

**THE CHRISTIAN'S DREAM AT THE
FOOT OF JACOB'S LADDER:
BEING A DISPLAY OF MAN'S
ASCENT FROM EARTH TO
HEAVEN**

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The Christian's dream at the foot of Jacob's ladder: being a display of man's ascent from Earth to Heaven by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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EARTH TO HEAVEN.

BY

A LANCASHIRE CLERGYMAN.

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THE CHRISTIAN'S DREAM AT THE FOOT
OF JACOB'S LADDER.

It was a summer's night; sweet sleep bound me in its refreshing bonds: I slept, but my mind was waking, and things celestial and terrestrial passed before me in all the clearness of real life. I dreamed; and in my dream I saw the ladder Jacob saw; raised, as Jacob saw it raised, and reaching from earth to heaven. I saw and wondered; and as I wondered and longed to understand, there came a holy man of God, with a "little book" in his right hand, and stood behind me. His face was fair as the early morning; his hair was gray, and fell upon his shoulders in graceful and luxuriant folds; his eye was mild and blue; his forehead large; piety lodged in his whole appearance. At my side

he placed himself; and as he watched my earnest gaze, he asked me, "Knowest thou what thou seest? Knowest thou what this divine vision portends—what truths are set forth by it?" I answered, "They are too high for me; my unassisted knowledge cannot reach them." Then he said, "Listen, and understand, and be wise for evermore:—The ladder sets forth the different portions of the life of one who is enabled by God's help to gain the crown of immortality that the Lamb has purchased with his blood for his redeemed people. You see the base resting upon earth? That represents man in his fallen state—of the earth, earthy, seeking his chief good in the things of earth; imbedded in what is earthly, carnal, sensual, devilish. It represents man keenly alive to everything that may gain a name, or procure him renown, or gratify his wish for pleasures. It represents man engrossed with this world and turned away from Heaven. It is a gloomy and saddening picture. I perceive you will scarce believe it. You cannot comprehend how every one of your race is so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of disregard for what is

above, and so bent down upon what is below. Yet this little book tells me it is true. Were I to speak in any other words, I should be only using flattering terms; but God forbid that I should use flattering terms; in so doing my Master would take me away. Open the book and read: 'The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.'" On hearing this I became sorrowful in heart, knowing that it had been written also in the little book, "the wages of sin is death." The old man, perceiving my sorrow, took me gently by the hand, and thus proceeded:—"The picture I have sketched is enough to fill your soul with grief, and even I myself should weep had I no other intelligence to communicate. Darkness and bitterness and sorrow would for ever and for ever pursue your race had I nothing in addition. I have, however, something more. What is that that is written on the first step of the ladder?" I looked, and read in very large letters, "DISTURBED MIND—UNEASY CONSCIENCE."

"In these words you perceive the commencement of man's ascent from his natural

depth of darkness and sorrow. God, by his Spirit, is continually striving with the human heart. He meets him ever in the varied walks of life, probing the conscience, alarming the mind, suggesting thoughts of futurity, awaking fears with regard to the soul's salvation and its coming destiny. God sends his messengers to awaken the guilty and slumbering consciences of men buried in all the dross and corruption of defiling earthliness. You have seen the pestilence mowing down the human race in thousands and in millions. That pestilence was God's messenger. You have seen the storm rushing in terrible might across the ocean. That storm was another heaven-sent messenger. It strikes some gallant vessel: the vessel runs upon the shore; the valuable cargo is scattered by wind and wave. The vessel, and all it bore within it, is lost to its possessor; but in its loss it proves a great benefactor to him who had called it by its name: an electric current, as it were, ran from this vessel's loss even into the heart of its master, and, by God's providence, excited the conscience and disturbed the mind. You have seen a man

blessed with wealth and riches and children in abundance. You have seen such an one living without any serious care or thought of the future provision of his immortal part; living from day to day as if his houses and his lands, his children and his wife were his for ever; as if his title to them defied all dispute, and his possession of them all interruption. You have seen disease enter the mansion of such an one: the fairest jewel is attacked; his best loved child feels the power of some prevailing disease. He sickens and pines, and at last—yes, at last, although the best art and the most skilful physicians were sought—yes, at last, although father and mother watched night and day, day and night—yes, at last, although tears roll down, and a household is convulsed—at last, the dearest child sinks down and dies. Let others say that a chance has happened, but do you learn from me that the stroke was the messenger of God to awaken the slumbering conscience of this wealthy man. Yes: God's messengers come; the sleepers are rendered uneasy in their beds; their position becomes a troubled one; there