

Vision seen by Thomas Richardson in Wisbech Jail, 1663.

Here followeth a declaration of an opening in my heart, as by vision in me as I lay in bed in the night season in the twelfth Moneth, 1663 in which Vision there appeared unto my view a sumptuous building, in form like to a spacious Lords Pallace standing on a hill : and I beholding of it, delighted in it ; and as I looked upon it, it appeared to me, that there were several pipes of lead laid round about the walls of that building, ordered in mine eye to serve the whole house with water : And I stood considering from whence this water should come to serve such a spacious place, being it stood upon a hill : And it further appeared to me, that the water that served the whole house came from a Fountain : and the Lord of that building had ordered conveyance from the Fountain to serve the whole house. And it being such an excellent work, I greatly desired to see the Fountain, and how the water was conveyed from the Fountain. And then I was shewed an excellent place called a Porters Lodge, where the Porter abode continually ; and it was shewed me that that Porter was highly esteemed of the Lord of the building ; and commission were given to him to serve the whole house with water, and that both the Fountain and the conveyance of the water were to be ordered at his pleasure. Then I greatly desired to see into the house, how the house was supplied with water, and withal, way was made for me to enter into the house ; and as I walked into several rooms, there were several servants, and every servant had his office ; and I looked for the water, and in some of the rooms the water came in abundantly, and those servants of those rooms kept all things under their charge in good order, very pleasant to behold, to the great honour of the Lord of that house ; and then I walked further in the house, into other rooms, and I looked for the water, and the water came into those rooms very slowly, and the servants of those rooms were not industerous in their places, for their Lord, but were part for their Lord, and part for themselves, and their rooms were not clean : and it was shewed me that there were many of

those unfaithful servants and unclean rooms. Then I desired to see further into the house, and going further along into other rooms, I looked for water, seeing the rooms exceeding foul, and the servants of those rooms wholly at ease; and it was showed me that there was pipes to convey water unto them as the other rooms had, but the water was stopped, which caused the uncleanness: Then I were something troubled in minde, and desired to know the reason why some of the rooms should have such abundance of water, and some but a small quantity, and some none; but it were shewed me that the Porter that were in high esteem had power to serve the whole house with water, and according to desert he supplied the rooms thereof, and all those servants that were faithful to their Lord had water in abundance; and those servants that had had an eye to themselves their water abated, and if they did not stand up and shew themselves faithfull whilst they had water, their rooms would grow unclean, as well as those that had their water course stopped already: then I enquired in my minde what might become of those servants that were at ease, or sloathful, and it was shewed me that the Lord of the building would come, and the unfaithful servants he would cast forth of his house, and place others in their rooms, for he could not endure unfaithful servants; and it seemed to me that it would be much shame, trouble, and terrour for them that were cast out of such a Lords service for their unfaithfulness to their master. And so I awaked, and it were opened to my understanding, how my spirit hath been in this exercise as aforesaid: and it being cleared to my understanding afresh, I am constrained to write the substance of the matter, that the learned may read, and in reading every one may read themselves, lest they lose their learning and can obtain it no more.

THO. RICHARDSON.

Wisbitch Goale.

Where the holy sense is lost, Profession, even of the highest Truths, cannot preserve against the enemies Assaults.

WILLIAM PENN, *Tender Counsel and Advice*, 1695, p. 6.