

D E A T H,

A

V I S I O N :

O R, T H E

Solemn Departure of Saints and Sinners,

REPRESENTED UNDER THE

SIMILITUDE of a DREAM.

By JOHN MACGOWAN.

Heb. ii. 15. *And deliver them, who through fear of DEATH were all their life time subject to bondage.*

Rev. ii. 11. *He that overcometh, shall not be hurt of the second DEATH.*

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L O N D O N :

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M D C C L X X X.

P R E F A C E.

THE favourable reception which *Death, a Vision*, has met with by the more pious and thoughtful ; and the frequent accounts I have had of its usefulness, especially to the weary and heavy laden Christian, have induced me to endeavour to make it, as much as possible, still more acceptable, and to print it in a more suitable form for a family book or a pocket companion, as well as greatly to enlarge upon several circumstances therein related.

THE subject is of the highest importance ; Death casts the dye, and unalterably fixes, for ever fixes our existence, either in a state of the purest holiness and consummate felicity, or in the blackest horror, and most aggravated torments, in the howling regions of infamy and despair. It is of universal concern : all are equally interested in it ; for "*all must die.*" This point admits of no controversy ; nor can

any man appeal from the awful decision. We may in other things, perhaps allowably differ; but here our judgment must be unanimous, whilst we visit the tombs of our ancestors, and daily tread upon dust once inhabited by immortal spirits. *Your fathers, where are they? The prophets, do they live for ever?* Burying places discover graves of every dimension, from the infant of a span to the swain of tallest stature. The hoary head, though frequently unnoticed, proclaims aloud the swift approach of Death to venerable age, ripening for the grave by a series of bodily infirmities. The young in years; the bloom of youth, and strength of manhood, in this unequal war can make no greater resistance than tottering weakness. Almost every day produceth fresh testimony that youth is by no means an insurance from Death; nor robust and brawny limbs a security from the grave. The greatest monarch comes down here to a perfect equality with the basest beggar; and the most delicate epicurean ranks only with the menial drudge or scullion in the kitchen. Neither robes of the finest lawn, nor crowns of the purest gold, have power to exempt their wearers from the pains and horrors of a gloomy Death-bed, and its inevitable consequences.

sequences. How awful this consideration “*God hath appointed that all men once shall die*”? Must it not affect the mind to think of entering into an unknown state of existence? A state, of which nothing can in this life be learned but from the word of revelation. And is it not still more awful to see, that notwithstanding the absolute certainty, and the vast importance of Death, the far greatest part of mankind pay little or no regard to its dread solemnity? Men in general will be more curious and exact in their enquiries after, even the most trifling commodity they purchase, than about the most suitable preparation for Death. If a tradesman is about purchasing any valuable article, how diligent is he to guard against imposition? If a gentleman purchaseth an estate, how inquisitive is he after its real value, and with what accuracy does he examine the validity of his title: notwithstanding he is to hold it, as it were, only by the hour, or rather by the moment.

STRANGE it is, but it is true as strange, that the bulk of mankind will take nothing upon trust, except their everlasting concerns. O reader if thou art one of this thoughtless herd, allow me to tell

thee, that thou hast a terrible death bed, at least a terrible death before thee, which will overtake thee and will not spare thee one moment, because of thine unpreparedness. No; if thou remainest thoughtless, thou remainest also without excuse; thou hast had, thou still hast monitors enow. The passing bell, whose doleful sound daily salutes thine ear calls thee to remember thy mortality; every newspaper that thou readest by the accounts of Death in it, bids thee look forward to another world; yea every pain, every symptom of disease summoneth thee to prepare for thy long home. Let no man therefore say, "he had no warning of his mortality," seeing almost every thing in nature, if duly attended to, proclaims it to thee. Yet man, thoughtless man, goes on under a vain shew, and securely pursues earthly objects with as much assiduity as if Death had in reality no existence; and if there was not an awful hereafter consequent upon dissolution.

GIVE me leave to deal plainly with thee, for once, my reader, for God thy judge, will one day, and that perhaps very soon be plain; justly and strictly exact

act with thee, and with every one; will call thee to a severe account for the thoughtlessness of thy ways, yea and visit upon thee, the sad effects of thine own inconsideration. Tremendous must that audit be which is unthought of, and for which thou art unprovided; like that man without the wedding garment, the sinner shall remain speechless.

THOU preffest hard after the perishing riches of this world, sometimes successfully, but frequently disappointed. And what if thou couldest amass the wealth of the whole nation to thyself, so that all thy mites should increase to talents, alas! what would this profit, if thy soul is yet a stranger to that religion which is the only preparative for an happy dissolution? A bed of state will not deter the approach of rude and uncivil disease, nor will embroidered curtains repel the shaft of Death; the silver canopy over thy face will not inspire thee with one ray of hope to preserve thee from drooping on the prospect of losing thine all. Couldst thou leave as many millions as thou dost pounds to surviving heirs or to charitable uses, it would not in the least open upon thy heart the pleasing prospect of

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divine felicity ; nor bribe the fangs of hell from seizing thy despairing spirit ; would not even purchase thee a more tolerable station in the mansions of the damned, or one moment's respite from thine unutterable woe. Vain and insignificant wealth, can only comfort in health and prosperity, but boasteth not the power of relieving when in the greatest necessity. Yet how many damn themselves by preferring thee, O delusive wealth, to Jesus and his salvation ? O God, open the eyes of blind and thoughtless man, that he may be wise to consider his latter end.

