to him, intoxicated his brain, drove the grace out of his heart and finally ascended like a fog around a backslider with a clergyman's coat on his back and a shining beaver hat on his head. At the very time his gold chain was glittering most, his rattan whirling gracefully in the air, and his people were highest in their praises of him, he was without Christ and Ichabod was written on the walls of his soul.

To this man, God sent a dream of the Judgment Day. As he lay one night locked in slumber on his pillow he beheld the world on fire, the rolling flames towering above the clouds, while he heard frantic stricken multitudes crying out, "The Judgment Day has come! The Judgment Day has come!"

At this moment in his sleep he seemed to lift up his eyes and see the Son of God descending through the Heavens. In his agony he ran, so that the Saviour's face might be turned upon him, and to his amazement the Lord averted His countenance. Rushing around in that direction to his unspeakable consternation Christ turned His face from him the second time; and this was repeated again with such an unmistakable expression of displeasure, that the preacher woke up with his face wet with tears, sobbing, "He won't look at me! He won't look at me!"

That vision brought the gifted man down in deepest humiliation, penitence and prayer before God. He was heard in Heaven in that he feared, and the restored servant of Christ has been blazing in a skyward way ever since.

A second ministerial friend of the writer admitted publicly that in the active life of a pastor, preaching, visiting and flying around generally, he lost God. He continued to go on his rounds, baptized the children, married the people, delivered his sermons, made his announcements and took up the conference collections; but for all that he was a backslider. A dead man was in the pulpit talking to dead men in the pews. A corpse was driving a loaded hearse to the cemetery.

At this juncture came the dream. The vision showed him to be in Hell. He was rolling in agony amid billows of torturing fire. With fearful struggles he struck out for a shore which he saw in the distance. As he came nearer he beheld his mother standing on the bank gazing with anguish upon him as though she would help her gasping, laboring son out of his torment. Just as he reached the strand, and stretched forth his hand to pull himself upon the shore, the Devil suddenly appeared, coming over the bank, with a look of infernal joy and malicious triumph. He whirled a whip of fire in his hand, the lash of which seemed to be a mile long, curling and flickering like a streak of lightning. He brought it down upon the unhappy man with a sharp detonating crack, and the keen quivering lash seemed to penetrate body and soul alike with an agony beyond any words to describe. With an awful groan he fell back in the billows of flame, hearing the Devil's shout of victory, and the broken hearted wail of his mother, as she cried "My poor boy"! "My poor boy"!

This dreadful experience was gone through with three times; when the mental distress, and the actual suffering of body became so great through the vivid, lifelike dream, that the preacher burst through the gates of slumber with a piercing cry to God for help and mercy, and fell with sobs and tears, face downward, upon the floor.

Today he is one of the holiest men known to the writer.

The third instance is that of a preacher who after years of diligent, faithful service in the Christian life, began gradually to grow weary of its constant cross bearing and self-denial. The joy once realized in enduring the hardness of a good soldier of Jesus Christ subsided. The flesh cried out for a letting up, or for more indulgence; while strange inner voices called attention to the drudgery of the work, the prevalence of the commonplace, the uninteresting class of people with whom he labored, and the many instances of fruitless, resultless toil among them as far as human eye could perceive, and human wisdom judge. With all this came fierce temptations to downright fleshliness; when suddenly one night he dreamed a dream.

He seemed to be in the outskirts of a large field in what is called a "deadening." Although asleep he thought in his slumber that he had just awakened and found himself lying on the ground and completely surrounded by what seemed to be logs. Some were, and some were not; for as he gazed upon the objects he saw that a number had an almost imperceptible motion like that of a worm. What he had taken for fallen trees were huge creatures eight to ten feet long, shaped somewhat like snails, with broad bands of yellow and dusty red around their bodies. Some were lying on tree trunks not much larger than themselves, and others were stretched on the ground. Most of them were asleep, and but for a slight palpitation of the side would have looked to be dead. A

few seemed to be making efforts to arouse themselves as shown in quivering eyelid and lazy stretching of muscle. One had opened his great flabby mouth in a yawn which disclosed a crimson cavity down which a man could easily have disappeared. Others were awake and had a slow vermicular motion toward the preacher that was simply horrifying in its deliberateness. In addition, the eyes of all the awakened ones were resting on the unhappy man who, paralyzed with fear, lay helpless in their midst. The moral horror and spiritual loathing felt in the vision, surpassed the physical terror realized in the case of nightmare. The spectacle of a creeping, crawling fleshliness, with no mind in its dull eyes, no heart or soul in its gross form, but a mere shape of the lowest plane of physical life, moving toward him with an enswathement and accompaniment of fat and oiliness, of laziness, sleepiness and stupidity, so terrified the slumbering minister, that he cried out in agony. He awoke with a staring eyed, open mouthed horror, to find his face bathed in a cold clammy sweat, and his body trembling as with an ague.

He felt as he collected his faculties and tried to think, that God had caused him to look on symbolized materialism; on the carnal mind incarnated. He was convinced that he had been shown in a terrible picture the trend and end of the soul which turns from God, truth, and spiritual things to walk in gross and fleshly lines. That a spirit finally animalized becomes as unlike a man, as a fallen devil fails to resemble one of God's holy angels.

The shock that night was terrific, but something of the kind was needed.

Suffice it to say that the dream accomplished that whereunto it was sent; a delusion was swept away, a faltering soul was steadied; and the adversary exposed, foiled, discomfited and defeated once more by the Son of God.

So in the three instances related God accomplished a wonderful work through a vision of the night. Recovery and salvation was the result in each case.

Of course it is easy to criticise these incidents and say they are too realistic, that they are nerve shocking, and also offensive to the best taste. Complaint also might be made that the imagery used is too gross for the proper description of spiritual states, and utterly inadequate to depict conditions in another world that is so different from anything we know in life.

In reply we ask what figures and images have we used that are not also found in the Bible. There we read of the Lake of Fire, of unquenchable flames, of undying worms, of a being who has become a dragon, of a worldliness that has become a beast, of weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth, of Christ coming in the clouds, of the world being on fire, of a bottomless pit, and all enthroned in Hell, a tormenting Devil.

As for dreams, far more wonderful ones than the three we have related are recorded in the Word of God. So all these objections viewed in the light of Scripture alone, are found to go down.

Then let it be remembered that this life sketch was not written to defend dreams nor even to explain them. The chapter appears simply to relate three remarkable occurrences; how a preacher was getting off the narrow upon the broad way that leads to death; and how two others were off

entirely and heading rapidly for ruin; when God sent the visions as described and saved the three men. The only point we make is that the dreams came, and the men were saved.

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From: HDM0216.tex

02 -- RICHARD BOARDMAN RESCUED THROUGH A DREAM

[Richard Boardman was one of Wesley's missionaries to America. This occurred before he came to this continent. -- DVM]

Richard Boardman was now about thirty-one years of age, vigorous and zealous. He had preached in the itinerancy about six years. Wesley pronounced him "a pious, good-natured, sensible man, greatly beloved of all that knew him." His Irish brethren, when, thirteen years later, they laid him in his grave, said that "with eloquence divine he preached the word," and "devils trembled when for Christ he fought." One of the old Methodist chroniclers describes him as "a man of great piety, amiable disposition, and strong understanding." Asbury says he was "a kind, loving, worthy man, truly amiable and entertaining, and of a childlike temper." His itinerant training in England, though brief, had been thorough. He had spent two years at least among the fervid Methodists of Yorkshire, and went to America from the rugged and famous Circuit of the "Dales," where hard travels, laborious work, and wintry storms were a good preparation for his transatlantic trials. He had perils by flood as well as by land, and some of those hair-breadth escapes which, associated with marvels of dreams, demons, prayer, and providence, give such a Hebraic character to the early ministerial life of Methodism. "I preached one evening," he says, "at Mould, in Flintshire, and next morning set out for Parkgate. After riding some miles, I asked a man if I was on the road to that place. He answered, 'Yes; but you will have some sands to go over, and unless you ride fast you will be in danger of being inclosed by the tide.' It then began to snow to such a degree that I could scarcely see a step of my way. I got to the sands, and pursued my journey over them for some time as rapidly as I could; but the tide then came in and surrounded me on every side, so that I could neither proceed nor turn back, and to ascend the perpendicular rocks was impossible. In this situation I commended my soul to God, not having the least expectation of escaping death. In a little time I perceived two men running down a hill on the other side of the water, and by some means they got a boat, and came to my relief; just as the sea had reached my knees as I sat on my saddle. They took me into the boat, the mare swimming by our side till we reached the land. While we were in the boat, one of the men said, 'Surely, sir, God is with you.' I answered, 'I trust he is.' The man replied, 'I know he is; last night I dreamed that I must go to the top of such a hill. When I awoke the dream made such an impression on my mind that I could not rest. I therefore went and called upon this man to accompany me. When we came to the place we saw nothing more than usual. However, I begged him to go with me to another hill at a small distance, and there we saw your distressed situation.' When we got ashore I went with my two friends to a public house not far distant from where we landed and as we were relating the wonderful providence, the landlady said, 'This day month we saw a gentleman just in your situation, but before we could hasten to his relief he plunged into the sea, supposing, as we concluded, that his horse would swim to the shore but they both sank, and were drowned together.' I gave my deliverers all the money I had, which I think was about eighteen pence, and tarried all

night at the hotel. Next morning I was not a little embarrassed how to pay my reckoning, for the want of cash, and begged my landlord would keep a pair of silver spurs till I should redeem them; but he answered, 'The Lord bless you, sir; I would not take a farthing from you for the world.' After some serious conversation with the friendly people I bade them farewell, and recommenced my journey, rejoicing in the Lord, and praising him for his great salvation."

He set out for America mourning the recent loss of his wife, but courageous for his new career.

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From: HDM0324.tex

03 -- GEORGE SHADFORD'S EMBARKATION SCENE PICTURED SIX YEARS EARLIER IN A DREAM

After he had labored a few years as a local preacher, he was received by Mr. Wesley at the Bristol Conference, in 1768, as a traveling preacher. Having been useful in this sphere in Cornwall, Kent, and Norwich circuits, he met Captain Webb at the Leeds Conference in 1772, who was warmly exhorting the preachers to go to America. His spirit was stirred within him, and he gave his consent to go the following spring. When the time arrived, Mr. Wesley wrote to him in the following laconic style: "The time has come for you to embark for America. I let you loose, George, on this great continent; publish your mission in the open face of the sun, and do all the good you can." Those who following through the following five years of his arduous and successful labors in America, will comprehend the idea that was in Mr. Wesley's mind, when he talked of turning this fiery missionary loose on this great continent.

When Mr. Shadford arrived at Peel, where the ship lay in which he was to embark, a very remarkable dream, which he dreamed six years before, came very forcefully to his mind. It was as follows: "In my sleep I thought I received a letter from God, which read as follows -- 'You must go to preach the gospel in a foreign land, unto a fallen people, a mixture of nations.' I thought I was conveyed to the place where the ship lay, in which I was to embark, in an instant. The wharf and ship appeared to be as plain to me as if I were awake. I replied, Lord, I am willing to go in thy name; but I am afraid a people of different nations and languages will not understand me. The answer to this was -- 'Fear not, for I am with thee.' I awoke awfully impressed with the presence of God, and full of divine love, and a relish of it remained upon my spirit for many days. When I came to Peel and saw the ship and wharf, I said to Brother Rankin, 'This is the ship, the place, and the wharf which I saw in my dream six years ago.' This confirmed me that my way was of God."

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From: HDM0324.tex

04 -- LED OUT OF "THE SWAMP" OF SIN BY A DREAM

In 1771 Mr. Pilmoor, in company with Mr. R. Williams, went from New York to New Rochelle, for the purpose of preaching to the people. Hearing that there was a religious meeting at Mr. Frederick Deveau's, they went to it. The wife of Mr. Deveau, who then lay very sick, had a short time before dreamed that she was in a dismal, dark, and miry swamp, without path, light, or guide, where she wandered, faint and weary, until she was about to give up to die, when two men came to her, one of whom had a light, and offered to lead her out -- she followed them, and was safely brought to her family. The imagery of the dream so deeply impressed her, that she said she could describe the very person who led her out of the swamp. The Rev. Ichabod Lewis, a Presbyterian minister of White Plains, conducted the meeting that night. When he was done, Mr. Pilmoor desired permission to speak to the people before they withdrew. Mr. Lewis wished to know to what church he belonged; and, being told, he said he did not know who the Methodists were, and demanded his credentials of ordination; but, learning that he was not ordained, positively refused to let him speak. Mr. Pilmoor, finding out the proprietor of the house, asked his permission; who, going to the adjoining room to consult his sick wife, opened the door, when Mrs. Deveau saw Mr. Pilmoor standing in the other room, and exclaimed "There is the man who led me out of the swamp, and he must preach." Mr. Pilmoor began, and Mr. Lewis left the house; and while he was offering a full, free, and present salvation, Mrs. Deveau was, indeed, brought out of the swamp of spiritual mire and darkness, into the glorious light of peace and pardon; and, having enjoyed the blessed evidence of God's favor a few days, she died triumphant in the Lord. The following Saturday Mr. Pilmoor preached with great effect to the whole neighborhood, whom this remarkable providence had brought together.

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From: HDM0008.tex

05 -- PLANS TO SPREAD THE GOSPEL GIVEN TO GARRETTSON IN 1776

This year was also distinguished by very extensive revivals of religion, some of the most remarkable of which will be noticed. As may be seen by the preceding chapters, the Lord had raised up a number of zealous young men, who had entered the field of itinerancy with hearts fired and filled with love to God and the souls of men. Several of these were placed under the charge of Mr. Garrettson, who was requested by Bishop Asbury to penetrate the country north of the city of New York, and form as many circuits as he could.

A great portion of this country was entirely destitute of religious instruction, more especially the northern and western parts of New York state, and the state of Vermont. There were, to be sure, some small scattered congregations of Lutherans, and Dutch Reformed, along the banks of the Hudson River, and some Congregationalists and Baptists in Vermont. It is manifest, however, that experimental and practical religion was at a very low ebb; and in most of the places, particularly in the new settlements on the west side of the Hudson River, where not even the forms of it were to be found. The following is Mr. Garrettson's own account of the manner in which he was led in this holy enterprise:--

"I was very uneasy in my mind, being unacquainted with the country, an entire stranger to its inhabitants, there being no Methodist societies farther north than Westchester; but I gave myself

to earnest prayer for direction. I knew that the Lord was with me. In the night season, in a dream, it seemed as if the whole country up the North River, as far as Lake Champlain, east and west was open to my view.

"After conference adjourned, I requested the young men to meet me. Light seemed so reflected on my path that I gave them directions where to begin, and which way to form their circuits. I also appointed a time for each quarterly meeting, requested them to take up a collection in every place where they preached, and told them I should go up the North River to the extreme parts of the work, visiting the towns and cities in the way, and on my return, I should visit them all, and hold their quarterly meetings. I had no doubt but that the Lord would do wonders, for the young men were pious, zealous, and laborious."

This plan, so wisely conceived, was carried into execution, and the result was as anticipated. Many houses and hearts were opened to these men of God; and although they suffered some persecution from those who understood not their character and motives, God wrought by their hands in a wonderful manner, so that in the minutes for the next year upward of six hundred were returned as members of the Church on those circuits.

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From: HDM0013.tex

06 -- GARRETTSON'S DREAM ABOUT ANSWERING THE CALL TO PREACH

"In the month of March my conflicts were so great I almost sunk under them. The ungodly among my acquaintances knew not what was the matter with me: some would ask if I was sick, for I was much worn away. Others would say behind my back, he will come to nothing. I believe I had a more severe travail of soul before I submitted to be an itinerant preacher, than I had gone through for justifying grace. One day being almost weary of life, and under deep dejection, I thought if the Lord would manifest his will, I would through grace obey. I was next led to inquire how I was to expect this desired favor. I kneeled down by the bed and prayed to the Lord, by some means or other, to make a discovery to me, in the clearest manner, of what he would have me to do. I arose from my knees without any particular answer, much burdened and greatly distressed. I threw myself on the bed again, and in less than two minutes I was in a sound sleep. I dreamed I saw the devil come in at the door, and advance toward me; I thought a good angel came and spake to me, saying, 'Will you go and preach the Gospel?' I replied, 'I am unworthy, I cannot go.' Instantly the devil laid hold of my hand, and I began to struggle to get from him; I saw but one way that I could escape, and that was a very narrow one. The good angel said to me, 'There is a dispensation of the Gospel committed to you, and woe unto you, if you preach not the Gospel.' I struggled for some time to get from him, but in vain: at length I cried out, 'Lord, send by whom thou wilt, I am willing to go and preach thy Gospel.' No sooner had I thus submitted, than I saw the devil fly as it were through the end of the house in a flame of fire. I awoke: immediately every cloud was dispersed, and my soul was enraptured with the love of my Saviour. I wanted now to converse with some experienced person on the subject; my way now appeared so open, I thought I should never have any more doubts to contend with. I believe it was the next day I received a letter from brother D.

Ruff, desiring me to come and take the circuit a few weeks while he went to Philadelphia. I had no doubt but the Lord directed him to write thus.

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From: HDM0013.tex

07 -- GARRETTSON'S PREVIEW OF PEOPLE TO WHOM HE WOULD PREACH

"Individuals thought me an enthusiast, because I talked so much about feelings, and having impressions to go to particular places. I know the word of God is our infallible guide, and by it we are to try all our dreams and feelings. I also know, that both sleeping and waking, things of a divine nature have been revealed to me. One night the state of the people in Somerset and Sussex counties seemed to be shown me. In my dream I thought I had a large circuit formed; and the people were gathering to the banner of our Lord. On Friday, October 22d, I set out to form a circuit in those counties. On Sunday 24th, I arrived, and had an opportunity of preaching in a forest, both morning and afternoon, to hundreds who gathered to hear the new doctrine. I suppose many of them expected to be greatly diverted; for they were a people who had neither the form nor power of godliness. My text was, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world,' John i, 29. The first sermon was only preparatory to the second, which I preached after a few minutes intermission from 'And I saw the dead, both small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened, and another book was opened, which was the book of life, and the dead were judged out of those things written in the books, according to their works,' Rev. xx, 12. I was convinced my impressions in respect to this place were not enthusiastic, for the power of God was very manifest in the congregation; and there was weeping on every side. I suppose that more than thirty were powerfully wrought upon, all of whom not long after joined the society. I had invitations to preach from various quarters. The way was prepared in the same manner in which the Lord had revealed it to me; and sinners flocked to Jesus. Some of the people among whom I went, appeared as familiar to me as if I had been there frequently before.

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From: HDM0013.tex

08 -- THE BASSETTS' DREAMS

The following account of the commencement and progress of the work of God in Dorchester county, where the citizens were principally members of the Church of England, is taken from his printed journal and his manuscript notes. It began by means of a young lady who was niece to Judge E., of Dorchester county, and sister to the wife of the honorable Mr. Basset. Being on a visit, she fell in company with the Methodists, by whose means she was awakened to a sense of her lost and guilty state, and finally converted to God, and so became a pious follower of the blessed Jesus. When she returned to her uncle's in Dorchester, they thought she was beside herself. She, however, persevering in her Christian course, became instrumental in the conversion of her sister Mary, and a few others. Her sister became as zealous for God as herself; and soon after

another sister, Mrs. Basset, became a most blessed woman. "I have no doubt," says Mr. Garrettson "but that she lived and died a bright witness of sanctification."

