The background of the image is a page of handwritten text in cursive, likely from an 18th-century manuscript. The text is written in dark ink on aged, slightly yellowed paper. The handwriting is dense and fills most of the frame. In the center, there is a dark grey rectangular box with a thin white border. Inside this box, the title is written in a bold, white, sans-serif font. The title is centered and reads: "Living the Dream: How Woolman (Re)Made History in his Sleep". The words are stacked vertically, with "Living the Dream: How" on the first line, "Woolman (Re)Made" on the second, and "History in his Sleep" on the third.

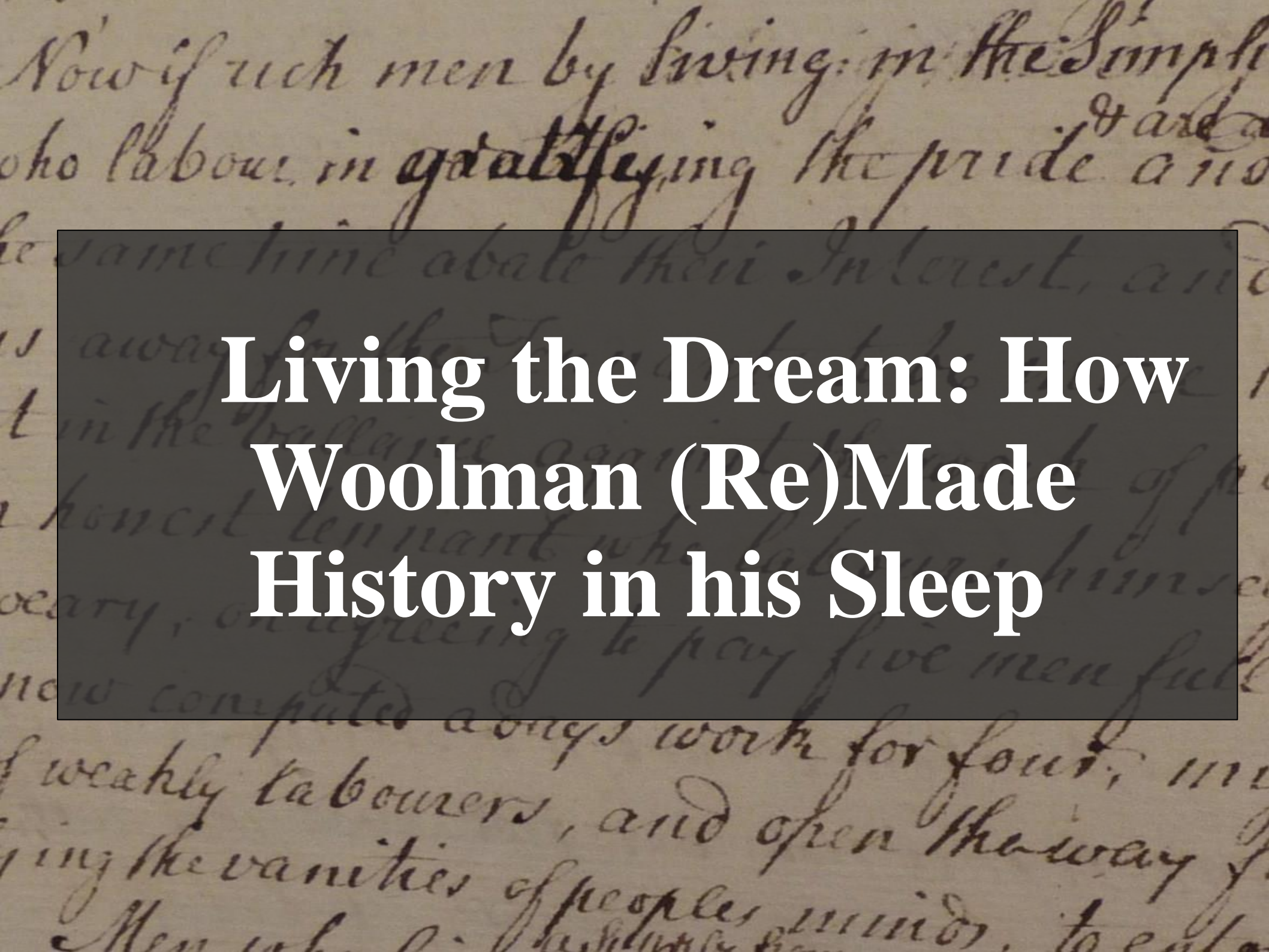
**Living the Dream: How
Woolman (Re)Made
History in his Sleep**

Pile's dream

“going on a road, and by ye roadside I saw a black pott... I saw a great ladder standing exact upright, reaching up to heaven up which I must go to heaven with ye pott in my hand intending to carry ye black pott with me, but ye ladder standing so upright, and seeing no man holding of it up, it seemed yt it would fall upon mee.”

