

COPIES AND PARTS OF COPIES,  
OF  
**LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS,**

WRITTEN FROM JOANNA SOUTHCOTT,  
AND TRANSMITTED BY MISS TOWNLEY  
TO MR. W. SHARP, IN LONDON.

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THE PARABLE OF THE LITTLE FLOCK OF SHEEP.

**T**HE Fable that was in my heart, called to my remembrance, was of a man that was tried in Exeter Castle, for stealing of sheep. He pleaded he did not steal them; for he was going to a fair, and the flock of sheep jumped over the hedge and ran before his horse. He rode as fast as his horse could run, to get before them; but still the sheep kept before the horse. He turned his horse many ways to try to shun them, but the sheep would immediately turn and get before him. He then turned his horse, and thought to go home; but the sheep turned in an instant, and came before him again. After his turning many times, trying every way in his power to get before the sheep, and finding it impossible, he thought he might as well go with them to the fair, as be found driving them home to his own house; and in driving them to the fair he was taken. And in this manner he pleaded in the Castle, to clear himself; and the judge said he believed him innocent; but the jury said they believed him guilty. The judge could not bear to give it up to the jury; and said he would try another jury. He had another jury, and tried the cause over again, and they found him guilty the same. When the judge found he could not free him; but by the two juries had made the cause more strong against him, the judge then addressed the prisoner—"I believe you innocent concerning stealing these sheep; but I believe you are guilty of some fatal crime, for which the

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judgments of God followed you, in the sheep, to punish you for a crime that you have committed, in a crime that you have not; and as I have tried my utmost to save you, and by that way brought it the harder against you, it is impossible now for me to save your life, as you are found guilty by both juries; therefore I shall thank you, as you must die, that you will confess what crime you have committed." The bloody wretch then confessed, he lived a servant in the house with the mistress, he was then married to; but as she had got a husband when he went there a servant, so to have the wife, whom he said he loved, he contrived, one morning, when his master arose to go to a fair, to rise early and go before him and meet him in a private place and murder him, which he did. He then went home to bed as if composed, and happy in the cruelty he had committed, and appeared easy and cheartful before the wife. The night came, but no husband returned. She was alarmed; and he pretended equal alarm the same; but would not go alone in pursuit to find him. A miserable night was spent by the wife, and he appeared to share her sorrows, as an angel of light, though he was the devil himself. When the master was found murdered, he professed every agony with the wife; and by his false and pretended love gained her favour, and she afterwards married him. And at the time he was taken he was going to the *same Fair* that his master was going to when he murdered him; and at the *very place*, that he killed his master and threw him in the ditch, the sheep that were in the field jumped over the hedge and ran before him. So the innocent sheep brought the guilty wretch to the end he deserved. I feel, from this Parable, that the whole mysteries of the Bible will be brought to light, and the *concealed Murderer* be made known. But here my soul trembles and all my bones shake! I see myself in the Woman's place; my dear Lord mur-

# Flock of Sheep

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dered ! my first Husband murdered ! And by the cursed arts of HIS murderer I have often been betrayed, fearing that I was wrong in listening to the voice of my dear dying Lord ; as Satan's arts have often told me, to deceive me, that he came as a *friend*, to persuade me against my Lord ; therefore I am the Woman that hath had my Lord and Master murdered ; and am daily pursued by his murderer : and now my soul crieth aloud for vengeance ! Blessed be the LORD for his LITTLE FLOCK OF SHEEP, that have now jumped over the hedge to free me from the murderous wretch who slew my dear Lord, at first, whom my soul loved and now my soul shall love him last. Oh ! how often has that cursed wretch persuaded me there was no God, and that *he alone* was all in power ; but now, blessed be the LORD, the murderer will be brought to justice. For I feel that my Bible will burst from this Parable.—But how can I bear the reflections of my soul, to think I was ever in the hand of the devil, that he should have power to tempt me, through unbelief, that he was not the wretched murderer, nor his guilt would ever be brought to light ? But from this Parable I know he will ; and I would sooner now give up my life, than I will give up my just revenge against the cursed murderous foe—

So now I trust the SHEEP will stand  
To join with me in heart and hand,  
And then the TRIAL I'll go through,  
And bring the Murderer to their view,  
When by both JURIES he is cast ;  
For so I know the end will burst ;  
And I shall see the traitor fall,  
Who by disguise hath conquer'd all  
That judg'd him innocent to stand.  
But now the LITTLE FLOCK's at hand  
That will his foot-steps all betray,  
And shew the Fall where it did lay ;  
And shew what arts he doth pursue  
To murder GENTILES and the JEWS ;  
For in like manner both he cast,  
And in my Master's room he plac'd

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Himself in power to appear—  
 But now the **LITTLE FLOCK** is near  
 That will betray his every guilt;  
 And he shall know that he has spilt  
 The Blood of Jesus, my dear Lord,  
 Who all his cursed arts abhorr'd;  
 And yet he let them to go on  
 Until his **LITTLE FLOCK** was come,  
 In the same place for to appear;  
 And then his **FLOCK** he did ensnare.  
 Whatever way the wretch would turn  
 My **FLOCK** before him still would come,  
 Then bless'd be my avenging God,  
 That now will make him feel his rod;  
 And he in prison now is cast,  
 And so his trial now must burst.  
 No Judges here can ever do  
 For to believe him just and true,  
 That he the world has not deceiv'd.  
 All this they vainly may believe;  
 But I've a **JURY** nigh at hand  
 That will for me the **TRIAL** stand;  
 And so they'll cast the murderous foe:  
 No longer will they let him go  
 To reign in power as before,  
 He's bound in prison I see clear;  
 And from his prison he may burst,  
 And then I know he will be cast,  
 Just like the Parable that is here.  
 God's hidden wisdom I see clear  
 In secret tracks conceal'd from man;  
 God's wisdom they can never scan;  
 Because all things he'll bring to light  
 Clear as the sun before your sight;—  
 "And in more lustre it shall shine  
 When I have told thee all my mind,  
 The way the *Thief* shall now appear,  
 And then my **LITTLE FLOCK** I'll clear,  
 How *innocence did guilt betray* :  
 I meant to bring it round this way.  
 And so the thing ordain'd at first  
 That at the end it so should burst :  
 And now's the time I'll burst the whole,  
 And all his subtle arts shall fall,  
 No more your Husbands to betray,  
 Nor get your Wives in love with he;  
 For I will break his every band,  
 And he the trial now shall stand,  
 The way he slew **ME** at the first;  
 For now my **LITTLE FLOCK** will burst,  
 And then my **BRIDES** they all will see  
 How they have been in bonds with he.  
 But when the **TRIAL** doth appear,  
 He'll find the **LITTLE FLOCK** is near

# Flock of Sheep

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That I'll confess he cannot steal.—  
The Mysteries now I shall reveal:  
They're innocent, by my command;  
And there the tempter bold may stand  
To say their hearts he could not steal.—  
For deeper Mysteries I'll reveal:  
'Twas I that made my FLOCK to go  
So strong before him, he shall know,  
That let him turn which way he will  
They'll find a way to baffle still,  
That they before him still will stand,  
And so the TRIAL they'll command,  
To make him stand and hear the sound  
That he in all is *guilty* found;  
That first the HUSBAND he did slay,  
And then the WIFE he did betray  
To make her judge her LORD was dead,  
And then by arts he her betray'd  
To make her think her LORD was gone,  
And he her Lover was become,  
To lead her faithful heart astray.  
I know he has seduc'd this way,  
To make thy fervent love grow cold —  
For now the mysteries I'll unfold:  
He slew thy SAVIOUR at the first,  
And then in power he strong did burst,  
To take possession of the whole.  
And now I'll prove how this did fall:  
My Christian Friends he first did slay,  
And so his arts come round that way;  
Because they judg'd it could never be  
My faithful Friends were slain by he."

June the 15th, 1804.

Saturday June 16<sup>read before this the blood-  
pages at the begin-  
ning</sup>

Here I shall give the verse in continuation of the  
Flock of Sheep. After I had arisen from a bed of  
sorrow, I was ordered to take my pen in hand, and  
the Lord would answer me further of the Parable. *here began  
from 24*

"Now Joanna, thee I'll answer:  
From the Parable appears,  
I that am thy Lord and Master  
Know the *Thief* hath enter'd here,  
After he had arts to murder  
My alarming Love to thee,  
Well I know his arts went further,  
And that way inflamed thee;  
Because in all he strong did fall  
Their sorrow to express;  
For he, like Judas, work'd in all  
And brought on thy distress.  
The Man the Husband did allow,  
That was pronounced dead;

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But by what arts he did not know  
 The death on him was laid ;  
 And then by arts he did contrive  
 Unto her close to lay.  
 But now from thee the cause I'll free,  
 As it thou canst not bear,  
 To think the WIFE was plac'd in THEE,  
 The murderer's guilt to share.  
 No, 'tis not thee, they all shall see,  
 That did the wretch caress.  
 No: thou art with the FLOCK OF SHEEP,  
 That did before them burst ;  
 So thee I'll clear; thou canst not bear  
 To have the thing brought home. \  
 Then I shall come another way,  
 And bring it to the Groom.  
 In foreign Land where it doth stand  
 A prince in power to reign:  
 A Bethsheba for to command  
 The Groom was surely slain ;  
 And then her love did never prove,  
 To seek her vengeance there ;  
 Because that she, by gold from he,  
 Ne'er let the cause appear,  
 But all let die: I'll tell thee why—  
 The great would all conceal,  
 And sooner let their gold to fly  
 Than have their deeds reveal'd.  
 And where's not love the cause to prove  
 I know the dead must lie  
 Without their blood to be aveng'd—  
 And wilt THOU act like she?  
 Thou answerest, No: the truth is so—  
 No Black Prince here shall reign,  
 That prov'd thy HUSBAND's overthrow ;  
 But now he shall be slain.  
 Then do not fear, for thou art here  
 Amongst the SHEEP that burst ;  
 For when the GAP I had made clear  
 I know thou wert the first,  
 That from the GAP began to hope  
 That there was room to burst,  
 And go before and make it clear  
 The way the murder came.  
 The Day of Vengeance now is near  
 The Devil to condemn.—  
 And here's the BRIDE now by my side  
 That shall in fury break ;  
 For I shall place the Parable  
 To bring thee to the SHEEP,  
 Where thou didst burst, I tell thee, first—  
 And let my SEALED come  
 And in the FIELD with thee appear,  
 Satan shall fall like him.

# Flock of Sheep

( 7 )

For now I say to thee this day  
The TRIAL *so, must come.*  
My SHEEP have been turn'd every way  
By *Satan's* artful hand;  
But still before, I tell thee here,  
My SHEEP did surely go;  
And now I'll let the JUDGE appear,  
And prove the world is so.  
When I was cast the Judges burst  
My Murderer then to free;  
And my FIRST JURY then was cast,  
That boldly stood for ME.  
But now again, the second time,  
MY JURY do appear  
My every KINGDOM for to claim,  
And cast the Murderer here.  
But now the same the Judges came—  
That is, the world I mean;  
They'll try to free the infamy,  
The JURIES to condemn;  
But I'll appear to make it clear  
That of the SHEEP he's free.  
All ways he 'th tried to turn them here,  
But this could never be,  
Because before my SPIRIT there  
Stood strongly in the men,  
That he his guilt can no way clear;  
For now the time is come,  
That I am here and do appear  
Now in the Woman's Form;  
For there at first the Thief did burst—  
And now I've burst the same,  
I tell thee, in the FLOCK OF SHEEP,  
Where first the murder came.—  
But unto thee the thing, I fee,  
In agonies thou'st plac'd,  
Because thy heart reproached thee,  
And I that way did burst  
To say thy heart had felt the dart  
Of *Satan's* artful hand;  
Because that thee, through jealousy  
The TRIAL could not stand.  
Always to bear, he did ensnare,  
I know, thy heart with grief,  
Until my SHEEP they did appear  
For to give thee relief;  
Because alone thou madest thy moan,  
Before my SHEEP did come,  
And all together did agree  
To bring thy TRIAL on.  
For I'll reveal and not conceal,  
'Tis bringing round this way,  
As though my SHEEP he here did steal;

But then the JUDGE will say—  
 No: he is free, we plain do see  
 He never stole them here,  
 Because the SHEEP were led by ME  
 This way for to appear,  
 That at the last he might be cast—  
 We see our Bible's plain,  
 That like the Parable must burst,  
 And many will maintain  
 It was from Heaven the Type was given,  
 A mystery deep to Man,  
 That e'er a thing like this should come  
 To make our Bibles clear;  
 The way the *Murderer* was found out  
 By INNOCENCE was here.  
 Because the SHEEP he could not keep,  
 That I turn'd every way—  
 It is a Mystery here lies deep:  
 "None but a God," they'll say,  
 "Could order so such thing to do,  
 "To make the SHEEP appear;  
 "And now to prove HIS Bible true;  
 "This Parable is clear:  
 "The *Thief* is cast, we see at *last*  
 "Where he betray'd at *first*;  
 "And now the GAP is broken down;  
 "Then out the SHEEP may burst.  
 "Now every way for to betray  
 "We see his artful hand."—  
 It was thy jealousy to try  
 That first I plac'd the Man,  
 As thou to be the BRIDE of he;  
 But it thou could'st not bear.  
 I used this innocent disguise  
 To black the villain here;  
 And thee to try, I tell thee why—  
 For so the JEWS will burst:  
 "Our HUSBAND he did sure betray,  
 "And murdered at the first;  
 "And in his arms we all do lay—  
 "Ah! here the truth doth burst:  
 "CHRIST, we see, must murdered be,  
 "And then to come again,  
 "An Israel's Shepherd to appear,  
 "The SHEEP, we now see plain,  
 "He plac'd at first, the Type did burst,  
 "We know, by God's Command:  
 "Or else the Rider would have miss'd,  
 "So many ways he turn'd,  
 "Himself to free from infamy,  
 "But ABEL'S FLOCK was there;  
 "And now the *murdering Cains*, we see,  
 "In *Satan* do appear.



\* Then as the curse it then was plac'd,  
 " We now see must come on.  
 " By *Innocence the Guilt was cast*,  
 " We must the whole discern;  
 " That are not blind, we now must find  
 " God's WISDOM to appear:  
 " He's TURNING WATER NOW TO WINE,  
 " Too strong for us to bear.  
 " For to contend like learned men,  
 " We cannot here dispute:  
 " Her Parables are brought so plain,  
 " It strikes our Learning mute."  
 This will be seen by learned men,  
 That now have eyes to see,  
 That from the Parable was penn'd  
 'Twas first ordain'd by me  
 That way to come and to condemn  
 The *guilty Murderer* there,  
 When for a crime he'd never done,  
 " But now we do see clear  
 " The SHEEP are free, not stolen by he;  
 " He wished them to miss;  
 " But this we find could never be,  
 " For God hath brought round this  
 " Before our sight, to bring to light  
 " Our Bibles to our view."—  
 Then sure the LAMB'S WIFE must appear,  
 And her revenge is true;  
 It was an innocent disguise  
 To place it in her first;  
 But when her heart inflam'd did rise  
 Then in true love to burst,  
 I chose this innocent disguise  
 To black the villain's art,  
 Thy love and goodness to surprize,  
 The more inflam'd my heart;  
 Now I have been the HERMIT strong\*,  
 And that all men shall know.  
 To prove thy heart was all my own,  
 I let my rival foe  
 In thee to break thy heart to sink  
 In every horror here;  
 But yet thy hand I'd not let go,  
 When he thy heart did tear,  
 Inflam'd by hell, I do know well,  
 But I was then behind,  
 And in thy heart I soon did swell—  
 Thy OSMYNS thou shalt find.

June the 16th, 1804.

*read what was given in the last  
 Letter N<sup>o</sup> 24. in the blank page at  
 end of this Book*

\* This alludes to the Parable of the Hermit in Disguise, in p. 26.

