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FROM THE GIFT OF

EDWIN STANTON MULLINS

(Class of 1893)

FOR BOOKS ON FOLKLORE

11-308

A BRIEF
M E M O I R
OF
MRS. JANE PALLISTER,
OF PRESTON, NEAR HULL,

*Who was a consistent Member of the Wesleyan Methodist
Connexion, upwards of Fifty-six Years ;*

WITH
A FAITHFUL ACCOUNT OF THE WONDERFUL
APPEARANCES
AFTER HER DECEASE :

BY
JOHN PALLISTER.



LONDON :
JOSEPH NOBLE, 20, GILTSPUR-STREET ;
AND
23, MARKET-PLACE, HULL.

—
1834.

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Moullins 275

Entered at Stationer's Hall.

WE, whose names are hereunto subscribed, were **WITNESSES** of the wonderful Phenomena which rested upon and surrounded the corpse and shroud of the late Mrs. **PALLISTER**, of Preston, near Hull, as described in this book; although the description falls very short of the reality. We further assert that we are individually willing to make oath before any Magistrate, and at any time, to the truth of this testimony. The numbers might have been increased to hundreds; but it is supposed the following will be sufficient. The religious professions are added to each signature, to obviate the possibility of suspicion as to prejudice, or to warrant the charge of fanaticism.

Thomas Little	- - -	Churchman.
Mary Little	- - - -	Churchwoman.
Peter Jackson	- - -	Méthodist.
Mary Jackson	- - -	Methodist.
William Padler	- - -	Churchman.
Thomas Johnson	- -	Methodist.
Joseph Waddingham	-	Methodist.
Frances Waddingham	-	Churchwoman.

Jane Chambers	- - -	Methodist.
George Chambers	- -	Churchman.
Mary Hanson	- - -	Churchwoman.
Elizabeth Briggs	- -	Churchwoman.
Sarah Crawforth	- -	Churchwoman.
John Hanson	- - - -	Churchman.
Mrs. Clark	- - - -	Churchwoman.
Ann Padler	- - - -	Churchwoman.
William Lazenby	- -	Churchman.
Hannah Lazenby	- -	Churchwoman.
Robert Robinson	- -	Methodist.
Elizabeth Robinson	- -	Methodist.
George Jackson	- - -	Churchman.
Elizabeth Jackson	- -	Churchwoman.
Mary Mabbitt	- - -	Churchwoman.
Jane Hockney	- - -	Churchwoman.
Thomas Dobson	- - -	Churchman.
Rachel Dobson	- - -	Churchwoman.
Joel Pygass	- - - -	Churchman.
Hannah Pygass	- - -	Churchwoman.
Hannah Smith	- - -	Churchwoman.
Ann Broderick	- - -	Churchwoman.
Susannah Broon	- - -	Methodist.
Mary Kirby	- - - -	Methodist.
Ralph Burnham,		Surgeon.

MEMOIR, &c.

A truly pious Author and Clergyman of the Church of England*, has observed, "It is a delightful employment to discover and trace the operations of divine grace as they are manifested in the dispositions and lives of God's real children. It is peculiarly gratifying to observe how frequently, among the poorer classes of mankind, the sunshine of mercy beams upon the heart, and bears witness to the image of Christ, which the Spirit of God has impressed thereupon. Among such, the sincerity and simplicity of the Christian character appear unencumbered by those obstacles

* The late Rev. Legh Richmond, *vide* the Dairyman's Daughter.

of spirituality of mind and conversation, which too often prove a great hinderance to those who live in the higher ranks. Many are the difficulties which riches, worldly consequence, high connections, and the luxurious refinements of polished society, throw in the way of religious profession. Happy, indeed, it is, (and some such happy instances I know) where grace has so strikingly supported its conflict with natural pride, self importance, and the allurements of luxury, ease and worldly opinion, that the noble and mighty, appear adorned with genuine poverty of spirit, self-denial, humble mindedness, and deep spirituality of heart. But, in general, if we want to see religion in its most simple and pure character, we must look for it among the poor of this world, who are rich in faith. How often is the poor man's cottage the palace of God! Many can truly declare, that they

have there learned the most valuable lessons of faith and hope, and there witnessed the most striking demonstrations of the wisdom, power, and goodness of God.”

MRS. PALLISTER, the subject of this Memoir, was the only daughter of John and Mary Hawkins, of Stillingfleet, a village situate on the high road between York and Selby. She was born December 11th, 1756. She had three brothers older than herself, the whole of whom have terminated their warfare and pilgrimage in this transitory state, and are gathered to their fathers.

On contemplating the disappearance of whole families, with many of whom the best affections of our hearts have been long associated, may we not join in the exclamation of the man of God, saying, “Your fathers, where are they, and the

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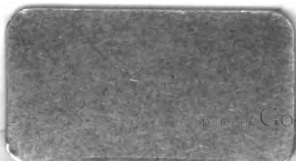


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On contemplating the disappearance of whole families, with many of whom the best affections of our hearts have been long associated, may we not join in the exclamation of the man of God, saying, “Your fathers, where are they, and the

prophets do they live for ever ? all flesh is as grass, and the glory of man as the flower of the grass.”

The parents of Jane Hawkins (my mother's maiden name) were warmly attached to the Established Church ; and, according to the light they had, they brought up their children agreeable to its doctrines ; but their religious views were exceedingly circumscribed ; nor were *they* singular in this respect ; for, at that period, spiritual darkness nearly covered what was even then called, this “ Christian land.”—The gospel light, re-kindled at the reformation, had nearly dwindled into obscurity, and “ blind leaders of the blind ” were too frequently the guides of the people.