ART thou a man of pleasure, and is thine heart in public places of resort ? How unworthy then the name of man ? How much more excellent are the brutal ranks, which so faithfully answer the several ends of their existence ? The very beasts that draw thee to routs and assemblies, and serve to promote thine unmanly dissipation, will bring in their several accusations, and all thine enjoyments will be swift witnesses against thee. Go on in thy life of festivity, let every day be a renewed carnival, and every returning evening produce some new, some more pleasing revel than the former ; shut out from thine impious

pious heart all thoughts of God, of religion, and holiness; yet know, whoever thou art, that thou shalt die, and God will bring thee to an account for every moment of time he has allotted thee, and every mercy he has conferred upon thee. If thou livest without God in time, thou shalt also die without him, and be banished from him to eternity.

WHEN disease shall seize thee, and Death presents his envenomed arrow at thy heart, order thou thy couch to be carried to Vauxhall, Corneilly's, the Pantheon, or some other haunt of pleasure, and try if thou canst die with more composure amongst the shouts of madness, and the bursts of foolish laughter. Yea, shroud thee in a mask and thou shalt see, that Death commissioned shall not miss his aim, but amongst the giddy croud will select his destined victim, and as soon dispatch thee at the Haymarket or Covent Garden as if secluded in the lonely desert. Shake off all restraints of decorum, cast the admonitions of reason behind thee, cease from reflection, and become the perfect brute, yet shalt thou find that Death will present objects to thee which shall demand

thy attention, and bring thee to thyself again; for thou canst not fly from his strict researches.

BUT what shall we do seeing Death is inevitable? Do! Shake off the sensual brute, and return to the exercise of reason. Remember that you are endued with intellects capable of reflection; that although, you should live brutal lives, you shall not have the privilege of dying like them, but must make your appearance before the eternal God, undergo the scrutiny of infinite holiness, and be judged according to the deeds done in the body, whether they have been good or evil. If thou never bowedst thy knee to the God that made thee, do it now, and beg of him to teach thee to act becoming a rational being, accountable to thy Maker for all thy procedure. Seek his will in the volume of Revelation, so shalt thou be taught that without holiness no man shall see the Lord, and that there is no holiness but what ariseth from a being born again. Therefore ye must be born again, in order to die happy and live for ever blessed.— Let whoever pleases laugh at the proposition, their impious sneers will yield to thee

thee no manner of excuse, when God shall demand thy spirit. I therefore take my leave of the thoughtless reader by leaving this *memento* with him, “Remember, O man, that thou must and shalt die.”

SHALL I now beg leave to address you whom God has made sensible of the necessity of a Saviour, and of the awful importance of an ever-during existence.—Great are your privileges! and great your obligations. From Death you have nothing to fear; come when it will, it must come to you in a friendly manner; for it shall go well with them that fear the Lord. *Mark*, take particular notice of that man, whose ways are perfect, whose heart is sincere, and earnestly thirsts after, and strives to attain that pleasing conformity to the divine will from which our first father fell by transgression; *behold the upright*, who is the same in his family or closet, that you see him in the church assembly. *The end*, the Death and Death bed of that man, is *peace*, and holy serenity and calm composure, which neither earth nor hell can disturb. This peace which accompanies the latter end of the Christian, is the
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peace of God, by him bestowed and by him maintained, and centers in the enjoyment of his sacred presence, and is such a peace as never yet filled the bosom of an unconverted sinner, and therefore absolutely beyond the comprehension of unassisted reason. Life may be gloomy whilst in the tabernacle. The way may be rugged and the path uneven, so that the weary pilgrim may come halting to his end; but that shall crown the work, and the peaceful end shall eradicate every sensation of former pain, so that your troubles shall be remembered only as waters that have passed away; and all before you will be pleasing and delightful. A few days of adversity will give place to an eternity of pleasure; an eternity of undecaying comfort being for ever behind and still to be enjoyed. In all your afflictions with which an all wise God sees meet to exercise you, it will be for your consolation to bear their promised end in view. Even in this life they shall bring forth in you the peaceable fruits of righteousness, whilst they are working out for you, according to the beautiful language of inspiration "A far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

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WHAT a beautiful climax ; what an ascent of blessing is here, springing from a source so unpromising ? That afflictions which burden us whilst in this tabernacle should be called light, may to inexperience appear something strange ; yet light they are in comparison of the weight of judgment due unto sins demerit ; light in comparison of the unspeakable sorrows actually sustained by our adorable Lord and Saviour ; and light in comparison of that vast weight of glory, which God, our almighty Father, takes occasion by them to work out in our behalf. Nor is it less strange to hear our affliction, which frequently attends us from the cradle to the tomb represented but as for a moment : Yet when compared with that perpetual felicity so fast approaching, life, though drawn out to the days of Methuselah, sinks into nothing. Yet even this light affliction, which is but for a moment, shall work for us a far—more—exceeding—and eternal weight of glory. Here is a *weight* of glory instead of light afflictions—a *great* weight of glory—a *greater* weight of glory—a *far* greater weight of glory ; far greater than we can ask or think of, or in any ways deserve—a *far more greater* weight of glory, than could ever have been attained
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by the most perfect legal obedience—a far *more exceeding greater* weight of glory—and to crown all—a far more exceeding greater *eternal* weight of glory. To set forth the issue of the saints afflictions, this elegant apostle has exhausted the power of language. Further he could not go; eternity must discover the rest. Let patience then have its perfect work, and let contentment be the object of your pursuit; it is no matter what bitter ingredients are mingled in your cup; it is the prescription of infinite wisdom and therefore must be salutary.