*continued from 35 ( 10 )  
in Mr. Tidy's Book*

## THE HISTORY OF JOANNA'S LIFE.

*June the 17th, 1804.*

*in My manuscript*

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My Father married his first Wife out of pity, because he saw her upon a sick bed, and he was told she could not live without him. He then went and told her to arise, for he would have her; as he thought to himself he would break the hearts of no more: but that woman died in child-bed; and while she was dying, my Mother was in the room; and he thought to himself, if she died, as soon as decency would allow, he would make his addresses to my Mother, whom he felt in his heart to admire. But my Mother had thought in her heart, of all the men upon earth he was the last she would have; for she was provoked with words she had heard before, as one of my grandfather's servant men had been in company with my Father and many others, who was talking about the women whom they should like for wives; and one said, my Mother he should like for a wife. Another made answer, "I would never go a courting there; for men enough have tried there, and she hath refused them all: she looks with scorn on every man." My Father answered, "you know not how to go a courting to a religious woman: I'll be bound for it, if I was a widower I would gain her." The man came home and told my Mother of it; which she said raised her indignation, and she thought to herself, if he was a widower, and offered to come to her, he should find she was not so easily gained. But, being very intimate with his Wife, she was desired to be with her when in child-bed; which she was; and then my Father fixed his mind to come to my Mother as soon as decency would allow; but the agonies he saw his Wife die in, made him like a distracted man. So my Mother judged him a man of tender feelings, which with all his passion

he really was; for though he was a man of strong passions, yet after his passion was over, his heart was torn with self-reflections, and he would do any thing to make amends: for he was a man of tender feelings, and strong passions; and my Mother has often reproved us children when we have been provoked with our Father's passions. She would often say, "Children, why do you blame your Father? if he is passionate he is compassionate, and he doth not do like many men, spend his time and his money in public houses, to bring you children to the parish; but he has been a hard working, careful, industrious man, to keep you from the parish, that you might not suffer, as other poor apprentices do." And now I must speak of my Father's tender feelings; for he was as compassionate as he was passionate; for I remember our apprentice maid, when my Brother had fallen out with her, my Father would not permit him to come in his presence to supper, but said it was as good to be a toad under a pair of harrows as to be an apprentice under so many masters and mistresses; one master and mistress were enough for any apprentice; and no apprentice in his house should have any more. You may marvel I am writing these particular things; but it is the sixth day, and here I shall rest from my labour: one Master and Mistress shall be enough for ail; one God and one Lawgiver.—And now I shall come to another thing of my Father: He said my temper was such, and my care and industry so great, that no man but a devil could ever fall out with me; and yet he himself, when provoked to passions, without a cause, would fall out: and James Speerway, who worked at his house, working of flax, and slept in the house, had been witness to my Father's falling out with me, and repeated his words to me—Your Father says, none but a devil can fall out with you; and now he hath made himself a devil by falling out with you. But I never saw a man in such agonies in

my life as he was, after he had done it. He raved like a madman in the night, and said—" Oh ! my dear child, have I grieved her heart, that makes herself such a slave to keep me from a prison ! Why shall I grieve her heart ? What devil is in me ? Oh, that dear creature, how does she strive to please me ! how does she strive to keep me from ruin ! I must see her !" This was his waking in the night after he had fallen out with me. James Speerway made him this answer—" How can you wish to disturb her ? She has staid up to work till twelve o'clock, and is but just gone to bed." But my Father answered, " I cannot live unless I see her." So they were forced to knock at my door and call to me ; when I arose and went to my Father, who took me by the hand, and said—" My dear child, dost thou forgive me ? Why did I fall out with thee, that is the comfort of my life, and ventur'est thy life to save me from ruin ? Oh my dear child ! Oh my dear child ! my heart is wounded to see thy love for me !" At the same time my Father's face was like a pot when you take off a cover covered with drops, in great sweat, which I took and wiped off, and sat hours by his bed-side to comfort him, and to compose him to sleep. But the next day he told James Speerway, how his heart was wounded to think he had grieved me. One more instance of my Father I must mention. We had been making of cyder in the day ; and at twelve at night he waked, and finding I was up at work, he called down and desired me to go down to the lower orchard to the pound house, and see if the cyder was not running over the tub, for he was afraid it was. The pound house was more than two fields from the house we lived in, or a long lane the other way. I took the candle and lanthorn and went down as my Father desired me. I did not perceive there was any moon, for it shined in a cloud ; but when I came to open the pound house door, the light of the moon shone out through

*See my  
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and continue  
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the cloud against the jambs, which made them appear to me like a man, and the summer upon the top like the head of a man ; at the same time the owls that were up in the pound chamber were frightened at my opening the door, and they flew out and let the apples fall, which made a great noise. At this I was frightened, and thought it was the spirit of the man that had been drowned in the well before ; as there was a well by the pound house, which was a dwelling house when my Father took the farm ; but people said it was always troublesome, and no man would live there ; so he made no use of the house, only for my Brother to keep rabbits, which used to make a great noise in the night ; and Squire Putt one Sunday called my Father into the School-house, and said he had an information against him, that he had smugglers in his lower house, and people did hear them every night as they rode by : so that he made that house a smuggling house, and they did hear the people jumping about. My Father answered, your honour is wrongly informed ; it is nothing but rabbits my Son keeps there ; and if your honour will not believe me, I must beg your honour will send one of your servants, and then you will see how the rabbits get up upon the benches of the window and jump off to make that noise. Mr. Putt took my Father's word ; for he had said before, if there was an honest man in the parish it was my Father ; and told my Father, when he was poor-warden and brought in his book of accounts at Easter, that he was peevishly honest, and therefore he must stand poor-warden another year.—But now I shall return to my fright. Judging I had seen a spirit, when I opened the door and heard the owls, and saw the light of the moon shining against the jambs, I let my lanthorn fall and put out my candle ; I then ran home as fast as I could run, without boling the door, or locking the garden gate, but ran home through the lane, and thought I heard the

footsteps of the spirit after me ; for more than twenty yards I ran through a river, as the waters were then high. When I came home my Father called out to know if the cyder was run over ? but finding my voice so trembling that I could scarce answer him, he called out--“My dear love, what is the matter?” I thought to myself he might well say my dear love; for he had frightened me out of my senses, by sending me down in the pound house at that time of the night. So I told him how I was frightened; and that I had neither seen the tubs nor the cyder, for my candle was gone out; and I had neither bolted the door nor locked the gate. My Father pitied my weakness, and did not blame me, but assured me I had seen no spirit, and it was nothing but the moon, that was hid in a cloud, that shined against the jambs; and it was the owls flying out, that he supposed had apples in their mouths and let them fall, which made the noise. I looked at the window and saw the moon was burst from the clouds, but I had perceived no moon before. I then went to bed, reflecting with myself what a weak fool I had been, to be frightened with nothing but shadows; for I was truly convinced of the truth of my Father’s words, and called to my remembrance, that I had seen nothing but a glimmering light shining against the jambs, and that I heard the owls fly over my head, that in my confusion I did not think of.—Now I have ended the story about my Father and my fright, I shall return back to my old Lover. I staid at Sidmouth some months, in hopes he would return again; but finding he would not, I left the place, and determined to give my heart and soul to God. I told my Sister I should rather die than ever marry any man but him. My Mother and Sisters often reasoned with me, the madness of my passions. I told my Mother, it was for my good to wean my heart from this world and bring it to the Lord. She answered, it was for my good if I made that use of it. After that I went to service: and musing to myself repeatedly the hymns

I have mentioned, and many others, I got the better of my foolish passion, though I could not blot his memory from my mind. I then had a young man come a courting in Honiton, whose name was John Thomas; and though he was a man of fortune, the thoughts of the other drew my heart from love; but by strong persuasions of my friends I indulged his company for a little time, and faithfully told him, he might think, as my Father was a farmer he would give me a fortune, but I would not deceive him, for he could give me none. His answer was—"money, my dear, I do not want; I have money enough for you and myself too: I have fifty pounds a year, which my Uncle left me; I have money out at use, which my Father gave me, which I will call in, if you will be married, and place you in a shop before my time is out; for I had rather have you without a farthing, than any other woman with five hundred pounds." His generous offer made me indulge his company a little while, though I could not feel in my heart to love him; and I reasoned with him the folly of his wishing to be married till his time was out, as he was an apprentice to a serge maker. After that my Mother died, which made me dead to the world: and the Sunday, I went in to hear the minister; (Mr. Brown had asked me to go and hear Mr. Stevens of Axminster.) His text was—Blessed are they that weep, for they shall be comforted. I thought he preached his sermon all to me; but the hymn struck deep upon me—

I ask'd them how they thither came?  
They with united breath  
Ascrib'd the Conquest to the Lamb;  
Their Victory to his death.  
They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,  
His zeal inspir'd their breasts;  
And following their incarnate God,  
Possess'd the promis'd rest.

With these hymns, and the sermon, my heart was filled with nothing but heaven, or a strong desire

for heaven. John Thomas came part of the way home with me, the last time I ever was in his company; for that night, when I came home, I was freed from the burden of my doubts and fears, by the powerful answer that was given to me in prayer, which is mentioned in my Fifth Book. I then bid adieu to the world. After that I went down into the West Country; and Mr. Rigsby made me an offer of his hand and fortune, which was sixty pounds a-year; and said, the first moment he saw me in Black Torrington church, he was deep enough in love with me to be married before he went out of it. But I refused the man, because they told me he had had a base child. All my friends were provoked with me; but I could not bear his sight, though they would persuade me it would be an advantageous match for me; but I told them, I never would be wedded to a man that was wedded to sin; nor have a man for my husband that had the devil for his father; so I left the West Country; and after I was gone Mr. Rigsby came to my Sister Page's to see me. The servant maid told him I was gone home into Devonshire. She said he turned as pale as death—"She is gone! she is gone! indeed she is gone!" I returned to my Father's; and after that he went down to the West Country to my Sister's. My Sister told my Father of Mr. Rigsby's attachment to me. My Father came home in great fury and asked me how I could refuse a man of such fortune? besides he was a handsome, genteel man; and he believed I was mad. I told my Father I did not like him. He in heat of anger exclaimed, I don't know what the devil thou dost like! thou shouldest have a man chalked out for thee; and if thou dost not like him he shall be blotted out again. I said a man must be of a more noble spirit than he was for a Husband for me. My Father said, he did not see any of these noble spirited men going; he had seen men of my Sister's liking; but he never saw a man of my



liking in his life, and he was afraid he never should. It was well for him I was not married, as I was the only one that could go to his house to assist him in distress; for, though they assisted him in money, they could not go to stay with him, as I did. But here I shall leave my Father. After this I went to Sidmouth to my Brother; and Peter West paid his addresses to me. He was a young man of remarkable good character, and one I thought remarkably handsome. Here my heart began to be entangled again in love, which I dreaded. One Sunday evening after we parted I walked my room, with a war in my heart: I was thinking with myself, where is my foolish heart wandering? and was earnest in prayer that the Lord would not permit the love of the creature to draw my heart from my Creator, and that the Lord would not permit me to keep company with any man, that he had not ordained for my Husband. I prayed that that might be a sign to me that he might not be able to come to me for a month. I was answered, he should not come for a month if it was not the Will of the Lord I should have him. The next day my Brother said Peter's courtship was too hot to hold long. I said if it lasted a month it would last for ever. My Brother laughed at my words; but finding Peter came no more, he said then Peter's faith has failed him; and some laughed, and said Peter was worse than Paul, to break off in that abrupt manner. I said I did not blame him; for if he thought he could do better, I did not wish him to hurt himself to come to me. But two months after I met him by chance, and he then would have renewed his former acquaintance, and said he would never deceive me more. I told him he never should, for no man should deceive me twice; and if he thought himself better he should go to better; for I never wanted any man to hurt himself to come to me: for he was great, and I was grand, and he might raise his

colours as high as the skies, but he must take care they did not fall down again ; but he did so much, that his friends lamented that they ever persuaded him against me. But I refused him in answer to what was said to me in prayer ; for his being absent a month was a convincing proof to me I was not to have him ; but did not tell him so. He said, these upright men get if you can ; but I don't know where you will find them. True I found his words ; as true he did mine ; for upright men are very scarce. After that, for a short time, I kept company with my brother-in-law, and then went to Exeter, to the place where I was directed.\* But, Oh ! what a scene of misery broke out there ! After living some years in the house, the master of the house declared himself in love with me. No tongue can paint the horror I felt, to hear of love from a married man. I asked him how he could make a profession of religion, and talk of love to another whilst he had a wife of his own. He said his love was not sinful ; it was only religious love, which no man that had such a wife as he had, that was roving after other men, could help ; and told me of many men that he had caught her with—and now to see a mind so mild and heavenly, endowed with every virtue, no religious man could help it. I told him he should not venture in temptation's road ; and if his heart was inclined to love me I would leave his house, and gave warning to go away. I went to Mr. Trimlett's to offer. He threw himself into a violent passion, and said if I would stay he never would mention his love more ; but if I went, never a methodist should come into his house again ; but if I would stay he would maintain the preachers, that he knew I had a great regard for, as I thought them religious men. This made me earnest in prayer, that the Lord would direct me what to do. I was answered, the Lord would direct me and protect me, nothing should harm me ; but I should

\* see 208  
5th Book

not leave the house, for he had ends unknown to me, to keep me in it. So in a state of misery in my mind I staid there some time : sometimes jealous it was a wrong spirit that ordered me to stay there. After that he took a methodist parson into his house, who declared himself a lover to the wife in my presence, and despised her husband, and wanted to set all the children against him. This wounded me to the heart ; and he himself expressed a jealousy. I thought to get the man out of the house privately, by Mr. Wesley's preachers ; so that I went to put Mr. Wills out of the thoughts of his jealousy : but he threw himself in a violent passion, and upbraided me with hypocrisy. He said I was as bad as her to vindicate her : I had upbraided him with crimes he was never guilty of, in his love to me, and was going to leave the house for mentioning it ; but now I upheld her in crimes she was guilty of ; for he knew his wife too well, and Saunders too. His words cut me to the heart ; for I knew I was concealing a much blacker crime than I had reproved in him, but thought I was the wrong person to tell him of it, as it might inflame his mind to renew his former words to me ; so I left the house, and went to Musberry with my Brother. But when Mr. Westley's preachers told me that Saunders was turned out of their meetings, and Wills had taken him into his house, after I had tried by every private means to get him out of the house, by writing to his wife and daughter what infamous characters they had got on Saunders's account ; and Mrs. Wills did not regard her character, and persuaded her children the same, I then wrote a letter to him, that he had a serpent in his bosom, by keeping of Saunders there. He then threw all his malice upon me ; and said his wife was a virtuous prudent woman ; and I was a wicked woman to make disturbance

*Saunders*

between them. I then saw his pretended love was as I told him, temptations from the devil, by his disappointed malice. I thought so ungrateful a man could not exist ; but here his malice went further. He haunted me to the places where I went, to get me out of service, till I was obliged to go to law with him ; and then he hired two false witnesses against me, which made me tremble in the Guild-hall, fearing he would swear away my life. I was then answered—It is finished ; hitherto it is God's permission ; but no further is his restraint.—I asked my counsellor why Wills did not bring his Son, because he would not swear so false as the others would? My counsellor, Roberts, asked counsellor Fanshaw why he had not brought the Son? He said he brought as many as he thought proper. Counsellor Roberts said, you brought as many as did not care what they swore ; Mr. Wills would not perjure those in his own house, but he cared not how many he perjured out of the house. Let him bring the Son ; and if he swore as these have, I will give up my cause. But the Son would not come to defend him. So I got my trial ; because the Son would not come against me, to take a false oath—The mystery of this goes deep to the nation : as you have not a quarter of the particulars. It paints the world in its true colours. The day after I was ordered to write the history of my life, and have it go in print ; for thousands should be converted by it. I wrote the History of my Life ; but my friends persuaded me never to put it in print ; and I was not pressed by the Spirit after I had written it to put it in print, till I was visited again in ninety-two ; but this was at the end of the American War. When you have received the History of my Life, you will receive the explanation of the whole. /

see my  
manuscript  
p. 26 page 27

I did not tell the worst of Riggsby, when I was writing of him, what made me despise him so

much ; but the reason was, he kept a woman in his house, and brought her with child, and then to conceal his shame from the world, he got some saviour, and intreated her to take it ; he said it would not do her any harm, only kill the child, and so she was to conceal her shame from the world, and might live with him as before. The simple woman took his advice, and killed the child and herself too ; and when she was dying, in her agonies she told it, but as she did it by her own consent, and did not blame him so much as herself, he had no punishment of the law ; but his character was despised by upright people ; yet as he was a young man of a decent fortune, he got himself respected amongst people of the world, who had no better principles than himself. But of the truth of his history my Sister did not tell my Father, as he tried to persuade people it was a false report, and bribed her friends to keep it secret ; and for the love of the money some did ; which made it a confused story, and could not be proved ; but confused as it was, I believed it true ; and after my Father's passion was over, I told him my reasons ; which, he said, if it was true he could not wish me to have him.