There was no other place of worship at that period in Stillingfleet, than the parish church, at which

place the whole of the family were regular in their attendance ; and it was the earnest wish and constant care of both the Father and Mother of my dear parent, that she and the rest of their children should be observant of every moral obligation, and attentive to all the duties of life ; beyond this, their ideas of pure religion had not extended.— In love with the form of religion, they did not perceive the necessity of regeneration and constant divine influence. A rigid adherence to the ceremonies of the church was the highest standard of their piety. Being thus trained up in her youth, *she* was closely attached to the established church.

Every Sunday evening, it was her Father's custom to have all his children together, when each of them read a chapter in the scriptures, and concluded by singing a psalm or psalms from old Sternhold

and Hopkins. *They* were not on the Sabbath evening suffered to prowl about the streets and lanes, and thus, by transgressing God's divine commands—laying the foundation of numerous crimes—disgrace the age in which they live—pierce the parents' soul with barbed arrows, and not unfrequently terminate their earthly career on the gallows, or in a foreign clime.—Would to God this unholy practice were not now allowed by parents who boast themselves on being “good churchmen” at the present day, to the scandal of all who allow it, as well the parents as also the parson of the parish, and the other parish authorities. Should this meet the eye of the fathers and mothers of children who are thus allowed to waste the precious hours of the Lord's day—my friends, *reflect*, remember what an awful account you will have to give at the

bar of Almighty God at the judgment day, for thus permitting and countenancing such dreadful profanation of His holy day ; *remember*, at that place, where Moses, the man of God, was not permitted to appear without putting his “ shoes from off his feet,” GOD said, “REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY TO KEEP IT HOLY ;” and how dare you throw defiance at the God of Heaven, and permit a course of procedure which may be the cause of the ruin of your offspring, both soul and body ?

Often have I heard my dear parent say she *then* thought she had a cruel father, not to allow her and her brothers to play on the sabbath evening as others did ; so depraved is the natural heart of man, that even in childhood it had a fixed enmity to every thing truly good. It was, however, a great benefit to my mother, that she was blessed with parents whose knowledge and

practice were so nearly in unison. We are in the habit, at this time, of turning the eye of our mind back with pity and compassion to what we call the darker ages, and of expressing our thankfulness for the superior blessings we enjoy.— In this we act right, if the retrospect incline us to improve our privileges; but, with all our extra advantages let us not boast, but oft reflect upon the denunciation of our blessed Lord, when he said, “Woe unto thee Chorazin, woe unto thee Bethsaida, for if the mighty works which were done in thee, had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes.”—And certain it is, if our privileges have not a tendency to raise us more into the image and likeness of Christ, it were better for us had we never enjoyed them, for the right use and proper attention to the sabbath generally leads to a

corresponding love to the word of God, and regular habits in perusing it, and in my mother's family this was one part of the required duties of that holy day.

How salutary has an early knowledge of the scriptures often proved; the holy principles which they inculcate are perhaps never wholly effaced from the memory; and if they do not always produce an immediate influence upon the life, yet, in the days of distress, on the bed of affliction, in the prospect of danger, and in all the varieties of woe, they force themselves upon the mind, and then their peculiar importance is felt.

I remember my dear mother informing me how early the good spirit began to strive with her.—I believe at the early age of seven years she was favoured with the

awakening visits of God's holy spirit, but, perhaps like young Samuel, she did not know the voice of God, although she had powerful convictions of sin, and deeply felt the necessity of a change of heart. These religious feelings, I believe, never wholly left her; and they ultimately ended in the great blessing of a sound conversion. Even in her childhood she loved to read the holy scriptures, and when she has been reading of the sufferings of her dear Redeemer, she used often to retire into the garden, and there, beneath the branches of her favourite tree, hath poured out her prayers and praises and thanksgivings to God. Had she, at this time of life, and under those convictions and serious impressions, had a spiritual instructor, she might have found peace to her soul years before that pearl of great price was made her own. She read with

avidity such serious books as were in the possession of her parents, but these were exceedingly limited, and the impressions made, soon got blighted by worldly company and childish pursuits.

Amongst the other foolish waste of time—now too fashionable with grown up babies—she was passionately fond of playing with cards; and here the silent monitor accused her of doing wrong; and, on appealing to her mother, as to whether it was or was not a sin to play at cards, she returned her for answer, that it was “not a sin playing as she did, it was only a sin when persons cheated,” so ignorant was her mother; and it is to be feared that but too many of the present day are blinded by the same delusion.

We have now arrived at the period of her early history up to

the seventeenth year of her age.— About this time, one of her neighbours requested her to officiate as one of the sponsors at the christening of a child, and to which she acceded. The Clergyman proposed to perform the ceremony at the persons' own house; but the weather being exceedingly hot, the parents of the child, as well as the party assembled, objected to it; the village church not being more than a quarter of a mile distant, they repaired thither, and afterwards the Parson returned with them to dine and spend the day—immediately after dinner, the PARSON was the first to call for *cards*, and he selected my mother for his partner; a most powerful conviction crossed her mind that she was about to do wrong, and on appealing to her partner whether it were not a sin to play at cards, he promptly answered, “No! it was only an innocent amusement;”

to this she demurred, observing, "to say the least of it, sir, I certainly believe it, in a Clergyman especially, to be mis-spent time:" this sharp reproof had no effect on *him*, his conscience was seared as with a red-hot iron, and he succeeded in persuading my mother to play. In the course of the game, he so far over-shot the mark as to give her instructions to over-reach the others at play; and here the important "still small voice" whispered, "what! if God should call thee to judgment at this moment?" She turned pale—threw down the devil's pictures—and was never after seen wasting her precious time with such degrading trifles. But, how awful! to see a man calling himself the Minister of Christ—trifling away his time—hastening fast as the wings of time can carry him to perdition, and dragging the

precious souls of his parishioners along with him ! From such, “ O my soul, keep thou separate.”