BUT Death is awful; you know not how to bear the thoughts of dying. Why should the weary have any objection to laying him down to rest; or the hungry beggar to his entering into the banqueting house. Death is indeed a dark, and gloomy porch, but it is the gate of thy Father's house; and will not the loving, the longing child venture through a few moments gloom in order to get at the dear embrace of a father so loving and compassionate.— You must pass the gate, in order to enter the mansion that so long has waited your arrival; and your Lord, your blessed friend
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and fore-runner hath taken care to remove out of the way every thing noxious and finally hurtful; he shall vouchsafe his amiable and lovely presence in the mount of straits and valley of thy fears; and shall make thy Death perfectly safe and salutary, perhaps even desirable and easy. To the saint of God, for the most part the bitterness of Death is past before Death itself arrives, so that upon its arrival he does not find it to be that terrible, and tremendous thing to die which he once apprehended. O my God, vouchsafe me thy sensible presence in my last hours, then shall I esteem my Death an inestimable benefit, and my last hours the most precious of my temporal life, and even with my dying breath I will magnify the precious name of Jesus my beloved.

ONCE more, let me recommend it to you, as you wish to live honourably and to die in comfort, to cultivate these tempers and principles that are likely to have your approbation on a Death-bed. I am either greatly mistaken in respect to the nature of Christianity, or some people of eminent rank in the church of Christ must undergo a very great revolution in the temper
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and disposition of their minds, before they are likely to have a comfortable Death: an angry, a revengeful, an implacable temper very ill agrees with the genius of the gospel dispensation, and with our character as followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, who, with his dying breath cried out "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." Let this ever be remembered, that it is not a well informed head, and clear knowledge of gospel truth which can either diffuse peace through the heart, or imprint the image of Jesus upon the soul, if a sanctified heart, if heavenly tempers and dispositions of mind are wanting. The one may indeed give you the name, but it is the other that gives you the nature of a Christian. It has been a melancholy observation, in which I am afraid there is but too much justice, that some professors most eminent for gospel knowledge, are most remarkably deficient in regard to the spirit of Christianity, and think indeed that they ought to behave ill to those who are less clear in their doctrinal sentiments, or have the unhappiness to differ from them in some favourite article. But what an unfavourable idea is this likely to give infidels of, even the gospel itself, as they are glad

glad to lay hold of every blemish in the Christian character, and to charge the blessed gospel with the defects of its abettors. I freely confess, that if I had not been favoured with some acquaintance with the nature, power, and spirit of the gospel myself, what I have seen of the spirit and conduct of professors, must unavoidably have fixed on my heart an indelible disgust against revealed religion in general: therefore it is easy to account for the unhappy increase of Deists and Free-thinkers, so observable in Britain at this period.— There is such a thing as saying without doing; as defending the truths of the gospel in word, and denying them in the spirit of our whole conduct; ought not then every lover of gospel truth to look well to his spirit and conversation, lest he should effectually injure that blessed gospel which he desires to promote, and which alone can yield him peace, and composure in his dying moments.

THERE is no way so likely to soften the tempers, and regulate the passions of man, as to cultivate an acquaintance with Death-bed solemnities, and strive to keep an approaching eternity in view. It is only in
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proportion to this, that we can either think or act becoming the Christian. This habit of mind, conversant with eternity has many peculiar advantages connected with it, and is of the greatest utility in the religious life: such as making afflictions, which otherwise would seem long and severe, to appear what they really are, but light and momentary; naturally leads us into such an acquaintance with our own personal weakness, that we can bear with the weaknesses of others, and exercise forbearance even to our greatest enemies; makes the honour of religion, the peace and tranquility of the church, and the spread of the Redeemer's glory the first objects of our pursuit; in comparison of which all other concerns will seem but light and trivial. Besides that familiar acquaintance with it which in the issue shall make Death itself desirable and easy; which is rarely the case with those, who are but little given to bear in mind the solemnities of their dissolution. The pilgrim cannot forget his native country, nor the exile the house of his fathers; how then can it be that the Christian under the exercise of grace shall forget the land of his inheritance?