The honorable Mr. Basset was an eminent lawyer in the state of Delaware. After he embraced religion, he became a member of congress, was afterward appointed one of the United States' judges; and finally, a governor of the state of Delaware. The substance of what follows Mr. Garrettson says he had from Mr. Basset's own mouth. At the time of the conversion of his lady and her sisters, who all three were eminently pious, Mr. Basset being a man of the world, and moving in the higher circles of fashionable society, became greatly distressed in mind on account of the Methodists, so that he had but little rest day or night. A court being soon to be held in Lewiston, in which he had a cause to manage as counsel, he concluded that when that should be completed, he would sell his property, and move to some distant part of the country, so as to rid himself of the "noisy Methodists." One night during the session of the court, he went to his bed chamber to rest. After falling into a profound sleep, he dreamed that he saw two devils in black standing by his bed side, who, he thought, had come to take him away. He trembled, and began to pray. The devils thereupon soon vanished, and were succeeded by the beautiful angels dressed in white standing near his bed. These, thought he, are messengers for good. Casting his eye toward the farthest corner of the room, he saw an aged, and very grave looking man, sitting in a large arm chair, frowning upon him, the angels still standing by his bed. He looked, and beheld a beautiful child advance to the aged man, and smiling pleasantly, began to fondle around him; but the aged man continued to frown. On this his sins were brought to his recollection, and it appeared to him that God the Father, represented by the aged man, was frowning on him, while Jesus Christ, represented by the little child, was interceding for him. The angels might justly represent the Holy Spirit directing the ministers of Christ, or his holy sisters presenting his case in prayer to a throne of grace.

He awoke in a sort of rapture, and immediately dedicated himself to the God who made him, and became a happy Christian. "From what I understood," says Mr. Garrettson, "Mrs. Basset had been praying for her husband's conversion and [that same night] she dreamed that God had converted his soul."

On returning home from court he met his family, and especially his pious lady, joyfully. When he related her what the Lord had done for him; "I know it," said she, "the blessed God told me so." So far from indulging in a desire [to move] away from the Methodists, they now became the people of his choice. "I knew him," says Mr. Garrettson, "many years after this, and he lived I believe like a Christian, and I doubt not died like one and is gone to glory. Mrs. Basset lived but a short time after she embraced religion. I was often at the house, and was with her in her last sickness, when she seemed filled with the perfect love of God. I felt as if the room was filled with ministering spirits; and she left the world praising God."

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From: HDM0013.tex

09 -- GARRETTSON'S DREAM OF HELL

"In my way to Devil's island I called in at a friend's house, where I laid down on a bed in a private room, and fell into a sound sleep. I began to dream, and thought some wicked people came to the place where I was, and spoke evil of the ways of God: the man of the house asked me to go to prayer; but it seemed as if I could neither sing nor pray with them: after a while they began to sing -- Satan was striving against me, and I was struggling with all my might. I wanted to call for help, but could not. It appeared to me that in a great measure I got the victory: in a short time I seemed to be dying. I began to search for my witness of God's favor, and I sensibly felt that I might have been more faithful. I wished to live longer that I might be instrumental in bringing souls to Jesus. Instead, however, of dying, I imagined that I fell into a trance, and was taken into the other world, where I had a view of hell. At first I had an imperfect view of it, and it was thought expedient for me to enter its mouth. O what an awful scene was presented to my mind! What feelings I had for precious souls! all my pain was for them, as I thought the fire had no power to hurt me; but I trembled to think of their agonies: on looking forward I could see no end to that sea of fire, whose high surges, one after another, with the interval of a few minutes, continually rolled along. I looked at them as they came, and saw the damned beat about by them in all the tortures of agony -- toiling and striving to stem the waves, which, like molten metal, drove them back, while the place resounded with their bitter groans. O, it was indescribably awful! Sometimes the sea would sink into a black calm, and a dismal noisome smoke would ascend. I stood and trembled while I saw the damned rising out of the embers, and then other waves of the liquid fire would arise and beat them back. As I stood looking, it was said, 'Will you after this be faithful in warning sinners?' I thought I would be more faithful than ever, and that my whole life should be spent in warning them. I then requested to be carried to heaven; but the answer was, 'You have seen enough; return and be faithful.' On awaking I sat up in the bed in wonder; then kneeling down, I found that the Lord Jesus was precious to my soul. At four, o'clock I preached on the island. Thanks be to my Saviour for these precious happy souls. Jesus was near to me! O Lord, make me more faithful than ever."

Whatever may be thought of the above dream, it is certain that there is a place of endless torment for the wicked in a future state, "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." And as "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," the things that God hath prepared for those that love him, so hath it not entered into the heart of man to conceive the things, the terribleness of that "blackness of darkness" which those must inherit who die unreconciled to God.

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From: HDM0016.tex

10 -- HOLY ANN IS INSTRUCTED TO WALK BY FAITH IN A DREAM

At the first dawn of consciousness in the morning her mouth was filled with praises and her hands clapping for joy. There was very little difficulty in maintaining her Christian life with such a joyous experience. One morning, however, she awoke, and instead of the usual sense of joy and the burst of praise, her lips were dumb. At once the temptation came, "You have lost the blessing." While thus tried, she fell asleep again and dreamed that she was talking to another woman with a like experience, and in her dream Ann urged her to walk by faith, quoting the text, "But the just

shall live by faith," and urged her just to trust God. With that she awoke and turned her sermon upon herself, with the resultant obtainment of perfect peace of mind.

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From: HDM0016.tex

11 -- HOLY ANN IS WARNED OF EVIL INTENTIONS IN A DREAM

In her long career Ann had quite a number of very narrow escapes, and there were several occasions on which it seemed as though the powers of evil had designed either to destroy her life or rob her of virtue. On one occasion Ann was out in the bush gathering some wood, as she did not care to trouble anyone else to do it. In a very lonely part a man suddenly appeared, and after watching her, asked why she was gathering wood, and why her husband did not do that kind of work for her. Innocently Ann answered, "I have no husband. I am joined to the Lord." Looking around in every direction, he asked, "How far is it to the nearest house?" "Oh," Ann said, "it is a good way off." Then, as though restrained, he said, "Well, if you come down to-morrow I will bring a big load of wood here, but don't come till after dark." Quite innocently Ann promised that she would come for it. That night she received a warning dream, in which the evil intentions of the man were revealed, and Ann was saved from what was evidently a snare prepared for her. Many years afterward, while visiting in the lower section of the city, she was asked by a friend to call at a certain house which was notorious as a den of vice. When Ann entered the door she recognized in the man who kept the place the very one who had met her in the bush years ago, and one of the women that were with him immediately recognized Ann. The old lady at once knelt down in that sinful place and prayed for them. As she confessed, she was very glad to get out of it once more.

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From: HDM0016.tex

12 -- KNOWLEDGE OF A DEATH GIVEN HOLY ANN IN A DREAM

It has been written, "He that is faithful in that which is least shall be made ruler of much," and it is a general principle that those who are untrue in the so-called secular matters of life can never be made powerful in the spiritual realm. Ann kept her covenant with the Reid family, and stayed with them until, first Mrs. Reid. and then later the old doctor, had passed away nor did her task end then; she continued to keep house for the family that was left until they grew up and her services were required no longer. Even then she constantly followed them with her prayers. Two of the boys left the old homestead and determined to seek their fortunes in the South, and took up residence in New Orleans. A cousin accompanied them on this journey. They had not long resided there when a terrible plague of yellow fever visited the city. People died by hundreds and thousands and were carted away to the outskirts of the city without any ceremony whatever. For two weeks at this period without knowing what was occurring Ann had a great burden of prayer, and used to go daily to her friend, Mrs. Hughes, and together they interceded on behalf of the two absent boys. During this time Ann had a vision one night that Joshua, the youngest, had died. So certain was she of this that the next morning she visited Mrs. Hughes and told her that she knew

Joshua was dead, and that she could no longer pray for him. This friend tried to persuade Ann that it was the constant thought and care for the boys and her undue anxiety that caused her to think thus. But Ann was persistent in stating that her Father had given her the dream and that it must be so. The cousin kept in correspondence with the two girls who were at home with Ann. He reported that both of the boys had fever, but it was not until six weeks after, when Henry, the other brother, had fully recovered from the fever, that he sent home word that Joshua had died, and when the date became known it was found that it was on the very night of Ann's dream.

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From: HDM0029.tex

13 -- A DREAM ABOUT THE "BRAND" OF SIN

A gentleman related to us several years ago the following dream. He dreamed that he had committed a crime, a heinous offense, a sin the thought of which in his waking moments he would not allow to enter in his mind a moment; yet in his night visions he committed this deed. In his dream he was passing down the street, bearing his heart load, when suddenly a man sprang upon him from behind a corner, and with a red-hot iron branded him upon face and throat. The brand bore the name of the sin!

Even in slumber the sense of shame and pain was intolerable, amounting to an indescribable agony. He at once began to run, and sped like the wind block after block, but the thought which burned and blistered equal to the scorching letters, and which he could not outrun, was, "Everybody sees the word which has been stamped upon you."

We have related this dream in order to illustrate the peculiar power of the soul about which we are writing. It seizes the guilty mind, writes on it the sin of the life, and then presses home the thought, "Everybody knows the sin, for everybody sees it!"

When a pastor of large city churches, we never relaxed our efforts, but we immediately felt the effect of this power. The neglect of pastoral work would in point of time scarcely cover a week, not enough to have excited comment, yet the disturbing thought would continually arise, "Everybody is talking about your slothfulness."

A young man of our acquaintance once complained to us that people were talking about his private life, his habit of secret drinking, when the truth was that no one dreamed of it. And so, not suspecting his intemperance, there had not been any comment by the community on the subject. The voice within was so loud that he thought it was the verdict of society against him. The strange inward testifier swept out and came back upon the sufferer's own soul after the manner of a boomerang. It pointed its own hand at the man and said this is not a finger, but the tongue of the public. All men are talking about you.

It is doubtless this very feeling or conviction which brings the criminal to confession, or, if he flies for life from country to country, betrays him finally into the hands of justice. Murder will

out is an old saying, and men said it because of their knowledge of this distressing and terrible power that is resident in man.

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From: HDM0039.tex

14 -- A DREAM THAT PULLED THE STRING

An evangelist tells of a boy sitting on a doorstep in the twilight and looking upward. He was asked what he was doing, and he replied, "Flying my kite." The gentleman responded, "I don't see any kite." The boy said, "No, it is too dark now, and the kite is too high up, but just feel the string." Then as the gentleman held the cord a moment the lad said with a smile, "Don't you feel it pull?" There was no question after that, and the man walked away with a sermon in his heart.

The father and mother have gone into the tomb; the wife and child have flitted away from the fireside into heaven; they no longer are seen, but oh how their lives and influences pull the heart.

The same preacher tells of an infidel father who came home from the funeral of his only child. Grief-stricken, he entered his lonely and bereft home and flung himself upon his bed with a heart feeling like lead. Exhausted by much watching, he fell asleep, and dreamed that he came to a dark rushing river. On the other shore he saw to his delight his little daughter, who stretched her arms to him and cried, "Come this way, father." He felt even in his dream that she was calling him to heaven, and with the following words strangely sounding in his ears, "He that believeth on the Son of God shall be saved," he, all broken and softened, awoke with tears and prayers, and falling on his knees by his bedside was saved.

The string pulled.

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From: HDM0054.tex

15 -- HE SAW WHAT COULD HAVE BEEN HIMSELF IN A DREAM

We once read of a man who had a vision one night as he slept. There stood before him a shining being of such beauty of countenance, such dignity of bearing, such glory of appearance, that his soul almost swooned at the sight. In a little while the form began to fade away, and a voice said aloud, in his dream: "This would have been yourself, had you not turned aside from the will of God, and thus lost the grace that would thus have transformed you!"

Many will feel the truth contained in that vision in the eternal world. There is no second probation. There is no other opportunity given us after death to sell all take up the cross, deny self daily, and follow Christ. We will see our mistake too late. We can not come back to school; for the school-house is burned up, with all its works.

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From: HDM0054.tex

16 -- CONVINCED OF THE NEED OF HOLINESS BY A DREAM

"After meeting the society, I talked with a sensible woman, whose experience seemed peculiar. She said: 'A few days before Easter last, I was deeply convinced of sin and in Easter-week I knew that my sins were forgiven, and was filled with 'joy and peace in believing.' But in about eighteen days I was convinced, in a dream, of the necessity of a higher salvation, and I mourned day and night, in an agony of desire, to be thoroughly sanctified, till, on the twenty-third day after my justification, I found a total change, together with a clear witness that the blood of Jesus had cleansed me from all unrighteousness.' " (Wesley's Journal, June 23, 1761.)

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From: HDM0292.tex

17 -- HER ASCENSION TO GLORY PICTURED IN A DREAM

Can I forget the happy seasons and manifestations of the power of God, which I have witnessed at Bicton-Mill, with my Brother Body and his family? No, never by me can these things be forgotten; particularly while at one time conversing with the eldest daughter, Mary. She had for some time known her acceptance in Christ, but now she said, "I want to be cleansed from inbred sin, and to love God with all my heart." I told her, "The will of God is your sanctification, and God Himself had expressly said, 'I will "sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean:... a new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit I will put within you.'" Here," said I, "the eternal God speaks to you. Take Him at His word; and, at once 'reckon yourself to be dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God, through Jesus Christ.'" She obeyed the command; and, through an act of faith in the atonement, entered into the glorious rest of the people of God:--

"A rest where all our souls' desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love."

She now told me she felt the blood of Christ had cleansed her from all sin. I corresponded with her for some years. She was a burning and a shining light; but the Lord did not leave her long a member of His church below. A short time before she was taken ill, she said to her sister, "I dreamed last night I was with you and others in a prayer meeting. It was a blessed time, and we were all happy in God. But it seemed to me I was suspended in the air above you all." she died in the faith, leaving a blessed testimony behind her that she is gone to glory.

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From: HDM0292.tex

18 -- CARVOSSO'S SECURITY IN CHRIST FELT IN A DREAM

Oct. 17th. While I lay awake last night, my mind was suddenly impressed, as if a voice had spoken to me, that it was my privilege to converse with God. I cried out, "What, such a worm, -- an unworthy worm as I am, -- converse with God!" The thought caused my heart to leap for joy; while new scenes of glory shone around me. It appeared as if I was on the suburbs of heaven. In this happy frame of mind I fell asleep, and dreamed I was in a boat, on the water while hoisting the sail, a gust of wind took it, and the man at the helm cried out, "We shall all be drowned." As the scene appeared as vivid as if it had been real, I expected every moment to be swallowed up in the watery deep. But I felt no fear, my mind was sweetly tranquil, expecting instant heaven. Just then I awoke, and my heart was deeply affected with gratitude towards God, because he had kept me from fear in the immediate prospect of death. This vision of the night has done my soul much good.

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From: HDM0292.tex

19 -- IMPENDING DAMNATION SEEN IN A DREAM

I have lately had the joy of seeing three old backsliders return unto God, and besides, of seeing their backslidings healed. O that others of this class would also return to the Lord before repentance is hid from their eyes! On the death of one of these poor, unhappy wanderers, I have lately had many sorrowful reflections. For some years she was a member of my class, but her heart departed from God, and then she left His people. I followed her closely in her wanderings from the "fountain of living waters," and frequently warned her, and entreated her to return. At length she gave me a flat denial, saying, "I will never join the society at ____." The Lord still strove with her. One night she had a most terrific dream, and by her horrid screams in sleep, she alarmed the house in which she lived, When pressed the following morning to tell what it was that induced her to utter such cries in the night, she was not at first willing it should be known, but after a while she said, "I dreamed I was dying unprepared, and that I saw Satan standing by the bedside, waiting to carry away my departing soul." When I heard of this, I told her it was certainly an awful warning from God, and that she ought not any longer to quench the Spirit. But all was in vain; her heart continued obdurate. When she got married, feeling I could not yet entirely give her up, I went to her house for the purpose of once more trying to persuade her to return to that Savior whom she had forsaken, but my efforts were apparently fruitless. Judge what were my feelings when, a short time after, I heard she was dead! She was ill only from the Friday to the Tuesday following. The doctors who attended her saw the disease was mortal and told her husband of it. She had no apprehension of danger herself, and her husband had not the courage to communicate the doctor's opinion till just before she expired!

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From: HDM0258.tex

20 -- CAUGHEY TOLD ABOUT A DREAM OF SALVATION

Today I received the following letter from a good man in Leeds:

"Dear Sir: In the month of August, previous to your last visit to Leeds, I was sick in the Leeds Hospital, and an unconverted sinner. As I lay delirious of typhus fever, I dreamt that a stranger from a far country stood before me. He was in the act of preaching salvation to poor sinners, urging me and all of us to flee from the wrath to come, and warned us against false prophets that would come -- yea, and had already come.

"He approached me and asked if I was willing to be saved. I said I was. Then, laying his hand upon my shoulder, he said: 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Instantly I saw Jesus Christ upon the cross, between the two thieves. He was bleeding. I saw his five wounds plain to my eye as ever the Roman soldiers who crucified him did.

"I asked, 'What is to become of my wife and child?' The stranger replied, 'They shall be saved, too.'

"I recovered, and told my wife my vision; but she treated it as dreams are treated; but soon after our child died. Thus was one saved out of the three.

"Well, sir, on the Sabbath night you preached at Oxford-place Chapel, my wife was there, got awakened, and converted to God. Home she came, a new woman, with the news about a strange minister who had arrived in town; telling me of the cries for mercy among sinners stricken down by the word of God. Two out of the three were now saved, -- one in heaven, the other on earth.

"My soul was seized with a strange emotion. I said, 'I'll go and hear him, too.' I went; but the moment I saw you in the pulpit, I exclaimed, 'That is the very man I saw in my dream in the hospital.' True as eternity, sir, is what I am telling you. The sermon troubled me. After sermon, you came down and made your way through the crowd, and came to me and paused, and laid your hand upon my shoulder, -- you did, sir, -- just where I felt it in my hospital dream. I left the chapel; but heard you again and again; seeing nothing before me but eternity, with its blackness of darkness.

"Well, sir, one night, in prayer at my house, when I was pleading for mercy, light sprang up in my heart bright as noonday; but I did not understand it. The following Sabbath I was freely justified by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Now, the three were saved; and my wife and self are on our way to heaven. I hope, sir, you will see in these things tokens of the providence of God. We have one favor to ask, -- a copy of those lines you repeated from a German poet; and tell us how the work is advancing in Huddersfield; -- and yet another favor, that you will visit us in Leeds before you leave England. J. S."

I know not how to account for the above on any other principle than as a divine interposition. I have only inserted his initials; but he gave me his name in full, and place of residence.

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From: HDM0204.tex

21 -- A DREAM REVEALS FEW DEMONS NEEDED AT THE CHURCH

One man dreamed that he was in such peculiar psychical state that he could see both the things of the physical and of the spiritual worlds. An angel became his guide and they walked down by the church where there was some sort of a social affair on for the purpose of raising money for the church. The people were hilarious and light. Up on the steeple of the church they saw a small demon who sat there nodding and dozing. Down the country road they came to a small cottage where they found the yard filled with demons of every size and description. Some sat on the roof of the cottage, some stood ready to dash in at the door at the first opportunity. The man was horrified and asked what disreputable company was in the habit of gathering there. But the angel said: "There live here a good old man and his wife. Last week they went to the holiness meeting and both sought and obtained the blessing of entire sanctification, and this so enraged the devil that he has sent up unusual detachments of wicked spirits to attempt to cause them to backslide. There are demons of pride, demons of discouragement, demons of false modesty, demons of covetousness, every sort of demon and each is bidden of his master to make the fullest and strongest effort to find the vulnerable spot with these old people and either wreck their faith or, failing of this, to wreck their influence." "But," said the man, "how is it that down at the church there was just the one lone demon, and even he did not seem much engaged in the affairs?" "Oh," replied the angel, "at the beginning of the evening Satan sent up that one little demon as a spy, with orders that he should observe and send back word for any re-enforcements that might be required. But things have gone so to the devil's liking down there this evening that no re-enforcements have been required. In fact the little spy himself has had very little to do. For it is the regular custom of the devil to not bother much about affairs so long as he can get men to do his work."

Of course this is but a dream, but it illustrates the fact that the closer one walks with God the fiercer the temptations of the devil, and the more careless he is the less the devil seems to worry about him.