An important change now took place. Prior to this period, she had, by being the only daughter of her parents, every indulgence it was possible for persons in their circumstances to afford, and was permitted to range uncontrolled in every amusement the village and neighbourhood afforded. But, alas, true happiness was not to be found there ; in all these seeming sweets there was a bitter flower; and many, many times she has told me that she has been the subject of the most excruciating torture, arising from persisting in a round of sinful pleasure, contrary to the warnings of conscience. And, like that monument of divine mercy, Colonel Gardener, has been to herself one

of the vilest of the vile, when others have believed she was among the happiest of mortals.

At about the age of eighteen, a serious person lent her Russell's Seven Sermons; these she read with avidity; and, by the blessing of God, they were a powerful instrument in restraining her sinful career, by awakening her to a sense of her lost estate; and so powerful were her convictions of sin at this period, that, like the Royal Psalmist, she could say, "the arrows of the Almighty stuck fast in my soul, and my feet were in the mire and thick clay." She told me that she fasted and prayed to the Lord, with scarcely any intermission of rest, from Thursday until Monday; all this time she was, like Saul of Tarsus, in the pangs of the new birth, constantly crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Her dear mother was distressed beyond

measure at seeing her in such anguish of soul, and dreaded more than any other thing that she would be driven to madness. She reasoned with her, stated how good she had been, how dutiful, that she was under a horrible delusion, that if such good creatures as she were lost, what was to become of the rest of the world?—Miserable error! To the whole of which she, like Bunyan's Pilgrim, stopt her ears and shut her eyes, crying, "life, life, I must flee for my life;" and it may indeed of a truth be said of her, that she drank deep of the wormwood and the gall of conviction. *Her* conversion was not accomplished but by strong crying and tears.—However it pleased the Lord of life and glory, through the divine influence of the ever Blessed Spirit, to speak peace to her troubled mind, and infuse into her hitherto distracted soul, that calm serenity,

“which the world can neither give nor take away.” It was on a blessed Sabbath day that the happy change was effected, and she who had gone her way weeping, bearing precious seed, had now returned, bringing her sheaves with her, rejoicing in the Lord her Saviour, with all her heart, and mind, and soul, and strength. Darkness, guilt, and condemnation, were at once removed, in a manner that was incomprehensible to her, and her height of joy was only equalled by contrasting it with that distress of mind she was before the subject of.

Now, by every means in her power, she published to all around the beauties of her “first love,” and her gratitude to Him who had made her glad with the light of his countenance. She now sought, by every possible means, to take her old companions on her journey with

her ; she missed no opportunity of attempting to arrest the wanderer in his downward slippery course, and place his foot upon a rock, the "Rock of Ages."—One, among many other methods adopted by her for the salvation of the most intimate of her acquaintance, was that which led to her conviction. She purchased a number of cheap copies of Russell's Seven Sermons, which she distributed amongst them ; she also purchased several copies of the New Testament, and gave *them* away, but I have heard her say she was very painfully disappointed and grieved that the result was not the same with those she sought to serve as it had been with her ; however, her reward was with the Lord.

I, who had scarcely ever been separated from her from my birth to her death, know how elevated were her views of Christ's salvation.

She had no grovelling views, no half and half Saviours; Jesus, none but Jesus, was ever *her* theme, and I have reason to believe that she never lost her evidence of the interest she had in the blood of her blessed Saviour, from the day of her conversion to the close of her earthly career. It is true she had her cloudy and dark days, but her *faith* was *never* shaken. She could always say with Peter, "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee." She was a brand pluck'd out of the fire; she knew it; she knew that he who saves, saves to the end: this was her joy and crown of rejoicing here on earth, and she is now a brilliant star in the firmament of the "Endless of Days,"—the great "I AM, who is, and was, and is for evermore." Blessed spirit! if it be permitted thee to look down upon thy unworthy but much-beloved child,

O inspire his soul with a spark of that celestial light in which the redeemed are basking, and in which they will dwell to all eternity! O, if it be permitted thee to be my guardian angel watching my steps, and commissioned to be my spiritual companion in this transitory state during the remaining portion of my pilgrimage here on earth—O, may I so take heed to my path, that I may not wound thy blessed spirit, by thought, word, nor deed!

I believe the sermon which above all the others was the means, under Divine Grace, of awakening her to a conviction of the error of her ways, particularly as it respects the waste of time and wickedness of card playing, was that from Rev. x. 5. "But there shall be time no longer." The first step she took after her conversion, as it respected herself, was to destroy her idols, as

she called them; saying, if there is any thing a person delights in more than God, it is an idol, and we are idolaters. Now, dress was my mother's idol. As soon as possible, she corrected this idolatry, by altering for her own use such as could be made suitable to her altered state. Others she altered and gave to the poor; and such as were of too flimsy a nature to be so altered as to be useful, such as stupid spider-web caps, &c. she thrust into the copper fire, although the servant girl begged very hard for them for herself. No, observed she, "these have been my vanity-fair pride, and have injured my soul, and dost thou think I could reconcile my conscience to submit to give them to thee? No:" and with these remarks, they were—very properly,—committed to the flames. And so tenacious was she ever after not to offend her God by the least display of

unnecessary finery, that on one occasion having received a very seasonable and proper reproof from a poor woman who had nothing round her cap but a garter, and who was too poor to purchase a ribbon, and who reminded her that she had a *bow* on her bonnet, she instantly took it off and gave it to her, observing, "the spirit reminds me I have this *bow*—conscience says, give it to the poor woman who has none; if I resist the spirit I *sin*." Would, that many who attend our places of worship, with their heads decorated with Satan's trappings, and who only attend the worship of Almighty God to see and be seen, would "go and do likewise."