But as I was ordered to go through my history in that day, I could not go through particulars ; but now, as these particulars are most wonderfully explained, I am ordered to put them in print : one part must be sent to the Reverend Mr. Foley, and the other part will be sent to Mr. Sharp. So Mr. Sharp is desired to print from this day, the letters he receives ; and Mr. Foley the letters he receives his day ; thus they are both printing a book they cannot understand, before they see both the books together ; for Mr. Sharp must see no more of Mr. Foley's letters, nor Mr. Foley of his, before the book is out. The Lord is now working in this manner, to shew mankind the folly of the Jews and Gentiles ; for no more than they two

can understand what they are printing, before they come to weigh both the books together ; no more do the Jews understand the Law, nor the Gentiles the Gospel, before they come deeply to weigh the whole together. Mr. Sharp may marvel, why I have sent him such a history, that he does not understand the meaning of ; and Mr. Foley may marvel, I have sent him the meaning, but never told him the Parables from whence they were taken ; so they are both lost in a mist, as Mr. Putt was by my Father's rabbits, when he had an information that he kept smugglers there—and perfect so they are smuggling up the Bible, and will make it a smuggling book ; but when they come to look to the mystery, they will find there are **LIVING WORDS** in the **BIBLE**, that must make a noise as the rabbits did, and if they will come and see the truth, as my Father desired Mr. Putt to send his servant, they will find my words as true as my Father's, that they had laid a wrong information, to say the Bible must be smuggled up to the weak judgment of men, and the living truth that stands in it, must never break out and appear.—

“ So from the smugglers I now begin :  
 The **LIVING TRUTH** to men was never seen,  
 But when the truth they did begin to hear,  
 They said that smugglers in all was there ;  
 Because the truth they did not wish to know,  
 But all my Bible they have smuggled so,  
 To cheat their God ; in all to him his due,  
 They cheat their country, and they cheat their king,  
 And yet to thee, they all these lies do bring,  
 That thou art the smuggler that doth appear,  
 But now the truth I bid them see and hear :  
 That in my Bible **LIVING TRUTHS** do stand,  
 And like the rabbits they may all command ;  
 For when the day-light it to all appear,  
 They'll find no smuggling in the words are here—  
 But truths and life must now before them burst ;  
 They'll find the smugglers in the land are cast ;  
 They'll find the Shepherds are the smugglers here.  
 Their informations let them all appear ;

And then I'll prove they've smuggled every word,  
And in like manner, they've condemned their God,  
As they condemn'd thy simple Father there,  
And full as wrong, I'll make them all appear;  
For when the truth, they all do come to see,  
They'll find my every word, as true to be  
As e'er thy Father's it did then appear;  
And perfect so, thy innocence I'll clear,  
And prove to all, the information's wrong,  
To say the Smuggling doth in thee become;  
That thou my Bible now art smuggling up,  
They'll find the truth in every word to drop,  
As from thy Father's lips did then appear;  
They'll find the living-truth in all is here,  
That must burst out, if men will come and see,  
And jump for joy, that I am come to free  
A world of ruin now from misery.  
And from thy Father's words I'll further go,  
Nothing but devils can condemn thee so;  
Though oft his fury he doth work in man;  
But like thy Father, let them now condemn  
Themselves in passions, how they so did burst,  
And from thy Father I have told thee first  
That with the nation I should him compare,  
And with the nation I do answer here  
That every Father that is in your land,  
A Son of mine, will like thy Father stand;  
Themselves of passions, they will surely blame,  
And say, the Devil did their hearts inflame:  
For none but devils, now they plain do see,  
Could e'er condemn the innocence of thee;  
For so the Fathers now I know they'll break,  
And blame themselves, they did so harshly speak,  
Provok'd by passions, by the Devil here,  
For in their words thy Father did appear,  
And said, the Devil surely was in he,  
Or he should never grieve the heart of thee;  
It was the Devil did him then provoke,  
And on himself he felt the greatest stroke  
When thou in tender love did sooth him there.  
Thy Father's history does not half appear,  
The tender love that thou didst shew to he,  
The flaming passions 'thou didst often see;  
Because thy Father's passions they were strong,  
And his own way he wish'd all to be done;  
But his own way, by prudence thou didst see,  
If he did get it would his ruin be.  
Therefore together jangling you went on,  
Till on his death-bed—then, behold the man:  
"If thou art present Christ is surely here!"  
And let his dying words to all appear—  
And then the dying Fathers all will see,  
When dead to sin, they all will speak like he:  
"If thou art present, Christ is surely here."  
Now pen his words, and let them to appear.

When my Father lay on his death-bed, the persons that attended him told me, they heard my Father talking to the Devil, who said he was come for him ; my Father answered, he would not have him ; for how could he think to have him, when he knew he had an interest in Christ ? he had always been praying to him, and seeking after him, and relied on his tender mercies and goodness, and how could the Devil think to have him ? But they knew, by my Father's answers, that he terrified him, that he would have him ; and it threw him into strong convulsion fits. But when I came, he was almost insensible to the knowledge of any one ; and when I held him by the hand, calling him Father, he said, " Father ! be you my Father ? " I said, no ; my dear Father, you are my Father. He said, " Who are you then ? " I said, Joanna ; he clasped me by the hand and said, " my dear child, if thou art come, then Christ is Come." This was the night that he died, while I was holding his dying hands. My Sister Carter said at his burial, as soon as his corpse was taken from his chamber, she heard the most beautiful heavenly music, singing round the house the Corinthian Anthem : She asked of the woman of the house, " If the singers were coming." She said, " No." My Sister finding she did not hear the singing, took no more notice to her, but waited with impatience, hoping she should see me, as I appointed to go, but I was ill with my journey, and ordered not to go : " Let the dead bury the dead," were the words said to me ; so my Sister went to the funeral with the woman she disliked, because she thought she had not taken care of my Father ; but, as she was going along, she heard the same heavenly music in the air ; and it seemed to ascend higher and higher, till it had ascended out of her hearing ; but when she came to the grave, she thought she should have fainted away, to hear him put into the grave and the water flounced almost



over the coffin, which they told her could not be avoided, as the church yard laid so damp, and were astonished to see her in such agonies, at the burial of so helpless an old man ; but she said, she reflected in her mind, that she had not taken him to her own house, fearing proper care had not been taken of him, and she was angry with me, when they told her, that I said I praised the Lord when he had taken him out of a miserable world. I asked her, how she could wish to see him live in such misery, when he had told her he was perfectly miserable with the people he was with. Then how could I wish to see him live in that misery ? My Sister said, she would have altered that misery, if she had known his end was so near ; and now her conscience did reproach her, I told her, I had nothing to reproach my conscience with ; for I had done for my Father to the utmost, and supported him to the last penny.

" Now these shadows thou hast mention'd,

"Tis the substance must appear,

So let all men drop contention,

Like you two, 'twill soon appear.

Repentance strong in some will come,

And like thy sister say,

" If we had known the day at hand ;

" We'd done a different way."

Repentance late will be the fate

Of thousands in your land ;

I tell you plain, ye sons of men,

Like these two all do stand :

The one appear—" my conscience clear,

" I'm glad to see the hour

" The heavenly music for to hear,

" And see my Saviour's power."

While others say another way—

" No here my heart doth burn ;

" My conscience I can never clear,

" He did intreat to come

" And dwell with me, I plain do see,

" But him I did refuse."

And now I tell thee, in the end,

This must come to the Jews ;

Because that there, they'll see it clear,

The watery graves must come ;

The resurrection to appear,

When I arose again :

The one lament, without content,  
 And did my sufferings see;  
 The others say another way,  
 No grief for him can be.  
 Then thou say here do I appear  
 The sister not to mourn;  
 No, no; to thee can never be,  
 Thou art not the sister there:  
 Because in all, I now will call,  
 And prove thy conscience clear,  
 Then sure the two bring to your view,  
 The Gentiles must be come,  
 And clear their conscience they will prove,  
 I tell thee now in one:  
 When thou art gone, and I am come,  
 The substance all will see—  
 "Our conscience clear doth now appear,  
 "There is no grief in we:  
 "For she is free from misery,  
 "Deliver'd from her foe,"  
 Whilst some will say, in that great day,  
 "Had I believ'd it so,  
 "That she was near, her death appear,  
 "And did us so invite,  
 "That from her foe we'd take her here  
 "And bring the truth to light;  
 "But we refus'd, and like the Jews,  
 "In cruelty did stand,  
 "And every way she begg'd of we  
 "To free her heart and hand;  
 "But we would not until the stroke  
 "Of death to her was near."

June the 20th, 1804.

## THE PARABLE OF THE HERMIT.

*The HERMIT was called OSMYN.*

*ORLANDO, the revengeful Rival of OSMYN.*

*BELINDA, the Fair.*

OSMYN, an officer in the Navy, was gone to sea and left Belinda, whose affections he had gained, and she was deeply in love with him.

Orlando was a Rival to Osmyn, and used his utmost endeavours to gain Belinda.

He practis'd all his wary schemes,  
 To gain the Fair One's heart;  
 But she despis'd his every love  
 And shun'd his powerful arts.

When he found all his attempts vain and fruitless to gain the fair one, he thought if he could gain one to aid his scheme, in gaining the ring from Belinda, which Osmyn had given her, that then he should be successful in his projects to procure himself admittance to her by the ring, for he had agreed with villains to kill Osmyn as soon as he returned from sea—Thus when he had made known his deep-laid scheme

A Hermit did appear—  
 And promis'd for to lend his aid  
 To gain the Fair One there.  
 He offer'd gold and great rewards  
 To gain the Fair One's Ring—  
 Because his Rival he'd destroy  
 When he did complete the thing—  
 The Hermit promis'd then his aid,  
 And to the fair one goes:  
 Complain'd of poverty and woe,  
 Her goodness soon he proves,  
 As Heaven had taught her to be good  
 To charity inclin'd!  
 She gave him gold, she gave him food,  
 And promis'd he should find  
 A friend in her, if he appear'd  
 Assistance more to crave—  
 The Old Man bless'd her generous heart  
 And did this warning give,  
 "Beware, beware, he said, of One,  
 "Beware thou generous good:  
 "May Heaven protect thy generous heart,  
 "In virtue thou hast stood."  
 He press'd her hand, and eager gaz'd,  
 And blessings call'd from Heaven,  
 As she such favours had bestow'd,  
 Such bounties to him given—  
 He heav'd a sigh and went away,  
 And hasted o'er the plain:  
 Belinda look'd to see his way  
 And saw Orlando come—  
 The Hermit stopp'd with him to speak—  
 The Lady then complain'd,  
 "Shall he another's favours seek  
 "When I so offer'd mine?"  
 She lift'd her hand and miss'd her Rings  
 "Oh Heavens! be just," she cried,  
 "Was it for this the Old Man press'd  
 "To gain the paltry thing?"—  
 Then as she spoke, Orlando burst  
 So hasty o'er the plain.—

Then in she went, her door did bolt,  
And fear'd to see him come—

Orlando came with hasty joy  
That he had got the Ring;  
And said that he would give it her  
If she would let him in.

*Now for her absent lover's sake*

She did unbolt the door—  
And for to gain her lover's Ring  
She did him then implore!

With scornful smile he thus replied,  
"Now thou art mine, my Fair!  
"Whilst thou wert wearying Heaven, he cried.

"I did enjoy thy prayers—  
"Oh black ingratitude!" she cried,  
"Can man so cruel be,

"To boast of victories so by arts  
"As now are gain'd by thee?"  
With scornful smile he then replied,

"Let Heaven reward the good"—  
This being said flew ope the door,  
Where the Old Beggar stood—

"I've seen a man," the Hermit cries,  
"That from far climates came,  
"Bid me this picture to produce,  
"And you would know his name."

With eager joy she then did gaze,  
"It is my Lord!" she cries;

"It is, it is, *my Osmyn* brave."

ORLANDO He rose in haste—"My rival Foe—  
*rises in* "Look to the Fair," he cries—  
*haste.* "Tis time ere this my rival's dead;

"Tis time that he should die."

He drew the sword and rushed out—

BELINDA Ah! cruel heart of stone;  
*cries.* She heard a horrid, horrid shout,  
That echo'd to the groan.

She shriek'd, she cried, "Ah! let me go  
To see my love" she cries.

HERMIT. "I am order'd not to let thee go,"  
Replied the sturdy sage,

"Though of thy goodness I do know  
Thou canst not mock old age."

BELINDA. "Villain," she cried, "as base as old,  
"Let me be gone!" she cried,

"I must behold my hero brave,  
"My love before he dies"—

HERMIT. "And so thou shalt," he then replied,  
"Behold him on this board!"

And down he threw his silver locks,  
And so confirm'd his word—

"I chose this innocent disguise

"To black a villain's arts;

"Thy love and goodness to surprize,

The more inflam'd my heart :  
Thou hast not seen the Foe,  
Perhaps ere this the villain's dead,  
By friends prepar'd below.

Osmyn had prepared friends to destroy Orlando, as Orlando had thought to destroy Osmyn—And Osmyn by taking the disguise of the Hermit, became fully assured of the infamous and diabolical intentions of Orlando towards him, and therefore caught him in the very trap he laid for Osmyn.—So will Satan be caught in the very trap he hath laid for others by the Goodness and Power of our Blessed Lord.



A LETTER FROM MR. SHARP TO THE BISHOP OF ———  
SEE THE BOOK ON THE PRAYERS FOR THE FAST, PAGE 33.

" MY LORD,                      *Titchfield Street, London, June 23, 1804.*

*If your Lordship would wish for any information about this extraordinary and respectable character, I shall feel it a duty, for the sake of Truth, to wait on you at any hour or day, when it suits your convenience; but I think it proper to inform your Lordship that Mrs. Joanna Southcott most certainly writes from a Spirit invisible, as I have frequently been with her and have wrote from her for these last two years; and what she has written before, as signs for future belief, have actually taken place. The whole tendency of her writings proves that the millennium, or Kingdom of Christ, is at hand. I trust that I have reputation, both as a man and an artist, to lose, which is of too much consequence to be sacrificed, for what may be called a delusion by the world; I have therefore taken every method to prevent myself from being deceived by any cunning contrivance.*

*I am, with respect,*

*Your Lordship's humble Servant,*

WILLIAM SHARP.

*P. S. I shall feel myself highly gratified by your Lordship's acceptance of two prints, being the labour of my hands; which allude to the subject of the present letter.*

## THE BISHOP'S ANSWER.

"The Bishop of ———, is obliged to Mr. Sharp for the offer of his Prints, but desires to be excused from accepting them. They are fine engravings, and he wishes Mr. Sharp shewed as much judgment in his religious opinion as skill in his profession. ——— House, May 30th, 1804."

To such a conduct Mr. Sharp thinks it proper to add this observation, that a Bishop had a serious duty to perform, which was to let his judgment be founded on the truth, and nothing but the truth. As the Bishop had the Book, containing a hundred pages, only one day, no man of reason can feel either his reproof or censure, if he would not give himself time to examine. If any sensation could at all operate on the mind of Mr. Sharp, it could only be that of pity, to see a dignitary of the church so disgrace himself as a man; for there are persons in very humble stations of life, who would be ashamed of such rudeness: and he still wishes this Bishop may at last feel it a duty to set a pattern of humility. From his having not paid a due respect to his high station, *his name is omitted.*

DEAR MISS TOWNLEY, *May the 27th, 1804.*

*N<sup>o</sup> 6* You are ordered to put in print the letter I sent you the 24th, on the Fast, and the letter I sent you in answer to the two letters you sent me, that came from Leeds. I am ordered to send you some of the contents of the two letters I received together; the one in derision, that men may see the answer given to men, that can so boldly trifle with the Lord. I shall here give you the letter.

"MADAM, *London, May the 1st, 1804.*

"I suppose you will be greatly surprised at the receipt of this.—I am a person who has read many of your publications as well as others in connexion with you, I remark in a book intituled, *an Epistle to the Chancellors of Oxford and Cambridge*,—it is there said in page the 8th, amongst other things, you can and

*have told and revealed secret thoughts and conversations of persons, which was acknowledged to be true by Mr. Eastlake, of Exeter, and before seven others. Now, Madam, a gentleman and myself would gladly become converts to your doctrine, if you can convince us by some extraordinary proof of your mission from God to us, by answering this letter without the gentleman or myself giving you any directions of our names or places of abode. A letter to either of us will be received with thanks.—Speedy answer will be esteemed a favour.*

*N<sup>o</sup> 6*

At the receipt of this letter my heart burned with indignation, to think that man could so presumptuously trifle with the Lord, to think he would answer such impertinent enquiries, which made me expect no answer, as you saw in my letter. But now I am ordered to put the letter in print, and the answer to it, with some lines of the other letter, that men may see the different answers, and know that the Lord will not be mocked by man:

The Letter from the Friends, in part :

“ JOANNA,

“ *Oh, our dear sister ! glory and honour and power be ascribed to Him that sitteth upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever, who by you has subdued and sealed the final doom of our great adversary the Devil, and thrown open the gates of glory and eternal life and happiness to a lost and sinful world.*”

*N<sup>o</sup> 6*

As these two letters came together, so the answers are placed one after the other. So all must be published as I have sent them to you.