Pile's dream

“light of Christ Jesus, and whoever it be
that his faith be strong in ye lord, God will
uphold that [the ladder] shall not fall...let
black negroes or pots alone...”

The background of the image is a page of handwritten text in a cursive script, likely from an 18th-century manuscript. The text is written in dark ink on aged, slightly yellowed paper. A large, semi-transparent dark grey rectangular box is centered over the page, containing the main title in white, bold, sans-serif font. The handwriting in the background is partially obscured by the box but remains legible in some areas, such as the words 'gloating' and 'pride' which appear to be part of the title's meaning.

**Living the Dream: How
Woolman (Re)Made
History in his Sleep**



1837 N. 2. 2. London.

THE DREAMER.

Derby, Published by T. Richardson Esq. 1837.

THE
NEW UNIVERSAL
DREAM-BOOK;

OR, THE
DREAMER'S SURE GUIDE

TO THE

Hidden Mysteries of Futurity:

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

SEVERAL REMARKABLE DREAMS,

AND

UNDENIABLE PROOFS

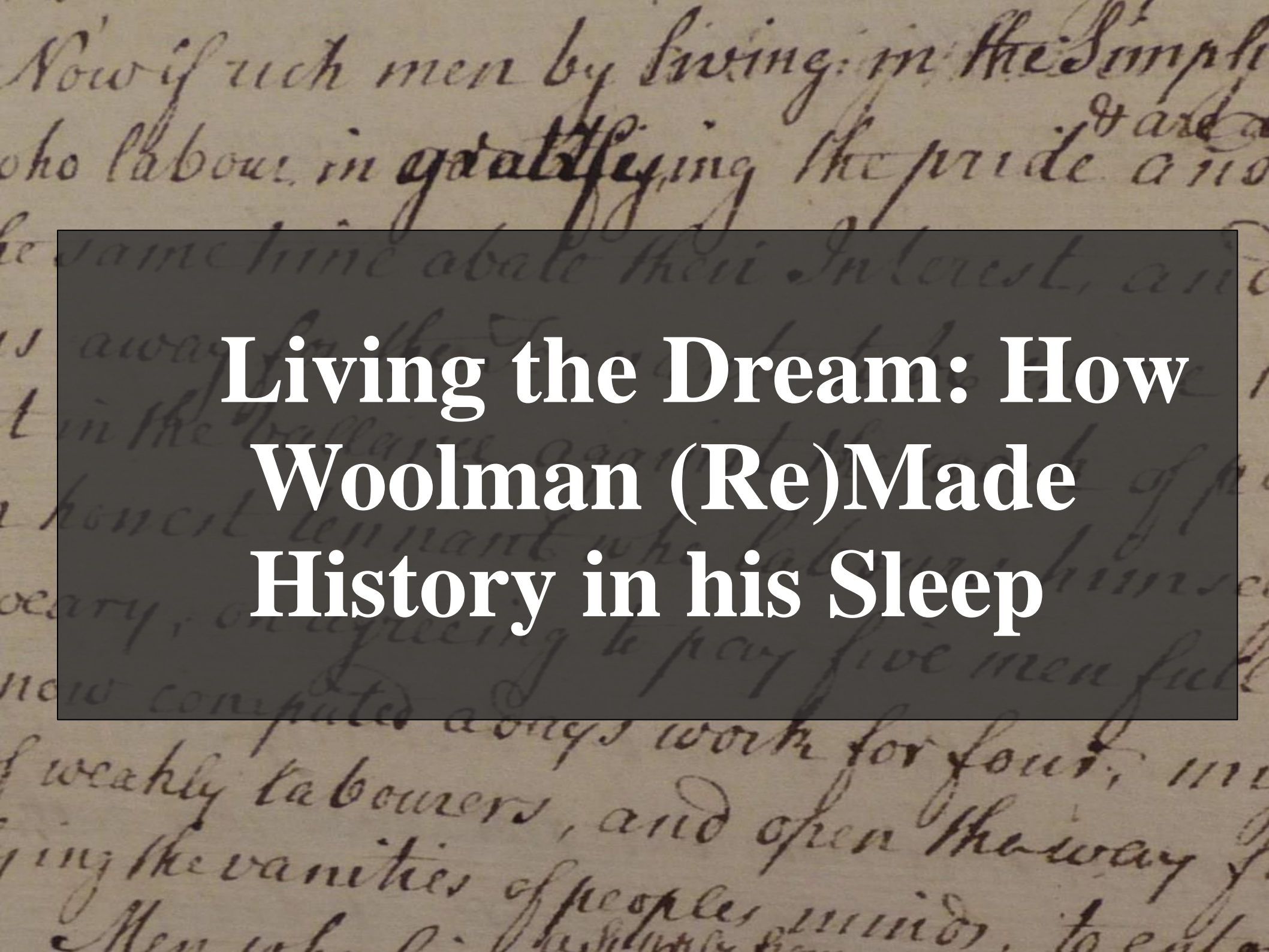
OF THE

Real Importance of Interpreting Dreams.

By MOTHER SHIPTON.

DERBY:

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS RICHARDSON

The background of the image is a page of handwritten text in a cursive script, likely from an 18th-century document. The text is mostly illegible due to blurring and is written in dark ink on aged, yellowish paper. A dark grey rectangular box is superimposed over the center of the page, containing the title in white, bold, sans-serif font. The title reads: "Living the Dream: How Woolman (Re)Made History in his Sleep".

**Living the Dream: How
Woolman (Re)Made
History in his Sleep**

“We must all once die, and if it please the Lord that our death be in this way, it is good for us to be resigned... in the south three great red streams standing at equal distance from each other, the bottom of which appeared to stand on the earth and the top to reach above the region of the clouds. Across those three streams went less ones, and from each end of such small stream others extended in regular lines to the earth, all red and appeared to extend through the whole southern firmament...soon after, an old captain of the militia came to me, and I was told these men were assembled to improve in the discipline of war”

“The place of prayer is a precious habitation, for I now saw [and the seventh seal was opened, and for a certain time there was silence in heaven; and I saw an angel with a golden censer, and he offered with it incense with the prayers of the saints, and it rose up before the throne. I saw] that the prayers of the saints was precious incense. And a trumpet was given me that I might sound forth this language, that the children might hear it and be invited to gather to this precious habitation, where the prayers of saints, as precious incense, ariseth up before the throne of God and the Lamb. I saw this habitation to be safe, to be inwardly quiet, when there was great stirrings and commotions in the world. Prayer at this day in pure resignation is a precious place. The trumpet is sounded; the call goes forth to the church that she gather to the place of pure inward prayer, and her habitation is safe.”