Before her conversion, she had no intimate connections among the Methodists; there were but few of them there then, and all poor peo-

ple.—But her God directed her path, and through the same means which was the cause of her conversion, she was conducted to *them*. In one of Russell's Sermons, he observes, "Join yourselves as much and as often as you can with *praying* persons, that of them you may have experience and happy communion, and be taught the holy exercise of prayer." She ruminated in her mind on these words; she knew not of any praying people in the village but these few despised Methodists, who were scoffed at, and who bore the insults and indignities so unjustly heaped upon them with the most patient forbearance; knowing who has said, "all who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." She cast in her lot with them, and said, "this people shall be my people, and their God my God for ever;" and she never after repented her choice.

She now began to experience a foretaste of Heaven upon Earth. — But, these joys were damped by severe persecution in her own family, and she experienced in her own person that important declaration of our Redeemer, when he says, “Think ye that I am come to send peace upon earth? I tell you nay, but rather division; there shall be two in one house, one shall be taken and another left,” &c.

Her father seemed determined to prevent her keeping the company of her new associates; her brothers abused her, saying she disgraced them all by mixing with what they styled the filth and off-scouring of the earth; all these bitter sorrows, however, by frequent and fervent appeals to the throne of grace, her blessed Saviour, enabled her to surmount, and eventually she was permitted unmolested to worship

God according to the dictates of her own conscience and the light of truth. Her relatives saw that she was not a jot the less attentive to the duties of life for being religious—they saw her pride humbled—her duty to her parents more ardent—her love to her brothers as fervent, or more so than before—and, indeed, they saw that the change was altogether most surprising, and to them incomprehensible; but they could not brook the disgrace, as they called it, of making these poor despised followers of Christ her chosen companions.

My dear mother's diligent attendance upon all the means of grace, was characteristic of the zeal which pre-eminently distinguished the commencement of Wesleyan Methodism; she was ever present at the preaching of the word, and at

the prayer and class meetings, and enjoyed all the promised blessings of her Redeemer, by waiting upon God in the communion of his saints. She now cast in her lot with them, and surrendered the company of such of her most intimate acquaintance as she found were determined not to travel with her the narrow path which leads to eternal life; her only delight being with them who feared the Lord.

She now determined to exert herself with all her power to convince her dear parents and brothers of the error of their ways; affectionately, temperately, but firmly did she admonish them, pray for them, and weep over them.—But, He who worketh every thing by the councils of His own will, had determined at His own time to do all his pleasure. It does not appear that her exertions

on their behalf were as yet crowned with any success. Not so, however, as it respected others.

It was her custom to attend every evening, alternately at one or another neighbour's house; read a chapter to them, and pray with them: not only so, but the pocket-money which formerly was expended in useless extravagance of dress and foolish amusements, was now expended in purchasing useful and comfortable necessaries of life, and given to such as were the most needy and most deserving. Indeed, it became almost proverbial in the village if any of the poor were in extreme distress, to say, "Go to Jinny Hawkins;" Mrs. or *Miss* being then rarely used, especially the latter.

At length, in answer to her supplication at a throne of grace, it

pleased God, in his infinite mercy, to answer her prayers in the conviction and conversion of her brother Philip. *This* was to her an unspeakable blessing; for, he was valiant for the truth and feared no man. She had now a companion to travel with her heaven-ward in her own house, and they took "sweet counsel together," and rendered to each other mutual assistance. At every eligible opportunity, they engaged in prayer; in the field, during the intervals of the dinner hour, they prayed together, and conversed on heavenly subjects. The barn has oft been their tabernacle; there, they have offered up their prayers and supplications; and He who is no respecter of places, but who said, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them, and that to bless them," has often communicated to them sweet peace and con-

solation, and they have gone their way rejoicing in His strength.

At that time there was preaching at Stillingfleet, by the Methodists, only once a month ; my uncle, therefore, was in the frequent habit of walking to York, on the Sabbath day, there to enjoy the means of grace, and being of a very retentive memory, he repeated to his sister the substance of the discourses he heard there, and thus they strengthened each other's hands. How different is it now, and how thankful ought we to be to the Father of all mercies, that we have the blessed gospel brought to our own doors ; and that in every village of any importance, there is now one, two, three, or in some cases, more places of worship.

It now pleased God, in the richness of his mercy, to turn her other

brother from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto himself; and now they suffered persecution from another source. The owner of the farm being an irreligious man, and entertaining the most implacable hatred to the Methodists, gave them notice to quit, and compelled them to turn out of their farm.—This, at first appeared a severe stroke; but there was One above him, who has said, “In trouble cast your care upon me, and I will provide for you:” and he did so; for each of them became the occupiers of better farms than those from which they had been driven. Philip came to Thearne, a small village near Beverley, and there he planted a Methodist Society, which prospered, and among whom he resided for some time; but eventually removed to Sunk-Island, where he established another Methodist connexion; there he

finished *his* labours; and, like a shock of corn full ripe, was gathered to the garner. He was a Methodist of the first school. His death was the cause of bitter grief to my poor mother, for their lives were as those of David and Jonathan. But God, who is the support of the afflicted, and the only soother of sorrow, applied the healing balm, and my distressed parent was enabled, in process of time, to leave off grieving and to rejoice in her Lord, who, she confidently hoped and believed, had taken her beloved brother to his eternal rest.