(Signed,)

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT:

DEAR MISS TOWNLEY,

*May the 26th, 1804.*

When I saw the letter you sent me, of the two men that wrote to know if I could find out their

names and places of abode, without their directions, as I had found out what was in Mr. Eastlake's heart concerning me, this insolence I did not know the Lord would condescend to give any answer to, as it is mocking and trifling with the Lord; yet the Lord condescended to answer it to me, though not to them.—That this was a shadow of what the substance would follow. For men will want to have idle curiosity gratified—“As I have told thee, all must come to the likeness of my Gospel; and the manner men acted with ME they will now act with thee; and know, when they mocked me, and smote me, they said in derision, Prophesy who it is that smiteth thee; and when they sent me to Herod they wanted to see my miracles; when on the cross the thief in like manner derided me; and the people said, let him come down from the cross, and we will believe him. But none of this impertinence in man was answered by ME; for if they did not believe, by what was done before, they would not believe by any miracles then; but say, *as they had said before*, it was miracles from the devil, who had given me the power; therefore I gave up without answering them a word. And now I am in the Spirit to thee, their mocking is the same; but if thy writings were from the devil, this is a curiosity he might find out, as his agents are every where. But as thy writings are from ME, the LIVING LORD, such impertinent enquiry I shall never answer; for if all the truths that are in thy writings, and the wondrous manner all his brought round, will not convince them, I shall not answer this insolence of men, to convince them any other way; but to tell them to appear before my judgment seat, and then their insolence will be answered, when my angels come to strike the death warrant unto them, as it did to the two men that said thou wast the devil, and they would go to Leeds to see thee; and to the devil I sent them both, by a sudden stroke of death.—



And let this be a warning to men: Shall man contend with his Maker, and direct ME the way I shall prove my visitation to thee? The thing of Eastlake was for a convincing proof to thee, to know, in an extraordinary manner, I was come to visit thee; and as there was no appearance at that time, of what I told thee was hastening on, I permitted that thing to happen in the meeting, to convince them I was come to warn thee of what was hastening on, as I warned thee of what was in their hearts and minds concerning thee, that thou mightest have some clear assurance of my visitation unto thee. But that did not convince them, though they confessed the truth was told thee; yet they said, that truth came from the devil. And just the same would men say now, if I should answer the impertinent enquiry of these men.—Shall I answer? I know them not; let them depart from ME as workers of iniquity! Eastlake I know, and his heart and soul is known to ME; and though I reprov'd him I loved him; but these men, whose hearts are not mine, must go to their masters for their names; for their hearts are departed from ME, as workers of iniquity. Therefore my answer is, I know them not.—And I hear the language of thy heart: My soul come not thou into their secrets; so they and their names may perish together.

Can man so boldly trifle with his God,  
To ask where Satan takes up his abode,  
In every heart where he doth reign and rule,  
I say the writer must judge thee a fool;  
If thou hadst power, to answer such a man,  
Bring forth my Gospel and my ways discern.  
So of their folly I shall end it here:  
To tempt the Lord their God let men beware;  
Because such men I never meant to know,  
And at my Coming they will find it so—  
And this to Turner I do bid thee send.

---

And now I'll come to answer for thy friends:  
Their names and natures are well known to ME;  
And at my Coming they their name will see

N<sup>o</sup> 6

Enroll'd in glory with their Lord to reign.  
 In different answers I shall turn to men.  
 As different conduct in them doth appear:  
 So different answers they shall know and hear.  
 For those that mock my Spirit now in thee,  
 'They all shall know the same they're mocking ME;  
 But those that do my Spirit here approve,  
 'They in the end shall see my perfect love.  
 So now in peace their souls they may possess,  
 Because thy Trial I shall bring it first,  
 And then the other things will surely burst.  
 For I shall never act like men,  
 'To let my judgments first come on  
 Before men's judgment doth appear,  
 For to condemn or for to clear;  
 And then behind they'll find my hand,  
 'To bring my judgments on the Land;  
 If men in fury now appear,  
 They'll find my hand in fury here;  
 And if they careless now do sleep,  
 I say, like Pike, they'll howl and weep\*.  
 But if with prudence men appear,  
 And say, the whole we'll now see clear;  
 Before our judgment we can draw,  
 The truth of all we'll see and know.  
 'Then I shall act the same with man,  
 And they'll not feel my heavy hand;  
 Because, as men deal now with thee,  
 'The likeness all shall see in ME,  
 'To deal the same with every man—  
 And here's the warning to your Land.  
 For now to all I'll answer here,  
 As thou and Townley do appear:

\* In November, 1793, I dreamt that some straw had caught fire, and that the shop below was in flames.—Then I awoke with the hurry of my dream and thought I would go down stairs, to see if the servants had left a candle burning below, but being very sleepy I determined to consider it only as a dream, and go to sleep again. Yet I thought I would wait and see; but it struck deeply upon me I should be too late, and the house would be burnt; so I got out of bed, and went to the top of the stairs, and I smelt a smoke; for the candles were falling down, they being on fire. The noise made me believe they might be bricks in the chimney. I then called up Mr. Pike and said, "the house was on fire." He said, "I was dreaming, for he knew better;" but he was *at last* convinced of the truth, which made him rise, and while I was returning to put on my clothes, he came down stairs, and made a most hideous noise and howling, and was almost suffocated. I quickly went to the maid servants, and was obliged to shake them, and when they awoke they told me, "I was dreaming;" one was in a passion; but I forced them out of bed, and then I went down stairs and was almost suffocated in passing to the street. After Mr. Pike had made his noise and cried "fire," I cried "fire," and went as far as the Guildhall to alarm the people.—See farther particulars in p. 27, *Warning to the World*."

For thou to be shut up from man,  
 And in thy stead doth Townley stand,  
 To send all letters in her name,  
 Though from thy hand they surely came;  
 But in thy hand there none are sent,  
 Nor yet thy name unto a friend;  
 But now through her the whole is given:  
 And so they'll find the God of heaven  
 Hath given the whole the same through thee,  
 Though thy hand-writing none do see;  
 Nor doth my Name to men appear.  
 The copies first thou send'st to her,  
 And then she sends them in her name;  
 And perfect so I say 'tis done,  
 In every likeness come from ME,  
 As thou thy letters send'st to she.  
 For so thou 'st done all heretofore,  
 Perfect as Townley doth appear  
 Placed in thy stead to act for thee,  
 And perfect so thou 'st done for ME,  
 The same as Townley doth appear  
 To act for thee, I say once more,  
 In perfect likeness all hath been,  
 Thou didst act for ME, as she is seen  
 Now in thy stead to act for thee,  
 Which in the end they all shall see.  
 It is the likeness to compare  
 That I have plac'd these shadows here,  
 To shew you plain the way it came,  
 'Tis but to her thou sign'st thy name;  
 And so thy letters thou dost send  
 Unto my handmaid and my friend;  
 Then who shall pluck my friend from ME?  
 Her murderers men must surely be,  
 If they would pluck her from my hand;  
 Worse than the serpent men must stand  
 To rob her soul from every bliss;  
 And where's the man can answer this,  
 To say that in her stead they'll stand,  
 If she'll give up thy written hand,  
 And in thy stead not to appear?  
 Will man presumptuous answer here,  
 That he'll protect her from all harm,  
 If it be the Lord that hee doth warn?  
 Who call'd her forth my friend to be?  
 Will men a Judas make of she,  
 Her faithful trust for to betray?  
 I ask mankind what they can say,  
 If she like Judas should appear,  
 To say her guilt she could not bear?  
 Then answer ME, presumptuous man,  
 Who e'er doth wish to stop her hand,  
 That she her office may 'nt go through,  
 I'll prove the serpent strong in you;

That wish to have her now draw back;  
 A murderer's heart in man must break,  
 Because her life you'd murder here,  
 In agonies she could not bear.  
 So here's an answer deep for man  
 That doth this woman here condemn.

No 6

Here, my dear Miss Townley, you see how strict the command is given you to stand faithful, and how severe the threatenings against any that persuade you to act faithless. So I trust you will stand, as I have stood, in the strength of the Lord, and the power of his might, in opposition to men and devils, putting on the whole armour of God to withstand the fiery darts of the devil: for cursed is he that putteth his hand to the plough and draweth back. But this caution I need not give you, as I know the strength of your faith, and the goodness of your heart. The former part of this letter was in answer to two letters sent me, that you received for me; one an anonymous letter that was so ignorant and impudent, to think they could jest with God as they could jest with man; the other from my friends who are longing for the coming of Christ. Here you see the different answers. The stroke endeth with one, where the other answer beginneth. I must conclude, with my earnest prayers for you, spiritual and temporal, that the Lord will restore your health, and strengthen your faith to stand the trial you are called to go through.

I remain, with the greatest respect,

Your sincere friend,

(Signed,)

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

DEAR MISS TOWNLEY,

No 7

I shall now give you a communication that was given me, to assign the reasons why I was ordered to be concealed from the world; that if men seek me, they are not to find me, till they have assembled together; all those that are chosen to be labourers

with me in the Lord's vineyard; because I sought man in the bitterness of my soul, and they refused to see or hear me. This you will see explained in the following communication :—

For so I say I'll now foil man,  
 For now my mind I will reveal,  
 And tell thee why I do conceal  
 Thy place and person to mankind;  
 And thou the former call to mind,  
 I said like Putt I should appear \*;  
 And perfect so I'm acting here.  
 When I invited, — men said nay :  
 Thy face they all refus'd to see;  
 Thy letters they refus'd to hear;  
 Thou sought'st their face in tears and prayer,  
 And yet thy face they would not see,  
 Nor take one single thought of thee;  
 When grief and sorrow thee oppress'd,  
 They'd never calm thy grief to rest;  
 If Satan led thee by the hand,  
 Then in his fetters thou must stand,  
 And sink thy soul in deepest woe:  
 In vain to man thou'st often gone,  
 Or else in vain thou there didst send;  
 For thou no answer could'st obtain.  
 And now I'll turn it back on man,  
 And say my answer is the same;  
 You would not see her in distress,  
 Nor give her suffering heart redress,  
 When she in jealousy did fear:  
 And your advice she'd wish to hear;  
 But then your answer it was none.  
 Unto the rock she did complain;  
 And I'm her rock who then did hear,  
 And gave an answer to her prayers.  
 And now I'll answer unto man,  
 Perfect like you I've laid my plan:  
 That you shall never see her here  
 Before her friends do all appear,  
 That I have chosen with her to stand,  
 And then you all may see her hand;  
 And for herself she'll answer here:  
 To meet her foes she shall not fear;  
 Because their wisdom I'll confound,  
 And prove MYSELF in every sound:

\* Parson Putt offered Joanna's Father a house, which he refused; and, some time after, Joanna went to him and said, she was come to beg a favour of him for her father; this he supposed was for the house: so he immediately said to her,—

“ To those that will not when they may,  
 “ When they will they shall have nay.”

No 7

That I the LORD of HEAVEN and EARTH  
 Have spoken by her, as she saith,  
 Therefore the shadows I've turn'd back,  
 To act with man as man did act,  
 In former Years, I say, to she,  
 And perfect so the end shall be;  
 For now the shadows are begun:  
 I have order'd her to deal with man,  
 As they before did deal with she.  
 The type goeth deep if man can see:  
 Here is a shadow of the end;  
 For I said, this Year should bend,  
 Because I plac'd it with the last;  
 When I MYSELF in GLORY burst,  
 I then shall hide MYSELF like thee,  
 That now refuse to come to ME.  
 For then I say they'll come too late:  
 • I know them not, the door is shut;  
 Then they may seek and wish to find.  
 But I shall further tell my mind:  
 If men seek thee, thou wilt appear,  
 With all thy friends the truth to clear;  
 And so I say I'll come with mine:  
 But then my foes my looks will find.  
 If they affront Townley in thy stead,  
 I know 'twill make thy heart to bleed,  
 To think she suffers here for thee;  
 And then thy blacken'd looks they'll see,  
 In nought but anger to appear;  
 For no man's person thou wilt fear,  
 But with contempt treat every man,  
 If they thy friend do now condemn.  
 Because thou'lt say it is for thee,  
 That she is mock'd as well as for ME;  
 And this with anger thou'lt resent:  
 The shadow's deep: let man repent;  
 For every way I've shewn the end:  
 By placing Townley as a friend,  
 To stand the trial first with men,  
 Before thy friends together come.  
 Then thou in person wilt appear,  
 And all thy friends thou'lt welcome there;  
 And perfect so the end will be:  
 For in thy Trial men will see  
 How every shadow's carried on,  
 To shew MY SPIRIT here is come,  
 In words and POWER unto thee.  
 And 'tis by friends my work must be,  
 I tell you, carried on by men,  
 If that my kingdom they will win.  
 But first the Woman must appear,  
 To crown MY HEAD, man's guilt to clear;  
 Because my blood was shed by man;  
 Then now discern her written hand,

*as Christ's blood was shed by Man, it is by Man the  
 power of Darkness shall be Destroyed by the Power of Light*

*Nº 7*

And how my Bible doth appear,  
That it is Woman you compare,  
Unto MY CHURCH that stands for all.  
Then all these shadows now command;  
As to a Woman all is plac'd,  
Then the creation so must burst,  
As I at first did it design !!!  
And now to man I've told my mind,  
Why all my Bible so doth stand:  
That in the end you may command,  
As I design'd it at the first.  
All through my Bible so 'tis plac'd,  
To prove MY CHURCH from her must be,  
When men are made joint heirs with ME;  
For that's the way MY CHURCH shall stand,  
The SPIRIT and the BRIDE command.  
So let the learned answer here,  
Why all my Bible doth appear  
So highly in the Woman's name;  
And then I'll answer thee again?  
And this to Foley she must send,  
And put in print the lines thou'st penn'd.  
For in the end mankind will see  
The mysteries of this year to be  
*The likeness of the setting sun*  
*When I do bring the night on man,*  
That like their sleep will pass away;  
But then I'll bring a GLORIOUS DAY  
Unto my faithful followers here,  
That for my coming do appear—  
And like thy Psalm I'll answer here:  
"The dawn of each returning day,  
Fresh beams of knowledge brings,  
And from the dark returns of night  
*Divine instruction springs.*"  
And so I tell thee all will be divine,  
And in my GLORIOUS KINGDOM they shall shine,  
When I have claim'd the kingdoms for my own,  
And all the powers of darkness to unthrone.

The verse above quoted is the words of David,  
that come daily in my mind, as every day bringeth  
fresh wisdom from divine directions to me, so that I  
may end with the words of David.

*Nº 7*

How wondrous are thy works O Lord,  
How deep are thy decrees!  
Thy secret tracks in wisdom lie,  
No striped sinner sees.

Adieu, adieu, my dear Miss Townley,

(Signed,) JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

DEAR MISS TOWNLEY,

N<sup>o</sup> 7 On Sunday Evening after I had sent you the Communication, I sat meditating to myself on the words spoken to me in 1794.

'Tis I that holds thee by the hand,  
And will not let thee go  
Till stedfastly by faith thou'lt stand,  
And all my goodness know.

To these words I was answered,

N<sup>o</sup> 7 Then now thy hand I still shall hold  
Until thou knowest ME whole,  
And when MY LOVE I do unfold  
*I shall receive thy soul*  
To realms of GLORY and of BLISS,  
In HEAVEN'S HIGH COURTS above,  
Where thou in Joy shall ever rest  
And taste MY perfect LOVE.  
That here below thou canst not know,  
Whilst Satan's Power do reign;  
For deeper mysteries I shall shew,  
And now the whole explain.  
If strong my Love you here did prove,  
Your Enemy would come  
And say, "*that ye were worse than He,*  
"*Though I did him condemn;*—  
"*But had I shewn such Love to him,*  
"*As doth for man appear,*  
"*He never would my ways condemn'd.*"—  
For now I'll tell thee here,  
When men below my Love do know  
In all it's power to shine,  
A heavenly Joy they then will know,  
And then that Joy they'll find  
Daily to spring in every thing,  
In beauty to appear—  
For then, I say, one heart and mind  
Will in you all be here,  
And Joys below in all will flow,  
As now it flows above.  
In Realms of Glory none can go  
To interrupt my Love;  
But here below, I well do know,  
*Satan stands between;*  
And here your Joys can never flow,  
Till I do all redeem  
From Satan's hand, and free my Land  
From every Serpent here;  
And then like saints you all may stand,  
Like angels to appear;



*Nº 7*

Enthron'd above they see my Love,  
 And so shall men below.  
 The Cause for men I'll surely move,  
 And they shall find it so;  
 Because for Men I now will stand,  
 As they do stand for me;  
 And they shall gain the promis'd Land,  
 Their advocate I'll be.  
 The promis'd Land you must command,  
 What I did say at first,  
 All that was good I made for man,  
 And so it now shall burst.  
 Let men go on as some began  
 To bring my Kingdom near,  
 Then I'll go on to work with men,  
 In POWER for to appear;  
 And then below mankind will know  
 My true and perfect Love;  
 For Satan's bounds he now shall know:  
 Like Adam he must move;  
 Because that he is fallen, I see,  
 As Adam fell at first.  
*Beyond his bounds he now is found,*  
 And so I say *he's cast*;  
 For I'll not spare the Serpent here,  
 As I did not spare man.  
 My words and promise I shall clear—  
 Thy Sealed Book shall stand,  
 Till unaware I do appear  
 To chain the Rebel down;  
 Because his fall, I tell you all,  
 Like Adam now he's found!  
 And worse than he must surely be,  
 For Adam did repent;  
 But Satan's fury now I see,  
 His mind is fully bent  
 In rage to swell, with pride of Hell  
 His fury doth appear;  
 And now in man I do know well,  
 What flames he'll kindle here;  
 In every man, where he can come,  
 My Kingdom to prevent.  
 Therefore my judgments must go on,  
 Till I in sunder rend  
 The veil from Men to shew them plain  
 That Satan's friends they be.  
 For it is Satan work'd in men  
 To make them foes to thee.  
 But simple men, their thoughts are in vain,  
 Their God they do not know.  
 My Kingdom they could ne'er obtain;  
 My Bible proves it so.  
 This way must come, be it known to man,  
 And see my Bible clear:

