

DR. DODDRIDGE'S DREAM

It is not strange that such a man as Dr. Doddridge, who lived as every Christian ought to live, in a intimate communion with God, fully unite in the pleasures of heaven, and whose heart and soul was continually anticipating the joys of that glorious world, should have been the subject of the following remarkable dream:

Dr. Doddridge was on terms of very intimate friendship with Dr. Samuel Clarke, and in religious conversation they spent many happy hours together. Among other matters a very favourite topic was the intermediate state of the soul, and the probability that at the instant of dissolution it was not introduced into the presence of all the heavenly hosts, and the splendours around the throne of God. One evening, after conversation of this nature, Dr. Doddridge retired to rest with his mind full of the subject, discussed, and, in the "visions of the night," his ideas were shaped into the following beautiful form:—He dreamed that he was at the house of a friend, when he was suddenly taken dangerously ill. By degrees he seemed to grow worse, and at last to expire. In an instant he was sensible that he exchanged the prison house and sufferings of mortality for a state of liberty and happiness.—Embodied in a splendid aerial form, he seemed to float in a region of pure light. Beneath him lay the earth, but no glittering city or village, the forest or the sea, was visible. There was nought to be seen below save the melancholy group of friends, weeping around his lifeless remains.

Himself thrilled with delight, he was surprised at their tears, and attempted to inform them of his change, but, by some mysterious power, utterance was denied; and, as he anxiously leaned over the mourning circle, gazing fondly upon them, and struggling to speak, he rose silently upon the air; their forms became more and more distant, and gradually melted away from his sight. Resting upon golden clouds, he found himself swiftly mounting the skies with a venerable figure at his side guiding his mysterious movement, and in whose countenance, he remarked the lineaments of youth and age were blended together with an intimate harmony and majestic sweetness. They travelled through a vast region of empty space, until at length the battlements of a glorious edifice shone in the distance, and as its form rose brilliant and distinct among the far-off shadows that fitted across their path, the guide informed him that the palace he beheld was for the present to be his mansion of rest. Gazing upon its splendour he replied, that while on earth he had heard, that eye had not seen, nor had the ear heard, nor could it enter into the heart of man to conceive the things which God had prepared for those who love him; but, notwithstanding the building so which they were then rapidly approaching was superior to anything he had ever before seen, yet its grandeur had not exceeded the conceptions he had formed. The guide made no reply—they were already at the door, and entered.

The guide introduced him into a spacious apartment, at the extremity of which stood a table covered with a snow-white cloth, a golden cup, and a cluster of grapes, and there he said he must remain, for he would receive in a short time a visit from the Lord of the mansion, and that, during the interval before his arrival, the apartment would furnish him with sufficient entertainment and instruction. The guide vanished, and he was left alone. He began to examine the decorations of the room, and observed that the walls were adorned with a number of pictures. Upon nearer inspection he found, to his astonishment, that they formed a complete biography of his own life. Here he saw upon the canvas angels, though unseen, had ever been his family attendants, and sent by God, they had sometimes preserved him from immediate peril. He beheld himself first as an infant just expiring when his life was prolonged by an angel, gently breathing into his nostrils. Most of the occurrences here delineated were perfectly familiar to his recollection, and unfolded many things which he had never before understood, and which had perplexed him with many doubts and much uncertainty. Among others he was particularly struck with a picture in which he was represented as falling from his horse, when death would have been inevitable, had not an angel received him in his arms, and broken the force

of his descent.—These merciful interpositions of angels filled him with joy and gratitude, and his heart overflowed with love as he saw eye in person an exhibition of goodness and mercy that he had never before seen. All that he had imagined, such as his attention was arrested by a tap at the door.—The Lord of the mansion had arrived—the door opened, and he entered. So powerful and so overwhelming, and full of sublimity and beauty was his appearance, that he sunk down at his feet, completely overcome by his majestic presence. His Lord gently raised him from the ground, and taking his hand, led him forward to the table. He pressed with his fingers the juice of the grapes into the cup, and after having drank himself, he presented to him, saying, "This is the new wine in my father's kingdom." No sooner had he partaken, than all uneasy sensations vanished; Perfect joy had cast out fear, and he conversed with his Saviour as an intimate friend. Like the silver rippling of the summer sea, he heard fall from his lips the grateful approbation: "Thy labours are over, thy work is approved, rich and glorious is thy reward."—Thrilled with an unspeakable bliss, that glided into the very depth of his soul, he suddenly saw glories upon glories bursting upon his view.—The doctor awoke. Tears of rapture from his joyful interview were rolling down his cheeks.—Long did lively impressions of this charming dream remain upon his mind, and never could he speak of it without emotions of joy and tenderness.

SLAVERY IN AMERICA.