A little incident, connected with the decease of my uncle, I cannot forbear to mention. Her mother made her a present of a sum of money to purchase a *black silk gown* and other articles. She purchased such things as were necessary and becoming her station; and

with the surplus, she wisely purchased Wesley's Notes on the New Testament; and a blessed purchase it has proved to be, both to the souls of my mother and myself, to whom she left it as a legacy. By this heavenly chart may I steer my course to the haven of eternity; thus shall I avoid the rocks and quicksands of unbelief and sin; and I hope and trust, through the cross of Jesus my Saviour, when my earthly race shall be finished on earth, to join her and hers in the realms of bliss, for ever and ever. Amen.

Prior to my mother's becoming truly pious, the Clergyman's wife was very intimate at their house; but she afterwards estranged herself from their society. On one occasion, she sent for my grandmother, and said, Dame Hawkins, I am very sorry your daughter has

joined the fanatics, she had religion enough. I have frequently admired how she responded to the Litany and lessons of the Prayer-book, when she attended our church; I am sure she was the best young woman we had at the church, and I have frequently heard my husband say so also; she was never seen gazing about her, as too many other young persons do, she was so intent at her devotions; I really am quite grieved she has been so easily seduced by designing people, who, I fear, want only to deprive her of her little property, and then desert her. To this her mother replied, that both herself and her father had done all in their power to prevent her joining the Methodists; but all threats, persuasions, and promises had been equally ineffectual. And here, methinks, it is impossible to pass over this portion of the biography of my deceased

D

parent, without referring to the conduct of this "mother of the parish," as she ought to have been. Ought she not to have rejoiced to know that one of the young women in her parish had become decidedly more pious, and that her life, conversation, and conduct were eminently such as were likely to be the means of arresting the progress of error and the promotion of virtue? Instead of which she was a blind leader of the blind, and the wife of a gambler.

After both her brothers had left Stillingfleet, she still courageously kept up family prayer, and many times she has gone to the bedside of her dear father, if he had retired to rest earlier than the usual time, and there, in the most fervent, tender, and earnest manner, with tears, has poured out her whole soul to her Heavenly Father for

his conversion. The Judge of all the Earth doeth right, and in His hands must be left, until the great day, the solution of whether or not her prayers were answered. Her Father died a very short time after; and his illness was of such a nature, and lasted so short a period, attended with the most excruciating torture and of the most peculiar kind, that she had no evidence to that effect. She attended him incessantly during his affliction, and this was her solace, "I am clear of his blood, for I have not ceased, as far as my poor abilities would permit, to declare unto my beloved parent, the whole counsel of God."

Her Mother survived her Father a few years; and, blessed be the God of everlasting mercy, died in the full possession of faith, and left behind her a glorious hope that we shall meet her at the right hand of

her Heavenly Father.—Which may He of his infinite mercy grant through Jesus Christ His Son.

A short time after the death of her Father, she married; and now a series of troubles commenced, unknown to her before; she left her paternal roof, and went to reside at the house of my Father's parents; and, as too frequently has been the case, the young and the old could not agree.

The parents of my Father had no relish for religion nor religious companions. In fact, she was frequently personally insulted by her step-mother; this my mother, whose temper was naturally warm, could not brook; and had it not been for divine grace, which enabled her to overcome, she would very often have been driven to excesses by

passion, which might have been of serious inconvenience. But He who has said, "My grace is sufficient for thee," enabled her to bear, with Christian fortitude and forbearance, the many trying difficulties to which she had to submit.

My parents had now to enter on a most important engagement. The persons at whose house the preachers had been in the habit of stopping for some years, had become too infirm by age to attend to their comforts any longer, and there was no others in the village but my father and mother to whom they could look for a home. But what was to be done? The parents of my father were both averse to receiving them in the house, and if not received under their roof, there was no visible appearance but that the cause must dwindle away and be lost. But God, who knows the

secrets of all hearts, and who has said, "For all these things I will be enquired of," did answer the earnest supplications of my parents, and Mr. Thomas Taylor was the first preacher who was received into their house. From that period to the year 1829, was my mother a nursing mother to the preachers of the gospel. In this good employ she was never either faint or weary; she never considered she had done too much. They had a chamber appropriated exclusively to their use, and there, like the prophet Elijah in the chamber of the Shunamite, they have held sweet communion with the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. This was their home until the year above named, when, like her predecessors, *she*, through age and infirmity, was obliged to desist. "Mother," was the appellation she had given her by

them during the whole of the time they sojourned with her, (a period of about FIFTY YEARS); and if, as we have scripture for it, to believe, that in that blessed state where sorrow and sighing shall be no more, we shall recognize those we knew on earth, what a noble army of these blessed men's spirits will she there meet, and, with palms in their hands, worship for ever, and ever, the Lamb which was slain, and with whom they, in this vale of tears, together participated of the Spirit's holy influence!

When I recall the many happy hours I have spent in the company of such holy men as Taylor, Mather, Pawson, Blackburne, Emmitt, Miller, and many others, the blessed meetings we have had, as well as prayer and private conversation, it fills my heart with the most profound gratitude.

Shortly before her death, I was conversing with her on these by-gone days, when she observed, "aye, my company is all gone before, and I seem almost left alone; O, when shall I be freed from these clogs of mortality and join them in bliss: Heavenly Father, if it be thy will, may I cease at once to work and to live." And the Lord was pleased to hear her prayer; for, three days before her death, she was as able as usual to attend to her daily occupation, and then, the wheels of life stood still.