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THE following little tract was written within the immediate views of Death, and when eternity made very awful impressions on the heart of the author. The mode of it was chosen with a view to make it more entertaining, whilst it conveyed the necessary instruction to the mind. The substance of it notwithstanding is taken from facts, which have fallen under his own observation, and it is hoped that through the divine blessings the truths conveyed in it, will produce their evidence in the believing heart. I trust I can say that I am thankful for the accounts I have had of its usefulness, and bless God that any feeble attempt of mine should be owned to his people's edification. I have taken fresh pains in preparing this fourth edition for the press, and am persuaded that it comes now abroad under greater advantages than in former editions. What alterations I have made, are such as seemed to me calculated to promote its usefulness, and make it more agreeable to the serious reader. I have only to add, that I beg my reader to impute the plainness of speech I have used in the preface, to a warm desire of seeing the true spirit of religion prevail amongst professors, and to be useful to the souls of my fellow sinners.

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Now that the holy Ghost may attend the reading of *Death, a Vision*, with his special influence; that it may answer the end for which it is now again sent into the world is, and I trust shall be the author's prayer. Amen.

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P A R T I .

IT was about twelve months ago that my mind, as is but too frequent with me, void of stability, rambled from one theme to another, and, for a considerable time, continued its vagary to that degree, that I found myself utterly incapable of fixing my attention on any subject that presented itself, however interesting and important it might seem. At last an awful
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subject, DEATH—all conquering DEATH! presented itself to me, and that not in a very desirable manner, but in all the deformities of an implacable enemy to nature. This unwelcome, though important visitant, ingrossed my attention in such a manner, that for a fortnight's space I maintained an almost constant intercourse with that awful production of Sin;—throughout the whole length of the day, whether I was in the closet, at the table, or taking a turn on the flowery banks of Severn, my friendly neighbour, I was always employed in viewing the features of his awful countenance; marking, as well as I could, the proportion of his parts, and duly observing his formidable retinue. It was thus I employed myself, whilst the chearful sun illumined our horizon, and nature rejoiced in his genial rays: nor was I less intent on the awful subject, when silent night spread her sable curtains over the kingdom, and invited the labourer to refreshing rest: for either my eyes resisted the leaden influence of sleep, or the visiting slumber brought the thoughts of DEATH along with it. One particular instance of my nocturnal conversation with
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that universal pillager, I esteem not unworthy of a public hearing, therefore shall do myself the pleasure of relating it.

It happened, one night, after I had been deeply ruminating through the day, on that awful subject, that when I was in bed I could not compose myself for several hours to rest, but numbered the clock from eleven till two, so deep was the impression which the exercise of the day had left upon my mind. Then it was that I felt the power of an alarmed imagination; for in one strain of thought I fancied I beheld the dreaded monster approaching me with his opened commission in one hand, and a resistless dart in the other, with which he intended piercing my reluctant heart, and the hated grave close at his heels, yawning with eager desire for a prey. The man who knows the extent of his own fortitude, and the prowess of nature's arm, will not brand me with cowardice, though I tell him, that such a striking discovery made my timorous nature shrink, and turn its back on the inflexible enemy:

*Hard work, alas! to join the fray with death,
Unless defended from his baleful sting.*

At another time I fancied, I saw the tyrant in the form of a dragon, wreathing his tremendous bulk beneath the feet of a glorious personage, who bore five ever flowing wounds, which he received on the day, that haughty DEATH imagined the heavenly country was added to his earthly dominions. Indeed well might the insatiable tyrant conceive such a presumptuous thought, seeing, strange as it may seem, the Lord, the fountain of life himself, had fallen into his hands, nor did the regardless monster pay the least deference to his immaculate person. But well for man it was, that as the Saviour fell, he seized the king of terrors in his most hideous form, and wrenched from him the fatal sting, the sad repository of all his strength, and disabled him of the least hurtfulness to the chosen race. This holy Conqueror, for reasons known to himself, and profitable to us, was pleased to visit the dwellings of the dead, and, for a season, submitted himself to the arrest of DEATH. But the third blest morning come, he shook the dust

dust from him, burst the barriers of the tomb, forsook the confines of DEATH, and in holy triumph held forth the poisonous sting, and said, *I have overcome death, and him that had the power of death.* When I was indulged with this mental vision, I thought that emboldened nature collected its force, and advanced to gaze on the expiring monster. O! thought I, if I could always view that cruel adversary in his stingsless condition, sprawling at the feet of his wonderful conqueror, I could meet him with as little fear, as a child would sport himself with a harmless lamb. But alas! I often look forward with fear, and sometimes with horror to that momentous period that shall fix, forever fix my state of existence, in an unalterable station of *weal* or *woe*. To be incapable of discerning any thing alluring in life, any thing attractive in this world, and yet to dread a departure from it; to have no satisfying discovery made of that world of spirits where Immanuel reigns in triumph, nor of the safety of the passage from earth to heaven, how dismal the case! How gloomy! How threatening the prospect! As I was meditating on these awful sub-

jects, gentle slumber seized me with its lulling charms, and soon wafted me into the arms of downy sleep, where I lay the rest of the night inactive in body, DEATH having imprinted his image upon me.

IN the mean while, the more vigilant mind, after her usual manner, rambled abroad through unmeasured space. Mounted on agile fancy, she soon explored the vast meridian from pole to pole; then changing her course, she winged her flight across the countries, from the eastern depth to the occidental shore, and in its rapid journey my fruitful fancy lined out a numerous train of visionary objects; so that now, I had work enough cut out for the residue of the night, in turning over these phantoms of the mind.