*The Man Child. see*  
*coming to the (1st.)*  
*Index*

No 7

Against the Woman Satan stands,  
 As so doth now appear.  
 Then know the end must here be come,  
 And altogether weigh;  
 For I shall answer simple men,  
 And boldly to them say  
 The Jews at first on me did burst,  
 By Satan's artful hand;  
 The rage of Hell in them was plac'd,  
 And so they nail'd my Hands,  
 I say, and Feet, the wounds went deep,  
 And then they fix'd the Spear;  
 And now in Spirit I am come,  
 Men do the same appear;  
 In rage I see mankind to be,  
 In fury for to burn—  
 Impossible is judg'd by thee:  
 And can men so become?  
 What men so blind, can Satan find,  
 When Truths are all so clear?  
 To prove from Heaven is every sound  
 Can Satan blind them here?  
 I tell thee so he now will do,  
 And thou wilt see it clear.—  
 Unto the press these words must go,  
 For I shall answer here;  
 What rage doth flow, I well do know,  
 To see the woman stand  
 In true obedience now by me,  
 For to support thy hand.  
 Then they'd prevent with one consent,  
 If they could find a way;  
 But Satan's veil from some I'll rend,  
 Alike they will not see.  
 For some are mine, their hearts I'll join,  
 I tell thee, with the rest  
 That in my Vineyard now are come—  
 The eleventh hour doth burst,  
 To hire men here, that will appear,  
 And in my vineyard go;  
 For their reward they now shall gain  
 If they my work will do.  
 For now to all I loud do call,  
 My Kingdom is at hand;  
 And them that will it now obtain  
 Must in my Labour stand.  
 For I'll go on to ask of man  
 In conscience to appear,  
 If they my Kingdom think to gain,  
 And never seek it here?  
 Or shall it come to you, vain men,  
 That do it now oppose?  
 No: to my Gospel you must come,—  
 And know I'll cast out those

or Eleven days  
 in time

# Flock of Sheep

( 43 )

That do offend against my friends,  
That workers are with ME.  
Or do you judge that I shall come  
Before your hearts I see;  
To wish ME here? shall I appear  
To men that don't regard  
My dying Love, that so did prove  
To bring their full reward?  
As at that time I knew mankind  
Did suffer for my sake:  
And now's the time, mankind shall find,  
My Love to Man shall break;  
Upon such men as they were then.  
All mocked at the first;  
And now the same it is in man—  
Men's mockery so doth burst.  
Then now see plain, ye sons of men,  
Who must my Kingdom have;  
You cannot judge your God so blind,  
My Kingdom e'er to give  
Unto such men as mock MY NAME,  
Nor wish my Kingdom near.  
Or could you judge before you're tried  
I ever should appear?  
No: men, you are blind you all will find,  
I'll never come that way;  
'To prove your hearts is first my mind,  
My welcome for to see.—  
But here within thou dost begin  
To say men's words thou dost know—  
They wish for ME, will thousands say,  
But never wish it so,  
At first to come in Spirit strong  
Unto the Woman here,  
To plead the Promise in the Fall,  
My Father's words to clear.  
Then sure in man there is no plan  
That I can man redeem;  
But let my Coat be known to them  
It was without a Seam.  
So if they tear and rend it here  
My Coat cannot be whole,  
To say I died the Fall to clear,  
And make the Serpent fall.  
So here let man discern thy hand,  
And answer for the Fall;  
And then by thee they all must stand  
To keep my Garments whole;  
Or else they'll rend with one consent  
My Kingdom from them all.  
If with the Serpent now they stand,  
Then with him they shall fall.

*Noy*

*a space of time for men  
to be tried and prove*

*a space of 10 years  
from 1850 will try what  
Men are, who will believe  
or who will not.*

*11.*

*end of Noy*

## THE JEZEBEL IN THE REVELATIONS.

*Saturday Morning, June 23d, 1804.*

I dreamt, in the night, that my brother's son that is dead, was alive ; I thought the Lord said to me, I was to kill the child, as Abraham was to kill Isaac. I thought I could not kill him any other way than by taking him and twisting him round the neck ; I thought the child was then dressed up to be roasted ; it then seemed the child began to go into convulsion fits, and was in such agonies, as my heart ached to see him. I said I hoped I had not hurt the bone of his neck, that he might come to life again. And then I thought I travelled on, and saw a woman, sitting on a gate post, railing to another woman against me, and told the woman she must come to her for religion. I thought I gave the woman a push, and pushed her off the gate ; and the other woman was disputing strong for me. I then thought a number of other women came, that looked like witches, and one looked me strong in the face, and said in derision, are you the Saviour, then I will go on my knees in the mud pit ? which she did. I said no, I was not the Saviour, but Christ was come in the Spirit to me to bring in the Redemption of Man. I thought one woman mocked me, and said, I see yours is a money business, and I will give you half a guinea. I told her I despised her money, and she should put it in her pocket. She said, so she would ; for she had not half guineas so plenty ; and another woman took out a parcel of half guineas that were brass and shewed me, and said she had not half guineas so plenty neither. I said no, and what you have are not good.

### THE ANSWER OF THE SPIRIT.

“Now, Joanna, remember this dream I brought thee before Foley's letter came ; for she is the Jezebel

## *Flock of Sheep*

*The Gift of Healing is not yet come* see page 57 bottom  
( 45 ) and 58

that sat upon the post, and told the people to come to her as a Prophetess, full of lying wonders: for the GIFT OF HEALING is not yet come. But let not Foley be grieved because he seduced my people to believe that woman a prophetess, for she is not; but I permitted them to find out the cheat, that they may see the depth of Satan's arts. But as they spoke against her, I will put no other burden upon them, but that which they have already; hold fast till I come, and keep my words unto the end, then will I give them POWER over nations. The last chapter of Isaiah let them weigh deep; for now is coming the end; Zion that travaileth to be delivered, shall be delivered, for I have brought to the womb, and I will not shut it. Let not thy heart grieve nor tremble, fearing they have done wrong; for I permitted this thing to be, to shew them the difference between *Satan's working* and *MINE*. I kept silence concerning the woman, that they might go on, to find out the cheat, and see where the Jezebel lay, that they have so often condemned in thee. Now let them see the different working, *ME* with thee, and *Satan with her*. To ease thy fear, consider, call *MY WORDS* to thy remembrance, when thou wert so much afraid they would do wrong through ignorance; know, I told thee, in the time of ignorance God winked at it; and what errors they did through ignorance should be righted, for I would not lay them to their charge; neither do I lay this to their charge, though they placed her as a prophetess with thee: and there is the Stone that is fallen out of thy King; for they will no longer let her stand as a prophetess with thee; for she is the Jezebel mentioned in the 2d chapter of the Revelations, 20th verse. She called herself a prophetess to teach and to seduce my servants to commit fornication, and to eat things sacrificed unto idols; and now I give her space to repent of her fornication; and if she repents not, I will cast her into a bed with them that commit

*Last Chap.  
of Isaiah*

this adultery with her, and kill her with death ; and the cures she hath done shall return upon them with double force. For here Satan came as an angel of light, *pretending he could not cure the disorders of them that were wicked.* Here they commit fornication with MY WORDS, and in MY NAME was this professed to be ; therefore it was I that worked in the hearts of MY servants to go unto her, to see *what excuses she would plead,* that she could not cure them, whom MY SOUL LOVETH ; for I have already told thee, and I now tell thee again, Hirst and his family are chosen servants of mine. Now let Hirst remember what I said concerning him, how Satan delighted to punish him ; but in the end he should delight to triumph over him ; and now let his delight begin, faithfully to declare the cheat of the woman, whom *Satan has* raised up in opposition against ME, and let him remember the truth of thee ; when I told thee the death of Foley's child, thou didst faithfully read it to him, and told him to copy it out, before thou receivedest Foley's answer, to know whether the child would die or live : let him remember all thy upright dealings, how thou never used one art to deceive any man ; but if jealousies alarmed thee, thou spakest freely ; if Satan attacked thee, thou didst shew in thy looks and told it ; so that he must know in thee there is no deceit. Now let him write the particulars of the woman unto thee, and I will answer thee again ; for there is the Stone they have placed in thy Ring, that now shall fall out from thy name, and the naked truth shall now appear ; the Cures she did by *Satan's arts* were those *which Satan's power afflicted,* and there he gave her *power to cure.* " And now I shall tell you the sense of the Ring, that you may understand what you read. Mr. Abbott, one of the jury-men, gave me a very pretty Gold Ring, set with small blue Stones all round it, but when the Midnight Hour broke in upon me, of the Spirit of the Lord, what he would

do upon the earth, throwing my hands, which I could not restrain, I beat out one of the Stones, which I was very sorry to see in the morning, fearing it was a type of his death, or some of the others. This I have often pondered in my heart, as it was never explained to me till now ; and now it is deeply said to me, if my Prophecies had been from the Devil as her lying wonders of healing were, I should soon be discovered by the Letters I put in the hands of the Ministers : as the Woman was discovered by Mr. Hirst's going to her with his daughter, and so would the religious ministers have found it a delusion that came against me ; for if it had not been of God it would not have come to pass, for the arts of the Devil can never last long.— And now it shall be fatal for that woman if she adulterates my Name with the lying wonders done by the Devil :

And there they shall see the Jezebel appear.  
So now the name's dropt out from ME,  
The Jezebel, they all shall see.  
Doth in that woman strong appear,  
And she is an adulterer,  
To say she does it in my Name,  
I'll put her confidence to shame;  
For there the witches all did come,  
Thinking my honour to blaspheme;  
That miracles they wrought by ME,  
But then my servant she did see,  
By Satan's arts she well did know,  
She could not heal who was *his* foe;  
Because to ME he is a friend,  
And so I'll prove him in the end:  
And down the Jezebel shall fall,  
Thou strikest the blow I tell them all.  
*Before the Letter ere did come,*  
I shew'd the woman in thy dream,  
That did the people so ensnare,  
To tell them all to come to her;  
But so the other woman stood,  
To see her arts they were not good;  
For all the wonders she did tell,  
I tell you plain, come all from hell;  
And in the mud pit they may fall,  
For that's the way she cur'd them all;  
With muddy hearts, all black within,  
That had from Satan felt the sting

Of the disorders she did cure :  
 But now I tell them to take care,  
 Or in the mud pit they will fall,  
 That now are cur'd by arts from hell.  
 Their conscience he doth cure the same,  
 'They may not hear their Saviour's name.  
 And so this mockery all do come,  
 For Satan's cures to me are known,  
 The way that he their wounds doth heal,  
 That they another day will feel,  
 More fatal than it was before.—  
 And let thy shoulder to appear,  
 How quickly Brown dry'd up the first,  
 And after that thy pain did burst  
 In agonies thou could'st not bear,  
 Until that Deem to thee appear'd,  
 And then thou told'st her of thy pain,  
 And fear'd thy shoulder was rotting then,  
 And that thy arm thou would'st have lost,  
 For where's the salve that Brown did boast,  
 That she did heal thy wound so soon ?  
 Unto the nation this must come,  
 'Then in their blood they are healing all,  
 'The Woman's Wonders now do fall,  
 I tell you plain, throughout your land,  
 'They're healing by an artful hand ;  
 To heal their consciences all the same,  
 But some like thee they'll find the flame.  
 So let the Parable appear,  
 And then again I'll answer here.

The Parable was many years ago. I had something gathering in my shoulder, and I could not bear my stays to rub against it. Mrs. Brown said she had an excellent healing salve that I should put to it and it would cure me, which she put for me, and soon healed up the wound ; but soon after I was in such pain in my shoulder, that I thought my arm was rotting off. I told it to Mrs. Deem, and also, how my shoulder was at first, what salve I had put of Mrs. Brown's, that was such beautiful healing salve. Mrs. Deem cried, yes ; but it was not fit for your shoulder, for you have a gathering within, and that corruption must be drawn out, and the wound opened afresh before your shoulder can be healed, or else you would lose your arm as you said. Now if you will put the salve that I will give you, to gather the wound and draw out the corruption,



then Mrs. Brown's healing salve may be of use to heal it ; but your wound must be opened afresh, if you will keep your arm or perhaps your life. I took Mrs. Deem's advice, and confess the salve she gave racked me with pain before the place was gathered and broke ; but I knew I must suffer that or suffer my arm to be cut off, and shoulder too ; but after the wound broke, it was astonishing to see the corruption that was there, which was first drawn out by Mrs. Deem's salve, and then Mrs. Brown's healing salve was of use, as Mrs. Deem had told me.—

#### THE ANSWER OF THE SPIRIT.

“ And now, Joanna, I'll bring the Parable to the whole nation, to the Jezebel, to her lovers, and to thee. The Jezebel is the woman that is now healing the wounds of mankind by the arts of the Devil, under a profession of religion in **MY NAME**. Her Lovers and her Adulterers are the Clergy throughout the land, who love to heal the nation in their sins and their blood, without searching their wounds to the bottom ; they adulterate my Bible as an adulterous man would commit fornication with an adulterous woman ; and they heal the wound that is in man, without drawing out the corruption that is from the Devil : but I tell thee, his corruption must be first drawn off, and his stinking wound must be first destroyed ; then the Jezebel's words may be right to tell them to go home and repent of their sins ; for if Satan comes in arts to appear like me, he cometh to use some of my words and ways. And now I shall come to her Adulterers and they that commit fornication with her : it is the Clergy ; for they are healing the nation as the woman is healing the sick, binding them up, as Brown would thy wound, which had they power to accomplish through the land, they would soon find the nation in a much worse situation than thy

arm was by Brown's healing salve ; for perfect so they are trying now to heal the nation to their utter ruin and destruction ; and if they do not repent of their fornications, I shall destroy them all ; for they are healing the souls of men by their lying wonders, to say the root of evil must never be drawn out and destroyed, but—

Held up as it has always been,  
 But now's the time I say with Deem :  
 'Their Healing Plaister will not do,  
 Though that's the way they write to you,  
 To heal your every wound the same ;  
 And soon your hearts they'll set on flame,  
 Worse than thy shoulder did appear—  
 So of their Healing Salve take care ;  
 But say the evil out you'll draw ;  
 'The root of evil you do know  
 Is gathering fast, and it must break—  
 'The root of evil now I speak  
 Causes all the rottenness within ;  
 And now like Brown you do begin  
 'To heal him up like George's Chair \*,  
 'That he may set and rankle there.  
 And as the Shepherds now are come,  
 'To bring the Healing Salve to man ;  
 'The Corner Chair from them to move,  
 'The arts of Satan they do love ;  
 'To let them set within their breasts,  
 'Then soon they'll find his sting to burst,  
 And his adultery to appear,  
 'That with the Dream I'll now compare ;  
 For like that woman is your land,  
 'They are all defil'd as now they stand ;  
 Just like that woman then with child,  
 By Satan's arts mankind is foil'd ;  
 For he has got them in a snare  
 'To adulterate my Bible here ;  
 'That he may dig the pit for all,  
 And so the nation he'd make fall,  
 If I'd not warn'd thee by the Dream,  
 When in the bed thou see'st me plain.  
 'To say the evil fruit must fall,  
 And therefore now I tell you all,  
 'The evil fruit I'll take away,  
 And shew the grave where it doth lay,  
 'That Satan's digging now for man,  
 Because at first he laid his plan,

\* George's Chair is a man at Leeds, who said he would give the Devil a corner chair in his heart to keep him at his ease.

A simple woman to defile,  
And so that way she was with child,  
That did a murderer then become,  
He digg'd a grave then deep for man;  
And now he's digging it again,  
Thinking the woman shall be slain,  
And all her offspring for to die—  
Now my Express I bid it fly,  
Because 'twas I that work'd in she,  
And so the same I work'd in thee;  
For this Express must hasty go,  
And mark what Foley he did do  
When Carpenter was griev'd the same,  
That night he set their hearts in flame,  
With love and gratitude to turn,  
And so the same their hearts shall burn,  
In love and gratitude to ME  
When my Express they all do see,  
That I'm the Lord that wakes so soon,  
To cast the Serpent in her room,  
And now the Woman I will free,  
Though she's in grief, bow'd down by ME;  
Because for man her heart does feel,  
But know, that I am in her still;  
Or else this love would not appear,  
Their every sufferings for to share—  
And now in haste this all must go,  
For Townley's heart I work'd it so,  
To have the letter go with speed,  
I knew thy heart how it did bleed,  
To think thy friends were compass'd round  
With mysteries that could not be found,  
By any wisdom was in them;  
For now the crooked paths are come,  
That they themselves cannot make straight,  
Before I bring the truth to light.  
So now the words I'll end them here,  
Another day I shall appear,  
The every mystery to explain,  
Why the Express must come to men,  
That are the servants of the Lord,  
Unhidden lies my written word,  
That thou another day shalt find,  
How my Express comes to mankind.