I now wish to give a retrospective view of some of the leading incidents of her life. It was her custom to read the whole of the Bible and Testament through within each year, besides other reading: indeed when fatigued, or when she sat down to rest, she always took up her Bible or some other good book,

so that she never lost an opportunity for improvement. For her character, read Proverbs chap. xxxi. v. 29, 30, 31. I can now in my mind's eye, follow her through the different apartments of the house, where I have seen her prostrate, presenting her adorations or carrying her complaints. If any difficulties came in her way, she betook herself to prayer, she carried it to the Lord; and she never waited in vain; she always had an answer; for, if the cross was not removed, she caught hold of "My grace is sufficient for thee, my strength shall be perfected in thy weakness," or some other such blessed promise.

The house we resided in at Stillingfleet was a mile from the village. But neither distance nor inclement weather prevented her, if she was well, occupying her proper place; and I can conscientiously

say of her, "Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

She was particularly attentive, in her younger years, in visiting the sick. On one occasion, she was something like poor Jonah, she stifled the "still small voice." There were a number of worldly young persons in the chamber; and, after conversing with them and the sick person for some time, she left them without prayer. As I have observed, our house was a mile from the village; when she had got about half way home, it began to thunder and lighten and rain most terrifficly: it appeared as if the Heavens and the Earth were in one flame; and it had such a powerful effect upon her, that she prayed to the Lord most fervently to pardon her this sin for deserting the cross, by not praying with the sick person; vowing, that if she

should be spared until the morning, she would redeem the opportunity. The Lord was pleased to hear her prayer; the Heavens brightened, the lightning ceased, and in the morning she performed her vow, and never after neglected praying with the sick. The young person died rejoicing in the Lord, of which my mother was a witness.

About this time, (1795) my Father and her went over to York, to hear Mr. Blackburne; and as he was giving out that beautiful hymn,

“ Now I have found the ground
wherein,” &c.

she was so filled with the power and glory of the Holy Spirit, that she fell down as if dead; and there, in a sort of trance, experienced such visions as it was not in her power

when she came to herself to describe. Among other things, it was communicated to her that there should be a very great revival of religion at Stillingfleet, even to the names of the persons who should be converted, and she communicated it to my Father before the circumstances took place. In 1795 and 1796, it turned out as she had had it communicated, and there was indeed a great revival. And O what a blessing was she to the young enquirer after Christ; what a blessing there was such a female in the village to whom to fly; one who it was well known had for such a length of time been so signally blessed. She was to them a nursing mother.

As far as her means went, she was benevolent to the poor and really necessitous. We had twelve

cows, sometimes more ; and, on Sunday mornings, instead of making cheese, she gave away the milk to the poor who applied for it ; and I well remember a score or more poor children who have repeatedly been benefited by her liberality. Nor was her charity confined to her neighbours ; she never turned away a beggar who was really in want, but relieved them as far as her ability went, either in food or clothing, or both. Indeed it was her greatest pleasure, when she could, and in every way in which she was able, to heal the wounds and soothe the sorrows of suffering humanity ; and many times I remember her making a feast, and inviting the poor and such as could not repay her ; her recompence being in seeing them happy. But her great recompence will be at the resurrection of the just. The

following lines were truly applicable to her :

“ Give me my Bible in my hand,
A heart to read and understand,
 And faith to trust the Lord ;
I'd sit alone from day to day,
And urge no company to stay,
 Nor wish to rove abroad.”

At her departure from Stillingfleet, when she came to reside at Preston, it was as if a funeral was in procession. Tears flowed on every side ; and I never in my life saw or heard of such general regret, as when she bid them her final—Farewell !

The removal to Preston was a most unfortunate one. It pleased God to permit them, by circumstances over which they had no control, to be stript of nearly all

their property. Still, she retained her unshaken confidence in her God, and could say with Job, "though he slay me, yet will I trust in him;" and with the prophet Habbakuk, "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vine, the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat, the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls, yet, I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." And I can safely appeal to those who knew her best, that this was truly her experience and christian resignation. Indeed, I never heard her repine, but on the contrary, she has over and again said, it is the Lord's will, and we needed the chastisement, or he would not have permitted it. He is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind; our trials, which are

but for a moment, will, I hope and trust, work together for our eternal welfare; and what we know here only in part, will be made known to us hereafter. Indeed, her soul prospered best in the valley of humility; and when difficulties have arisen, and I have been sorely perplexed, she has said, if things do not come to us, we must go to them; thou always looks at the dark side; let us hope for the best, things will turn up better than thou expects; and this I have proved a many times to be the case.

The time was now drawing fast on when she was to be summoned before her God and finish her probation here. The week before she died, she dreamed she was going to be married, and that she was in the company of her two deceased brothers, who said to her, if thou

canst only get *him*, thou wilt be happy for ever. This dream made a powerful impression upon her mind; she said, Christ is my bridegroom; I shall get him, and I shall be blest for ever.

As I have already observed, she oft expressed a wish that her life and labour might cease together; and so it was. Her illness was very short, but throughout, her evidences were brighter and brighter as she drew nearer and nearer the close of her earthly career.

On Tuesday, February 12th, she was taken much worse. I attended her day and night, assisting her to be got up as long as it could be done. Some time prior to her dissolution, she was rendered speechless, so that she could not express except by signs what were her views

now so near the end of her time; but there was such a heavenly serenity until her spirit fled as left no doubt of the entirely tranquil state of her mind. Never moving nor having any difficulty of breathing, and having to all appearance no pain, she sweetly slept in Jesus, as one falling into a sweet sleep, about nine o'clock on Friday evening, February 15th, 1833, (having adorned her christian profession by an exemplary holy life) aged seventy-six years; and having been a Member of the Wesleyan Connexion FIFTY-SIX YEARS AND ELEVEN MONTHS. May my last end be like hers.—Amen!