I DREAMED, that in one place I beheld the most beautiful garden that ever I had seen, represented by any type or print whatsoever, and which I presume could be equalled only by Eden in its original beauty. In the midst of this delightful garden arose a fountain, not of water, but of a slimy substance, bearing something
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of the resemblance of boiling pitch. I thought that the fountain flowed apace, and sent forth innumerable streams to every quarter of the globe, in such plenty, that it diffused itself abroad through every corner of the land, infomuch that every inhabitant was less or more bedaubed with the polluting matter. Gentlemen in scarlet and lace; ladies adorned with silver and gold brocades, I beheld smeared with the filth of the fountain: from the high possessor of the royal chair, down to the despised Lazar, all were polluted, though many of them perceived not the stain. Many of those streams joining in one, composed a river of a prodigious force, which passed through a spacious plain, and multitudes of people of both sexes, high and low, rich and poor, of all denominations and persuasions, young and old, I saw rolling in the filthiness of the stream. Some swimming, others wading; some faster, others slower down the noisome channel; some sipping, others lapping the foam of the unnatural billows, but all going along with the stream, which I perceived disembogued itself on the other side of this world, in a lake which burneth with fire

and brimstone, where the worm dieth not, and where the fire is not quenched.

IN another place I saw an infinite number of people, old and young, rich and poor, some decked with ornamental embroideries, rich brocades, delightful damasks, &c. others *hardly* covered with deforming rags; some with their coaches, landaus, &c. attended with a numerous retinue; some on horseback following a pack of hounds, others running on foot, but all pursuing the same chace. This promiscuous body, as I thought, formed itself into a circle of a wide diameter, around the mouth of a dreadful volcano. Every member of the mixed multitude held an uninterrupted pursuit around the ring. Those who road in coaches, chariots, and landaus went foremost in the mad procession; those who strode the martial horse were next unto them; and the poorer sort, who tramped on foot, hied after as fast as they could. When I beheld the ardour of the croud, I could not help admiring what valuable prize it might be, which prompted them to run with such alacrity, and that even within the
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views of danger; till at length I espied what are commonly called the pleasures of the flesh, transformed into immaterial butterflies, a cloud of which cut their uneven flight around the above-named circle, and danced as *wantons* within a very small distance of the first rank of the pursuers; and many of them, as straggling flies, mixed themselves with the various ranks of the sag-end of the multitude; and all the croud, as I thought, were intent on catching the giddy flies, ever hoping and ever disappointed.

SOMETIMES the pursuers got within arms-length of the leading flies, then they snatched with eager grasp, nothing doubting but the long-sought prize at last was won. But, O the power of deceit! as soon as the enthusiast opened his hand, he saw with grief that the fly had eluded his diligence, however often it fluttered near him. Thus disappointed, they doubled their efforts, and increased their speed, in order to accomplish the desired end; but this, notwithstanding all their endeavours, I perceived to be impracticable; for although the butterflies always kept in view,

so subtle were they, they never could be caught ; and yet so alluring was their mazy dance, that the mad pursuers, prompted with hope of attaining, could not be prevailed with to desert the chace, although at every turn one or more of the company fell into the pit, from whence there is no redemption. But as the volcano in the center received those whose race was run, others from the outside joined the ranks, and filled up the place of the persons lost. And thus it was at every turn, for they were always drawing nearer and nearer to the pit, and thus they continued as long as I beheld them.

IN a third place, I saw in a spacious field, a prodigious number of people, mostly old, or middle-aged, extremely busy, and working upon their hands and knees, for whom I was touched with the tenderest emotions of pity, looking upon them to be in a state of the most abject slavery, but could not for a time comprehend the nature of their servitude, being altogether unacquainted with so strange a sort of labour. Their actions seemed much to resemble those of a mole, for their hands and
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feet, and every other organ, were closely employed, but their *heads*, their *plodding heads*, were principally concerned in the work; and what before I took to be such servile drudgery, I soon learned to be their chief, if not their only pleasure. O! with what alacrity did they rout with their heads, mole-like, in the earth, in quest of somewhat, but what it was I could not at first comprehend, till after lending a close attention for some time to their motions, I perceived them to pick up certain particles of yellow dust, with somewhat of a brilliant gloss; which, as soon as found, they kissed and hid in a cavern very near the heart. Many of those diligent gentry I saw fall prostrate before the refulgent heap, and thus addressed it; "GOLD! adorable gold! GOLD, thou blessed effect of *mine own industry*, be thou ever preserved safe in my possession, and I desire no other good, no other blessing but thee. Increase, O increase upon me! for thou answerest all things, and I can be happy only in the possession of thee. Avaunt every pilfering rogue; ye poor and needy keep for ever at a distance from my dwelling, and reap the reward of your slothfulness. And,