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From: HDM0074.tex

22 -- ADAM CLARKE'S GIFT OF A POLYGLOTT BIBLE FORESEEN IN A DREAM

One morning, a preacher's wife who lodged in the same family, said, "Mr. C., I had a strange dream last night." "What was it, Mrs. D.," said he? "Why, I dreamed that some person, I know not who, had made you a present of a Polyglott Bible." He answered, "That I shall get a Polyglott soon, I have no doubt, but how, or by whom, I know not." -- In the course of a day or

two, he received a letter containing a bank-note of 10£. from a person from whom he never expected any thing of the kind: he immediately exclaimed, here is the Polyglott! -- He laid by the cash, wrote to a friend in London, who procured him a tolerably good copy of Walton's Polyglott, the price exactly 10£.

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From: HDM0193.tex

23 -- T. DE WITT TALMADGE'S DREAM OF HEAVEN

"One night, lying on my couch when very tired, my children all around me in full romp and hilarity and laughter, half awake and half asleep, I dreamed this dream: "I was in a country. It was not in Persia, although more than oriental luxuries crowned the cities. It was not in the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens. It was not in Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around looking for thorns and nettles, but I found that they did not grow there; and I saw the sun rise and watched to see it set, but it set not. And I saw people in holiday attire, and I said, 'When will they put off all this, and put on workman's garb, and delve in the mine or swelter at the forge? But they never put off the holiday attire.

"And I wandered in the suburbs of the city to find the place where the dead sleep, and I looked all along the line for beautiful hills, -- the place where the dead might most blissfully sleep, -- and I saw towers and castles, but not a mausoleum or a monument or a white slab was to be seen. And I went to the chapel of the great town, and I said: 'Where do the poor worship, and where are the benches on which they sit?' And the answer was made me: 'We have no poor in this country.'

"And then I wandered out to find the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold; but not a tear could I see, not a sigh could I hear; and I was bewildered, and sat down under the branches of a great tree, and I said: 'Where am I, and whence comes all this scene?' And then out from among the leaves and up to the flowery paths and across the shifting streams, there came a beautiful group thronging about me, and as I saw them come I thought I knew their step, and as they shouted I thought I knew their voices, but they were so gloriously arrayed in apparel such as I had never before witnessed, that I bowed as stranger to stranger. But when again they clapped their hands and shouted, 'Welcome! Welcome!' the mystery all vanished, and I found that time had gone and eternity had come, and we were all together again in our new home in Heaven.

"And I looked around, and I said, 'Are we all here?' And the voices of many generations responded, 'All here!' And while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we all together began to leap and shout and sing, 'Home, Home, Home, Home!'"

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From: HDM0489.tex

24 -- CIRCUMSTANCES OF WILLIAM TAYLOR'S CALL SEEN IN A DREAM

A few weeks after I was saved I dreamed I was at a preaching service and at the close, when the preacher dismissed the congregation, he remained standing in the pulpit and sang a hymn. Most of the people in attendance retired, and as I sat in front of the pulpit looking at the minister, he suddenly stopped his singing and fixing his eyes on me, said, "William; God has a great work for you to do and if you will 'confer not with flesh and blood,' turn neither to the right hand or the left, but follow the leading of the Holy Spirit, your wisdom will increase like a continual dripping into a bucket." In my dream I saw the empty bucket and the pure sparkling drops falling into it, and learned from that hour never to say in response to any call to perform duty, "Please to excuse me, I am not prepared."

The next Sabbath after this vision, our pastor, Rev. Wm. Enos of the Baltimore Conference, at the close of his sermon dismissed the congregation, and while the majority of the people were retiring the preacher remained standing in the pulpit and sang a hymn. He stopped suddenly and looked at me, and then came down to me and said, "William you will please to go out!"

I grabbed my hat and cut for home, a distance of two miles. Striding over the hills like a racer, I was wondering what on earth I could have done that our preacher should order me out of the class meeting.

When my father returned home he said, "William, what became of you? Brother Enos sent me to call you in and I could not find you."

"No, sir; I was not to be found in those parts. When the preacher ordered me out of the house I thought it was time for me to start, and the grass had no time to grow under my feet."

"Well, you had nothing to be scared about. When you left, Brother Enos addressed the class and said, 'I have had my eye on William Taylor for some time, and I am satisfied that God has a great work for him to do, and if you think as I do in regard to him, I will be glad to give him a license to exhort.' The vote was unanimous. Then he wanted me to call you in. I was ashamed to report that you were not to be found."

I said but little, but thought much. My dream recurred to my mind with the beginning of its fulfillment, and I said to myself, "Who is sufficient for these things? I have nothing but an empty bucket, but I see how it is to be filled, and I have nothing to do but obey the orders of my Sovereign and my Saviour. He has not promised to fill me with knowledge but with wisdom. So that I may adapt means to ends, and with a little knowledge do great execution."

I soon began to realize the call of the Spirit, to devote my life wholly to soul-saving. Nothing else appeared to be worth living for, and I became so burdened in spirit as to jeopardize my health of body and mind.

Again the Lord instructed me in the night seasons. In my sleep an invisible person who seemed to be close to me, talked most kindly and sweetly to my spirit, reminding me of the

command of Jesus, "that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father, what saith he, ye have heard of me." "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." Then continued my Heavenly Teacher, 'the prophetic spirit of Jonah shall be given unto you.'

"The anticipatory thrill of such a commission went through me, and I awoke, and patiently waited while I continued to work with earnestness."

Soon after he received a license to exhort, he looked at it and said, "What a responsibility and nothing to fill it but an empty bucket."

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From: HDM0489.tex

25 -- LEVI JOHNSON'S SAFETY IN CHRIST SEEN IN A DREAM

If ever his satanic majesty hated a company of saints, it seems to me he hated these missionaries, and if it had been in his province as "the prince of the power of the air" to have drowned them in the deepest sea, I have no doubt he would have gladly done so.

Mark the following letter from Levi D. Johnson, M. D. The letter was mailed at Madeira Island, February 12, where the steamer Biaffra stopped on which they sailed from Liverpool to Africa. He says:--

"I had a blessed experience one terrible stormy night. Would that I could paint it as I saw it. Had suffered much all day, and was weary with the tossing of the ship. During the night I dreamed I was here under just my present circumstances. I thought a storm was raging on the deep and I trying to keep in my bunk. I arose and looked out over the waste of troubled waters and saw the Angel of Death flying directly toward the ship. I at once recognized him and in a few moments he entered my state-room and stood in front of me, and looking me squarely in the face said, 'Who are you?' I replied, 'I am a poor worm of the dust, washed in the blood of Jesus. My name is Levi D. Johnson and I am now on my way from America to Africa to carry the good news of the gospel of Jesus Christ to dark benighted hearts.' For an instant he looked at me intensely, then said as he hastened away, 'I could not drown you if I would.' Instantly I awoke and a calm sense of absolute safety filled my whole being. How good our Father is to give us these manifestations of His love and pity. Bless His name. I do love Him.

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From: HDM0551.tex

26 -- P. F. ELLIOTT SEES HIS LOSTNESS IN A DREAM

I well remember a dream which left a great impression on my life. After a day of disobeying my parents, mother put me to bed. Soon after falling asleep I dreamed that my father's

whole family (which were seven boys and three girls) were all sitting in the large front room. There seemed to appear in our midst two men, who were Elijah and Jesus. While Elijah seemed to stand in the center of the room, Jesus walked around and, taking each one by the hand, looked them in the face. Oh, I shall never forget that look! It haunted me from that time on. At last He stopped in front of me, and seemed to say, "You will be lost," and suddenly disappeared upward. I awoke with a guilty conscience. I have had many dreams since, but none have ever made the impression upon my mind that that one did.

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From: HDM0361.tex

27 -- BENJAMIN ABBOTT'S DREAMS OF HELL AND HEAVEN

About the thirty-third year of my age, I dreamed that I died and was carried to hell, which appeared to me to be a large place, arched over, containing three apartments with arched doors to go from one apartment to another. I was brought into the first, where I saw nothing but devils and evil spirits, which tormented me in such a manner, that my tongue or pen cannot express. I cried for mercy, but in vain. There appeared to me a light like a star, at a great distance from me; I strove to get to it, but all in vain. Being hurried into the second apartment, the devils put me into a vice and tormented me until my body was all in a gore of blood. I cried again for mercy, but still in vain. I observed that a light followed me, and I heard one say to me, "How good doth this light appear to you." I was soon hurried into the third apartment, where there were scorpions with stings in their tails, fastened in sockets at the end thereof: their tails appeared to be about a fathom long, and every time they struck me, their stings, which appeared an inch and a half in length, stuck fast in me, and they roared like thunder. Here I was constrained to cry again for mercy. As fast as I pulled out the sting of one, another struck me. I was hurried through this apartment to a lake that burned with fire; it appeared like a flaming furnace, and the flames dazzled like the sun. The devils were here in the souls of men and women. There appeared two regiments of devils moving through the arches, blowing up the flames; and when they came to the end, one regiment turned to the right and the other to the left, and came round the pit, and the screeches of the damned were beyond the expression of man. When it came to my turn to be thrown in, one devil took me by the head and another by the feet, and with the surprise I awoke and found it a dream. But O! what horror seized my guilty breast! I thought I should die and be damned. This brought seriousness to my mind for about eight or ten days, in which I made many promises to mend my life, but they soon wore off again.

About five or six weeks after this I dreamed that I died, and was carried into one of the most beautiful places I ever saw, and my guide brought me to one of the most elegant buildings I ever beheld, and when we came to it the gates opened to us of their own accord, and we went straight forward into the building, where we were met by a company of the heavenly host, arrayed in white raiment down to their feet. We passed on through the entry until we came to a door on the right, which stood about half open; passing a little forward, we made a stand before the door; I looked in, and saw the Ancient of Days sitting upon his throne, and all around him appeared a dazzling splendor. I stood amazed at the sight, one stepped forward to me arrayed in white, which I knew to be my wife's mother, and said to me, "Benjamin, this place is not for you yet;" so I

returned, and my guide brought me back. I awoke with amaze at what I had seen, and concluded that I should shortly die, which brought all my sins before me, and caused me to make many promises to God to repent.

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From: HDM0417.tex

28 -- SUSAN FITKIN'S CALL TO PREACH IN A DREAM

In the late fall I was strong enough to take a trip to visit my oldest brother who lived forty miles away, and I stayed several weeks. It was while there that, one night in December, God came and spoke very definitely to me about my life work.

I had been reading and thinking a great deal about the second coming of Christ, and this particular night I dreamed about it. It seemed as if I was in a little chapel with many of my friends and relatives, when Jesus suddenly appeared. I heard the trumpet sound and the sky was lighted with a radiant glory. I ran to the door in ecstasy to meet Him, when I was startled with loud wailing cries, and looking back, saw most of the people on their faces, Crying out in fear and anguish. I awoke trembling and greatly moved, and was wondering what it all meant, when I became conscious of the Divine Presence. It was like a person standing beside my bed, and in an audible voice Saying solemnly: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature!"

I was astonished, for I was still an invalid, with no hope of living more than two or three years, but the memory of my dream, and all those people begging for mercy when it was too late, had so stirred my heart that I at once replied, "Oh, Lord, I will go, but you know how frail I am; you will have to take all the responsibility." He assured me that He would, and a great peace filled my soul.

This was such a clear, definite call that I never doubted it.

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From: HDM0482.tex

29 -- GUIDED TO A HOLINESS CHURCH THROUGH A DREAM

One Sunday morning Watson had a vision or dream. He saw the words PILGRIM HOLINESS CHURCH. He could not get away from the dream or vision. He arose early and started to walk down the street in Georgetown. It was a custom then, in that city, to tell to the first person one met his dream and see if he could interpret it. That morning he met a man and told him the dream or vision. He asked him if he knew of a church by that name. He had never heard tell of it.

The man said, "BLESS GOD, I AM A MEMBER OF THAT CHURCH."

Watson asked him to take him to it and that morning Watson was saved.

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From: HDM0401.tex

30 -- MARY SPARKES WHEELER HELPED TO HOLINESS BY A DREAM

Presenting myself to Christ was such a reasonable sacrifice, and after doing this it was so easy to reckon myself dead indeed unto sin and alive unto God. If an angel had come down from heaven and handed me the book I could not have believed more fully that God sent it to me. Now the mystery vanished and the simplicity of faith amazed me, and in the calmness of that hour I took Jesus as my complete Saviour from all sin. There was no rapturous joy, but the burden was gone. The "man of sin" was cast out, and Christ had entire possession, while a peace which passeth all understanding seemed to permeate my entire being.

That night I dreamed that in company with a friend, who had a few weeks before entered into this perfect peace, I was walking on a narrow strip of land "twixt two unbounded seas," when suddenly a cyclone or storm of wind arose. I looked at my friend. It did not disturb her did not even move the folds of her dress -- while I was powerless before it. It lifted me from the earth and was bearing me out to the ocean. I caught hold of the branches of a tree that overhung the water, but they began to bend and break. I thought, "I shall surely be drowned in the depths of the sea."

In my anguish I cried, "Lord, increase my faith! Lord, increase my faith!" Immediately the branches broke, but instead of sinking I began to rise, and with nothing but the ocean beneath me and the sky above me, I floated outward and upward nearer and nearer to God, while my soul was filled with ineffable glory.

In a few moments I was awakened by my now sainted mother, who said: "What is the matter? Do you know you were making a noise? You were shouting Glory! at the top of your voice." "It was only a dream, dear mother; but God has been teaching me wondrously today, and tonight He is teaching me to let go of every earthly support and by simple faith alone launch out into the ocean of God's infinite love."

I rested here for about two weeks, when one day the Holy Spirit whispered: "'They overcame by the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony.' You have believed and received, now confess Him." The enemy said: "Will you dare profess that you are perfect in love when you have no evidence, only the Word?"

I said, "Yes! I know, by faith I know. God's Word is more reliable than my emotions; when I have a favorable opportunity I will tell to the glory of God what He has done for me." A few days after, while seated at the tea-table with a company of Christians, a clergyman said to me: "My young sister, have you ever reached the point where you felt you could claim Christ as your Saviour from all sin? Do you love God supremely?" I replied, "I trust I have. I hope I do." Instantly

the Spirit seemed to say, "That is not faith. That is not definite. That does not glorify me. You said you knew by faith. Tell them so."

I said so loud that all could hear, "Yes, I know that Jesus saves me from all sin. I do love God with all my heart." No sooner had I uttered the words than I felt a strength and power imparted that I had never before experienced. That evening the pastor called upon me to pray audibly, and while lifting my heart to Christ the Holy Ghost fell upon me, and I was lost in "wonder, love, and praise."

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From: HDM0091.tex

31 -- STRUGGLE WITH A "SNAKE" FORESEEN IN A DREAM

Doctor Bresee narrated a rather amusing incident which occurred at one of the protracted meetings at Brooklyn. To put it in his words: "Brother Barnhard went ahead to begin the services, and I was to fill the appointment and come later. A few days after he opened the meeting, I came and stopped at the hotel. They were Methodist people. I saw these same people many years afterward, and we had quite a laugh over what occurred.

"As I sat in the hotel parlor, I remarked, 'Well, Brother Barnhard, how does the meeting go?' He said, 'Pretty well.' I said, 'I had such a strange dream about you.' He said, 'What was it?' 'Well,' I said, 'I dreamed that you and I went fishing, and were fishing along down the brook, with our hands, catching some fishes, quite nice fish, and all at once you stirred up a snake, and it stood right up before you, and ran out its tongue at you, and you had a tremendous fight with that snake.' 'Well,' he said, 'That is a true vision. I have caught some fish, and I have seen the snake.' He referred to a certain woman that was in the meeting, and gave me a little description of the occurrence. Who heard us talking we never knew, but our conversation was overheard, and that woman was told about it. As a result, she got up in the meeting and abused Barnhard, just as the snake had attacked him in my dream."

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From: HDM0091.tex

32 -- SAN FRANCISCO DESTRUCTION FORESEEN IN A DREAM

In January, 1906, Rev. C. B. Langdon took charge of the work in San Francisco, which up to that time was in a very weak condition. Brother Langdon, who was a converted locomotive engineer, was a man of the most heroic and self-sacrificing mold. He never asked about a salary, or the probabilities of receiving support, but seemed to delight in doing the hardest kind of pioneer work. He was one of the brightest, happiest men it has ever been my privilege to meet. He lived and thrived where most men would starve, maintained constant victory, and laid firm foundations for others to build on. His preaching was earnest, spiritual, and expository, and full of sparkling and strikingly original illustrations and applications of the truth. Under his leadership, the little

church in San Francisco took on strength and numbers. Shortly prior to the great earthquake and fire in San Francisco, the Lord gave Brother Langdon a vision of the city as it was being destroyed by a mighty conflagration, and when a little later he saw it in flames, he plainly recognized many things that he had seen in his dream.

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From: HDM0350.tex

33 -- NEED TO EXPECT PRAYER-ANSWERS SEEN IN A DREAM

So many are like the woman in her dream. In the dream she seemed to be in the antechamber of heaven. It all seemed like a great department store. Many counters, some loaded, others with nothing on them at all. It all seemed a mystery. Presently an angel came along to explain. She saw a table marked with her own name, loaded with many things she would like, and some things for which she had even prayed. She saw a table not far from hers marked, "Sister Brown." Then the angel explained, "This is the delivery room. People come here and take their answers. Your table is loaded with things ready for you, but you have never taken them. Not so with Sister Brown. When she asks, she comes at once to take her answers. Nothing lies around her table." She awoke from her dream, to not only ask but receive.

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From: HDM0336.tex

34 -- YOUNG MADAM GUYON'S VISION OF HELL IN A DREAM

The succeeding night I dreamed of Hell, and though I was so young, time has never been able to efface the frightful ideas impressed upon my imagination. All appeared horrible darkness, where souls were punished, and my place among them was pointed out. At this I wept bitterly, and cried, "Oh, my God, if Thou wilt have mercy upon me, and spare me yet a little longer, I will never more offend Thee."

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From: HDM0336.tex

35 -- WHY MADAM GUYON RELATED DREAMS

On my return from Paris, I left myself in the hands of God, resolved not to take any step, either to make the thing succeed or to hinder it, either to advance or retard it, but singly to move as He should be pleased to direct me. I had mysterious dreams, which portended nothing but crosses, persecutions and afflictions. My heart submitted to whatever it should please God to ordain. I had one which was very significant. Being employed in some necessary work, I saw near me a little animal which appeared to be dead. This animal I took to be the envy of some persons, which seemed to have been dead for some time. I took it up, and as I saw it strove hard to bite me, and

that it magnified to the eye, I cast it away. I found thereupon that it filled my fingers with sharp-pointed prickles like needles. I came to one of my acquaintance to get him to take them out; but he pushed them deeper in, and left me so, till a charitable priest of great merit, (whose countenance is still present with me, though I have not yet seen him, but believe I shall before I die) took this animal up with a pair of pincers. As soon as he held it fast, those sharp prickles fell off, of themselves. I found that I easily entered into a place, which before had seemed inaccessible. And although the mire was up to my girdle, in my way to a deserted church, I went over it without getting any dirt. It will be easy to see in the sequel what this signified. Doubtless you will wonder that I, who makes so little account of things extraordinary, relate dreams. I do it for two reasons; first out of fidelity, having promised to omit nothing of what should come to my mind; secondly, because it is the method God makes use of to communicate Himself to faithful souls, to give them foretokens of things to come, which concern them. Thus mysterious dreams are found in many places of the holy Scriptures. They have singular properties, as -- 1. To leave a certainty that they are mysterious, and will have their effect in their season. 2. To be hardly ever effaced out of the memory, though one forgets all others. 3. To redouble the certainty of their truth every time one thinks of them. 4. They generally leave a certain unction, a divine sense or savor at one's waking.

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From: HDM0336.tex

36 -- IN A DREAM MADAME GUYON SAW A FRIEND BECOME AN ENEMY

Several times I saw in dreams Father La Mothe raising persecutions against me. Our Lord let me know that this would be and that Father La Combe would forsake me in the time of persecution. I wrote to him, and it disquieted him greatly. He thought his heart was united to the will of God and too desirous of serving me, to admit such desertion; yet it has since been found quite true.