The stroke to me was a bitterly severe one; we had never been separated from each other for six months during the whole of my life, a period of fifty years, and my grief was very intense.

I shall now attempt to describe
those

CELESTIAL APPEARANCES

which were witnessed not only by myself, but numbers of other respectable persons besides those whose names and attestations are prefixed to this book.

As soon as possible after I rose on the morning of the first day after her decease, I went to visit her corpse. There she lay, with a beautiful smile on her countenance, although the spirit had taken its flight.—I gave vent to my feelings, and was relieved by a copious flow of tears ; I then retired.

About ten, I again went to converse with Death.—Standing at the feet of the bed weeping, I was *astonished* at beholding a most

beautiful CROSS, waving as it were upon her breast, above the sheet which covered her; on coming nearer and looking more closely, I perceived most distinctly other appearances, such as it is not in my power to describe. I then called Jane Hockney, and asked her if she saw any thing; she instantly replied, yes, I see all sorts of beautiful diamonds, as it were, and a most beautiful CROSS. I then was perfectly certain that my vision had not deceived me.—We then both looked nearer, and there we saw fresh and fresh celestial figures in rapid and constant motion. On her side, immediately over her heart, was distinctly seen the complete figure of a most beautiful angel. Indeed, all over the sheet which covered her, was the most beautiful and indiscrivable, most wonderful and astonishing figures and signs, which kept increasing,

so that by the Sunday evening, the varieties which could be distinctly seen were upwards of a hundred.

On Monday morning we had her placed in her coffin. Immediately on removing the covering, and whilst the shroud was preparing, the figures changed in a most astonishing manner. The neck was decorated as it were with a chain of diamonds of all sorts of beautiful shapes. The breast, the sides, and all over the shroud, was covered with beautiful figures in constant motion; and this was continuing during the whole time the women were employed preparing the funeral clothing. The names of the persons who performed this work are Jane Hockney, Mary Hanson, Mary Little, Rachel Dobson, Jane Chambers, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Clark. These formed but a very small portion of the persons who were witnesses to

these celestial wonders, for scores were witnesses to it. It had such an effect on Mrs. Clark, who was pregnant, as to bring on premature labour.

The Almighty, it appeared, had now brought his work almost to a close. Two brilliant stars were fixed, one over each breast, upon each hand—on each finger—there were stars; between the breasts was the lovely CROSS; from the breast to the feet were these three letters M. W. W. as clear and as distinct as the sun at noon day. Even on her toes, figures of different kinds, as diamonds and stars, kept flitting. But the most wonderful thing to us was, if a handkerchief or white cloth was passed over the face, it carried away the shadow of the figures; similar, in a very great measure, to a strong hoar frost upon a large window.

It will naturally be expected that I should now furnish my readers with an account of what effect was produced upon the hundreds of persons who witnessed these wonderful works of the Almighty.—As it relates to myself, I was all adoration and praise; I ceased to mourn; how dare I, after the Almighty had permitted his invisible agents to exhibit to us such wonderful and positive evidence of her blessedness? Here was evidence of the most positive kind, that God Almighty had stepped out of his usual course to speak to the souls of the bystanders; and if they will not believe this, “neither will they believe though one rose from the dead.” It has spoken loudly to the spiritual welfare of some; God grant this may be the case with all who witnessed it, for his name and mercies sake.

In conclusion I beg to remark, that it has been the work of the Devil, ever since he tempted our first parents in Paradise, to stir up his auxiliaries to deny and to defy the Almighty's power. But the Devil has been a liar from the beginning.

An account of the circumstance appeared in the *Hull Advertiser*, a few days after, accompanied by the certificate of a number of persons, who witnessed the extraordinary appearances; this was copied and commented upon in several of the London and provincial papers; and it was attempted to explain the phenomena by natural causes. Natural causes! I would ask, that if such wonderful appearances were to be explained by *natural causes*, how it is that these writers in the newspapers have NOT explained them?

It was stated (I think in the *London Standard* evening paper) that it was on record similar appearances had been noticed about the corpse of a female some years ago.—It might be so, why not?—The arm of the Lord is omnipotent; He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; all times, places, and seasons are alike the same to Him.

I have as briefly as possible, but I trust satisfactorily described my mother as she was; together with the extraordinary celestial appearances about the corpse and in the room. I shall see her face on earth no more, but I shall, I hope, through the merits of my blessed Redeemer, soon meet her in that place where the “wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary shall for ever be at rest:” And in the blissful anticipation of that commencement of a never-ending eternity, I DECLARE,

¶

that what I have related is *strictly true*. I might have gone much more into detail; this would have swelled out my book to a size beyond what I intended it should be. I wished the life of my dear parent to be in the hands of a great number, and this could not have been done with an expensive book.

I have only to add, that the originals of the hand-writing of the respectable and upright persons whose names appear prefixed to this memoir, are in the possession of my Publisher, where they may be seen. To God in Christ be all the glory.—Amen.

JOHN PALLISTER.

*Preston, near Hull, Yorkshire,
April 1st, 1834.*

THE THREE HYMNS

WHICH WERE SUNG AT THE FUNERAL SERMON.

HYMN I.

AND can we our sister bemoan,
 Or sorrowing shed a sad tear,
 Or heave out a sigh or a groan,
 Because she no longer is here ;
 Nay, rather we ought to rejoice,
 Because that the summons is come,
 That the Angels at Jesus' voice,
 Have taken her spirit safe home.