O my GOLD ! continue to rest in these blessed coffers, blessed only by thy presence. Instead of roving, ever here take up thy abode, for I vow, that my morning homage, and evening adoration, shall be paid to none but thee." I saw, as I thought, some of them rout a whole summer's day, and prove very unsuccessful, finding few or none of those shining particles of dust; others were more successful, and every time they dived into the earth, brought forth some less, others more of the fulgent *clay*, and disposed of it so as to endue it with such a generative quality, as annually to beget and bring forth more of its own species. Others I saw who routed long and fore, but no increase ensuing, they fell into a visible discontent, and cursed the partial earth, which bestowed her favours on others, as they thought, less worthy than themselves. Some there were who toiled long, and were very successful in the *routing* way, having heaped much of that precious dust together; but to their lasting mortification, some cunning neighbour, by a most masterly artifice, got beyond and robbed them of the adored metal. Others diligently routed both night and day

day in the earth, and with the utmost care disposed of their increase in some place of approved safety ; but in despite of all their industry and care, they were mortified to the last degree, when they perceived their own children, who played about their knees, and whom they loved above all things, *next* to their gold, *had been* more dextrous in scattering the heaps abroad, than they themselves in collecting them. Likewise some were there, who by long and incessant fatigue, had the pleasure of gathering much of this yellow dust together, but ere they were aware, whilst standing in an adoring posture before it, suddenly sunk into the earth, and I saw them no more ; but where they went to take up their abode, I do not at present determine ; only this I saw, their memory was soon forgotten, and the next heir reaped the fruit of their industry. Others there were who with indefatigable diligence had got *almost enough* of this brilliant dust, but ere the fool considered that it was perishable, he had the unspeakable grief of seeing it all swept away by some shower, or burned up by some flash of lightning, sent on purpose by the angry heavens ; on
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which disaster some of them became quite disconsolate, and went mourning even to the grave. Others, of more heroic fortitude, having sustained loss, immediately clapped down on their hands and knees, and went to work with their head in the earth, and routed with double diligence, resolving by all means, just or unjust, to repair their ruined heaps. Having had a full view of this routing brotherhood, I could not forbear thinking that a people so very near resembling the *mole* in its dispositions and actions, might, with a good deal of propriety, be named HUMAN MOLES.

BUT tired with beholding the paltry actions of this groveling society, I thought I bent my course to another domain, where I saw a lofty tower, the top of which transcended the hoary clouds, for aught I know, as far as they are higher than the earth, perhaps many times as far. The tower was built in a pyramidal form, divided into great variety of stories, with a kind of winding way on the outside, which led from one story to another; and you must think that a very dangerous way
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it seemed, seeing it had no battlements to guard its ascendants. On every story were built certain pinnacles, or small towers, beautifully adorned with garlands of flowers, plumes of feathers, titles of state, names of honour, &c. and on the top of the tower was a figure of clay, overlaid with the appearance of gold. This image was formed in the shape of a woman, beautiful at first sight, but whose features appeared grosser the longer you looked at her. She seemed to be crowned with gold, adorned with sparkling diamonds, and a zone studded with precious stones begirt her swelling loins; over her head was raised an azure canopy, embroidered with the finest gold. In one hand she held titles and names, in the other a regal sceptre, and in an inviting posture she stood on a marble pedestal, with this alluring motto wrote on her escutcheon; *The valiant hero who hath courage enough to climb up to me, shall enjoy me.* O what bustle was here amongst people of all ranks, striving who should soonest ascend the sides of the tower; each striving to possess himself of some place of eminence, without considering the dangers to which they were exposed

exposed by their aspiration ! Often have I seen the contention of the turf, but never did I see such jockeying as was here; scarcely any thing but jostling and crossing the way was to be seen amongst them. When one was ascended a few steps above the vulgar level, and fancied himself secure of a place of eminence, another prompted thereto by envy, or some other principle equally vicious, came up to him, tripped up his heels, and precipitated him into the mote which surrounded the tower : for it ought to be observed, that this tower was surrounded by a horrible puddle, into which many of those who sought to ascend, were plunged with violence before they knew themselves to be in danger, either by the jockeying of their opponents, or even when seated upon the long-desired pinnacle, by some eddy gust bursting from the bosom of the tower, and precipitating them lower than they had been before. However, some few there were, who with indefatigable diligence attained almost the top of the tower, and on the spiral point of the pinnacles they swaggered with waving arms, and in a contemptuous manner looked on the gazing croud who stood
below,

below, eager beyond measure to obtain a smile of their lordships : herein however I thought the croud was greatly disappointed ; for no sooner were any of these gentry put in possession of a pinnacle, but instantly they drank of the obliuating waters of Lethe, and totally forgot the men upon whose shoulders they climbed to those seats of eminence. Nevertheless, so deeply infatuated were those who stood below, that they not only worshipped the grandeur which they themselves had put upon them, but stretched their expectation beyond imagination, of receiving some convincing proof of their gratitude. But former depressions utterly forgot, the worthy gentlemen dwelt in their secure pomp, till, in an unhappy hour, a ruffling blast burst swiftly upon them, and furiously whirled them from their seats of honour.

SOME two or three ascended even to the marble pedestal, where they sat adorned with plumes of feathers, but could hardly be seen of the populace below. One thing concerning them I could not but think remarkable ; sometimes they appeared like a lamb, then like a lion or a bear,
and

and if at any time the wind beat high upon them, they transformed themselves into a willow, and bended beneath the blast; otherwise into a stream, and thus they eluded the iron hand of danger; and when the storm was over, they appeared like themselves again; and the haughty madam looked down upon them with a smile of complacency.