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From: HDM0095.tex

37 -- M. L. HANEY'S CAPTAIN FORESEES HIS DEATH IN A DREAM

The Mississippi River being cleared to Vicksburg, everything now centered in taking that stronghold. Sherman's force was to reach the mouth of the Yazoo, above the city, and await the arrival of Grant's force across the country, but the latter was compelled to return to Memphis. After Sherman effected a landing on the Yazoo River, it leaked out, some way, that he was to wait till General McClernard arrived, who was the ranking officer, and would assume command. This angered Sherman's officers and was displeasing to Sherman as well. A council of war was held, and the decision arrived at, that "we would be in Vicksburg or in hell," before General McC. arrived. Many, I fear, reached the latter place, but we did not get into Vicksburg.

Before leaving for Chickasaw Bayou, where the battle was to be fought, Captain Schleich, of Co. F, took breakfast with my mess, and after eating said boys, I am going to be killed in this

battle, and I want you to bury me in this sand bank!" I attempted to change his trend of thought, but without success. The night before leaving Memphis he was quite unwell, and his tent did not protect him from rain. I had taken a room with a comfortable bed, and asked him to lodge with me, which he did. In the night he made a nervous spring, which aroused me, but I refrained from suggesting that I was disturbed. He was fearful that he had disturbed me, and recited the strange dream which he had, that so moved him. He said: "I seemed standing facing a rebel about fifty yards away, and he shot me through the heart," and when thus shot he made the spring which he feared disturbed me. All the way from Memphis to the Yazoo, he was unlike himself, and spent much of his time in his stateroom. This dream had so fastened itself on him that he could not shake it off. After the battle had opened on the Bayou, I had charge of some wounded and the temporary oversight of two bodies awaiting burial some distance from my regiment, when I felt I must go to the regiment, and obeyed the impression. I was overwhelmed with an inner sense of impending calamity. On reaching the boys Captain Schleich was "falling in" my old company, to go on to the picket line. The day as fearfully dark, and the woods were draped with Spanish moss, giving the enemy every advantage over us. I was much moved, and urged the Captain to take the utmost care. As they marched off I had to follow them, and as they filed by me to the left, I spoke to the Captain again, and also to the men, urging the utmost care, and then started for my post of duty, 100 yards away, but before reaching it I was compelled by this unspeakable heart concern to turn right about and go to the regiment. As I reached it, I met three men bringing the dead body of my Captain in their arms! He had done just as he dreamed. On reaching the picket line he stood facing a rebel, who was hidden from him, and as he was stretching out his hand to warn some of the boys of danger, he was shot through the heart! After those grounds were taken a soldier showed me the place where the Captain stood, and the tree which sheltered the rebel, and I stepped the distance and made it just fifty yards! I have always hoped that this warning was given the Captain to give him time to shelter his soul by the cross.

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From: HDM0483.tex

38 -- GEORGE SHADFORD FORESEEN IN A DREAM

A remarkable circumstance happened just as I was leaving Philadelphia. When I went to the inn where my horse was, and had just entered into the yard, I observed a man fixing his eyes upon me, and looking earnestly until he seemed ashamed, and blushed very much. At length he came up to me, and abruptly said, "Sir, I saw you in a dream last night. When I saw your hack, as you came into the yard, I thought it was you; but now that I see your face, I am sure you are the person. I have been wandering up and down this morning until now seeking you." "Saw me in a dream," said I "what do you mean?" "Sir," said he, "I did. I am sure I did. And yet I never saw you with my bodily eyes before. Yesterday in the afternoon I left this city, and went as far as Schuylkill river, intending to cross it; but began to be very uneasy, and could not go over it: I therefore returned to this place, and last night, in my sleep, saw you stand before me; when a person from another world bade me seek for you until I found you, and said you would tell me what I must do to be saved. He said also that one particular mark by which I might know you was, that you preached in the streets and lanes in the city." Having spoken this, he immediately asked, "Pray, sir, are not you a minister? (By which name they frequently call the preachers in America.) I said, "Yes, I am a

preacher of the Gospel; and it is true that I preach in the streets and lanes of the city, which no other preacher in Philadelphia does. I preach also every Sunday morning at nine o'clock in Newmarket." I then asked him to step across the way to a friend's house where I asked him from whence he came. He answered, "From the Jerseys." I asked, had he any family. He said, "Yes, a wife and children." I asked, where he was going. He said he did not know. I likewise asked, "Does your wife know where you are?" He said, "No. The only reason why I left home was, I had been very uneasy and unhappy for half a year past, and could not rest any longer, but must come to Philadelphia."

I replied, "I first advise you to go back to your wife and children, and take care of them by obeying God in the order of His providence. It is unnatural to leave them in this manner; for even the birds of the air provide for their young. Secondly, you say you are unhappy: therefore the thing you want is religion, the love of God, and of all mankind righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. When this takes possession of your heart, so as to destroy your evil tempers, and root out the love of the world, anger, pride, self will, and unbelief, then you will be happy. The way to obtain this is, you must forsake all your sins and heartily believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. When you return to the Jerseys, go to hear the Methodist preachers constantly, and pray to the Lord to bless the word and if you heartily embrace it, you will become a happy man."

While I was exhorting him, the tears ran plentifully from his eyes. We then all kneeled down to pray; and I was enabled to plead and intercede with much earnestness for his soul, and to commend them all to God. When we arose from our knees, I shook him by the hand: he wept much, and had a broken heart; but did not know how to part with me. He then set out to go to his wife in the Jerseys; and I for Baltimore, in Maryland: and I saw him no more; but I trust I shall meet him in heaven.

I cannot but remark here, that God sometimes steps out of the common way of His providence to help some souls; especially a poor ignorant person, who wants to serve Him, but knows not how, and hath a degree of His fear. When such persons pray sincerely to the Lord, He will direct, by His providence, to some person or book, to some means or other, by which they may be instructed and brought to the knowledge of the truth.

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From: HDM0553.tex

39 -- THE HELL BOUND TRAIN SEEN IN A DREAM
(Whether based on fact or not, this is an impressive poem.)

Having drank so much he could drink no more,
Tom Gray lay down on the bar-room floor
And fell asleep with a troubled brain,
To dream that he rode on the hell-bound train.

The engine with blood was red and damp,
And brilliantly lit with a brimstone lamp;

The imps for fuel were shoveling bones,
As the furnace roared with a thousand groans.

The boiler was filled with booze and beer,
And the devil himself was the engineer,
The passengers made such a motley crew --
Church member, Atheist, Gentile, Jew.

Rich men in broadcloth, beggars in rags,
Handsome young ladies and withered old hags;
Yellow and black men, red and white
Chained all together, one horrible sight!

Faster and faster the engine flew.
Wilder and wilder the country grew;
Louder and louder the thunders crashed;
Brighter and brighter the lightnings flashed.

Hotter and hotter the air became,
'Til the clothes were burned from each gruesome frame;
And, in the distance they heard such a yell,
Ha! ha! cried the devil we're nearing hell.

O! how the passengers shrieked with pain,
And begged the devil to stop the train;
But he capered about and danced with glee,
And laughed and joked at their agony.

My faithful friends you've done my work,
And the devil can never a pay day shirk;
You've bullied the weak, you've robbed the poor,
And the starving brother you've turned from your door.

You've gathered up gold where the canker rusts,
You've given free vent to your fleshly lusts;
You've drank and rioted, murdered and lied,
And laughed at God in your hell-born pride.

You've paid full fare so I'll carry you through,
For its only right that you get your due.
For every laborer is worthy his hire,
So I'll land you safe in my lake of fire.

Where your flesh shall roast in the flames that roar,
And my imps will torment you forever more.
Then Tom Gray awoke with an awful cry,

His clothes soaking wet, and his hair all awry.

And he prayed as he never prayed before,
To be saved from hell and the devil's power;
And his prayer and his crying were not in vain,
For he never more rode on the hell-bound train.

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From: HDM0108.tex

40 -- PUBLICATION OF S. A. KEEN'S BOOKS SPURRED BY A DREAM (Told by Mary, his wife, after Keen's passing)

I hesitate to relate the following because of its very personal character, and knowing full well that the relation of dreams is not always either agreeable or edifying to the hearer. But that dreams do have a place -- a subordinate place, to be sure -- in God's economy for the comfort and instruction of his children, both Scripture and experience teach. Therefore I make bold, assuming the confidence of the reader, to tell a beautiful and significant dream I had one afternoon, a few months after my husband's translation. I thought he was conversing with me, and in that frank, candid way so characteristic of him, he said: "Mamma, people tell me that I help them so much. Now, really, I don't know how I help them; but I suppose I do, or, they wouldn't say so." "Yes," I replied, somewhat reproachfully, "you used to help people; but you have gone away now, and can not help them any more." With that he seemed to disappear; but the suggestion came in a gentle whisper, not however from him, "How about the little books?" "O yes," I said; "I had not thought of them," and with that I seemed perfectly satisfied, and awoke with a quiet gladness in my heart. Imagine my surprise and joy, upon walking from the prayer-meeting that very evening with a sister, when she said: "I must tell you about one of Brother Keen's little books. You know," she continued, "I have a daughter who is the wife of a minister in Northern Michigan. I sent her 'Praise Papers' as a Christmas gift. I did not know their state of mind, but it seemed that they had gotten utterly discouraged and had about concluded to give up the work of the ministry. Just about the time they came to this conclusion the book reached them. They read it, sought, and obtained a baptism with the Holy Ghost, began a protracted-meeting, and a letter just received from them tells of the conversion of twenty people, and the meeting still in progress."

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From: HDM0499.tex

41 -- SAM JONES' DREAM OF THE WAY TO PERDITION

About forty years ago I lay down to rest on a certain Sunday afternoon, having to preach to an unsaved congregation that night. I fell asleep and was visited with a dream of the way to perdition. We will here submit it, though we lay little stress on dreams, but sometimes they convey a figurative picture of truth.

I thought I was traveling very contentedly and in a peaceful state of mind, walking southward on a road which I realized was the way to heaven. It was highly graded and very pleasant to be on.

After traveling sometime in the enjoyment of this road, I came to a place where a dark looking wide pathway joined this highway from the east, exactly at right angle to the road I was pursuing.

As soon as I saw this, I was impressed that it was the way to hell. This eastward pathway seemed about eight feet wide; it had a quick descent, so that the earth formed a rocky wall on each side which became higher and higher as one went down that way.

At the beginning of this path lay a pair of skates for use in traveling that eastward way. This all seemed a strange sight to me and aroused my curiosity. I thought, after I had stopped and considered it a while, that I would go down a short distance to see what the way to hell was like. Here was the first wrong step, and the starting point of a ruined career according to the dream. I battled with my convictions and knew that the way to hell was a dangerous thing to meddle with, but as I stood and considered it, curiosity was developing in me very fast. I thought there would be no harm in just going down a short distance to see what it was like.

So I put on the skates and started. The way was slippery and seemed like dark colored ice almost black, but very suitable for the skates. I had no strokes to make, just simply to stand on the skates, and the descent of the road was sufficient to give me a rapid and increasing speed. I felt very nervous in starting out which fear quickly vanished with the excitement of my new type of a pleasure trip.

The walls on each side of me had a face of the most beautiful pictured rocks that mind could imagine or artist design. They were decorated with the most attractive engravings that eye could behold. These pictures were shaded with thousands of different colors of the most brilliant type which were attractive to me beyond description. There seemed to be a new passion created in me for these things after I proceeded on this way. On I went, and O the overwhelming joy I now seemed to be having, and I felt I could almost die for the sake of seeing more of such sights. My speed, though so rapid, was a great delight to me, and in the rapture of this, vanity I seemed unable to restrain my feelings of joy and accordingly burst out into loud and continuous laughter. In the midst of all this, there would still be the sting of my convictions, "Be careful that you don't go too far down the road to hell." I furthermore knew that if I got into hell, I never could return, and how far it was, ahead of me was unknown, but I thought surely it must be a considerable distance ahead, as I wanted to see all I could of those wonderful sceneries.

On I glide laughing loudly, but every few minutes I would reply to my warning conscience and say, I will not go all the way to hell, but just a little farther to see more of this glorious beauty and then I'll turn back. That cropping up in my mind was the only thing to molest my sport. Still I had two obstacles to contend with. One was that the way was very crooked with short bends and I had to watch closely, in my high speed, and often make quick turns to avoid being smashed against the rocky walls on each side which were almost perpendicular. The other was the inconvenience of passing at close intervals great boulders projecting above the ice on my path, and so nearly

covered it, that I could only pass them by standing on one foot, with the other raised high, and due to my high speed, these were a nuisance.

I knew this all to be dangerous, but my excited curiosity and pleasure passion would not allow me to give attention to this knowledge. (How many souls are just in that blinded condition.) Onward I went in the excitement of my folly, continually promising myself that I will not go all the way to hell, but will Soon turn back. Had I turned back, I would have had some time getting back such a distance, on such a road either with the skates on or off, but in my great joy I never thought of that.

In the midst of my pleasure when laughter was the loudest, curiosity the strongest, the vain rapture of my being stretched to its extremity and speed at its highest SUDDENLY I was stopped by some unseen power, a door slammed shut behind me. "There!" said I (while almost frightened to death) "I have gone too far! I am now in hell!" I tried to open the door to go back, but it would not open; I saw I was trapped. I then declared that I would not go one step from that door, but wait for a chance that by some means, it might be opened and I then could escape.

While standing idle there, I had nothing else to do, so began to view what was before me. I saw I was inside of a massive building which had walls very high with no roof. The greater part of the building was full of machinery which was so thick with belts and wheels I could not see far into it. There was only an unoccupied space about the door where I stood, and one similar to it on the opposite side, where was also a door, and it was open. I noticed this machinery lacked a foot or two of connecting with the floor in the center of the room. I wondered what was on the other side of the machinery. Curiosity was again looming up, and overcoming my fear of danger. I stooped down and looked under and saw the unoccupied space and door, mentioned, on the other side, with a most beautifully dressed lady standing near the door. Her dress was of the most glaring colors imaginable, similar to those of the scenery I had witnessed on the way there. She stepped about with a most graceful movement showing her colors, and talking to me with the politeness and courtesy of an angel. This was the only person I had seen on my journey or in the building. While no others were seen, the whole place seemed infested with invisible spirits. The air was filled with horrifying ghostly sounds reminding me of rats working in an old building. There was no beauty in this building except the dress of the lady, which seemed to have the same charming effect on me as the sceneries on the journey.

By this means, she seemed to have power to entice me, and seemed to understand my newly developed passion for gaiety. She pressed on me to come over to where she was that she might show me things still more beautiful just outside the open door near her. Oh! I thought, what must it be like if it surpasses what I have seen on the way down. I was afraid to venture to go to her for fear of being caught in the machinery, but she assured me that I was perfectly safe by keeping low and crawling under it. The machinery was running all the time at high speed. At last I took her advice and ventured to crawl under it. I forgot about my vow that I would not leave the door, the same as I had forgotten my other vows on the journey. In trying to crawl under the machinery I was quickly caught in it, which I then realized was grinding the souls of men. Here I was tossed, rolled, and tumbled about; torn, squeezed and ground in this machinery for hours. After I had passed through every part of it, I was suddenly thrown out of it by unseen power into an elevator which quickly rushed upward with me a great distance. From it, I was thrown into another large room

which was filled with a different type of machinery, it being much heavier and running more slowly. It seemed like something that would last eternally; and in the place of belts, as in the other room, it had great cog-wheels. I was thrown on the top of this machinery and forced in circles around it. The first circle was next to the wall, the second just inside of that one and so on until I reached the center, the same as being carried by the waters of a whirlpool.

As I made these rounds, I passed through all the rollers as far as I went, being tormented, crushed, and squeezed beyond description.

In the center was a pair of gigantic rollers with massive teeth large enough to take in the largest elephant. They, different from the other rollers, were rolling downward; that is, they threw their victims downward out of sight. I knew that nothing could save me from being crushed to atoms when I came into contact with their mighty teeth. I here was circling around them continually coming nearer and nearer to what seemed to me to be the jaws of hell and the mouth of the bottomless pit. I knew that when I reached the center and passed down through them I would be seen no more, and expected to find myself in the lake of fire beneath.

When my last circle was made, I was quickly uplifted, by unseen force, and pitched head first into these jaws of hell. At this point I was so much frightened that I awakened from my sleep, and Oh, how thankful I was to realize it was only a dream.

We believe all our readers should get a spiritual, profitable lesson from this dream story of the deceitfulness of the way to perdition.

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From: HDM0115.tex

42 -- IN "IMPRESSIONS" M. W. KNAPP INSTRUCTS ABOUT DREAMS

Dreams. "In the Bible," says the Christian Standard, "we have repeated illustration of where God led His children 'by impulses. impressions, calls, messages or dreams,' as well as 'by the Holy Ghost operating on all the faculties of the mind, strengthening each to perform its function along the lines of common sense, sound reason, and a sanctified judgment.'

"Because we are often misled by impressions, dreams, etc.; because Satan often uses these ways of deceiving souls; yet it is not necessary, nor does it relieve the difficulty, to deny to the Holy Ghost the right and the fact of so leading God's people.

"Dreams may be from the devil. They may come from gluttony at the supper table. They may be generated in an overtaxed brain. They may result from many combined 'second causes. Nevertheless, if we please, or whether we please or not, God did and can and does send dreams that we may disregard to our own damage and destruction."

Few folks are so foolish as to be influenced by ordinary dreams. Yet that God has spoken to His children through special dreams no well informed person will deny. Dreamology is a

science but little understood. Because fanatics have taken dreams born of indigestion or inspired by Satan, for divine revelation, others have gone to the opposite extreme, and, like Herod with the innocents, slaughtered them by the wholesale.

For this reason few people believe in such manifestations, and according to their faith so it is to them. The antidote for fanaticism from reliance on them will be noticed in another chapter. In the dimmer light of the old dispensation God more frequently spoke to His people in this way. He specifically declared that He would make Himself known in a vision and speak in a dream. Num. 12: 2.

In this way He spoke to Jacob in the dream of the ladder and ascending and descending angels; to Joseph in the dream that foretold his bondage and his final prosperity; to Pharoah's butler and baker in the dream that told of the exaltation of one and the execution of the other; to Solomon in the dream that promised him wisdom and all needful accessories; to Joseph in the dream which quieted his fears concerning Mary, the mother of our Lord, and also again in warning him to take the "young child" and flee for safety from Herod's murderous plot; to the wise men from the east warning them of the same danger; to Pilate's wife warning her of the peril of persecuting Jesus, and to many others in just as marked a manner.

While there is no warrant in the words of Jesus for people to depend on dreams for guidance, it is evident that the Holy Spirit has, and sometimes does, speak to men through this agency. The abuse of dreams will be noticed further on.

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From: HDM0115.tex

43 -- MORE FROM "IMPRESSIONS" ABOUT DREAMS

"Another method of the devil is to imitate the Holy Spirit by giving people fictitious calls, fictitious beliefs, giving them dreams. The devil can make impressions and produce artificial happiness and artificial joy in order to switch the soul off.

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From: HDM0115.tex

44 -- YET MORE FROM "IMPRESSIONS" ABOUT DREAMS

Dreams. God has spoken to men by dreams, but this is not His usual way. There is, under the spirit's dispensation, no Scripture warrant for depending upon them for guidance. Jeremiah called them "chaff" when compared to the revealed Word. He who substitutes the chaff of dreams for the wheat of Bible truth will soon become a spiritual starveling. Many people have allowed themselves to be alarmed because previous impressions were strengthened by dreams which were merely born of bad digestion. The Bible speaks of "false dreams" and "filthy dreamers," and

complaints of those who caused the people to forget God by "their dreams which they told every man to his neighbor."

A certain person received me very coldly where I was once engaged in revival work because of a striking dream he had had of an evangelist which he thought referred to me. Before the meeting closed he changed his mind, and thought it must have meant some other person.