So end the letter, send it hastily, they must not stop day nor night, till the letter comes to Foley's hand."

This Letter was sent off by express, between three and four o'clock, Saturday, June 23, 1804.

## MISS TOWNLEY TO MR. SHARP.

*Saturday Afternoon, June 23d, 1804.*

This morning, when Joanna awoke, she asked Mrs. Underwood, if she heard any one call Tom ? Underwood said no. Joanna said, it called aloud and waked her. She then told her dreams, which are in the other letter ; she being told the night before, that the Lord would clear up wondrous mysteries this day, and feeling no Power of the Spirit within her, she laid down faint and melancholy in her bed, and said she could not live *without* the SPIRIT of the LORD was with her : and it did not seem to be strong upon her, only to tell her to write her dreams. When we had written them, we received a letter from the Rev. Mr. Foley, and I shall pen his words as they are in his letter. “ Last Monday evening, about eight o'clock, we were most agreeably surprized with a visit from our dear friends, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Hirst, from Leeds ; they had brought their daughter, from what I had written to them, and from what they had heard, to take her to Mrs. Hughes's in Herefordshire \*, in hopes she might be restored to perfect health, by the *Divine Power given by the Lord to that favoured servant*. They rested themselves one day here, and on Wednesday last, they set off for Kingsland, accompanied by my wife ; and I do expect them home this day (Friday) and may the Lord crown their faith and endeavours with full and perfect success, is my sincere and ardent wish. From what I can learn of this extraordinary woman, is, that her wonderful cures seem to be wrought according to the strength of faith in the persons who come to her : they that have great faith are soon cured, and they

\* A remarkable account of this Woman, pretending to cure diseases by a Divine Power, has appeared in the Newspapers.

that have small faith receive but small benefit. But by and by, all these wonderful matters will be perfectly cleared up. When Mr. Mrs. and Miss Hirst return to Leeds, I shall send the communication to Mr. Turner. (One o'clock, Friday). This moment our dear friends are returned: *and no benefit whatever has their daughter received*; and as far as they can judge this woman is an abominable impostor.—Oh! what shall we say, or what shall we think? may it please the Lord to give us some information concerning this mysterious matter, through our dear Joanna, for we are all bewildered and are cast down. Mr. Hirst thinks she is *not visited by a Good Spirit*, from the observations he has made during the visit."

The answer to Joanna.—"Now, Joanna, I shall answer thee: I told thee on the Friday evening, the night must pass, and on the morning new wonders would burst; and I awaked thee calling Tom.

And so from Tom the thing did come,  
 The wonders to appear;  
 And to the world they shall be known,  
 These wonders I shall clear;  
 Because like thee my people be,  
 The owls do frighten all,  
 And try to pluck the fruit from *Mr.*  
 But down I say't shall fall.  
 For my Express is now gone forth,  
 That every soul shall know,  
 The Jezebel that is of Hell  
 Doth in that Woman go;  
 And there thy Dream thou may'st see plain,  
 That thou dost blush to pen;  
 A Woman's nakedness thou know  
 Appeared unto men  
 That were by thee, thou'st blush'd to see  
 Her nakedness appear;  
 And man stood by, beheld thy eye  
 With shame did cover there;  
 And now with shame, I'll tell thy name  
 The mysteries for to clear;  
 Thou wilt not pen thy hateful dream,  
 From Satan it did appear;  
 Because from Hell the whole did swell,  
 As I have told thee here;

Adultery appear'd to thee,  
 Which made the man to smile;  
 The evil then was not in he,  
 Though her would him beguile;  
 But 'twas not so, I well do know,  
 She could not him ensnare,  
 Because that he as well as thee,  
 Laugh'd at her folly there;  
 Though other men to her may come  
 In her adulterous place;  
 And try to heal, my Bible steal,  
 And all my laws disgrace.  
 It is with shame I do explain  
 This chapter unto men;  
 For now this day, to thee I say,  
 They're acting in her plan;  
 Naked they be, I plain do see,  
 And naked they'd make all!  
 And so they heal, my Bible steal,  
*But never clear the Fall;*  
 The ways of men they do go on,  
 Pretend great cures they do;  
 But to the purpose let all come,  
 They'll find MY WORDS are true:  
 They cure no more than she did there—  
 And Hirst's daughter see;  
 And now, you Shepherds every where,  
 You're acting just like she;  
 You do pretend to cure the men,  
 Or women that appear—  
 By your Religion that is vain  
 In your adultery here:  
 You adulterate in every state  
 My Bible as it doth stand;  
 And, as the Woman heal'd the Child,  
 You're healing now the land:  
 That's not at all, I tell you all,  
 They gain no more from ye,  
 Than to Hirst's daughter there did fall  
 To gain her cure from she.  
 So in the dark stands every mark,  
 As I have said before;  
 Your wondrous healing will not do,  
 My Bible must appear.  
 So my Express is gone with this,  
 A Warning to Mankind—  
 You adulterate my every Word  
 And that you all shall find.  
 Simplicity was seen in they,  
 They went the truth to know;  
 Because that I who dwell on high,  
 Work'd in them this to do;  
 To find the cheat and prove deceit  
 Did in her strong appear.

They did not say 'twas want of faith  
Prevented the cure there—  
To try to heal where thieves do steal,  
They did not thus go on;  
Then honesty in them you see,  
And can you blame these men  
That do declare what truth is here,  
And in that truth abide?  
But when the Liar did appear,  
They'd not in her confide.  
To judge that she was warn'd by ME  
These wonders for to do:  
For when the truth of her was tried,  
They found it was not so.  
Then they went on as honest men,  
Confess'd the truth to see;  
That an Impostor she was then,—  
And so they would say of thee  
When they came down to judge the sound,  
And found deceit was there,  
'They'd ne'er uphold thy written hand,  
But would all condemn thee here.  
So now at last the truth doth burst  
To prove them upright men:  
Now see my Bible how 'tis plac'd,  
'The world for to condemn,  
That act like she in treachery,  
Pretend what cures they do;  
Pretend the Sinners they do heal,  
When I know 'tis not so.  
And wonders here must strong appear,  
If it could be done by man;  
No, there's the silver did appear,  
'That thou took'st in thy hand,  
And said the rust, or yet the dust  
Had cover'd to thy view,  
And gave the pieces to their hand,  
But did not know 'twas true,  
'Till thou didst try, and then did cry,  
This silver is deceit.  
I mean to bring it round this way,  
And shew thee every cheat  
That is in man: the time is come  
My Bible I'll fulfil—  
And now, I say, if men go on  
Like this adulterer still,  
Her doom shall fall upon them all,  
And in one bed be come!  
You adulterate my Bible all,  
And boldly ME condemn;  
With infamy I plain do see,  
Your Maker you do scorn;  
Your Lying Wonders now I see,  
Is like that Woman come.

Like her you heal, like her you steal,  
 Your God for to provoke;  
 But now, ye stubborn sons of men,  
 I shall turn back the stroke.  
 Your God you mock, for you know not  
 In SPIRIT strong I am here;  
 And in my face you all do spit—  
 Your letters shall appear \*  
 Against you all, when I do call,  
 My chosen men to meet—  
 I'll strip the cloathing then of all:  
 And tremble at my feet;  
 Because in *She* your likeness see,  
 For there's the cure you make,  
 You heal the blind in Infamy,  
 Where Satan's arts do break;  
 To wound them first and then to burst —  
 Pretend you've made a cure!  
 But in the end, you'll find these men  
 'To feel their wounds *much more*;  
 Than e'er before they did appear  
 Their wounds will surely break:  
 This is the way, I now do say,  
 You're healing all my sheep:  
 Your God provoke, to bring the stroke  
 That I've now brought on man;  
 And by that Jezebel I'll prove  
 That like her you do stand.  
 Then now appear, your letters clear  
 That you've turn'd back to ME:  
 I'll prove *like Jezebel* you are,  
 'Then your repentance see  
 Before too late, to meet her fate  
 Like Jezebel become!!!  
 Her Lying Wonders did appear  
 To frighten upright men:  
 Because in they no arts I see,  
 Nor none they do contrive;  
 And as my Bible stands that way  
 They simply were deceiv'd—  
*They knew that healing must appear*  
 And so they judg'd 'twas come.  
 But now the mysteries I shall clear  
 And tell how't shall be done:  
 When men do know MY BIBLE'S TRUE,  
 And all I have made good,  
 They'll heal the wound that I shall make,  
 For there the Spirit stood;  
 And there't must come, I tell you, strong,  
 When Prophecies appear;

\* Letters returned by the Clergy with contempt.



# Flack of Sheep

( 57 )

I said I'd kill and make alive,  
Then healing must appear—  
When I cast down to make the wound  
The CONSCIENCE MEN *must* heal;  
And tell them Satan, in the sound,  
Did all their learning foil;  
Because that there they must appear  
My BIBLE for to see;  
And know the wise men they must fall—  
No man shall boast to ME  
As they've began, I tell them plain,  
They can't to ME appear.—  
Now think upou another dream,  
What humble man went there  
With thee to go, thou well dost know,  
When thou that sight didst see;  
And then the other man did smile,  
And so the end will be;  
For my Express, that's now gone forth,  
Will many men alarm!!!  
Therefore, I told thee, night nor day  
They should not stop MY HAND:  
But must go on, I told thee plain,  
To bring the *Midnight Hour*—  
That Foley he might wake like thee  
And feel my every power,  
And say a God in wisdom stood  
To make the mystery clear, "  
The Jezebel they did allude  
*Was in the Woman there*—  
And they'll see plain, 'twas not in vain  
The journey they did take;  
The *Midnight Hour* will shew MY POWER,  
How I shall now appear  
The HORN to BLOW, they all shall know  
The *Midnight Hour* is come!!!  
Therefore the thing I ordered so  
This way to bring it on:  
The *Shadow here doth first* appear,  
The Towns for to alarm—  
Oh! what dispatch, they'll say, is here  
That they do not discern?  
The FOE *is come*, be judg'd by some—  
And so he's at their door;  
The greatest foe that is for man,  
Then let *their wars* appear—  
Their sword to draw, for soon they'll know  
He's digging pits for all;  
The *greatest murderer* now is come,  
To make your NATION FALL:  
And so he'd kill, your blood he'd spill,  
If I did not awake,  
And my Express, this way sent forth  
The hearts of some to shake.

H

That now do stand then in this land,  
 As she did then appear;  
 They are going out by Hell's command  
 To meet their murderer there.  
 But now, whose Fan is in his hand,  
 I'll surely purge *this floor*,  
 And trembling make the Rebel stand,  
 And keep the prisoners here;  
 For some I see like her to be,  
 Going out to meet their doom;  
 But I shall stop them now this way,  
 Or Satan in their room  
 Shall surely fall, I tell you all,  
 If they will stand like she.  
 And tremble now to hear the call,  
 And judge the words from ME,  
 THAT I DID SPEAK, in fury break,  
 As men so mock'd MY NAME;  
 And say, they fear for to appear,  
 Did we our God blaspheme?  
 I know that some will now begin  
 That way for to appear—  
 "We judge our GOD is in the sound,  
 "'Tis time to tremble here.  
 "Now we see plain we are but men,  
 "Our BIBLES *did not know*,  
 "This way the Lord would ever come,  
 "We ne'er discern'd it so:  
 "So it is said, we are misled,  
 "We ne'er did undersand  
 "That perfect in the Woman's Form  
 "HE'D come again to Man—  
 "To free the Law, we all do know  
 "We judg'd it at that time;  
 "When to the Cross HE sure did go—  
 "What folly fill'd our minds?  
 "To judge it then, as simple men,  
 "We cannot make it clear:  
 "Under the Law, we all do know,  
 "The Jews do now appear—  
 "Under the fall we do see all  
 "In Adam's guilt to stand.  
 "Then how can we our Bibles clear  
 "And prove that now we stand?  
 "Can we contrive to say alive  
 "In Christ all surely be?  
 "As then in Adam all did die!!!  
 "It cannot be prov'd by we:  
 "Then we *may fear the LORD is here*  
 "Provok'd in every sound:  
 "And if 'tis HIM we mock so here  
 "In guilt we shall be found.  
 "We know at last the die is cast,  
 "The worst error is come—  
 "The SIN against the HOLY GHOST  
 "Will not be forgiven by HIM.

( 59 )

" Then we may fear for to appear  
 " One step further to go,—  
 And like the woman trembling there,  
 I know, will many do—  
 Then I'll repent, and will relent  
 The threatenings I have made!!!  
 Though Jezebel, a Type of Hell  
 I have like my Shepherds laid,  
 Because that here they did appear  
 To mock ME so with scorn!!!  
 But yet their sins I now will clear  
 That humbly will return,  
 And say like Paul " we now must fall  
 At our Emanuel's feet,  
 For the dispatch is gone for all  
 The Midnight Hour to meet."  
 So I'll end here and say no more,  
 But let the night pass through;  
 Then other wonders will appear  
 To bring before thy view.

*Saturday Night, June 23d, 1804.*

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FROM MISS TOWNLEY TO MR. SHARP.

*Sunday, June 24th, 1804*

Joanna waked with great joy and happiness in her,  
 and began to plan a simple scheme in her own head,  
 the way she thought she should hear the voice  
 of the Lord call her aloud, as she often heard  
 her name called aloud, and was promised she should  
 again; and she thought it might be in the simple  
 plan she had placed in her own mind; but finding  
 herself disappointed, she laughed at her own folly,  
 and told us her plan and her thoughts. The plan we  
 saw, but her thoughts were unknown to us, before  
 she told them, and then laughed at her simple  
 thoughts that she had been placing in her own  
 mind, and how she was disappointed, but did not  
 feel any sorrow at her disappointment; but all was  
 joy and happiness within; and she was admiring the  
 beauty of the Wisdom of the Lord, in what won-  
 drous manner he was working; and that she would  
 not go one step from his directions, for the whole  
 world. She was remarking the impudence and ig-

norance there was in men, from an impudent ignorant clergyman, that had the assurance to write to Miss Townley, that she spent her money in the work of the Lord ; for *so it is*, whatever the wretch may judge it. He said he should not be surprized, if the Chancellor took care of her fortune. But none of these threatenings are ever sent to ladies of fashion, who ruin their fortunes in the works of the devil, by gambling at cards, operas, balls, assemblies, masquerades, and every catalogue of vice, that the devil can invent. These are very well to be supported, and every luxury and extravagance are very well to be upheld, till their shattered fortunes are gone ; and the poor, honest, industrious tradesmen, are often ruined by their extravagancies ; for they not only run through their own fortunes, but they *run through the fortunes of others*, and then think it very well to say *they are broke, therefore the people must forgive them*, and they remain *as gentlemen the same*, and with impudence and confidence demand it, because of their *Rank and Title*. After making these remarks to us in part of the words, rivers of joy run through her mind ; joy that she cannot express, and she felt her heart too full to keep silence ; she came out of her bed and walked up and down the room as fast as possible, and said she felt herself so full she should burst if Miss T. did not put down the communication she was copying and send it to her brother to copy off ; and call Underwood to sit to writing ; for she says, the world is at an end ; the days of *Sodom and Gomorrah* are come, in a day they little think of ; and in a day unawares the Lord will come with a SHOUT FROM HEAVEN, as the voice of many waters ; for his Ambassador is gone forth ; HIS HORN IS BLOWN ; THE HORN OF SALVATION to all them that are waiting the Coming of the LORD. His Ambassador is gone forth, and His Horn of Salvation is come.

