





she said, she had no triumph - but no doubt <sup>ed</sup> or fear. she knew she was going home - & express, dying in faith & hope of seeing her children in Heaven - tho' she saw no fruit of her Prayers here - they choosing the world for their Portion, and having an Enmity against the Gosple.

wed 11. I have seen my Sister to day - she is very weak & Poorly - Says she has no hope of recovering, nor has her apothecary - but thinks she may linger on a good while - desires her love to you, requests you to pray for her in the Church, & in Private, and to write very soon, as she is fonder of your letters than any body's - therefore write to her very soon - pray answer her ~~before~~ <sup>before</sup> ~~you~~ <sup>do</sup> mine - for with her time may be, short.

I am enabled by the good Providence of God who has added to my Store - to send you the inclosed note, to pay the Interest on the Ten pound you was so kind as to lend me in years that are past, you will not be sorry to hear that the Lord has given me back what the Locust had eaten - and that I can praise his name - who is great in Goodness -

you was pleased with my last Dream it was in sixty five previous in 64 on my Mothers Death In my Pnen-matic fever - I dreamed one night, I had great wrestlings with Satan, in the figure of a little Black Boy - the fire of a Child of two years old, I got my right hand in his mouth, & after some contest got my foot on his Head, awoke with those words, 'Salvation, glory, honour, thanks and Praise, be unto God, and the Lamb forever. and it immediately occurred they overcame by the Blood of the Lamb, & the word of their testimony, and the accuser of the Brethren was cast down. in 65 or six - I dreamed I was in Pursuit of the Tree of life - & entered into the Meeting of Pinner's Hall (next door to our House) in Winchester that, & went a long travel all up & round the Gallery from the right Side to the left & down again to the Door I entered in - I then turned into an alley which went in to Austin friars - and came into a <sup>Gravelled</sup> garden - where the Tree of life was raild in - the path ~~took~~ <sup>was</sup> a direct short cross path - the <sup>place</sup> ~~place~~ <sup>place</sup> shone with transplendant Brightness - and on coming up to it, I found Mrs Holgham

Standing by it - from which she inferd she should die first, she is a widow, after having had 17 Children, and lost 15 as they were growing up - her Husband died suddenly at West Ham Chapel, after Dining with her a few miles out of London where she had a Lodging - behaved remarkably affectionate - talked to her about Saints & Angels - came back after leaving her a short time to give a second Salute - walked to Town, went to Chapel and died in the congregation - to the alarm of all - the Cross, Broad Gravel walk to the Tree of life, & the Bright Sun, has been a Blessing ever since, & always the simple short way ever <sup>when</sup> I think of it - these I call favours - Divine ~~dreams~~ <sup>visions</sup> Dreams - in 75 I had a Putrid fever, & in that I dreamt (as the window in my Chamber was opposite my Bed) as I was looking towards the Sky - I saw in the Heavens a Cross, and while I was gazing at it, it turned into a little Child - and as I looked at it, I saw my own Face, Beautified - it was a refreshment to my spirit but I have never clearly understood its meaning - my present comfort on it is - the Christians Cross - the converted little Child - and myself received to glory - can you give me a better explanation - in my most favored seasons, they are generally in the stillness & darkness of the night - which is to me composing my Body at Rest, & supported, and my Soul awake - and an opportunity to hear what the Spirit saith to my heart - one favored season September last - I felt where the Spirit of the Lord is, their liberty - it was a season of Blessing, an accepted time, a hour of Salvation. I wished this to remain always - but it was transient yet the Saviour remained - & refreshed my Bowels in Jesus. I was yesterday at Clifton, my Sister is very ill, very weak & low, but her apothecary Says not in immediate danger, she Says herself, she has no hope of recovery, but thinks she may linger on a great while - her age is against her - & her hands are as cold as Death - & she has numbness & deadness in her hands - she feels her sufferings - requests your Prayers in the Church & at home in Private, I believe she has provided for her Grand Daughter comfortably - but of this take no notice - she desires her love to you - probably it may be her Dying Love - & is fond of your letters - pray write soon & short to her - have you any of Mrs Oryan's letters, or Sayings, she was the most Spiritual woman I ever met with - if you have any difficulty about the note, Mr Reynolds Iron works, at Coal Brook Dale, would take it. I think you might succeed at Shrewsbury, or Sheffield - In Spectacles, I find so much advantage - should be blind without them, can not see a letter in a Book without - but can read hours with them and writing better than print. but I cannot read with a glass at all. my greatest exercise this year has been Prayer, want of the Spirits aid & intercession, helping my infirmity. while Prayer used to be my Souls Element - I have been excited to doubt my real Conversion, whether I was <sup>really</sup> Born of the Spirit. as mine was like Lydia's - not the Saviors, what, what?



coveted - was to be immediately wrought upon by God, and to have a living powerful experience, and "The Meridian Evidence that puts doubt to flight" - another source of trial is that I <sup>have</sup> little genuine Christian experience. Mr Biddulph Preached on Sunday on 13<sup>th</sup> ch of Proverbs 12 v. Hope deferred maketh the Heart Sick, but when the desire is fulfilled (or accomplished) it is a "Tree of Life" - he Beautifully shewed the value of hope. in the Evening on 4/12 - 1820 - the wicked are driven away in their own wickedness, but the Righteous hath hope in its End" - it was meat & Drink, quite a feast.

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Poor Mrs Ewer is very ill, in a Rheumatic fever, and a very suffering state - if my Sister <sup>in</sup> does die, I shall sing the Hymn we did for my Mother -

Shout, ye Heirs of Sure Salvation,  
Love's accomplished Sacrifice!  
See our Partner in temptation  
on the wings of Angels flies!  
Join the Convoy,  
Swell the triumph of the skies.  
He who set his love upon her,  
Doth for his Beloved send,  
Crowns her with immortal honour,  
glorious joys that never end,  
Saints and Angels!

I have now made  
up for my long silence,  
& must bid you farewell  
w<sup>th</sup> affect & obliged friend  
in the unity of the  
Spirit - J. C. March

Praise our Everlasting Friend. Funeral Hymn on Mary Wraylor - 57-37 Hymn.