A Christian lady of whom I knew, after losing her husband, dreamed that a relative came to her home and brought a man, and said to her, "I have brought you this man for your husband." The dream made a very deep impression, and the features of the promised husband were vividly fixed in her mind. She actually expected the fulfillment of the dream, but looked for it in vain to the day of her death.

All impressions made by dreams which do not meet the approval of the rightful tests should be allowed to vanish. To follow them may prove as fatal as for an engineer, because of "a strong impression made by a dream," to run his train without orders from headquarters. In either case fearful wreckage may be the result.

Mr. Wesley wisely warns: "Do not hastily ascribe things to God. Do not easily suppose dreams, voices, impressions, visions, or revelations to be from God. They may be from Him. They may be from nature. They may be from the devil. Therefore believe not every spirit, but 'try the spirits whether they be from God.'"

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From: HDM0414.tex

45 -- KNAPP TELLS HOW A WOMAN FORESAW HER "ASCENSION" IN A DREAM

Within a few rods from where I now am sitting, some time since, there passed a cyclone. A few days before it came, a Christian woman dreamed that she was going to heaven in a whirlwind. She did not fear it, but sure enough it came, shattered her house, and upon its currents, like Elijah, she was borne to her Father's many-mansioned house.

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From: HDM0513.tex

46 -- SAVED JUST IN TIME THROUGH AN INDELIBLE DREAM

A respectable class-leader of the Lincoln society has supplied an account of a visit, which, in the early part of the year, he and Mr. Smith paid to a sick person; and which, as somewhat resembling the preceding narration, is inserted in this place. The individual had been the engineer of a steam-packet, and, from what can be gathered, a very profligate sinner. He appears to have had some serious impressions from the time he was taken ill; but these were matured and rendered indelible by a dream which he had a few days before Mr. Smith called on him. He imagined that he

saw four of his children, who died in their infancy. They appeared very beautiful, and unspeakably happy. But when they passed the foot of his bed, they assumed a severe aspect, and, looking frowningly on him, exclaimed, "Where we are, you can never come." He awoke in extreme agitation; strong convictions of sin seized upon him; and his past life, in all its defilement and rebellion, rose in vivid array before his conscience. His medical attendant, finding him in great distress, begged Mr. Smith to visit him. When he and his companion came into his room, they found him half sitting up in bed, crying earnestly, "Lord, have mercy upon my soul!" "Amen!" said Mr. Smith. "Lord, save my soul!" "Amen!" "Just now extend Thy mercy to me." "Amen, my God!" "Canst thou pardon such a wretch as I am?" "O man," cried Mr. Smith, "you are in a desperate condition; how long have you been thus?" The man told him, adding, "Sometimes I think God will save me, and at other times it is suggested that I am such a wretch there is no mercy for me." Mr. Smith said, "God is able to save all them that come unto Him. Do you believe God is able to save you?" "Yes." "He would much rather save you, than damn you. Come, let us pray." Having prayed, he called on the sinner to pray and endeavored to induce him to cast his soul on Christ. "You deserve Hell, you deserve Hell," he said. "Hell is too good for me," cried the other. "But, glory to God," continued Mr. Smith, "you are out of Hell, and may be kept out. Now, try and pray for yourself." He did so; hope began to beam on his mind; his efforts for salvation became more resolute and confident. Mr. Smith kneeled once more, and wrestled with God in mighty agony, till the trembling penitent was enabled to cast himself fully on the atonement. He then rose up in bed, and cried, "I see Him; He died for me; He is my Savior, nailed to the cross for me and my salvation. I do believe in Him; yes, I do believe that God, for Christ's sake, has pardoned all my sins." His burden was all removed, and he united in singing the praises of that "God from whom all blessings flow." He was afterwards partially restored to health; but he still maintained his confidence, and for a short time walked worthy of his high calling. It then pleased God to take him to Himself. "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?"

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From: HDM0324.tex

47 -- HOW "RUFF" WOULD BE "SHARP" SEEN IN A DREAM

We insert the following anecdote, which we received from an old Methodist of excellent memory:--

Near old Chester lived Mr. James Barton, who had been raised a churchman, and was awakened to a sense of inward religion without human means. Observing that ministers and members in his church were dead and careless, and finding some living testimonies among the Friends, he was led to join them; and adhered to them for twenty years, and became a public speaker in their meetings. About the time that Messrs. Ruff and Webster were preaching on Chester Circuit, he dreamed that he saw two men moving through his region, using iron flails, with which they subdued the hills and the mountains, and nothing could resist their operation. Friend Barton had read the promise, that God would, "Make a new, sharp threshing instrument, that should thresh the mountains small, and make the hills as chaff;" and when he heard these two primitive Methodist preachers speaking in the power and demonstration of the Holy Ghost, he concluded his dream was fulfilled: that Messrs. Ruff and Webster were the two men -- their energetic manner of

preaching Christ, the flail that subdued the hills and mountains of sin and enmity in sinners -- reducing them to obedience to Christ. Friend Barton united with the Methodists, and bore his testimony that God was with them.

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From: HDM0324.tex

48 -- BENJAMIN ABBOTT SAW JAMES STERLING IN A DREAM

It was about this time that Mr. James Sterling, of New Jersey, became a Methodist. The Rev. Benjamin Abbott, who appears to have been the instrument of his conversion, says -- "On a Saturday night, I dreamed that a man came to meeting, and stayed in class, and spoke as I never had heard any one before. Next day James Sterling came to meeting, stayed in class, and spoke much as I had heard and seen in my dream. After meeting I said to my wife, that was the very man I had seen in my dream, and the Lord would add him to his church. Soon after he was thoroughly awakened and converted to God. He yet stands firm among us, a useful and distinguished member, well known to many of our preachers and members." Mr. Sterling was very intimate with, and had warm friendship for Mr. Abbott.

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From: HDM0324.tex

49 -- THE "HOMESPUN" METHODIST SPIRITUAL GUIDES SEEN IN A DREAM

Mr. and Mrs. Lippincott, of Monmouth, were among the early Methodists. In the neighborhood where they lived there were several sects, such as Friends, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Seventh Day Baptists, and Long Beards; or Dunkard Mrs. Ann Lippincott was brought under deep concern of soul while young; and in this state she tried to obtain light from the sects professing Christianity, among whom she lived; but found herself still in the dark, as to the great question, "What must I do to be saved?" Not long after, she dreamed that she was at a certain place, where there was a large concourse of people, where she saw a man dressed in homespun linen, of a purple color, having a roll in his hand, inviting the people to enlist with him to go to heaven. About this time there began to be much talk about a people that had arisen in England called Methodists, some of whom had come to America. Hearing that one of this sect was to preach in the neighborhood, she went with her husband to hear him. There she saw a large assembly of people, and a man, like unto the one she had seen in her dream, who imparted to her the light she had been seeking, and plainly opened up the way to heaven to her understanding. Under the discourse her husband's heart was touched; and when the preacher presented the roll or class paper, and invited all who wanted to go to heaven, to come forward and have their names put down, she pressed through the crowd to the preacher, determined to have her name on the roll, if no one beside herself joined that day; but before she reached the minister, her husband had made his way through the people, and ordered his name to be put on the class paper. After spending many years in the service of the Redeemer, she departed, joyfully, to meet her Saviour, in her eighty-seventh year.

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From: HDM0324.tex

50 -- DEATH IN THREE WEEKS FORESEEN IN A DREAM

In New Virginia, where he preached three funeral discourses on one Sunday: one of them was for a young woman, who had a presentiment of her approaching end. "She had dreamed that within three weeks she would die. In addition to her dream, she thought she heard something strike on the top of the house, like the nailing up of a coffin: she took it as a warning; engaged in prayer more earnestly than ever; became exceedingly happy; took sick; and died in great triumph." We must reject a great deal of respectable human testimony, unless we admit that God, in his good providence, sometimes uses such means to prepare people for death. The experience of mankind in general, abounds with such cases; and there have been many among the Methodists.

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From: HDM0324.tex

51 -- GOD'S MAN -- JESSE LEE -- FORESEEN IN A DREAM

The Bible records many dreams, that God in his providence gave to his people under former dispensations. He declared that He would "speak to his prophets in a dream;" and again that "God speaks in a dream, though man perceives it not." The moral Governor of this world speaks to mankind in every age. We have already brought to view several that seem to be strongly marked with Divine origin. We will give another that is connected with the introduction of Methodism into New England by the Rev. Jesse Lee.

Mrs. Risley, Mrs. Wells, and Ruth Hall -- three women constituted the first society that he formed there. Mrs. Risley came from Egg Harbor, in New Jersey, where the Lord was working through the instrumentality of the Methodists, to Fairfield, Connecticut. She and some of her well disposed female friends agreed to pray that the Lord would send faithful laborers into that part of his vineyard. Not long afterwards Mrs. Mary Wells dreamed that she saw a large man coming towards her with four companies gathering from the east, west, north, and south. She asked the stranger what these great companies meant. He answered "The glorious day is just at hand." She awoke with these words in her mind, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

In the morning while pondering on the dream and its import, her neighbor came in and informed her that a stranger -- a minister of the Gospel -- was at her house, and that he was the happiest man she ever saw. Mrs. Wells went home with her to see the man -- when lo, it was the same person she had seen in her dream! It was Jesse Lee.

All dreams may be reduced to two classes. First, such as arise from human experience from what the mind has been exercised upon during the past -- what the individual has seen, heard,

conversed about, had been engaging in, whether of pleasure or profit diseases of the body, &c. The mind in its nightly reveries reacts the past, and the soul is agitated with illusive pleasure and disappointment. Such dreams are often imperfect -- make a faint impression on the mind; and sometimes are so broken that they cannot be related. This class of dreams are much the most numerous. The second class of dreams do not arise from human experience; but from superhuman agency. Some of these are supposed to come from Satan, supplying thoughts and resolves that are opposed to truth and righteousness, thereby fitting men for his service. Other dreams of this class come from God, and may be known by their impressing holy purposes and resolves; and the use of such means as lead to the happiness of man and the glory of God. While this class of dreams are fewer in number they are more perfect -- the imagery of them is often new and makes a lasting impression upon the soul.

A renowned author has said -- "There is often as much superstition in disregarding, as in attending to dream; but, how are persons, when the senses are closed, when the eye see not, the ear hears not the voice of the thunder, and when the sleeper forgets his sickness and pain; made to see persons and things that they never saw before, so that they are able to identify them afterwards: the question is plainly this: 'How are the images of such persons and things impressed upon the soul when the senses, the ordinary medium of ideas, are locked in sleep?' We may have an answer to this question if we are ready to receive the views of a certain author -- 'That the soul has its senses analogous to those of the body; and, that it can, without injury to it, leave it for a short time;' " and go with lightning speed under the guidance of some ministering spirit that shows it these objects. In this way Mrs. Deveau could receive a correct idea of the appearance of Mr. Pilmoor, Mrs. Smith of Mr. Watters, Mr. Shadford of the ship and wharf at Peel, and the Jerseyman what sort of a looking man Mr. Shadford was, and Mrs. Wells was enabled to identify Mr. Lee: to have a correct idea of the appearance of any one includes height, thickness, form of the features, as well as the body, expression of countenance, and the apparel, &c. Reader, if you have a better theory by which to account for these mysterious dreams, which good people say they have had, impart it.

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From: HDM0129.tex

52 -- PARKER MAXEY RECEIVED SHOES THROUGH A DREAM

We had started the fall term. I was badly in need of shoes. The soles on the only pair I had were worn through. During the summer months I had been cutting out cardboard and putting them in my shoes as an inner lining to "keep my feet off the ground." I was able to get by this way during the dry summer months but now fall and winter with wet and cold weather were coming on. One night I prayed, "Dear Heavenly Father, You know I need better shoes with this wet, cold weather coming on. I don't know how, but I know You will provide me with a pair."

It was but a day or two after that I got a letter from a woman, an older woman who had never been married. I didn't know her nor she me. She had heard about me through a friend of hers. In the letter was money for shoes. She wrote, "For the last three nights I have had a dream and each dream was about a pair of men's shoes. It seemed strange to me that I, a maiden woman, should be

dreaming about men's shoes. But every time I had the dream you were in the dream, so I am sending you this money for shoes."

Once again my Heavenly Father had met my need!

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From: HDM0137.tex

53 -- H. ROBB FRENCH INSTRUCTED TO BE READY FOR THE RAPTURE IN A DREAM

When Robb was still just a young lad of perhaps fourteen or fifteen years, he had a dream. He thought that Jesus was coming that night, and he thought everyone knew it. They all talked about it among themselves. Yes, no doubt about it. He was coming that night. Little handfals of people were standing everywhere, and that was what they were talking about. They were all excited. Yes, He's coming tonight, better be prepared.

And so they were waiting for Jesus to come. They were expecting a light to shine in the East and reflect in the West. As they looked, sure enough a light slipped over the horizon and began to scintillate there in the eastern sky. Yes, He was coming! They were on tiptoe in suspense, waiting for His face to appear!

But I don't feel anything pulling me upward, Robb thought to himself. I wonder if there's anything in my heart that would keep me from going. I wonder if I'm ready. Oh, have I failed somewhere?

The suffering Robb went through that night was indescribable. When he awakened and found it was only a dream, his heart started aching. He got out of bed and, sinking to his knees, said, "Oh, Lord, don't let that be a reality. When Thou dost come, I want to know that everything is in the clear. I don't want to be careless and drifting, and doing things I wouldn't have done a few years ago. Keep me ready!"

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From: HDM0197.tex

54 -- HOW CHRIST SAVES CLARIFIED IN A DREAM

A native Chinese attended a Christian mission for quite a while and found it very difficult to grasp the meaning of it all but one morning he came to the missionary in a very happy mood. Said he, "I dreamed last night and now I understand it all." He said he seemed to have fallen into a deep pit. Lying there helpless he was unable to rise. A priest of Confucius leaned over the edge and said, "Let me give you some advice, my friend. If you ever get out of your trouble never get into it again." A priest of Buddha came by who stopped and stretched his arm over the edge of the pit saying, "If you can manage to climb up so I can reach you I will pull you out." Then Christ came

by. He climbed down into the pit and took him out. The dream of the Chinaman was true. He brings us up out of a horrible pit and places our feet on the Rock.

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From: HDM0443.tex

55 -- GEORGE PECK'S FATHER MADE PENITENT THROUGH A DREAM

About this time three of my father's intimate friends were suddenly called into eternity. Nicholls, who waved the flag from the roof of the schoolhouse, fell from a cart, and was injured so that he died; Fling was crushed by the fall of a tree; Gilbert was drowned. These sad events, following each other in swift succession, deeply affected him. In secret he thought much, felt much, promised much, but gave no outward token of what was passing within. He had never been addicted to the grosser vices. His Puritanic education had imbedded itself in his character, and he possessed a tender conscience. Still he was worldly, mirthful, fond of lively company, and was constantly led into associations which operated against his religious convictions, and kept him from a full surrender of his heart and life to God. While my mother, who was now leading a life of prayer, was mourning over the apparent unconcern of her loved husband, and while he, perhaps, was really trying to be indifferent and unmoved, he was suddenly arrested in an unusual manner.

In a dream two of the three deceased associates already named seemed to approach him, and summon him to the eternal world. With one of them on each side, he thought he rose from earth and began his flight. He expected at once to be ushered into the presence of a God whose repeated warnings he had disregarded, and whose forbearance he had utterly exhausted. The most intense horror seized his soul. He had no hope of mercy. His whole frame became so agitated with the terror of the vision that my mother was awakened, and, in alarm, aroused him from sleep. He immediately arose, exclaiming, "I am going to die, and I shall be lost!" He was in an agony of remorse. He alternately fell upon his knees to implore mercy, and walked the floor, wringing his hands, and uttering the most heartrending exclamations of despair. He expected to die before morning, and saw nothing before him but "the blackness of darkness forever."

The weary hours wore away, and at last the morning dawned. The children awoke and gathered in consternation about their weeping father. I well remember being helped down the ladder that morning, and being struck with the changed aspect of things. My father, who was usually the first to salute us with kind or playful words, sat weeping and groaning in one corner, with my sisters gathered around him, sobbing with sympathetic emotion. Mother sat at a little distance, also weeping. The whole scene was to me one of great but inexplicable distress.

This intense mental anguish, of course, could not last; nevertheless, from the hour of that fearful dream, my father changed his course. He began to pray in his family and in secret, and yet found no peace. For months he was under the deepest conviction, scarcely hoping for mercy. Such was his mental distress that he wasted away under it, and his kind neighbors were alarmed lest he should lose his reason, or die. His old associates were confounded with the turn things had taken. One sagely concluded that a little jolly talk would scatter the cloud, and so he came over prepared to amuse my father with a lot of comic stories, but soon found that he was only exciting disgust.

Another, rather a religious man, too, in his way, undertook to convince him that he had an exaggerated idea of his own guilt. "Why, Mr. Peck," said he, "if you go to hell, what will become of us?" This "untempered mortar" was also rejected.

In another quarter, however, the penitent found true sympathy. He began regularly to attend the Methodist meetings in his neighborhood, and now found that the responses of the worshippers did not disturb him. My mother and my eldest sister united with the little Society, and encouraged him to trust in the Saviour whom they had found. There were devoted women belonging to the class, who gave him their prayers, and cheered him with their counsel. The preachers made us frequent visits, and filled the whole house with holy influence. When they came, the family was called together, and after a few minutes of conversation, fervent prayer was offered. When they rose to depart, they took the hand of every member of the family, and gave to each an appropriate exhortation. What outbursts of holy emotion marked these occasions! What tears and sighs and earnest responses!

Light gradually broke upon my father's mind, and he, too, united with the Methodist Society. From that time his house became the home of the preachers, and a true house of God. Under its lowly roof preaching, prayer-meetings, and class-meetings were of frequent occurrence. On one occasion the crowd was so great that one of the floor beams gave way, and created a temporary panic.

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From: HDM0319.tex

56 -- PEARL POE RECLAIMED THROUGH A DREAM

I moved to Oskaloosa, got work on the M. & St. L. railroad, building cars. It was not until about the first of the year that I became deeply convicted of my sinful life through another dream.

I saw a black object light near where several of us railroad men were. I said, "That is Satan." Just then I saw an angel passing through the air going southeast, and slowly I said, "The angel of the Lord. I am following Him." I seemed to go without human effort. I was soon in the center of Africa. It was noon; I saw the sun nearly overhead. I saw a rainbow with a strange color in it. I said, "This is the sign of the end of the world," and I knelt and prayed "O Lord, clean me out and fix me up for heaven." There was a great blast of fire and I was in it, but felt no harm. I awoke, went back to sleep, dreamed the same dream again, and prayed the same prayer, but this time I came back to my work on the railroad. As I returned, I asked God to deliver me, and told Him I would serve Him. I awoke again, but not to go back to sleep. I was pondering the dream in my mind and could not sleep. When I left for work that morning I took a chew of tobacco. It tasted awful. I spit it out and have never taken another chew, nor craved it, since, and that has been over 34 years. God was answering the prayer I had prayed in my dream, by cleaning me out and getting me ready for heaven.

Conviction for sin deepened. I had not been in a meeting for over five years, and I had become so discouraged during the last year that I had been tempted greatly to end my life by self-destruction, but God prevented.

I became desperate in my seeking and praying. I spoke to the man with whom I was working and told him I was quitting sin and was going to give my heart to God. He said, "You are too wicked." That only deepened the conviction. He said, "Anyone who curses like you do, won't get saved." In my desperation that night I went into a spare room, got down on my knees, and prayed, "Oh, God, I am through with the life of sin. If You never forgive me and I die and go to hell, I will go serving You." I meant it. That night at the supper table, I looked my wife in the eyes and said, "Wife, if I straighten up and live a Christian life, will you?" She smiled, tears filled her eyes, and she said, "I have been waiting a long time to hear you say that." I said, "I am going to."