BUT of all the multitude there was only one who sat immediately at her feet in a royal chair; upon whose head she rested her hand and owned him her darling son. This favourite was a blooming majestic youth, in whose countenance was to be seen wisdom and magnanimity written in legible characters; and with deportment altogether different from those who sat near him, he looked down with an air of affection upon all the ranks below him.

BUT strange as it may seem, this worthy personage, notwithstanding his merit and elevated station, did not appear to be the most happy man in the world; for it was not difficult to see anxious cares, and perplexing fears, crawling as so many snakes around the seat of majesty. I thought then,
that

that surely the higher a man is in station, he is the more emphatically wretched, unless he can hug the servile chain like the mutable sons of Proteus, or has learned to live above the caprice of fortune. I thought in my dream, that by what means soever any pinnacle threw its rider, or however dirty his fall might be, that no sooner was the place proclaimed empty, than numbers strove who should first vault into it. Here I saw a curate aiming at a vicarage, a vicar at a bishoprick, and a bishop striving for an archiepiscopal see. Here I saw a valet aspiring to the fine gentleman, a baronet aiming at an earldom, and a country squire coveting the direction of the nation. Here I also saw a private centinel aiming at a halberd, a halberdeer at a captain's place, a captain earnestly suing for a regiment, and *Prude*, my lady's woman, affecting the name of *Madam*.—For my own part, when I saw the follies of mankind, I could not help wishing that they were again blessed with the right use of their reason.

At last, more stayed, I found myself in the middle of a spacious field, decorated
with

with all the variety of nature, in bloom; the freshest verdancy, was the velvet like ground work, embroidered with a richer variety of perfect colours than ever the delicate pencil of Apelles left on the stained canvass. I walked along admiring its beauties, ravished with the fragrancy of the full-blown flowers, which as oriental gems richly decorated the enamelled plain. Here I beheld the glory of the divine Creator, sparkling in every verdant pile which decked the spreading lawn, in such a manner, that seeing could not satisfy the eye. Nor was my ravished ear less delighted with the tuneful voice of the early lark, as ascending she sung morning anthems to her almighty Preserver. Like masters of music equally fired with a sense of gratitude, the blackbird and thrush, emulous of song, poured their flowing harmony abroad through the vault of ether, as if scorning to be outdone in praise to their common Parent. Pleased to see the spangled field join in concert with the feathered songsters, who sent forth their chirping melody from the flowery hedges; the one cheerfully singing, the other sweetly smiling, the great Creator's praise; " O man, said I, Lord

I, Lord of this lower creation, what blessings dost thou enjoy beyond the most extensive privileges of all thy neighbours, the inhabitants of air, earth, and water! Conscience, reason, and understanding, an erect posture of body, sole dominion over all the numberless ranks of creatures, animate and inanimate, which possess this earthly globe; they are all thine by divine donation, they all were made for thine enjoyment: such are thine invaluable privileges, joined with an ever-during existence, and a capacity fitted for the possessing of an INFINITE GOOD?"

“THESE are blessings peculiar to the state of favoured man, and for which only depraved man is capable of being unthankful. But oh! let humanity blush at the awful consideration; notwithstanding all our enjoyments, we, only we men, are idle, when universal nature joins in general concert to speak the great Creator's praise. Ingrateful man! shall the sun, the moon and stars, with all the hosts of heaven, unceasing move in general concord, and harmoniously shew forth the praises of God? Must the fowls of the
air,

air, the beasts of the field, and all the inhabitants of the waters, be concerned in the enhancement of his manifest glories, and thou, above all others most beloved, and most indulged, alone remain dumb in the general concert; worse than dumb, even refractory? The horse that now glories to prance under thy weight; the vine which bleeds to satiate thine intemperance; the people of the feathered nations whose little carcases must now indulge thy gluttony, will one day severally appear as the swiftest witnesses against thee. Thou ingrateful abuser of many blessings! What will become of thee when thy soul is demanded? How wilt thou stand before an infinitely holy God? Dreadful thine account; for God is just as well as beneficent."

I THOUGHT in my dream, that as I was thus ruminating, I was greatly surprized, by seeing the monster DEATH enter the field, through a breach which Sin had made in its fences. He appeared at first in form of a skeleton, with quiver and darts, as he is usually drawn——The most barbarous rage and inflexible cruelty sat brooding

brooding over his hollow eyes, whilst his unseemly fingers grasped the irresistible scythe: the mattock and spade, wrought in a field of corruption, with the resemblance of empty shades frisking over it, was the skeleton's flag. Close behind him, almost treading on his heels, followed a lean, ill looking figure, with extended jaws; at the sight of which my blood chilled in my veins, and my flesh shuddered with perfect aversion. Nor was this aversion peculiar to me, for I perceived that all nature seemed to fly from its presence; and, indeed, well might nature tremble at the thoughts of an encounter, for the same hunger-bitten follower of DEATH cast a languishing look on every object, and yawned with desire to devour it.