We believe one great and salutary result of the Free Church deputation to America, will be to open the eyes of the American Churches more fully to the essential evils of that system of slavery which has so long been tolerated, if not fostered, among them. When Christians in America learn the deep and painful impression created in this country, by the simple statement of those scenes, which are of daily occurrence in the south, and of which Dr. Burns gave a specimen the other night, in Renfield Church, from personal observation; their consciences must surely be quickened to entertain the serious inquiry, whether or not they have not hitherto sadly failed in their duty, in taking no vigorous and effective measures to get a period put to such a revolting system. Except when the news reached the Free Assembly, that Maria Joaquina had been condemned to death by the British Judge Conservator of Madeira for renouncing the error of Popery, we hardly remember an occasion on which such a profound and intense sensation was created, as when Dr. Burns stated, that he had himself seen intelligent men and women heads of families and members of Christian Churches, exposed to sale, and that by men professing Christianity in the slave market of Richmond. The feeling thus created was not at all the effect of impassioned oratory, but of the naked statement of facts that he himself had witnessed. And who that is not utterly dead to all right feeling, or prevented by the withering influence of debasing custom, could avoid feeling at once indignant and heart-broken at the thought, that the members of Christ are sold by his professed disciples with as little remorse as if they were so many sheep or oxen—that husbands are torn from their wives, children separated from their parents, and families rent asunder, to gratify the cupidity of the worshippers of mammon; the ministers of Christ all the while looking on with indifference or approbation.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, that has long manifested the most determined antipathy to abolition, has now taken some very decided steps in that direction. At the meeting of Conference in May last, it resolved the rule, which it adopted four years before, which declared the evidence of a coloured man against a white in all cases of discipline, in the slave states, to be inadmissible. After the same meeting it suspended from the office of the ministry, one of its preachers, who had married a lady, possessed of four or five slaves, for refusing to manumit them; and Bishop Andrews, for a similar offence, has by a large majority, been found incapacitated for the exercise of his office. Considering the influence which the Methodists exercise in the southern states, this is a most auspicious commencement, and one which, though it may, in the first instance, bring upon them much obloquy, yet

ought not, the great Head of the Church will signify, and we trust will, regard to, and that those who, in some respects were more early related to the great teachers of the Old School, namely, the promotion of moral improvement. The influence of slavery is still predominant in that body; and they still refuse, like the American Congress, even to receive petitions on the subject. "There is nothing, however," adds our correspondent, "surprising in that, when it is considered that in the branch of the Church, the slave-holding Churches constitute the majority." Let not Christian men, however, in this country, who feel deeply the dishonour done to Christianity by the abominations of American slavery, be deterred from using every means in their power to arouse the ministers and members in that connection to a sense of their duty to the unhappy slave. Remonstrances, couched in respectful and affectionate language, if addressed to them by the different evangelical bodies of Great Britain, though they might not be formally received and acknowledged, could not fail to have the most beneficial effect. It would be hardly possible for them to remain unmoved by a harmonious testimony from the evangelical British Churches against a line of conduct that is in itself so utterly indefensible. —Scottish Guardian.

MENTAL DELUSIONS.

AMONG all the marvellous works of God, the mind of man is the most fearfully and wonderfully made. And among all objects which can awaken feelings of compassion and painful interest, there is nothing like the human mind in ruins. It is great in its powers of enlargement; of enjoyment, of suffering—great in its destiny, and great in its ruins. And how touching to a benevolent heart, to gaze on a friend or fellow-man whose mind is thrown from its balance into the wild regions of insanity. The phenomena of minds in this condition are extremely varied, caprices of the human mind are inexplicable and indefinite. Mental delusions are of all kinds and degrees, from the slight shade of eccentricity, to the frenzied laugh, and uncontrollable rage of the confirmed maniac. The most furious maniacs have hours and days of apparent freedom from any unnatural excitement. Many persons are insane upon one subject only. A physician was once prosecuted by an insane man for confining him without cause in a mad house. The lunatic underwent the most rigid examination, and perfectly sustained his character for soundness of mind; until, some one asked him about a princess with whom he had corresponded in cherry juice. This touched the chord, which awoke all his latent delusions, and he exhibited himself to the court in a violent manner. Hence a man who is really sane, if once placed in a mad house by the machinations of others, finds it almost impossible to prove his sanity.

There is no end to the false impressions and delusion with which the mind may be affected. A physician was once called to see a man labouring under the fancy that he was converted into a tea-pot; and when the physician endeavoured to ridicule him out of the idea, he indignantly replied, "I am a tea-pot," and forming a semicircle with one arm by placing his hand upon his hip, he said, "there is the handle," and thrusting out the other arm, "there is the spout." Men have believed themselves converted into barrels rolled along the streets. One case is recorded of a man who believed himself a clock, and would stand for hours at the head of the stairs, clicking with his tongue. A respectable tradesman in England even fanned himself metamorphosed into a seven shilling piece, and took the precaution of requesting as a particular favour of his friends, that if his wife should present him in payment, they would not give change for him.—Some have supposed that many armed knights were engaged in battle within them. A sea-captain in Philadelphia believed for many years that he had a wolf in his liver. A madman in the Pennsylvania Hospital, believed that he was once a calf, and mentioned the name of the butcher who killed him, and the stall in Philadelphia market on which his death was sold, previously to his animating his present body. One man believes his legs to be made of butter, and with the greatest caution avoids the fire; another imagines them to be made of glass, and with extreme care wraps them up, and guards them in wooden boxes