After supper I picked up a little old Bible that I asked for when my grandmother -- my mother's mother -- had passed away. As I read it, my wife said, "Aren't you going to lodge tonight?" I answered, "Wife, I have been lying to you. I have been going to the show, not to the lodge, then stopping at the pool hall, but I am not going any more." Who was preaching to me? The Lord. He had convicted me of sin and I was through with the whole mess of it.

That night (a Saturday) a leaflet, announcing a revival meeting at the Lighthouse Mission, was placed on our porch. I said, "Wife, let's go." We did and she went forward. The old devil, the deceiver, said to me, "You have done all you can do now. Just profess it," and I did not go to the altar. The Lord showed me that if I professed, I would be a liar. I went home, but not to rest. I rolled and tossed most of the night. In the night I told the Lord that if He would just let me live until I could get to the meeting Sunday afternoon (they did not have morning service), I would go forward.

I sat on the front seat and cried through the preaching. When the altar call was given, I felt I was bound; I could not go. My feet would not move. I was crying aloud now. Finally, I fell -- it seemed I was going; to hell. But between where I stood and the altar, in my falling I cried in desperation, "Oh, save me, Jesus." When I hit the altar, I was saved, reclaimed, and I knew it, for the love of God came into my soul ... I went home, erected a family altar that to this day I have kept up.

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From: HDM0319.tex

57 -- DEATH OF PEARL POE'S BROTHER FORESEEN IN A DREAM

In the fall following that experience, I was to go to California and my brother Albert was to go with me. But a few days before time for us to leave, he sent me word that he could not go. I felt he should go and sent word to that effect, but he said he could not. Four years before that I had had a dream of seeing him hurt in the mine and saw him dying. I wrote to him at once, told him my dream, and asked him to quit the mine at once and never go back inside one. While I was in California, he said to his wife, "If Pearl had come by, I would have gone with him." He went to my

home and told my wife to tell me to come up as soon as I returned. I regret that I didn't, but when I returned home, another meeting was waiting for me and they desired that it be held before Christmas. I told my wife to write to Albert and tell him that as soon as the meeting closed, I would be up to see him.

A man that owned a coal mine asked Albert to return to the mine and help them. He told them that as soon as his brother Pearl returned, he was going to go preach with him. He was persuaded to help them for a few days, and there he met with a fatal accident.

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From: HDM0319.tex

58 -- PEARL POE INSTRUCTED HOW TO PRESS ON IN A REVIVAL

I became very restless. I went to the church to pray, to the hay mow, to the timber, but could not seem to pray through. On Saturday night I was to sleep with the pastor of the church. I was under the burden and was restless most of the night. I fell asleep long enough for God to show me some visions. The first that he showed me was a cane mill. The cane had been run through the juicer already. God said, "Pearl, put those cane pummies through again." I said, "Lord, those are dry." He said, "I know it, but tighten down the machine and put them through the mill, and you will get enough to make a batch of sorghum, and it will be very good." I said, "Lord, I will do it." I wakened and prayed some more. The Lord impressed me that the dry pummies were the church folk.

I went to sleep again and had another vision. It was of a woman; she was dead, but was to give birth to a child. A crowd of people were gathered. They said to me, "That child is alive and you must help it." I said, "I am no doctor." They said, "You will be responsible for that child's life." I said, "I will do all I can," and as I knelt by the side of that mother and began to help her, she came to life. I said, "Pray and the child will be born." I wakened, and the Spirit said, "This is the meeting you are in." I again went to sleep and dreamed that the preacher was closing the meeting the next day. I wakened and God said, "You are responsible for these souls."

Again I went to sleep and had a vision of many happenings in that community back for as far as twenty years. I wakened and spent the rest of the night in prayer. The next day the pastor said to me, "The weather is getting bad. I think we should close the meeting." I told him that I did not feel that way. He replied, "I am not in favor of it going on." I said, "If you don't want to stay, you may go home, but God has shown me, that I am responsible for souls here, and I am staying. He said, "I am pastor and I am not in favor." I said, "Brother, it was the church that called you as pastor and it was the church that called me for a meeting. I am an ordained elder and I am going to obey God." He went home and we had a wonderful meeting.

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From: HDM0319.tex

59 -- PEARL POE SEES A MAN'S HIDDEN SIN IN A VISION

One night in the second week, a man and wife came in, whom I had seen in the vision. The next day I was sent for to go to their home. The man with whom I was staying said "You had better not go down there. He has a bad reputation." I said, "I will go; you pray for me." When I arrived, I was asked to come into the house. The father sent their two small boys out of the house and told them to go over in a pasture on a hill where he could see them from the window. They were to stay there until he called for them.

There was only one door in the house. I was asked to sit down. He took his chair and set it against the door. He began talking by saying, "Last night, when we came in the church, you looked at us as if you had seen us before." I said, "I have." He asked, "Where?" I answered, "In a vision on Saturday night." He turned pale, and said, "What did you see?" I said, "The clothing you have on is stolen and all the goods in this house was stolen from the railroad cars. You helped rob a store," and I told him where, and described those who helped and told him where they had a lot of stuff hidden. He said, "What next?" I said, "You struck a man in the head with a club and he died later from it. You murdered that man. Though the law could not pin it on you, God has." Then he said, "What next?" I said, "Down around the bluff, you have a hole dug in the side of the hill and you have it covered with brush. In it you have a still, a barrel of mash, and twenty-seven gallons of booze." He said, "My God, Wife, this is of God, and it is true. Mr. Poe, what can I do?" I said, "You have stolen meat from your neighbor's meat houses and stolen stock from their pastures. You must repent and confess your sins. Go to those from whom you have stolen and tell them you are getting right with God and that you will pay them as soon as you can get the money." Every one of the men forgave him. He took back the things they had not used that had been taken from the store, and was forgiven. He went to the altar and was gloriously saved. He sought holiness and claimed a call to preach. I was told that his wife opposed it and that she backslid and made it hard for him and left him. God knows the future.

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From: HDM0319.tex

60 -- PEARL POE SAW THE NEED OF "LETTING LOOSE TO GO UP" IN A DREAM

One time I had a dream that Jesus had come. We were going up to meet Him and I saw a brother holding on to something His feet were straight up in the air. I spoke to him, "Let loose and the Lord will take you. He is trying to." He said, "I can't let loose." It was such a small thing that I could not see what it was. He said again, "I can't let loose. God wanted me to let loose when I was converted and I wouldn't. Now it is holding me and I cannot let loose." Friends, we had better to let loose of everything that will keep us from being our best for God, that we cannot do to please Him, or that we cannot take with us when we die or when the rapture comes.

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From: HDM0319.tex

61 -- HOW A SUICIDE WAS STOPPED IN THE NICK OF TIME THROUGH A DREAM OF PEARL POE

In a dream one time I saw a certain man coming to meet me. I saw a pit, and a ladder going down into the pit. I saw Satan put a false ladder at the end of the one already there. If anyone would put his weight on the false ladder, he would fall. I saw fire far, far below. The man whom I saw started down the ladder. I called him by name and warned him of his danger, and told him not to go a step farther or he would fall into hell. The dream so impressed me that the next morning I wrote a letter. Using iodine to make it look more like flames, I drew a picture, and told this man of his danger. I told him that he had started down the ladder and that if he went another step, he would go to hell.

The next day four other preachers and I were going down the road in a car. I was driving. I pulled to the side of the road, stopped, told the men my vision briefly, and said, "That mail carrier is visiting, and in a few minutes it will be too late." We were over a hundred miles from where that man lived. We began to pray and prayed until the burden lifted. A few weeks later I saw the man. He had gotten saved and here is the story.

The man had seen something that was heartbreaking and had meditated upon it. He had gone to the hay mow to hang himself. The mail carrier had stopped at a neighbor's and talked for about an hour. I had edged the letter in black. Finally, he said to the neighbor, "I have a letter edged in black; I had better hurry on and deliver it." He honked his horn at this man's mailbox. The hired girl ran out to get the mail, and saw the letter to the man edged in black. She had seen him go in the barn some while before, so she hurried to the barn, opened the big door, and called, "You have a letter from Pearl." Hearing him answer, she looked up. He had a rope tied out over the driveway to the track in the haymow and the other end tied around his neck. He was standing on a beam, ready to jump. He untied the rope from his neck, read the letter, and prayed through.

Suppose I would have said, "Oh, that is just a dream. No use to write." Or suppose I would have said, "Well, we are in a hurry and these preachers will not understand," and would not have prayed. Oh, how we ought to be careful to obey the leadings of the Spirit. We would see a great deal more accomplished for God if we were more obedient.

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From: HDM0501.tex

62 -- BUD ROBINSON'S STRENUOUS EFFORTS TO RESCUE THE PERISHING SEEN IN A DREAM

Going back a few years, there has been in my mind a peculiar feeling that I ought to write up a dream that I had once, or probably a vision. I have hesitated because I have never been visionary, but after all a man doesn't have to be a visionary man to have visions. As a rule when a man has a vision he gets busy and works it out; while on the other hand a visionary man apparently never gets anything done.

A number of years ago while I was holding a meeting, in a dream I was carried back to Georgetown, Texas, and was in the little home, a beautiful cottage that belonged to my wife when she and I were married. It seemed to me that I arose very early one morning and walked out from that cottage a few miles to the mountains. Everything was lovely, the flowers were in bloom, the birds were singing, the dewdrops were hanging from every leaf and every twig of grass. I had never seen a more beautiful morning in my life. As I strolled through the woods I could see the bees gathering honey and the birds were singing and making such melody that it seemed all the earth was full of music. I walked to the top of a beautiful mountain where I had never been before. Off to the west there lay before me a great valley; it looked to be a mile deep and several miles wide. Across the valley there was another mountain running parallel with the one I stood on and I could see up and down that valley for miles. The sun was coming up over the mountains and as I looked up that valley it seemed to me that I could see a wall of black, muddy water rolling down the valley until it seemed it would fill the valley to the top of each mountain. It came slowly down the valley and when it came within about one mile to my right I could hear the roar of the water. I couldn't imagine where such a flood of muddy water had come from but when it came nearer, instead of being the roar of the water it was shrieks and wails and groans and to my sad surprise the Lord showed me that that valley was full of precious, immortal souls who were rolling just like black, muddy water. I looked and it seemed like a few hundred yards to my left in the twinkling of an eye those mountains and that valley were cut in two and the mountain and valley cut off seemed to flee miles and miles into the distance. I could see them disappearing and then there was a gulf left that looked to be thousands of miles in every direction, a chasm without a bottom. Then I saw that the river of immortal souls was going to go over that awful precipice into that chasm I began to scream to them at the top of my voice to stop, that just a little way down was the awful chasm, but they paid no attention to me. I saw something must be done. I ran right into that black, muddy water and grabbed up my arms full of those black, muddy human souls; it seemed that they were almost as large as men but I could carry my arms full of them. I dragged them out and laid them down right on the top of the mountain where I was standing. And when I laid them down they rose up, the most beautiful creatures I had ever seen, robed in white. I didn't stop, but ran back and gathered my arms full again and brought them out and laid them down and they rose up like the others and looked like angels. On I went without stopping until it was high noon and the sun coming on my head was very warm. I was getting tired and was wet with perspiration but on and on that valley was full of black, muddy souls, and on I went and stopped for nothing. I became hungry and thirsty but I never stopped. Just as fast as I could run in and get my arms full and lay them on the mountain, they would rise up like angels and I would go back for another load. Finally it seemed to me I was completely exhausted and didn't see how I could make another trip into that black, muddy river. But as I stood there and gazed at that rolling body of what first seemed to be muddy water their shrieks and wails and groans so pierced my heart that I couldn't stand it and ran back into that muddy river and got my arms full; I dragged them out and laid them down on the bank, and they rose up and stood beside me, the most beautiful creatures I had ever seen. I thought I must make one more trip. I threw myself in and mustered up all the strength I had. I got my arms full and could not lift them up but simply dragged them out and laid them down. I could see their feet at the edge of the water and I could not make another trip. I was wet with perspiration and the muddy water was scattered all over me, I had no strength left and just as I could see the rim of the sun sinking over the mountain I dragged out my last load of precious immortal souls. I lay down on the mountainside to rest a minute and there gathered around me tens of thousands of the most beautiful creatures that my eyes had ever beheld. They were the

souls I had dragged out of that muddy river. They sang the most beautiful song I had ever heard and while they were singing and rejoicing it seemed to me like the Lord drew very near to me and said to me, "Your day's work is done." Just as He told me that my work was done I awoke out of my sleep, but beloved, for days and weeks afterward every time I went to sleep I could see those beautiful mountains and that black, muddy river and those precious, immortal souls coming down the valley and into that chasm by the teeming millions, and I could see that scripture: "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it, but broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat." Thank the Lord for the many I had pulled out, but many went over the precipice and nobody was pulling them out.

I don't know whether it was a dream or a vision, but it has lingered with me for thirty or forty years. Many times since that vision, especially in the last few years in working the districts and touring the states, I have felt like I would have to quit and yet I could look back and see the black, muddy river and say, "Dear Lord, I must run in and drag out one more arm load." But thank the Lord, by His grace and loving mercy I have been able to pull a few out of the river of death.

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From: HDM0520.tex

63 -- GEORGE SHADFORD'S SISTER LED TO SALVATION THROUGH A DREAM

About this time I went to see my sister, near Epworth, to inform her what the Lord had done for my soul. At first, when I conversed with her, she thought I was out of my mind; but at length hearkened to me. She told me a remarkable dream she had some time before, in which she had been warned to lay aside the vain practice of card-playing, which she had been fond of. After I had returned home, she began to revolve in her mind what I had said; and thought, "How can my brother have any view to deceive me? What interest can he have in so doing? Certainly my state is worse than I imagine. He sees my danger, and I do not. Besides, he seems to be another man; he does not look, or speak, or act as he used to do." She therefore could not rest until she came to my father's house; and before she returned, was thoroughly convinced she was a miserable sinner.

In a short time I visited her again, and asked her to go hear Samuel Meggitt preach. She heard him with great satisfaction. Afterward there was a love-feast, and she being desirous to stay, at my request, was admitted. As the people were singing a hymn on Christ's coming to judgment, she looked up, and saw all the people singing with a smile upon their countenance. She thought, "If Christ were to come to judgment now, I should go to Hell, and they all go to heaven." Instantly she sunk down as if she was dying, and lay some time before she was able to walk home. She continued praying and waiting upon God for about a fortnight; when one day going to the well to fetch water, (like the Samaritan woman at Jacob's well,) she found the God of Jacob open to her thirsty soul his love, as a well of water springing up within her unto everlasting life; and as she returned from the well, her soul magnified the Lord, and her spirit rejoiced in God her Saviour.

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From: HDM0355.tex

64 -- DEATH OF A POPULAR, BUT LOST PREACHER SEEN IN A DREAM

William Bramwell relates the following sad incident: "A gospel minister of evangelical principles, whose name, from the circumstances that occurred, it will be necessary to conceal, being much fatigued, at the conclusion of the afternoon service, retired to his apartment in order to take a little rest.

"He had not long reclined upon his couch, before he fell asleep and began to dream. He dreamed that on walking into his garden he entered a bower that had been erected in it, where he sat down to read and meditate. While thus employed, he thought he heard some person enter the garden, and immediately leaving his bower, he hastened toward the spot whence the sound seemed to come, in order to discover who it was that had entered. He had not proceeded far before he discovered a particular friend of his, a gospel minister of considerable talents, who had rendered himself very popular by his zealous and unwearied efforts in the cause of Christ. On approaching his friend he was surprised to find that his countenance was covered with a gloom, which it had not been accustomed to wear, and that it strongly indicated a violent agitation of mind, apparently arising from conscious remorse.

"After the usual salutations had passed, his friend asked the relater the time of day, to which he replied, 'Twenty-five minutes after four.' On hearing this the stranger said, 'It is only one hour since I died, and now I am damned.' 'Damned! for what?' inquired the dreaming minister. 'It is not,' said he, 'because I have not preached the gospel, neither is it because I have not been rendered useful, for I have now many seals to my ministry, who can bear testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus, which they have received from my lips; but it is because I have been accumulating to myself the applause of men more than the honor which cometh from above: and verily I have my reward!' Having uttered these expressions he hastily disappeared and was seen no more.

"The minister awaking shortly afterward, with the contents of this dream deeply engraven on his memory, proceeded, overwhelmed with serious reflections, toward his chapel, in order to conduct the evening service. On his way thither he was accosted by a friend, who inquired whether he had heard of the severe loss the Church had sustained in the death of that able minister. He replied, 'No,' but being much affected at this singular intelligence, he inquired of him the day and the time of the day when his departure took place. To this his friend replied, 'This afternoon, at twenty-five minutes after three o'clock.' " -- Memoirs of Bramwell.

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From: HDM0157.tex

65 -- AMANDA SMITH HEARS HOW BRO. SHARPER "GOT THROUGH" TO HOLINESS INSTRUCTED BY A DREAM

Just as we were about to sing, Brother Sharper sprang to his feet and shouted at the top of his voice:

"But you must go through! You must go through! Victory! Victory! Victory!"

He went over the tops of the seats like a streak of light. I tried to catch him. I was afraid he would kill himself. But he swung from my grasp as though he had been oiled. Oh! what a shout. When that tremendous wave had passed over, he calmed down as quiet as a lamb, and he smiled. He was a handsome man anyhow: but this night he looked beautiful.

He stood up in front by the altar and faced the congregation, and said:

"Sister Smith, I want to tell what the Lord has done for me. I have had an awful struggle for days over this question. I thought I would stay away from the meetings; but that didn't help me. And you know the Sunday you were around to my house, and caught me with the Bible and my pipe?"

"Yes," I said.

Well, there was where I stuck: but I thought if I did everything else all right, the Lord would not require me to give up my pipe; and I did not know it was such an idol until I tried to give it up. Oh! how it held me. You know I love my wife and child; but I felt I could give up either of them easier than I could give up my pipe. I would smoke, the last thing before I went to bed, and the first thing in the morning, and sometimes I would get up two or three times in the night to have a smoke; and if there was not a match, or fire, in the house to light my pipe, I would walk a mile to get it.

"The other night I lay down and fell into a doze of sleep; and I dreamed I saw a great host marching. They were divided into two companies. Oh! such singing I never heard. It was wonderful! The sanctified host was ahead, and outsang the justified host. As they marched they sang. I stood and looked at them. I said, well, I will join the justified company. They will get in, too, just as well as the others. So I joined in the song with them, for I wanted them to keep up with the host ahead. Oh! how I sang with all my might; but the sanctified host seemed to out-sing-us.

"In our march we came to a culvert in the road, and I thought 'I will watch and see how they get through there.' I saw when they got up to it, they all, with one accord, bowed low, and went through, and struck up their song on the other side. And when the justified company came up to the culvert, they stopped, and there seemed to be quite a contention about how to get through. But not one of them stooped. After a while they divided, and walked around on either side, and went on. When I came up to it I started to go round, first on the right; but a voice confronted me and said, 'but you must go through.' Then I made an effort to go to the left; and again a voice said, 'but you must go through.' so I tried the third time, and again the same words, 'but you must go through.' And glory to God, the tobacco is gone, and I have got through!"

As he stood and told that wonderful experience, which beggars description, the Spirit of the Lord fell on the people, and it was wonderful.

Poor Brother Sharper preached with a power and unction that he had not known before. And the last I heard of him, he was at one of Bishop Taylor's mission stations on the river, working for God.