I THOUGHT that DEATH was no sooner entered the field, than this meagre and greedy attendant addressed herself to him, in a craving manner, crying—Give—Give: on which the cruel skeleton brandished his *shafts*, and fiercely threw from his unerring hand first at one, then at another object, till whole nations fell almost at once beneath his fatal javelin. One instance in particular

particular I saw, of a whole generation being swept away by one stroke of his scythe. Such was the amazing power he had obtained from complicated Sin, that all, especially mankind, fell at the first touch of the destructive dart; and as soon as fallen, this detested monster licked them up, and the world saw them no more for ever. Here I saw, that this grand *devourer* made no distinction betwixt this and that, but fed with as much delight on the flesh of a *beggar*, as on that of *princes* and *nobles*; the celebrated *beauty*, and the *youthful hero*, afforded no greater relish to the hungry grave, than the country *landlady* or *rustic swain*; old and young, beauteous and unseemly, rich and poor, noble and ignoble, were confusedly jumbled together in its insatiable entrails.

AT a very small distance from this king of terrors, followed a tall, upright personage, of the exactest symmetry in all her parts; her mein was noble, and all her gesture uniform. This royal and majestic person, sat on a seat of *right judgment*, held a pair of *equal balances* in her hand, and had for her motto, “ *I judge according*

to every man's works." I thought that this upright lady, who was in herself the most perfect beauty, invested DEATH with dreadful array, and equipped him in most of his terrors; as every human creature who fell a prey to the Ravager, was immediately weighed in her impartial balances. O, said I, on seeing the procession, if weighed in these equal and impartial balances, who is he that shall not be found *wanting?*

LAST of all, in the train of the skeleton, followed a monster of devilish birth, and of such a form as I had never seen before; it kept its eye, as I thought, continually fixed on the upright lady, whose name was JUSTICE, making inquisition for blood. To this monster was given every person whose actions did not weigh according to the rules of the sanctuary, and they were all stored in its incorrupting bowels. What was very strange, notwithstanding all the persons given to this insatiable monster remained entire within it, it continued as solicitous for more as it was the first moment of its being. Then I thought of

that saying, DEATH and HELL are never satisfied.

I stood a considerable time admiring the strangeness of the scene, and soon I discovered something more; for DEATH metamorphosed himself into a dragon of an enormous size, and approached near the place where I had taken my standing for observation. Fearful lest I should be the prey at which he aimed, I began to think of methods of resistance, as I could not reconcile myself to the thoughts of the *grave*; nor was I certified at that time, that I should escape *hell* if he seized me. Up he came within a very little distance of me, which greatly roused my apprehensions of danger; but to my unspeakable joy he turned off to the left, followed by his dreadful retinue, and turning my eye to that side of the field, I soon discovered the prey at which he aimed. A beautiful lady in all the grandeur of life, decked with the richest silks, adorned with gold, pearls, and precious stones; attended by a numerous train of obedient servants, she herself glistening like a goddess in the midst of them. Every attendant carefully observed

observed the glance of her eye, the wave of her hand, or the nod of her head, having learned by these signs to read her ladyship's pleasure.

AT first I was much amazed to see this jovial company altogether unapprehensive of danger; none of them seemed to regard the monster's approach, but maintained their jollity with as much delight as if DEATH had never been born. Touched with pity, I waved my hand to awake their attention, and entreated them to beware of yonder dragon; but at that instant I beheld a god who is said to be president over this world, raise a dust, and spread a mist before their eyes, so that they could not discern the paths of the Destroyer; therefore they rejected my admonitions, scorned my fervor, and bid me begone for a prating fool. But seeing their imminent danger, and moved with concern for them, I disregarded their clamorous speeches, hardened my countenance against shame, and lift up my voice higher and higher, using many arguments to persuade them that the monster DEATH was even then at hand to devour one or more of

them: but all in vain! for they would receive none of my admonitions, and mocked at my zealous concern. At last, unhappy moment! the inexorable tyrant came up with them, and with his forked talons seized my lady in the midst of her jocularities. But, O how it would have shocked you to see the consternation she was in, when she first perceived herself envenomed by his poisonous sting. Convinced that her time in this world was just at an end, and to the last degree unwilling to venture into a new state of existence, so much unknown to the best of men, and the dread of those who are ignorant of God; O what would she not have given for a short reprieve? Never did criminal at the bar endure such horror when the awful judge denounced the tremendous sentence, as this wretched lady felt, on the dismal prospect of futurity! If gold and silver could have redeemed her from DEATH, she would freely have given as much as would build a *cathedral*, parted with her attendants and finery, and lived in adversity the residue of her days; or if she might have been exempted from the dreadful encounter, she would even have
given

given up the beloved pleasures of plays, operas, and dancing assemblies. But alas ! no bribe, nor promise of future amendment, could turn aside the resistless arrow, or procure the once gay delinquent the shortest respite.

SHE implored the aid of her skilful physician, attended by the faithful apothecary ; yea, a whole troop of the faculty were summoned to exercise all their wisdom, by any means to resist the rapacity of the inexorable *tyrant* : but all in vain, for sad experience proved that no medicine, however skilfully prepared, is a sufficient antidote against the poison of DEATH'S cankered sting ; therefore the lady, however reluctant, was forced to submit to the *monarch of terrors*.

LEST the length of my dream should render it tedious to my readers, if told at once, I shall divide it into several parts, and shall stop here for the first time.