# Flock of Sheep

( 61 )

"The midnight hour of joy is come,  
To my Beloved it is known,  
Because at first you saw it here;  
I said the Woman should appear,  
To warn my brethren all the same—  
And so to Foley this did come,  
A midnight hour of joy to he;  
And so to Sharp this thing might be;  
For I'll send it by no post,  
Because by silence men are lost;  
Therefore *My Horn*, must blow aloud  
For to awake the sleepy crowd—  
And this Express they all must know  
Does from *their GOD* and SAVIOUR go:  
To warn the people I'm at hand:—  
The days of *Sodom* now command,  
And now *Gomorrhah* all shall see,  
It is like *LOT* that you must flee;  
The day and hour when I do warn,  
I tell you all, you don't discern:  
For like the thoughts that were in thee  
I tell thee perfect is in ME.  
They saw the plan I did prepare,  
But yet my thoughts no man did hear,  
The thing that I had in my view;  
I'll bring the shadow now from you  
Because the shadow there I plac'd,  
And in thy heart 'twas I that burst  
To shew thy plan, but yet conceal,  
Till afterwards thou didst reveal  
The very thoughts that were in thee.  
And now I'll tell the thoughts of ME,  
My plan before you I did lay,  
But all my thoughts conceal'd like thee,  
Till now's the time I do appear  
For to reveal the mysteries here.  
I said MY BIBLE TRUE must come,  
Then now discern it, simple men,  
How Noah's Ark doth now appear—  
And from the man I've taken her,  
Now waiting for her COMING LORD,  
And listening for to hear his word,  
As he did say, to call aloud;  
Then tremble all, ye busy crowd,  
Who now stand waiting at the door  
To have your lover murder'd here,  
As Satan's ways, you so do love!!!  
Then now the truth to all I'll prove  
That like the Gardener he doth call,  
And deep he's digging pits for all.  
And yet he tells you, 'tis in love,  
If you'll meet him he now will prove  
A faithful husband to you all:  
And like that woman you would fall,

on 71 Mr. Tolson's Book  
to be read first

If that MY HORN do not awake  
 The trembling hearts of men to shake,  
 That like the woman they may stand;  
 For they're defil'd by Satan's hand,  
 Just as that woman, then with child,  
 I tell you all, he has beguil'd;  
 And now by arts he'd lead them on  
 To bring the midnight hour for man  
 Into his cursed pit to fall;  
 The day of vengeance so he'd call  
 To bring the *fatal* pit for man;  
 And like that woman men do stand,  
 That now are listening to his sound,  
 And in his fetters strong are bound,  
 As she was then bound to the man.  
 By his *pretended* love 'twas done;  
 And now by his pretence the same  
 They've all despis'd their SAVIOUR'S Name;  
 And like that woman they do say—  
 Satan their lover won't betray.  
 For though I meet them at the door,  
 And tell them dangers they are near,  
 If they go on like her that way,  
 They'll meet their ruin said by he.  
 And so by violence he kept her back,  
 Until he'd been and seen the wreck,  
 And shew'd her plain his dream was true:  
 Unto the grave he bid her go  
 When he had made the villain fly,  
 He shew'd her plain her death was nigh,  
 If he had let her gone alone,  
 She plainly saw she was undone.  
 And now to man I say the same,  
 The arts of Satan you inflame,  
 Stoutly to stand *against your God*  
 And tell the paths you all have trod,  
 And in them you will still go on,  
 You can't turn back, nor shun the man  
 That now is digging pits for all,  
 Wherein I say you all must fall,  
 And bring the day of vengeance here.  
 It is for man he doth appear  
 To flatter on, for man must be,  
 It never was design'd for he  
 To bring the curse upon his head  
 As in my Bible it is said.  
 This is the way he flatters here;  
 'Twas he beguil'd the woman there,  
 And now by him that she must stand—  
 But I have pluck'd her from his hand,  
 And warn'd her of the *midnight hour*,  
 And Hell shall feel my every power;  
 He dig'd a pit for her at first,  
 And by that pit he now is cast;

And by that pit he shall appear  
 And tremble as the man did there;  
 And like the man I'll make *Him* fly—  
 'Tis for the Woman he must die;  
 You know I told you at the first,  
 For her I did pronounce the cure,  
 Because that he had her betray'd—  
 And so the Gardeners arts were laid;  
 And I the thing did then ordain  
 To bring this parable to men,  
 How like the Gardener all is plac'd;  
 The simple woman so is cast,  
 That was betray'd by Satan's hand.  
 And now the way that men do stand,  
 They'd surely bring her murder here,  
 And Satan's arts would not appear  
 If I in Power did not burst,  
 And blow MY TRUMPET at the last,  
 That he no further should now go;  
 He did betray her as a foe,  
 And then his lust to make complete,  
 He thought for her to dig the pit,  
 Wherein he thought he'd make her fall.  
*This is the perfect Type of Hell:*  
 After the Woman he did lust  
 When the Creation first did burst,  
 And then the Woman did betray,  
 And she with child in grief did lay,  
 And then her murder he brought there.—  
 Another fable must appear,  
 To make the mystery out more plain;  
 Now think upon thy Mother's Dream,  
 Or yet a dream to thee she told;  
 For every mystery I'll unfold.  
 These things were all ordain'd by ME  
 That men their Bibles plain may see;  
 So now I bid thee place the two,  
 That's in thy heart I well do know,  
 And then the whole I shall explain,  
 And from my Bible prove it plain."

The dream that was in my view, was of two  
 servant maids, that lived with my Grandmother.  
 After they were gone away, one of the maids  
 that was very fond of my Grandmother (as well  
 as the other) came one day to my Grandmother  
 and wept bitterly about a dream that she had had.  
 She dreamt, that in Caddy-fields, between Or-  
 trey and Fairmile, she was walking, and in Caddy-fields  
 she met a Cat, sitting upon a gate, which scratched  
 her upon the right breast till she bled to death.

My Grandmother went to comfort her, and begged her never to go that way alone. Whether it was that night, or a few nights after, I cannot remember, but at the very same place she dreamt the Cat met her, she was found as it was supposed ravished and murdered. She was found, murdered, and by the Jury judged to be ravished. The young man that courted her left Ortrey and was never heard of afterwards; so it was supposed the deed was done by him. But before this murder was heard of, an apprentice maid my Grandmother had laughed at the woman's folly for crying about her dream; but my Grandmother answered—

Dreams are not always fables, Moll\*,  
Though, some wonders they do tell—  
For 'tis in dreams the Lord doth warn  
A way that men do not discern.

After this fatal murder, my Grandmother had another servant maid, who was then gone from her to Sidbury, and my Grandmother then lived at Caddy near Ortrey. She came to my Grandmother and told her dream; that she dreamt she was walking over Sidbury Hill, and a Serpent met her, and stung her to death. My Grandmother was alarmed about the other's dream and death, and begged her for her life, never to go that way alone; and to prevent any dangers happening to her going home, my Grandmother said one of her servant men should carry her home; but now I cannot remember perfectly, whether she had the man to carry her home, as my Grandmother argued with her from the fate of the other, though I think she was not terrified from her dream, but said she could go home safe: however, my Grandmother would not let her, and one of my Grandfather's servants carried her home, as they were all alarmed about the other's death;

\* Molly Gardiner was the name of the servant.



but in carrying her home, they met no man at all, and she saw no dangers stood in her way, for which reason, she thought it folly in my Grandmother, to be so fearful of her walking alone ; and after that, within a week or a fortnight, I think it was, my Grandmother heard the news that she was found murdered at the very spot that she dreamt the Serpent met her ; and was judged like the former, to be ravished first and murdered after.—

**THE ANSWER OF THE SPIRIT.**

“ Now, Joanna, thee I'll answer.  
 As these women did appear,  
 Perfect so, I now do tell thee,  
 Satan's arts in all are here.  
 The Jews at first like cats did burst,  
 The howling noise they made,  
 They spit at me, like cats to be,  
 My Mother was betray'd,  
 I say the same, they slew her name,  
 And ravish'd then the Jews,  
 Till dead to me they all did flee,  
 And let them hear the news :  
 That they at first like cats did burst,  
 The howling noise they made,  
 Against their SAVIOUR they did burst—  
 Oh ! men, be not misled.  
 Like cats appear, they did come there,  
 And made such doleful cry ;  
 They howling then like cats appear'd—  
 They said in Blasphemy,  
 That I was come their priest and king,  
 A Saviour they'd destroy ;  
 And as I would not yield to them,  
 My life they would enjoy  
 It at the stake, they then did break,  
 And did like cats appear,  
 Because the noise they all did make  
 Is perfect like them here.  
 And now my Gospel you read through,  
 You'll see the likeness clear ;  
 What cats begin appear'd in men,  
 What noise they all did make ;  
 Until their Saviour they had slain,  
 And brought me to the stake !!!  
 That sure did come, in love to man,  
 As she did him behold ;  
 But when he told his bloody plan,  
 Her trembling heart grew cold ;  
 In agony she then did lay  
 When by his lust oppress'd,

And then his cursed love did see  
 Her faithful breast to thrust;  
 The dagger through, you all do know,  
 Went through her every soul,  
 And so she felt the fatal blow—  
 And now I tell you all,  
 Just like the Jews, that did refuse  
 My DYING LOVE for man,  
 You all may tremble at the news,  
 For *you like him do stand*.  
 You do appear, I tell you here,  
 You Jews in *every sound*;  
 For like the cats you did appear,  
 And then you struck the wound  
 To strike ME dead, and then you fled,  
 I tell you all, from ME.  
 So like that man, you Jews do stand,  
 And murdering cats you be:  
 Like them you howl, like them you scowl,  
 My blood you then did crave;  
 Upon your heads you said it should fall—  
 And now my blood you'll see  
 Shall now appear, your guilt to clear,  
 If you in grief do turn;  
 And like the man you'll now appear,  
 In conscience for to mourn;  
 For well I know his grief was so,  
 His life he could not bear;  
 He surely felt a Judas' woe,  
 And died in deep despair.  
 For like the first his grief did burst,  
 When ME he had betray'd;  
 For my disciple he was plac'd,  
 That brought this on my head.  
 Then now see clear the likeness here,  
*Her lover he profess'd,*  
 That afterwards he did appear  
 To wound her faithful breast:  
 For to betray, her murder lay  
 Committed by his hand;  
 And then his conscience him betray'd,  
 And made him leave the land;  
 Because that there he could not bear  
 Longer to remain;  
 But of his end they did not hear—  
 And now I tell you plain,  
 The end of man to all is come,  
 The murderers all shall flee;  
 But as you did not know the man,  
 What end did come to he;  
 So unto all, it now will fall,  
 Their end you will not know,  
 But fatal will their ruin be,  
 To them that strike the blow,

# Flod of Sheep

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Or do assume for to begin  
To strike the blow once more;  
You like the Gardener will be seen,  
In your own pits appear;  
As he did then, ye simple men,  
When digging of the grave;  
He thought the woman should be slain,  
His honour for to save;  
And money too, he then thought so,  
For he must then provide  
The helpless offspring to bring up,  
If he the wife denied:  
To make her so, he well did know,  
He must the trial bear;  
Unto expences this would go,  
Which he the whole did fear.  
So conscience deep that was asleep,  
Then digg'd the pit for all:  
Until he found his every net  
Had digg'd therein to fall.  
So I'll end here, and say no more,  
But to the Gentiles come:  
For here the Murder must appear,  
The Serpent is in them:  
Because that he doth silent lie,  
And stings them with a spear;  
A noise in he you do not see,  
Like cats for to appear;  
And so 'tis come, I say to man,  
The Gentiles they are here,  
For to betray, as she did say,  
The Serpent with his spear.  
I've shew'd you first how it did burst,  
The Jews like cats did slay,  
And so the woman she was cast,  
Her dream came round that way.  
But know the last, how that was plac'd,  
'Twas by the poisonous spear;  
You know in him no noise was seen—  
The Gentiles so are here;  
They do not break, like cats, to speak,  
Like Jews for to become;  
Because they had no footing here,  
The whole for to condemn.  
So silence see in them to be,  
Like adders they are found,  
That are deaf to every mystery—  
Then tremble at the sound.  
See how you are plac'd, ye fallen race,  
Like serpents to become,  
That do the Woman now disgrace,  
But have no foot to stand.  
I tell you plain, ye sons of men,  
That footing you have none,

The Woman here for to condemn,  
 But murder is your tone:  
 "In *silence lie, we'll make her die,*  
 "Her blood we'll surely spill:"  
 As I did then on Calvary,  
 By Cats, judge as you will.  
 But now 'tis here, I'll prove it clear,  
 Like Serpents you are come,  
 And silent lie that she may die,  
 Your sting this way is known.  
 Then of the two, I tell you true,  
*The Jews are now the BEST:*  
 The NATURAL BRANCH is in my view,  
 And the WILD OLIVE cast.  
 So now see plain, ye sons of men,  
 How these two Women stand:  
 This very thing I did ordain,  
 To bring it to the land;  
 Because that here you can't appear  
 'To prove the Fable wrong;  
 For see the noise the Jews did make,  
 When I to them did come;  
 But now again the SECOND TIME,  
 Like *Serpents* you appear;  
 And I have tried you every way,  
 No noise in you I hear;  
 But silent lie, *that all may die—*  
 And thousands you will kill,  
 I tell you, by your silent spears;  
 Now judge this as you will:  
 Your footing's lost, and you may boast  
 Like the deaf adders here,  
 No other way, to thee I say,  
 They ever can appear,  
 Unless they see the mystery—  
 The woman then with child;  
 That just like her they certain be  
 By Satan's arts beguil'd;  
 Then they'll see clear he doth appear  
 'To dig the pit for all;  
 And to go further, such will fear,  
 That they their end shall fall;  
 Because they'll see, as deep as thee,  
 These Parables do stand,  
 That surely were ordain'd by ME  
 To bring all to the land.—  
 So MY EXPRESS must thus go forth,  
 The HORN to BLOW for all;  
 I've laid a way you did not see  
 In bye paths this to call;  
 A way unknown to man I'm come,  
 For so I said it should be;  
 And in a day, I now do say,  
 The TRUTH they all will see,  
 Men to appear, as thou said'st here,  
 Like Empty Bottles come;

But if I find them trembling here,  
*I'll fill them up with WINE.*  
So let thy Fable now appear,  
I'll answer thee again."

It was a thing that I thought of a lady at Exeter, whom a very empty prodigal man went a courting to, thinking to gain her fortune, as he was in danger of breaking every day; but the lady was told of his circumstances; and one day when he came to dine with her, the lady asked him what he chused to drink? He said wine. The lady had agreed with her servant before, and ordered the gentleman a bottle of wine. The footman brought a bottle corked close, as if it were full of wine, but no wine was in it, and put the bottle on the side table. She desired the pretended gentleman to draw the cork, and help himself to a glass of wine. The gentleman drew the cork, and said, "Oh, madam, this bottle is full of emptiness." "Yes, sir," she replied gravely, "and so are you;" and then laughed at his folly, to make any attempt to come to her. I said Miss Townley might say the same by the Clergy, that they were full of emptiness, by the impudent and ignorant letters they have sent her, which a plough boy would have been ashamed to have sent. This made Joanna see mankind as full of emptiness as the bottle was that the lady produced to the gentleman, that when the cork was drawn there was nothing there; and they have drawn their pens the same, and might well *be ashamed* to own their names; for how could they answer to see their letters with their *broken wisdom*, like the gentleman that went to the lady with a broken fortune? And when he missed his aim there, he soon discovered he was as empty as she shewed him, for he broke soon after; and just so will all their empty wisdom break into folly:—"For they will soon find they have a God to deal with, and not a simple woman, that they would defile and murder—as the two wo-

men mentioned by thy Grandmother ; but now they shall find I WILL AWAKE, and PROTECT THE WOMAN, as the Gentleman did, who rose at midnight to save her life."

" For so I say, my midnight now is past,  
To blow the Horn, and shew how all must burst;  
For my Dispatches they shall so appear,  
And with the dawning morn begin it here,  
To blow the Trumpet at the dawning day,  
And with the RISING SUN it now must fly—  
To say the Years of Jubilee are come,  
The Ransom'd Sinners they may now return;  
And so my Horn that day it shall go through,  
And bring the setting Sun before their view,  
With the Dispatch that I to all do send:  
Because these things I surely did ordain  
As Types and Shadows, for to place before;  
And I let Satan for to work it there,  
His every cursed art to work in man,  
To shew how Woman *felt his artful hand*,  
And by his power he made the Woman fall:  
I tell you plain, these Men are Types of Hell;  
And Types of Hell you'd let them still appear,  
If like the Master I did not appear,  
To cast the Villain in the Pit he digg'd,  
While all the nations are in sorrow big;  
For big with sorrow all the lands I see,  
Just as the woman nam'd by thee.—  
And now another Fable I shall place,  
And then I'll tell thee how I'll answer this."

It was of a pretended great Gentleman, who went a courting to Ladies at a great distance, and pretended he was a going to marry them, but when they did come, he robbed and murdered them ; and to conceal his villainy, he would make a visit to their parents, to come and see them ; and when the parents affirmed they had not seen their daughters since, nor the maid that attended them, he would pretend to be in the greatest agonies possible, fearing some other rival had run away with them. In this practice he continued for some time ; at last he went a courting to a single lady, who had no parents to protect her at all, and she was jealous of him ; but to find out the truth of her jealousy, she was determined to have a servant man to go with her, and he (the gentleman) had invited another

lady to accompany her; but as they did not live all on one road, they did not go together, but appointed to meet together at his house. The single lady, that was on horseback, espied him at a great distance from his house, walking with the other lady. She said to her servant man, "I'll alight and run in, and search his house," and charged him not to stir from the place where she left him. She went up stairs, and saw a great many ladies' hands cut off, stuck full of diamonds and gold rings, and she had the courage to pick up some, and put in her pocket.—She saw written behind the door—

"Be bold, but not too bold,  
"Lest your hearts' blood grow cold."

She had the courage to write in answer—

"Bold I am, and bold I'll be,  
"Further I'll go, and more I'll see."