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From: HDM0189.tex

66 -- A DREAM THAT INSTRUCTED NATHAN BANGS NOT TO ABANDON HIS GOD-ORDAINED WORK

This beginning of success lifted a weight from his diffident spirit. Before it occurred he had given way to despair, under a "temptation of the devil," as he believed. Seeing no immediate effect of his labors, he had begun to doubt his call to the ministry, and had resolved to return home and give up his "license." He had actually mounted his horse and was retracing his course, when, arriving at the Grand River, he found that a "January thaw" had so broken up the ice as to render it impossible for him to cross, whether by a boat or on the ice itself. Thus providentially arrested, he returned despondent and confounded. A significant dream relieved him. He thought he was working with a pickax on the top of a basaltic rock. His muscular arm brought down stroke after stroke for hours; but the rock was hardly indented. He said to himself at last, "It is useless; I will pick no more." Suddenly a stranger of dignified mien stood by his side and spoke to him. "You will pick no more?" "No." "Were you not set to this task?" "And why abandon it?" "My work is vain; I make no impression on the rock." Solemnly the stranger replied, "What is that to you? Your duty is to pick, whether the rock yields or not. Your work is in your own hands; the result is not. Work on!" He resumed his task. The first blow was given with almost superhuman force and the rock flew into a thousand pieces. He awoke, pursued his way back to Burford with fresh zeal and energy, and a great revival followed. From that day he never had even a "temptation" to give up his commission.

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From: HDM0189.tex

67 -- A DREAM ABOUT NATHAN BANG'S TRIALS, BEING RELATED ENCOURAGED HIM

"I returned to the place where I was first seized with this horror, and having a prayer-meeting appointed, I kneeled down and prayed for deliverance. God appeared in gracious power, dispelling the clouds which hung over my mind, removing my doubts and fears, and shining upon my soul with the brightness of his reconciled countenance. All within me rejoiced in God my Saviour. Never was the cooling water brook more refreshing to a thirsty man than Christ was now to my panting heart." He [Nathan Bangs] returned the following day to Burford, where Lackington's Memoir, the proximate occasion of his trouble, was first circulated. He entered the house of a family which had been educated as Baptists, but all of whom had recently joined the Methodist Society. As he took a chair at the hearth, his host began to relate a curious, if not ludicrous dream, which he lately had respecting the welcomed visitor. He dreamed that the latter and a venerated old friend, a Baptist clergyman, sat with him in his cotta ge conversing, when suddenly the itinerant began to be strangely transformed, taking a spiral shape, and diminishing to so small a size as to occupy a space of but three or four inches; he would have smiled had not the itinerant, meanwhile, appeared to be in excruciating torture. Turning to the aged Baptist, he asked what the singular

metamorphosis could mean. "God is trying him," was the reply, "for thus the Lord tries all his special servants." "Is he then, indeed, one of God's special servants?" rejoined the host. "Yes," responded the Baptist, "and if you will keep your eye upon him you will see him rise again to his full stature." Directly the prediction began to be verified; the spiral form rose, and the "special servant of God" stood forth "more erect, more fresh and fair than ever before." On hearing this dream the tried evangelist related to his host, with throbbing heart, the terrible ordeal through which he had passed; "and," he writes, "we rejoiced together for the consolation of our God."

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From: HDM0189.tex

68 -- NATHAN BANGS SEES SATAN'S POWER BROKEN IN A DREAM

"About this time I had a very singular dream. In my sleep I thought a friend came to see me, to whom I showed my garden, which I had taken great pains to put in order. The weeds were all plucked up, and everything was thriving. As we were admiring its beauty and promise my friend said to me, 'Do you see that snake?' I looked, and saw that a green snake, exactly resembling the vegetation in color, had stretched himself around the entire garden. I replied that I saw him and would kill him. My friend rejoined, 'If you attempt to kill him he will kill you, for you can see neither his head nor tail, he is so completely wound round the garden like a hoop.' I then found in my hand one of the most curious whips I ever saw. 'Now,' said I, 'with this will I kill him.' Although I could not see his head I touched him very softly, when I found he squirmed a little. I struck him harder and harder, till at length he started up his head with great fury. When I saw his crest, with one blow of my whip I severed his head. 'There,' said I to my friend, who was looking on with amazement, 'he is dead.' On this I awoke, and behold it was a dream, but 'the interpretation thereof' seemed plain. The garden was the Church, of which I had the oversight, the snake was an enemy with whom I had to contend in the discharge of my duties, and the instrument in my hand was the Discipline. I had to contend with a man who might justly be supposed to have been represented by the snake, but whose power I was determined to break; he soon, showed himself in his opposition to the exercise of the Discipline; but he could do nothing, as his personal influence was quickly broken."

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From: HDM0216.tex

69 -- BENJAMIN ABBOTT SAW THE FALL OF THE PREACHER HE WAS SAVED UNDER IN A DREAM

"Toward the dawn of day," he says, "in a dream I thought I saw the preacher, under whom I was awakened, drunk and playing cards, with his garments all defiled with dirt. When I awoke and found it a dream I was glad, although I still felt some uneasiness on his account. In about three weeks after I heard that the poor unfortunate preacher had fallen into sundry gross sins, and was expelled from the Methodist connection. The tidings of his fall filled me with such distress that I wandered about like a lost sheep with these reflections: If the head is thus fallen what will become

of me, or what combats may I have with the devil? At length, when in prayer, under sore temptation, almost in despair, a new thought was impressed on my mind, that I must not trust in the arm of flesh, for, 'Cursed is he that putteth his trust in the arm of flesh.' I then saw that my salvation did not depend on his standing or falling; I had to stand for myself, and to give diligence, through grace, to save my own soul; that my soul must answer at the bar of God for my own deeds."

The fact here referred to has the peculiar and painful interest of being the first instance of apostasy that dishonored the struggling ministry of Methodism in the new world; its first case of expulsion. The name of Abraham Whitforth appears in the list of the little band of itinerants reported in the appointments of the first Methodist Conference. He was an Englishman, and had labored faithfully with his countrymen Webb, Asbury, and Shadford, in New Jersey, during the year 1772. His eloquence was powerful, and his usefulness extraordinary. It was under his ardent ministrations that Abbott had been saved. He subsequently preached with continued success on both the Eastern and Western Shores of Maryland. While on the Kent Circuit he fell by intemperance, and fell apparently to rise no more. "Alas for that man!" wrote Asbury, when the sad news reached him, "he had been useful, but was puffed up, and so fell into the snare of the devil." Years later, when Asbury first heard Abbott preach, he wrote, "here I find remains the fruit of the labor of that now miserable man Abraham Whitforth; I fear he died a backslider." The last trace we can discover of the fate of the unfortunate man is in the report of "the old Methodists," that he entered the British army to fight against the country and was probably killed in battle.

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From: HDM0219.tex

70 -- HOW SAMUEL BIBBINS FORESAW WIGTON AND SMITH IN A DREAM

A venerable authority, familiar with all this region, informs us that "Samuel Wigton and Lemuel Smith were sent to the extreme north, one to Cambridge Circuit, and the other to Champlain, or rather they proceeded to form circuits which were to be called by those names. Both came together to Hampton, Washington County, and calling at the house of Samuel Bibbins, opened to him their mission. They were made welcome to his hospitalities, and permitted to preach there. Samuel Bibbins, Jr., declared that he had seen these two men in a dream, and knew them as soon as he cast his eyes upon them. At the first meeting the husband, wife, and son, Samuel, with many others, were awakened. A class was immediately formed, and thenceforward Bibbins' house was the home of the Methodist preachers, and, as often as was required, the place of preaching. Samuel Bibbins, Jr., was unusually gifted in prayer and exhortation, and soon became a local preacher. The work of revival followed him, and hundreds were converted through his instrumentality. In after years he was admitted into the Genesee Conference, and was a successful laborer to the close of his life.

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From: HDM0163.tex

71 -- JOHN WESLEY REDFIELD'S HOST FORESAW HIM IN A DREAM

Taking only a small bundle with him, and without saying farewell, he started out to seek the place designated by the sign. He intended to take a straight line to the place, regardless of roads. His joy was now unspeakable. When he opened the door to start, a young man stood before it, who asked, "Where are you going?" He could only say, "I am going west." Said the stranger, "Wait a minute and you can ride with me. The invitation was accepted, but with the determination to ride with him only as long as his course was toward that sign. All day they rode in a westerly direction. Just at sundown, as they reached the bottom of a hill, the driver turned to a road leading south, and the sign disappeared. Young Redfield said not a word, but thought, "The mystery is solved. I have been following a phantom." He asked the young man to stop and let him get out, as he desired to take the road to the right. That led to the west. The stranger answered: "You had better go to the top of the hill, and stop there at the house of an old minister until morning, as it will be a long way before you will find a stopping place on that road." He accepted the suggestion and went on. When they reached the house the young man knocked at the door and they were bidden to come in. The minister and his family were standing around the table and had been about to say grace over their evening repast, after the manner of that day. As the old man looked upon young Redfield the tears filled his eyes, and it was some moments before he could control his emotions. At last he said, "This young man must stop with me. God showed me in a dream sometime ago that you were coming to help me on my circuit. I never saw you before except in my dream, and when you came I instantly recognized you." On taking a seat Mr. Redfield opened his hymn-book to the verse,

"Master, I own thy lawful claim,
Thine, wholly thine, I long to be;
Thou seest at last I willing am,
Where'er thou goest to follow thee.
Myself in all things to deny,
Thine, wholly thine to live and die."

He says, "I now felt myself fully committed to do God's will, although I kept and pondered these things in my heart. The heavenly sweetness and calmness which took possession of my soul, I have no words to describe."

The old preacher took him on to a part of his circuit where Universalism was a great obstacle in the way of the work. He commenced his work here in the same way in which he had previously labored, by visiting from house to house.

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From: HDM0167.tex

72 -- HIS BROTHER'S CAPTURED AND DAMNED SOUL SEEN IN A DREAM

A good man relates that he was sitting up with his very sick brother one night. He was also sin-sick. He states that very late at night, he was weary, and fell asleep. While asleep he had the following dream. He dreamed he saw his brother die, and as the spirit departed the body, for death is the separation of spirit and body, he beheld a horrible, unearthly monster, in the room which

began to chase the soul of his brother. He said, "in the dream, I saw the soul of my brother dart out the open window, chased by this fearful monster." He said, "I could see my brother's soul fleeing, chased by this fiend. Finally, in the distance, this doleful creature overtook the fleeing soul and with his fiery fingers laid hold of it. At this moment I heard the most pitiful, unearthly wail from the disembodied spirit of my brother. This shriek awoke me. It seemed to chill my very being, and now being awake, while beads of death-like perspiration stood on my brow, I looked across where my brother was lying and HE WAS DEAD. And as I looked upon his distorted features, I realized he appeared just as I saw him in the dream, as he died." This is the interpretation this good man gave this most unusual occurrence: He said, "I fully believe God permitted me to fall asleep, that my eyes might be closed to material objects, in order that I might behold just what took place." Whatever construction you may place upon this, one thing is sure, I do not want to die the death of the wicked.

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From: HDM0560.tex

73 -- ASBURY FORESEES A PROTECTIVE GUARD IN A DREAM

[Unless I err here, this was at a time when Asbury needed to cross some territory that placed him in peril of attack by Indians. -- DVM]

MAY 3, 1790 -- I preached at Brother Payne's, and had some encouragement among our Maryland people. Sabbath night I dreamed the guard from Kentucky came for me; and mentioned it to Brother Whatcoat. In the morning I retired to a small stream for meditation and prayer, and while there saw two men come over the hills. I felt a presumption that they were Kentucky men, and so they proved to be; they were Peter Massie and John Clark, who were coming for me with the intelligence that they had left eight men below. After reading the letters and asking counsel of God, I went with them.

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From: HDM0560.tex

74 -- ASBURY IS TOLD HOW A FOREWARNING DREAM WAS FATALLY IGNORED

MAY 11, 1790 -- Crossed Kentucky River. I was strangely outdone for want of sleep, having been greatly deprived of it in my journey through the wilderness; which is like being at sea, in some respects, and in others worse. Our way is over mountains, steep hills, deep rivers, and muddy creeks; a thick growth of reeds for miles together, and no inhabitants but wild beasts and savage men. Sometimes, before I am aware, my ideas would be leading me to be looking out ahead for a fence, and I would, without reflection, try to recollect the houses we should have lodged at in the wilderness. I slept about an hour the first night, and about two the last. We ate no regular meal; our bread grew short, and I was much spent. I saw the graves of the slain-twenty-four in one camp. I learn that they had set no guard, and that they were up late, playing at cards. A poor woman of the company had dreamed three times that the Indians had surprised them all; she urged her husband to

entreat the people to set a guard, but they only abused him, and cursed him for his pains. As the poor woman was relating her last dream the Indians came upon the camp; she and her husband sprang away, one east, the other west, and escaped. She afterward came back and witnessed the carnage. As to the land, it is the richest body of fertile soil I have ever beheld.

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From: HDM0480.tex

75 -- HOW CHRIST MUST HOLD THE KEYS SEEN IN A DREAM

The story of the keys brings the truth of consecration home to our hearts. A lady had a dream, and in her dream Jesus came and knocked at her door. When she opened it there stood her Lord. In surprise and some confusion she exclaimed, "Why, good morning, dear Master!" The Master smiled graciously upon her and said, "I have come to see you." "Why certainly, Lord, come in." The Lord came in and His host in some agitation glanced hurriedly in this corner and the other in the room, and to the center table, to see that everything that ought not be there was out of sight. The Master said to her, "Perhaps you do not understand -- I have come to stay all the time." "Why, certainly, dear Lord, I am delighted." "Then," said Jesus, "since I have come to stay all the time I will want to come and go freely, and so I will ask you for your keys." The lady produced a bunch of keys and removing one from the ring, held it out to Jesus. Jesus glanced swiftly at His host and said, "I am sorry you cannot trust me -- good-bye!" But she stopped him and said, "Master, wait! What is it? Why do you leave, dear Master?" Jesus flashed upon her a look such as Peter saw when he denied Him, a look, tender and yet terrible, as He said, "I see you have other keys." "Why, yes, Master, these other keys are to my own room, to my own secret drawers, where I keep my private papers and my personal affairs." "Yes," said Jesus, "that is true, and as I said, I am sorry you cannot trust Me. If I stay in your home I must have the keys to every room, to every drawer, to every private box." With tears streaming down her face, she said, "Here, Lord, take them all; You may have complete access to all my home."

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From: HDMHTEC\HTEC-VO1\POOLE.tex

76 -- W. H. POOLE'S SPIRITUALLY INSTRUCTIVE DREAMS

God saw fit to speak to me more directly, more personally, and more powerfully than before. He did this in a DREAM.

Dreams, no doubt, are often produced by physical causes, and are, in general, not worth a place in the memory where they have failed to make an impression. Yet God does, sometimes, as in the days of old, speak in dreams. It is unpopular now to speak of impressions received through this channel. I know it, dear reader, but the popular rule is not always the way of duty, thanks be to God, through Jesus Christ our Lord, that I am not now afraid of the sons of Anak, and for the honor of God I can say, "this shall be written for generations to come."

I saw that life and time were past -- the judgment day at hand -- I heard the trump of God -- I saw the response of earth as the dust stirred and heaved with life as the trumpet-sound pierced the dull, cold ear of nature, and echoed through all the cemeteries, vaults, catacomb and caverns of mountain and of deep. The angels removed the mountains and the water-courses, and prepared room for the human race. Each person seemed alone, though in the mighty throng. Each individualized, each conscious of his state. I saw the great white throne coming down in mid-heaven, and resting as it were on a bow or arch that spanned the horizon. That arch seemed to be formed of clouds that became more dense and dark as they receded from the grand stairway of light that connected earth and sky. I saw the Saviour, Jesus, as judge, seated on the throne, and before him on the right were books of immense proportions, in which appeared names and deeds.

Open to every eye was a hall, or gallery of judgment, through which every one must pass on his way to his reward. On the right, and above, this hall or gallery was connected with the celestial home or heavenly country, while on the left and beneath it was connected with darkness and woe. On the right and above were angels of light to welcome the good and the pure to their home on high. The floor of this hall seemed to be constructed of bars and lines and spaces, as the scale in music, those of pure motive and holy life went over those spaces with a buoyant step and a bounding heart, as if gravitation had lost its power over them; while the disobedient and unholy disappeared quickly in the darkness below. Sin seemed to be the great force that drew them downward, the more sin the sooner they disappeared, and with greater velocity. As on the other hand, the more holiness, the more immediate and the more rapid their flight upward. The white robed ones were all singing, and as the redeemed ones joined them they too commenced to sing.

A I stood petrified by fear, I saw many whom I had known in life, who, when measured by human standards, were pronounced wanting, to whom the Judge gave a look of approbation that filled them with light and glory, and made them, almost transparent, so that heaven and earth witnessed their joy. I saw members of the church, and church officers, and ministers of the gospel, whom human standards would pronounce all right, but who in the hour of judgment stood condemned and disappeared in darkness, some were out of sight at once, and others passed on and were almost over and disappeared in a moment. Oh, the anguish of mind -- the bitter regret for broken vows and neglected duties, such views of God's love and goodness, of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, such longing for holiness.

When my name was called by an angel that seemed to have charge of the record of eternity, obedience was not voluntary, as in life. My will seemed to have no part in influencing my action, my going seemed not to be of myself, an unseen power controlled all, and compelled compliance. In the presence of the throne and of the Judge, the most timid would not be afraid of the whole human family. It is utterly impossible to describe my feelings as I ascended the stairs of light, and oh how strange that I should be the only one who dared to speak to the Judge, or utter a word, but I did speak. His look of love prompted me to speak, and inspired me with confidence. He seemed to say, speak on, and I exclaimed, "O, dear Saviour, don't send me over, I am not prepared." And O, boundless love, infinite, immeasurable love. He permitted me to return and prepare, and go and persuade other to prepare for judgment. I awoke, but I have not forgotten my dream. My appeal was spoken in accents so loud as to disturb my parents who came to my room. For days and nights my sleep departed from me, and when anxiety and grief had wearied my body and mind, and I slept again, my dream came back upon my spirit with all the definiteness and distinctness of reality.

There was a grandeur and a majesty about every point in it, that I can never describe. For some weeks I could think of nothing else; my strength failed; "I was, sick; certain days." My cup was filled with the "waters of Marah," they were indeed very bitter. When wearied walking my room, I often wet "my pillow with my tears."

For three months I sought the Lord constantly. I think I understand the meaning of the "unleavened bread and the bitter herbs." I gave up business and devoted my time exclusively to reading and prayer, hoping, that God would come to my rescue. Thank God, he did come, but first he came to me in [a second] dream.

I saw myself in a vast desert, without a drop of water, or compass or guide, parched with scorching winds and burning sands, my only companion was despair. Unable to stand from weakness and fatigue, I sat down, feeling that death itself would be welcome. At then I looked up, and saw, far, far away, where sand and sky seemed to meet, a beautiful mansion, or city of mansions. In the sky above were the words: "Room for all," and "Jesus bids you come." I felt my heart grow lighter, and my limbs grew stronger, and I made my way to it. There was only one entrance; between the outer gate and that entrance there were fountains of water, and fruits, and flowers, in all forms of loveliness; but to my astonishment, as I approached the gateway (for there was no gate, it was open night and day), I saw thousands of hideous serpents, with eyes of fire, and teeth and tongue of poison. I paused a moment, and looking in, I saw Jesus standing at the door with hands outstretched, and that same look of love and compassion I saw before, when he sat on the throne, and he repeated Matt. xi 28 and 29, "Come unto me all ye that labor;" and I walked on and over the serpents unhurt, and threw myself at His feet, full of peace and joy. I awoke and was much cheered, and slept and dreamed the same again, I arose a long while before day, and spent the day alone with God, in meditation and prayer, and twenty-two hours after my dream, or at 2 o'clock A. M., in my father's stable, after spending the night in prayer, I saw a star which led me in thought to the star of Bethlehem. I knelt once more in prayer and said, "Father, bless me for JESUS' sake," and in a moment my long dark night was turned into more than noon-day brightness. "My chains fell off; my heart was free," all doubt was gone, and I made the air ring with hallelujahs to Jesus. I had good reason for praising God, and I did praise him. I awoke my dear father and mother, and they too praised God in my behalf. I, who had trusted so much to my own righteousness, now trusted solely in the righteousness of Christ. I, who had been silent in class for nearly ten years, now found a tongue. I, who was so timid that I could not speak one word for Jesus, now began to tell to thousands what the Lord had done for me. O, if once I drank the bitter waters of Marah, I now drank from the smitten rock on the highlands of Rephidim. If I once was afraid of the long-necked Anakim, I now went right up into their camp, shouting victory through the blood of the Lamb. If I once sat me down on arid sand to die of thirst, I now enjoyed the famous twelve wells of water and the seventy palm trees cooling shade. If once I had to eat bitter herbs, believe me, my dear reader, I have been feasting on the real manna since the morning of July the 8th, 1838.