For us it is wrong to be griev'd,
 But could heaven admit of a tear,
 By saints who from death are repriev'd,
 For sinners whose end draweth near ;
 For these she might justly lament,
 And who would her pity reprove ?
 But surely we should be content,
 She reaps the fruition of love.

In meekness, and patience, and hope,
 She valliantly fought her way through,
 By the love of her Saviour held up,
 Whom she found to be faithful and true ;
 She found him the sinner's best friend,
 While she journey'd in Zion's best road,
 Now she finds him her ultimate end,
 In a happy and lasting abode.

Of weakness, and sickness, and pain,
 She took as a fatherly rod,
 Nor murmur'd nor dar'd to complain,
 But reclin'd on the will of her God ;

In him she did firmly believe,
 Who is able and willing to save,
 Neither anxious to die nor to live,
 But welcome her life or her grave.

She follow'd the lamb upon earth,
 And now she beholds him in heaven,
 An heir of a kingdom by birth,
 But now the possession is given ;
 Triumphant she's taken her flight,
 To the mansions of glory above,
 To drink with eternal delight,
 Of the fullness of Jesus' love.

Oh ! when our probation is o'er,
 Like her may we finish with joy,
 When trials and time are no more,
 May we enter on better employ ;
 May we join the angelic choir,
 Increasing the glorified throng,
 Where love shall each bosom inspire,
 And grace be for ever the song.

HYMN II.

EARTH to earth, we now commit her,
 Dust, thy kindred ashes see ;
 Tho' corruption call her sister,
 Yet in flesh her God shall see ;
 Sown this body in dishonour,
 Humbling thought to human pride,
 Greedy worms shall feed upon her,
 'Till this flesh is all destroy'd.

Here's the goal of fallen nature,
 Eas'd of every worldly good,
 But the soul like its Creator,
 Back returns again to God ;
 Write from henceforth says the spirit,
 Blessed they in Jesus dead,
 Rest and glory they inherit,
 With their Lord and living head.

Mourn not then at what's before ye,
 Weep not o'er your breathless friend,
 Would you bring her back from glory?
 Would ye have her pleasures end?
 Envy you her situation,
 Grieve ye not that she's no more,
 Think not this a sad occasion,
 But with her your God adore.

HYMN III.

HAPPY spirit now ascended,
 Into everlasting rest,
 Now the pilgrimage is ended,
 Number'd now among the dead;
 Here thy days were few and evil,
 There thy years for ever roll,
 Free'd from flesh, the world, and devil,
 They no more thy peace controul.

Here for full redemption groaning,
 Travelling here in pain below,
 Patient suffering scarce bemoaning,
 Want of health which others know;
 Comforts flowing from that favour,
 Which a God of love made known,
 Through a sin-atonng Saviour,
 By the spirit made her own.

Happy in the fiery trial,
 Happy when the summons came,
 Faith in God, fear'd no denial,
 Life or death to her the same;
 Shakes her earthly habitation,
 While she cries "thy will be done,"
 Precious Jesus, great salvation,
 Perfect Lord what thou'st begun.

Agonies and pains betoken,
 That the silver cord is loos'd
 That the Golden bowl is broken,
 Nature's music all confus'd;

Notwithstanding grinders ceased,
 And the windows darkened be,
 She, as vital strength decreased,
 Has put off mortality.

Speech and breath and pulse abating,
 As she closed her languid eyes,
 Friends surrounding angels waiting,
 Wafts her soul above the skies ;
 Ope ye gates ye beauteous portals,
 Entrance to the blest abode,
 Now she wings her way from mortals,
 Evermore to dwell with God.

Like the sound of many waters,
 Hosts of heaven their voices raise,
 Angels, cherubs, saints and martyrs.
 Join in sweet harmonious lays ;
 Hark ! the eternal arches ringing,
 While they bow before the throne,
 While the blood-bought throng is singing,
 Glory be to God alone.

Glory be to God for ever,
 To the Lamb that once was slain,
 Strong and mighty to deliver,
 Sinners from eternal pain ;
 True and faithful to accomplish,
 That for which he bled and died,
 Sin to pardon, death to vanquish,
 And to purify his bride.

Jesus hear thy children praying,
 Hear the Spirit crying, come !
 Come, thy bride is also saying,
 Jesus come and take her home ;
 Lord how long those souls are crying,
 That beneath the altar lay,
 Lord how long thy saints replying,
 Ere the work of endless day.

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STALL STUDY
CHARGE

Notwithstanding grinders ceased,
 And the windows darkened be,
 She, as vital strength decreased,
 Has put off mortality.

Speech and breath and pulse abating,
 As she closed her languid eyes,
 Friends surrounding angels waiting,
 Wafts her soul above the skies ;
 Ope ye gates ye beauteous portals,
 Entrance to the blest abode,
 Now she wings her way from mortals,
 Evermore to dwell with God.

Like the sound of many waters,
 Hosts of heaven their voices raise,
 Angels, cherubs, saints and martyrs.
 Join in sweet harmonious lays ;
 Hark ! the eternal arches ringing,
 While they bow before the throne,
 While the blood-bought throng is singing,
 Glory be to God alone.

Glory be to God for ever,
 To the Lamb that once was slain,
 Strong and mighty to deliver,
 Sinners from eternal pain ;
 True and faithful to accomplish,
 That for which he bled and died,
 Sin to pardon, death to vanquish,
 And to purify his bride.

Jesus hear thy children praying,
 Hear the Spirit crying, come !
 Come, thy bride is also saying,
 Jesus come and take her home ;
 Lord how long those souls are crying,
 That beneath the altar lay,
 Lord how long thy saints replying,
 Ere the work of endless day.

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