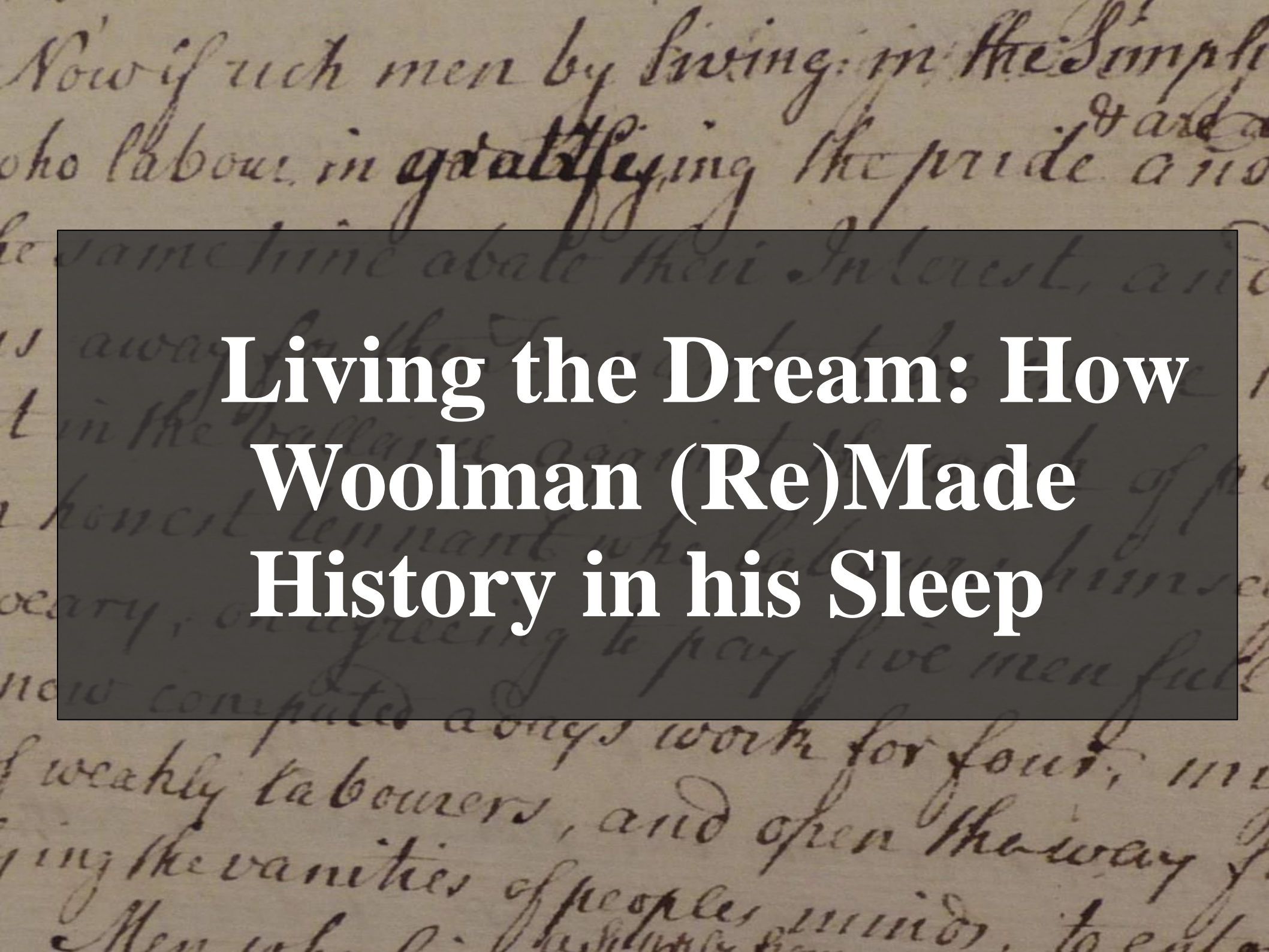
“...saw a mass of matter of a dull gloomy colour, between the south and the east, and was informed that this mass was human beings in as great misery as they could be and live, and that I was mixed in with them and henceforth might not consider myself as a distinct or separate being... I then heard a soft, melodious voice, more pure and harmonious than any voice I had heard with my ears before, and I believed it was the voice of an angel who spake to 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 heathens 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, I asked them if they knew who I was; and they, telling me I was John Woolman, thought I was only light-headed, for I told them not what the angel said, nor was I disposed to talk much to anyone, but was very desirous to get so deep that I might understand this mystery.

My tongue was often so dry that I could not speak till I had moved it about and gathered some moisture, and as I lay still for a time, at length I felt divine power prepare my mouth that I could speak, and then I said: “I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ that liveth in me, and the life I now live in the flesh is by faith in the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me” [Gal. 2:20]. Then the mystery was opened, and I perceived there was joy in heaven over a sinner who had repented and that that language *John Woolman is dead* meant no more than the death of my own will.”

“Soon after this I coughed and raised much bloody matter, which I had not during this vision, and now my natural understanding returned as before. Here I saw that people getting silver vessels to set off their tables at entertainments was often stained with worldly glory, and that in the present state of things, I should take heed how I fed myself from out of silver vessels.”

The background of the image is a page of handwritten text in cursive script, likely from an 18th-century document. The text is mostly illegible due to blurring and the central text overlay. The central text is white and bold, set against a dark grey rectangular background.

Living the Dream: How Woolman (Re)Made History in his Sleep