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From: HDMHTEC\HTEC-VO1\REES-H.tex

77 -- HOW HULDA A. REES, WIFE OF SETH C. REES, WAS LED INTO HOLINESS THROUGH A DREAM

About this time a dream came to her which made her very hungry for a better experience. In her dream it seemed to her that she was a child again, at the old home perfectly happy and free from care. She was sitting in her favorite seat, in the willow tree, near the spring-house. She could hear the bees humming in the sweet locust flowers, and the birds were singing with their old-time beauty. She looked up and saw her mother standing in the door at the house, and she said to herself, contentedly, "By and by, when I get hungry, I will go to the house and mother will give me something to eat."

There were no cares or responsibilities to oppress her. She need take no thought for anything. The dream passed, and she sighed when she remembered that it was merely a dream. Then it seemed as if the Lord spoke directly to her:

"Wouldn't you like to be as free from care as when you were a little girl?"

"Yes, Lord, could I?" she said, wistfully.

"Would you be willing to be childlike and happy and contented, and just be my little girl and do errands for me?"

"Oh, I would be so delighted!" Thus the Lord led her along to seek sanctification.

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From: HDMILLUS\HDM0463\HDM0463.tex

78 -- THE QUAKER GIRL'S DREAM ABOUT "MEASURING DAY"

I dreamed I was on my way to school, when suddenly I noticed a great crowd upon the green. People were hurrying to and fro, and when I asked what all this commotion was about, a girl said:

"Why, don't you know? It's Measuring Day, and the Lord's angel has come to see how much our souls have grown since last Measuring Day."

"Measuring Day!" said I; "measuring souls! I never heard of such a thing," and I began to ask questions; but the girl hurried on, and after a little I let myself be pressed along with the crowd to the green.

There in the center, on a kind of throne under the green elm, was the most glorious and beautiful being I ever saw. He had white wings; his clothes were of shining white, and he had the kindest yet most serious face I ever beheld. By his side was a tall golden rod fastened upright in the ground with curious marks at regular intervals from the top to the bottom. Over it, in a golden scroll, were the words, "The measure of a perfect man." The angel held in his hand a large book, in

which he wrote the measurements as the people came up at the calling of their names in regular turns. The instant each one touched the golden measure a most wonderful thing happened. No one could escape the terrible accuracy of that strange rod. Each one shrank or increased to his true dimensions -- his spiritual dimensions, as I soon learned, for it was an index of the soul growth which was shown in this mysterious way.

The first few who were measured after I came I did not know; but soon the name of Elizabeth Darrow was called. She is the president of the Aid for the Destitute Society, you know, and she manages ever so many other societies, too, and I thought, "Surely E. Darrow's measure will be very high indeed."

But as she stood by the rod, the instant she touched it she seemed to grow shorter and shorter, and the angel's face grew very serious as he said: "This would be a soul of high stature if only the zeal for outside works which can be seen of men had not checked the lowly, secret graces of humility and trust and patience under little daily trials. These, too, are needed for perfect soul-growth."

I pitied E. Darrow as she moved away with such a sad and surprised face to make room for the next. It was poor, thin, little Betsy Lines, the seamstress. I never was more astonished in my life then when she took her stand by the rod, and immediately increased in height till her mark was higher than any I had seen before, and her face shone so I thought it must have caught its light from the angel, who smiled so gloriously that I envied poor little Betsy.

Then came Lillian. She was a society girl and had plenty of money. The angel looked sadly at her measure, for it was very low -- so low that Lillian turned pale as death and her beautiful clothes no one noticed at all, for they were quite overshadowed by the glittering robes beside her. And the angel said in a solemn tone: "O child, why take thought for raiment? Let your adorning be not that outward adorning of putting on of apparel, but let it be the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price. Thus only can thee grow like the Master."

Old Jerry, the cobbler, came next -- poor, old, clumsy Jerry. But as he hobbled up the steps the angel's face fairly blazed with light, and he smiled on him, and led him to the rod; and behold, Jerry's measure was higher than any of the others. The angel's voice rang out so loud and clear that we all heard it, saying: "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

And then, O, my name came next! And I trembled so I could hardly reach the angel, but he put his arm around me and helped me to stand by the rod. As soon as I touched it I felt myself growing shorter and shorter and, though I stretched and stretched and strained every nerve to be as tall as possible, I could only reach Lillian's mark -- Lillian's, the lowest of all, and I a member of the church for two years!

I grew crimson for shame, and whispered to the angel: "O give me another chance before you mark me in the book as low as this. Tell me how to grow. I will do it all so gladly, only do not put this mark down!"

The angel shook his head sadly. "The record must go down as it is, my child. May it be higher when I next come. This rule will help thee, 'Whatsoever thou doest, do it heartily as to the Lord in singleness of heart as unto Christ.'"

And with that I burst into tears, and suddenly awakened to find myself crying. But, O, I shall never forget that dream! I was so ashamed of my mark -- Measuring Rod.

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From: HDMILLUS\HDM0165\HDM0165.tex

79 -- LED TO MAKE THE RIGHT CHOICE WHEN YOUNG THROUGH A DREAM

A man related this experience which led him to decide for God and for everything that is highest and best. He saw himself old and infirm, leaning on a staff and with uneven step tottering toward an open grave. His hair was long and white, his face and hands were wrinkled with age and worry. Just before he slipped into a yawning grave he looked back upon the long pathway of his life. He saw a point away back in his youth where the road forked. One road led up and up, till it reached the land of peace and of God's glory; the other road led down and down, till it entered the open grave.

He saw that he had made the wrong choice in his youth and he cried aloud, "Oh, to be again at the cross roads!" With this cry he awoke, for he had been asleep. He looked at his hands, they were not wrinkled and old; he felt his brow, it was not furrowed with care; he examined his hair, it was not long and gray; he was not leaning upon a staff -- it was a dream. He was not old, but was still young; his life was all before him and he was "at the cross roads." After such a vision, it did not take him long to decide to choose the right path.

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From: HDMILLUS\HDM0186\HAB--HYP.tex

80 -- AN INQUIRER'S DREAM

One night an inquirer, long under deep conviction but still unsaved, dreamed that he was walking along the edge of a terrible precipice and fell over it into a horrible abyss. As he was falling, he grasped a little branch of some bush that was growing half way down. There he hung and cried for help. He could feel the branch giving way. He looked into the dark, yawning gulf beneath and again cried out for help. Looking up, he saw in his dream, Christ standing on the edge and saying "Let go the twig and I will save you." Looking at the terrible abyss below, he could not. He cried again; and again came the same answer: "Let go the twig and I will save you."

At length, he felt the branch slipping, and, in the utter desperation of his despair, he let go the branch when, lo! in an instant the arms of Jesus were about him and he was safe. He awoke. It was but a dream of the night. Yet, from the vividness and instruction of its imagery, he was enabled to let go every false confidence and rely only on the true. --The Clerical Library

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From: \HDMILLUS\HDM0186\ABA--AWA.tex

81 -- DREAM REVEALING THE LOSS INCURRED BY PROUD AMIBITION

I remember hearing of a man's dream in which he imagined that when he died he was taken by the angels to a beautiful temple. After admiring it for a time he discovered that one stone was missing. All finished but just one little stone; that was left out. He said to the angel, "What is this stone left out for?" The angel replied, "That was left out for you, but you, wanted to do great things, and so there was no room left for you." He was startled and awoke, and resolved that he would become a worker for God, and that man always worked faithfully after that. --Moody

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From: \HDMILLUS\HDM0186\DAN--DUT.tex

82 -- A DREAM SHOWING HOW AN UNBROKEN FOCUS ON CHRIST LIFTS FROM LIFE'S PITS

A lady had a dream, in which she fancied herself at the bottom of a deep pit. She looked around to see if there were any way of getting out, but in vain. Presently, looking upward, she saw, in that part of the heavens immediately above the mouth of the pit, a beautiful bright star. Steadily gazing at it, she felt herself to be gradually lifted up ward. She looked down to ascertain how it was, and immediately found herself at the bottom of the pit. Again her eye caught sight of the star, and again she felt herself ascending. She had reached a considerable height. Still, desirous of an explanation of so strange a phenomenon, she turned her eyes downward, and fell to the bottom with fearful violence. On recovering from the effect of the shock, She bethought herself as to the meaning of it all, and once again turned her eyes to the star, still shining so brightly above, and yet once again felt herself borne up ward. Steadily, did she keep her eyes upon its light, till at length, she found herself out of the horrible pit, and her feet safely planted on the solid ground above. It taught her the lesson that, in the hour of danger and trouble, deliverance is to be found, and found only, by looking unto Jesus. --T. Guthrie

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From: HDMILLUS\HDM0186\IGN--INT.tex

83 -- HOW A LITTLE GIRL'S DIRECTION TO HEAVEN FOR HER FATHER WAS GIVEN IN A DREAM

I don't know but there may be a father here to whom God is speaking tonight, by His Holy Spirit, possibly like a father who took his little daughter in a boat and rowed out on the lake, set her down on an island and said, "Now, my child, you can run about, pick up the agates, and pluck the flowers, and I will go up the lake, and be back by and by." so the little girl amused herself a

while, but by and by she looked up and saw that the thick fog was settling down upon the lake. She says, "Papa can't find me now." So she sought her way around to the place where she stepped off the boat, and there she waited and watched, and by and by she heard the dip of the oars, and presently, through the thick fog, she saw the end of the boat, and she leaned forward as far as she could and cried, "This way, pa! This way, pa!" In that way he found her, and took her into the boat, and managed to get her home.

Not long after that, God called that darling one to go up and sing with the angels. Some time after her death the father had dream, and he saw in that dream many scenes for his dear child, and among other, that little scene at the boat; and before he awoke he seemed to hear the voice, "This way, pa!" and as he awoke amid that scene, it seemed as if God was speaking through the voice of that little child: "This way, pa! this way pa!" It was the means of leading him to the Lamb of God. Who can tell? Perhaps I am talking to some father or mother here tonight, some sister or some brother, whose darling one has gone, and the voice comes down by the Holy Ghost, "This way, ma!" "This way, pa!" "This way, sister!" "This way, brother!" Oh will you heed the call? May Christ help you, and will you help yourself, that it may be well with you? Give you heart to the Lord that he may take your sins away and save you. --Albert P. Graves

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From: HDMILLUS\HDM0186\PAI--PER.tex

84 -- PERSECUTION RESTRAINED BY A DREAM

The new Chinese evangelist was very homely but the Lord, looking into his heart, saw there a burning love for Him and a desire for the salvation of his people. His mother was not a Christian and often persecuted him. One night on his return home she met him at the door and told him that he could not go to church on the morrow and she threatened him with all kinds of punishment if he opposed her. Poor Ling Wei was in great trouble. He went to his room and lay down on his hard mat on the floor. "What shall I do?" he moaned. "My teacher will think I have gone back to my idols if I do not go to church." Just then the door opened and Cheng, his friend in the Jesus faith, entered. "Why, what is the matter, Ling Wei?" he whispered. "You look so sad, I came for help and I find you weeping." "My heart is indeed very sad," Ling Wei answered. "When I came home my mother told me I must give up the Jesus religion. And she has hidden my clothes so I cannot go to church tomorrow." "A Chinese boy or man must mind his parents," said his friend, "but we can pray--get help from our Jesus. Let us pray to Him."

The two friends threw themselves on their faces and prayed to the God who hears the prayers of white and yellow alike. The night passed away. The early morning light found them still weeping and calling to God to save the poor heathen mother. Suddenly the door was opened and Ling Wei's mother stood in the door way. "Oh, my dream! My dream!" she cried. "The True God you talk to told me in a dream to let you alone or He would punish me. Here are your clothes. Dress and go to church. I will hinder you no more." When the two friends entered the mission that day their hearts were very happy. --Selected

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From: HDMILLUS\HDM0186\PHY--PRA.tex

85 -- HOW PRAYER PROVOKES LABOR SEEN IN A DREAM

The story is told of a man who promised Martin Luther that he would pray for him every day. And he did. One night he had a startling dream in which he saw a lone reaper in a huge field of corn coming closer and closer to him. Then he recognized his face. It was that of Luther. As the man reflected on his dream, he came to the conclusion, I must leave my prayers and go to work. Praying for the Lord's servant was the starting point for his own involvement.

I have often wondered why Jesus on the occasion described in Matthew 9 said nothing about witnessing to the lost. I believe I know why. Prayer must always precede activity. Efforts not grounded in a sense of compassion and complete submission to the Lord are doomed to fail. But when we care enough to pray, we will start working, witnessing, and giving.

The starting point is prayer. Therefore, let's pray to the Lord of the harvest.

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From: HDMILLUS\HDM0186\REA--RES.tex

86 -- HOW A DREAM LED JOHN HARDONK TO REPENTANCE

John Hardonk, while on ship board, dreamed one night that the day of judgment had come and that the roll of the ships crew was called, except his own name, and that this crew were all banished; and in his dream he asked the reader why his own name was omitted; and he was told it was to give him more opportunity for repentance. He woke up a different man. He became illustrious for Christian attainment. --T. De Witt Talmage

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From: HDMILLUS\HDM0186\SEL--SIN.tex

87 -- HOW CHRISTIANS MUST BE SOULWINNERS SEEN IN A DREAM

A priest had a striking dream. He dreamed he had ascended the ladder that reached from earth to heaven. Expectantly he knocked upon the door. Some one responded and demanded, "Who is there?" Proudly the priest called his name. "Who is with You?" came the reply. "No one," answered the priest, "I am alone." "Sorry," said the angel, "but we are instructed never to open these gates for a single individual." And, crest fallen and disappointed, he descended to earth. --Sunday School Times

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From: HDMILLUS\HDM0523\HDM0523.tex

88 -- NO STARS IN HER CROWN SEEN IN A DREAM

That reminds me of a dream that a young lady once had.

She dreamed she died and went to heaven, and while she was standing there praising God, she saw that each of the angels had a beautiful crown on her head with brilliant stars in it She said to one of the sister spirits:

"What do those stars in your crown represent?"

"They represent the souls that we have been instrumental in saving; each star represents a soul."

She then took off her crown and looking at it she saw that there was not a single star on it Then she awoke, and she was so happy to know that she still had a chance to save souls that she pledged herself to work to fill with star' the crown she would wear

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From: HDMWESLY\WESERMON\HDM0176.tex

89 -- DELIVERANCE FROM THE AGONY OF A DREAM

[Below John Wesley taught that just as one has immediate and welcome relief when awaking from a bad and trying dream, even so Christ can as quickly deliver one from the trials of life. What significance this dream may have had to the person who related it I know not. However, John Wesley used it to illustrate an encouraging truth. -- DVM]

Thus God is able to deliver out of temptations, by removing the occasion of them. But are there not temptations, the occasions of which cannot be taken away? Is it not a striking instance of this kind, which we have in a late publication? "I was walking," says the writer of the letter, "over Dover cliffs, in a calm, pleasant evening with a person whom I tenderly loved, and to whom I was to be married in a few days. While we were engaged in earnest conversation, her foot slipped, she fell down, and I saw her dashed to pieces of the beach. I lifted up my hands, and cried out. 'This evil admits of no remedy. I must now go mourning all my days! My wound is incurable. It is impossible I should ever find such another woman! One so every way fitted for me.' I added in an agony, 'This is such an affliction as even God himself cannot redress!' And just as I uttered the words, I awoke: For it was a dream!" Just so can God remove any possible temptation; making it like a dream when one waketh!

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From: HDM0015.tex

90 -- SHE DREAMED OF FIJI AND HER DREAM CAME TRUE

I now relate the incident which followed. We went into the house, and had a most blessed meeting. This girl prayed through, and received the Holy Ghost in all His fullness. She came and sat down beside me, and said, "O Brother Bevington, this is most wonderful, it far surpasses anything I ever dreamed of. I had a vision. Oh, such a sight; I saw hundreds of little faces, not as our children's faces are, but, oh, so many, and every child had its little hands out beckoning to me to come and teach them. There was a great long arch, and huge red letters on it, which read 'Fiji'." I said, "What?" and she told me again. "Why," I said, "that is a call to the Fiji Islands, to go as a missionary and teach them of Jesus." She rose, with both hands up, and tears of joy falling fast, as she said very softly, "Glory, glory! " In fourteen months she sailed for the Fiji Islands. Dear Brother Gamble helped us to get her there. She spent sixteen years on the field, and then went to Heaven from there.

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From: HDM0045.tex

91 -- HE FELL FROM GRACE AT THE SIGHT OF HIS STRANGELY FULFILLED DREAM

The Picture Gallery being decidedly dusty, and thereby affecting the eyes somewhat, as well as the feelings, we take the reader into a side room and show him a few portraits of certain individuals known by the writer in other years.

The five we select out of many are now no longer on earth, but something they possessed remains, and so with loving and faithful hand we have made the pen to act as a kind of pencil or brush and have striven to put on paper as upon the canvas an outline anyhow of men who have variously impressed the writer, and whose lives should not be forgotten.

We commence with Brother N____. He was an itinerant Methodist preacher of fifty years or thereabouts, with iron gray hair, thin, beardless face, a very grave-looking countenance that rarely smiled, but surmounted by a pair of sharp, gray eyes placed close together and which at times fairly sparkled with mirth.

He had such a dry way of saying witty and cutting things that one would have to look quickly from the quiet-looking face to the twinkling eyes to catch his meaning.

With all this, he was one of the most powerful men in prayer, especially in altar work, that we ever heard. He had a way of reaching climaxes in his public supplications, and as he would make his point, he would bring his hands together with a resounding slap that seemed to drive the nail home and brad it on the other side.

His great ambition was to possess a buggy, that he might travel his circuit with ease and comfort. So after much economizing here and there, he invested.

When the shining, polished vehicle was brought home, he felt at once a burning desire to pay a number of pastoral calls some distance in the country.

The very first night he stopped at a farmer's, where the stable was small, and sheds were none, so that the buggy with its handsome, shining leather trimmings had to be left out in the lane, where at least fifty or sixty cattle were gathered. Brother N_____ did not fancy this separation from what was evidently his pride and joy; and that night he dreamed several times that his buggy was stolen.

Next morning he walked out of the house, through the big gate into the lane, and lo! and behold! the cattle and goats together had eaten up every particle of the leather of his buggy, trimmings, flaps, cushion and all, and not a thing was left but the wood and iron, and even some of the woodwork was gone. The spectacle was decidedly spidery to look at, not to say skeleton or ghost-like.

We have heard Bro. N_____ describe the occurrence years afterward. Raising his finger and looking around at his breathless auditors, he gravely said.

"Right then and there, brethren,--I fell from grace!"

Blessed man! If he did fall out of grace at that time, he certainly fell in again.

Today he is slumbering in a country church-yard under southern pines that heard his marvelous prayers and burning exhortations in days gone by, and that now sigh and sing in their weird voices about his sleeping head and scatter upon his lowly mound their yellow needles and brown cones as a kind of tribute from nature in recognition of his worth.

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From: HDM0284.tex

92 -- WHAT SEEING THE UNSEEN CHRIST IN A DREAM DID FOR HIS MINISTRY

Consult the record of the world-honored Dr. G____, who, while he may perhaps not be judged by the highest ideals, towers so high above the ordinary as to well illustrate the point. While preparing his sermon one Saturday afternoon he dreamed he was occupying his pulpit, with his eye often drawn to a mild, but strangely magnetic hearer, who, at its close, was gone before he could be introduced. When informed the Savior had listened to his effort, so powerfully was he wrought upon that ever after the vision remained, and it revolutionized his ministry and church.

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THE END