

and the east; and was informed, that this mass was human beings in as great misery as they could be, and live; and that I was mixed in with them, and that henceforth I might not consider myself as a distinct or separate being. In this state I remained several hours. I then heard a soft melodious voice, more pure and harmonious than any I had heard with my ears before; I believed it was the voice of an angel, who spake to the other angels: the words were—*John Woolman is dead.* I soon remembered that I once was John Woolman; and being assured that I was alive in the body, I greatly wondered what that heavenly voice could mean.

I believed, beyond doubting, that it was the voice of an holy angel; but, as yet, it was a mystery to me.

I was then carried in spirit to the mines, where poor oppressed people were digging rich treasures for those called christians; and heard them blaspheme the name of Christ, at which I was grieved; for his name to me was precious.

Then I was informed, that these heathen were told, that those who oppressed them were the followers of Christ; and they said amongst themselves, If Christ directed them to use us in this sort, then Christ is a cruel tyrant.

All this time the song of the angel remained a mystery; and in the morning, my dear wife and some others coming to my bedside,