After she had gone through the whole, and had seen the ladies' rich apparel, which he had taken from them, when he murdered them; she espied him coming with the lady, and fearing to run out of doors, lest she should be caught, she saw a little door that went in under the stairs, where she slipped in, and pulled fast the door. She heard him say to the lady, her companion was not come, and he would go up stairs and shew her his rooms.—Here her heart began to tremble for her companion; but knew, if she discovered herself, she could not save the other's life. The other's heart began to tremble when he offered to take her up stairs, knowing herself a single lady in the hands of a gentleman; he then began to force her up stairs, which alarmed her jealousy the more, and she put her hand to the bannister to keep herself back; and he immediately took out his knife and cut her hand off, and let her know her fatal doom when he had dragged her up stairs. The shrieks and cries of the lady prevented his hearing her get out of the closet that

was under the stairs, and the lady's hand dropped into her lap through a hole in the stairs. She wrapped it in her handkerchief, and ran to her servant, while the bustle of the murder was up stairs, and she rode home as fast as she could. And judging he would come to see her the next day, she invited a large company of ladies and gentlemen to dine with her. He came as she expected, and all the gentlemen and ladies ; she sent word she was not very well, that she had got a cold, and begged he would amuse himself with the company till dinner was brought in, and by that time she should be able to get up and come down. In the mean time she ordered her servant to have a strong guard of constables round the house, to take him if he offered to flee through jealousy. When this was done, she had an elegant dinner carried in, and then she entered pale as death, and he professed to be sorry to see her so poorly. She said she hoped she should be better by and by. He then complimented her upon her elegant dinner ; she said, Yes, sir, but *I have a much finer dish for you than any one that is here.* At these words he turned pale, and jealousy alarmed his breast ; he feared that as he had done to others, the Lord would requite him : she immediately ordered her servant to go out and bring in that dish, which she had shewn him. The servant went out and brought in a dish with the ladies' hands, and the rings that he had cut off placed round the dish ! He saw his destiny then too late—that the just judgment of God had overtaken him. He fell almost lifeless on the floor, and was taken to jail, where he received the just punishment due to his cursed crimes.

#### THE ANSWER OF THE SPIRIT.

“ Now, Joanna, I will answer thee. As the Lady placed that man's murder before his view, so have I placed Satan's murders before him in thy Sixth Book, shewing how he murdered all the WOMAN'S GOOD



SEED throughout : and now I shall place this to ——— and to thee. For that Parable stands a Type for *Satan's end*. It was him that worked in ———, to desire thee to come to her house; for he thought as he had slain the other before, he might by arts slay thee also; but as soon as his murderous arts appeared, that he had slain all her faith, I took thee from the house, and then he followed thee like the man in thy Dispute. But I had a strong guard of angels round thee, as the Lady had of men; therefore when he told thee to be bold, but not too bold, lest thy heart's blood grew cold, it was I that gave thee courage to answer, Bold I am and bold I'll be, further I'll go, and more I'll see :"

Which gave thee courage to go on,  
And I'll condemn him by thy hand,  
That shall against *him* now appear :  
I'll make the wretch to tremble there,  
When that before him all do come,  
He'll feel his doom is like the man  
That did the woman so betray.  
For so their lives he took away  
In every age that's past and gone.  
But know by wisdom this was done,  
Her jealousy it did appear,  
To know the truth she ventur'd there,  
And to the house she went alone,  
Until she pass'd through every room,  
Where robes of innocence did lie!  
For his black arts, did them betray,  
And so she saw the rings appear,  
Upon the murder'd fingers there;  
And so the RINGS OF FAITH, I know,  
Are oft by Satan murder'd so.  
Their Rings of Faith he takes away,  
And so their lives he doth betray,  
And strips them of their every robe,  
That should bring them unto their God:  
And so his arts do men betray,  
Their innocence he takes away,  
Until the Ring of Faith be lost,  
And so of murder he doth boast,  
And hath gone on unto this day,  
Until MY WISDOM here did lay,  
To place thee in that Woman's room,  
To bring on him his final doom.  
And so thy faith I strengthen'd on  
For to go on as she began;  
In jealousy thou didst appear;  
To know the truth thou ventur'd there, -

And did go on from room to room  
 Till thou beganndst to fear thy doom,  
 Because a Lady he brought in  
 That by his powerful arts he'd slain;  
 That then the mystery thou didst see,  
 That she was murder'd then by *He*,  
 In every faith that she had got!!  
 But know, before what thou hast wrote,  
 "That bold I am, and bold I'll be,  
 "Further I'll go, and more I'll see."  
 And so alone thou hast travell'd on,  
 And wert supported then by man,  
 That did in faith stand strong with thee  
 His subtle arts that thou might see.  
 And so his subtle arts did come,  
 The murder'd woman must be known,  
 He told her thou should'st fall the same,  
 When by his arts he did inflame  
 Her heart in unbelief to burn;  
 Then back her cloathing thou didst turn  
 That he may now possess the whole,  
 For in her heart he strong doth rule.  
 And in the end all souls will see,  
 The Mysteries deep of *her and thee*.  
 Because the likeness doth appear,  
 Thou travellest on in wisdom here;  
 Procur'd the words the *Villain spoke*,  
 Because *that way* he now shall drop.  
 And so like her, thou must go on,  
 'Till to the purpose all do come:  
 And then thy dying looks they'll see,  
 Will fill *his heart* with jealousy.  
*And soon thy Book shall make him fall;*  
 And paler than the whited wall,  
 I tell thee, thou wilt see the man,  
 That hath been guided by his plan.  
 So from the woman you see here,  
 The way his death must now appear!!!  
 But if thy faith should now give up,  
 There is no room for man to hope:  
 For if the Lady then had died  
 In trembling fears, when there she lied,  
 His murder then could not appear;  
 Had she grown faint and fainted there,  
 Before the other's life was fled,  
 That he had done the murderous deed,  
 Then sure her flight could never come,  
 Her fainting fears would her undone;  
 And others must have fell the same;  
 His practice he would have carried on.  
 So by her **COURAGE** she did save  
 Her life that day then from the grave,  
 And many others from that doom—  
 Discern the Parable, ye men!!  
 Because I tell you it goes deep,  
 What of this woman now I speak,

For so will be the *end* of *HELL*:  
No more against her do you swell  
Unless your Daughters you'd destroy,  
And he go on for to enjoy  
His murderous schemes, I say, the same,  
And let this Woman you inflame,  
To think of what she did go through,  
To bring the Murderer to your view,  
To stop *his hand* and slay no more—  
And now I'll end this Fable here,  
Which is of Women, that did come;  
But now I'll bring it unto Man,  
The Alarming Drum *the whole must clear*,  
And let the Fable now appear.

The fable was of a gentleman and his man, who were benighted and came to a private inn. The man went out to rub down the horses; and putting his hand under the manger for a lock of hay he felt a man's head. He went in and told his master, what house they were in. The master said, if we both go away they will be jealous; therefore, you go and take my horse and ride to the town as fast as you can, for a regiment of soldiers; and tell them you are going for a particular paper for me to write on. The man went as his master ordered; but the ostler came to him, and begged to let him go. The man said, it was as much as his place was worth, for if he let another go in his room he would never keep him another day; and his master's paper was at a particular shop, and no man could get it but himself. With these arguments he prevailed on the ostler to let him go; and as fast as his horse could go he went back to the town, which was five or six miles off. After the man was gone some time, two villains came into the room and asked the master, which should be his murderer? He said, he hoped neither. They told him, yes, one or the other must. He said then, he hoped they would spare his life till he saw his servant and they might die together. They said, when the servant came back he should meet with the same fate; but he must die then. When the gentleman found nothing would do, he said, then he hoped

if he must die, they would give him one hour to make his peace with God, as he must die. Devils as they were, the restraining hand of God was with them, that they gave him that hour, and turned up an hour-glass; and there was but a thimble of the sand to run, when they heard the drums of the soldiers beat aloud; then the villains immediately fled, and knew they were betrayed, by the same hands they had betrayed and murdered others; but though they fled they were pursued, and every one was taken; and the house was put down never more to be a public house after, that no more such devils might go in their room, to murder others as they had done.

#### THE ANSWER OF THE SPIRIT.

“ Now, Joanna, thee I'll answer:

From this Parable appears

The *last hour* is approaching,

And the sand for man is near.

Because *their death* for to bring forth

*Satan is strong in man*:

And if they do not wisely act,

Their murders all will come.

Because that two, bring to thy view,

At the Lower Moor did die\*:

For Satan had inflam'd them so,

That the Devil was in thee:

So both did die, I tell thee why,

By Satan's artful hand,

Because in they he strong appear'd,

For there the *Type* doth stand.

So they are dead and both are fled;

Then let the world take care,

That it don't fall that way to all;

The Alarming Drum is near,

For men to free from misery,

That Satan now would slay.

The travellers they must fall like he

That under the manger lay

Had they not come, in wisdom strong,

In wisdom to appear—

You all must own 'twas wisely done:

The Parable see clear,

That I have plac'd: ye fallen race,

'Tis wisdom now must shine.

I ask what learning then could clear

The man's life at that time?

No; 'twould not do, I tell you so,

Then wisdom's ways now see;

\* See page 32, of this Book.

# Flock of Sheep

( 77 )

It is by wisdom you must go,  
If now preserv'd you be;  
For wisdom here did bright appear,  
The lives of both to save;  
And wisdom here, I'll prove it clear,  
Must keep you from the grave,  
That Satan here, did strong appear,  
I say to dig for all!!!  
The Alarming Drum will *soon be known*,  
To prove from whence the call;  
For men will see, as deep as he,  
Their lives stand now at stake;  
For Satan's come their lives to claim—  
The Alarming Drum will break:  
Then happy men that now begin  
To see their death is near;  
And by their wisdom will contend,  
To bring MY SOLDIERS near,  
That at the grave their lives to save;  
For Satan threatens so,  
That all their lives he now will have,  
Then let my servants go;  
In wisdom here let them appear  
And all MY SOLDIERS bring.  
It was in wisdom then he said,  
His master plain was seen;  
So wisdom here let it appear,  
Learning will never do;  
For no philosophers could clear,  
Such wisdom to pursue,  
As then was done by they two men;  
Then wisdom fast pursue,  
And then you'll all find in the end  
Like them two you will do:  
Yourselves to free from misery,  
And make your foes be cast;  
Then all the houses I'll put down,  
Where Satan's rage doth burst;  
To murder all, both great and small,  
The single hour they'll see:  
When the *last sand is nearly run*,  
*Alarming Drums will be*  
Their lives to save, when near the grave  
Their deaths seem to appear;  
The Alarming Drum they'll see will come,  
And their deliverance near.  
So thus I'll end, for I intend  
Men's wisdom for to try;  
And from the Parables that are penn'd,  
The end for all draws nigh.  
So MY EXPRESS must thus go forth,  
The dawning day appear—  
And from the rising of the Sun,  
The Fables all are here.

But from the day, I now do say,  
 I shall the whole go through,  
 And from the Setting of the Sun  
 The sparkling light you know,  
 That doth appear from Fables here,  
 And wise you'll see the end;  
 But wisdom's paths despis'd they are;  
 'Tis deep what thou hast penn'd.  
 So I'll end here, and say no more,  
*But MY EXPRESS must fly;*  
 And tell my soldiers to take care,  
 The Alarming Drum is nigh.  
 The sand's near run, the hour's near gone,  
 The manger they will see;  
 If they in Wisdom do not come,  
 They all will die like HE."

*Sunday, 12 o'clock at Night.*

FROM MISS TOWNLEY TO MR. SHARP.

*Tuesday Afternoon, June 26, 1804.*

We have sent away two long letters to the Reverend Mr. Foley, with the events of Monday and to-day, with a very extraordinary Parable explained; but as I could not go through the events of the evening in Mr. Foley's, I shall continue them in your's. And here you may puzzle your head a little more, and wonder from whence the beginning of this all sprung, as the events of the day are all concealed from you; and a wondrous day it was.—A little after ten o'clock last night, Joanna was ordered to take up her bed and walk. She went out of bed and walked hastily up and down the room: at last the SPIRIT OF THE LORD entered into her with POWER, saying, he would fulfil the Parable that she had been writing; for now, HE *had proved the Devil the liar* by the two witnesses; and as Satan had walked up and down the earth hitherto, the Lord would walk up and down the earth NOW; for he was come in MAJESTY and in POWER, too great for us to bear if he came in his *own* PERSON; we could not bear him in that DIVINE MAJESTY AND POWER, appearing in his own person, speaking in words he was then speaking in her:—How he would claim

the earth for HIS OWN—How he would destroy the works of the Devil—How he was treading the wine press of his Father's wrath against the Devil.—“ But should I appear in my OWN PERSON—Should I appear in MY OWN POWER—Should I appear in my own MAJESTY, you would all tremble to stand before ME. Therefore I am come IN SPIRIT in the Woman, to declare my Father's will unto men. You are my two witnesses against the Devil—Fear not Lydia; be not terrified my friends; for I AM in THE SPIRIT, and I will destroy your enemy; I will destroy my adversary.—Warn my disciples; for I will come in MAJESTY and GREAT POWER; but how could you bear it, if I came in MYSELF, to declare these things? No, I tell you, I must come in the Woman, to destroy all the works of the Devil—and in THE WOMAN I NOW APPEAR—Therefore, Satan, feel thy doom; thou hast belied her—thou first betrayed her—and now she hath obeyed ME thou hast belied her. Therefore thou shalt feel the rod of my vengeance; and a new gallows shall now come for thee: here are my two witnesses, to witness against thee.—Fear not ye women; fear not my Lydia; fear not my Mother; fear not my Sister—I will be your Saviour—I will be your Conqueror—I will tread the liar between my feet; he shall feel the weight of my fury; he shall tremble and fall before ME.—I am present in the WOMAN'S FORM — But in my OWN FORM you could not bear ME—In my OWN FORM you would tremble before ME; therefore I come in the Woman, in a way that ye can bear, to declare my loving kindness to the children of men.—My FAITHFULNESS and GOODNESS I will not keep back: For with the faithful I will deal faithfully; and with the upright now I will deal uprightly; but with the froward I shall deal frowardly; and with hell I will deal with fury; for he shall not walk up and down in the earth as he has done; I will cut him off—and walk up and down in his room; I will claim the KINGDOM for MY OWN, and I

will walk up and down in it—I will come in MAJESTY—I will come in POWER. But should I appear so now, you women would fear and tremble ! But fear not, ye women, I AM with you—I will protect you—and I will destroy your enemy that came with lies against you. My Promises are sure, and I will fulfil them ; for I said the gallows should be for the liar ; and my lands should come to the heir with my Daughter that spoke the truth. Therefore tremble now, Oh Satan ! thou shalt feel the weight of my fury :—for as thou putttest thy garters across the fan, this day, and thoughttest to thyself it was like Woollands words, throwing villains one on the one side of the gallows and the other on the other ; and so I said, I would throw Satan and his accomplices, that had tied and bound thy feet so long ; for which reason, thou didst throw them so hastily on the floor, and desired Underwood to pick them up and put them into the fire, as thou wouldst never touch them more. And so the fire of my anger shall now destroy all the works of the Devil, and all the powers of the Devil. But here thou must stop, and tell the sense before thou goest further : the greatest part of the words before it came to thy garters, was delivered by me last night, but some words were spoken, that I have not repeated now.” And now I shall speak from myself : After I was ordered to take up my bed and walk, I went immediately out of bed and walked up and down the room, for I knew the Lord did not mean me to take my bed at my back ; so I went out with my pondering thoughts, of the Parable I had been writing in the day, and the abominable lies of the Devil. All of a sudden the Spirit entered in me with such power and fury, that my senses seemed lost ; I felt as though I had power to shake the house down, and yet I felt as though I could walk in air, at the time the Spirit remained in me ; but did not remember many words I said, as they were delivered with such fury that took my senses ; but as soon as



the Spirit had left me, I grew weak as before. Now what was spoke through me last night, I cannot recollect myself, but I was ordered to pen the words, as they were spoken to me now; so Miss Townley and Underwood can be better judges of the likeness of the words than I can; but I perfectly remember these words, "That if he came in his own PERSON, MIGHT, MAJESTY, and POWER, that we women should be afraid." To the best of our remembrance, say Townley and Underwood, they are the very words that were spoken last night, from eleven till twelve, and much more was spoken, as the words flowed much faster than any pen could write them; and the room shook so violently that we were obliged to take the things off the drawers. I laid upon the bed, as perfectly quiet and composed, listening to all she said; Underwood stood at the feet of the bed, looking at her and listening with the same attention; but neither of us felt any fear; and Joanna saith she felt nothing but joy and power.

But here she must introduce a Parable. It was of a Knight that was travelling and benighted; and hearing the mistress of the house, where he stopped, crying out, he asked, What was the matter? They said, she was in child-bed. He went out and looked at the planets, and the child that was that moment born, he believed must be his wife. He went in and asked the farmer, if she was brought to bed? The farmer said, yes. He asked, what it was? He said, a girl. He got lodgings for the gentleman hard by. He finding that child was born for him made him restless all the night. I shall pen the story as I heard it.

The Knight he did tumble and toss in his bed,  
- And many strange projects came into his head;  
With a vexing heart, next morning he rose,  
And so to the house of the Farmer he goes,  
And asked the man with a heart full of spite,  
If the Child was alive; that was born the last night?  
"Werthy Sir," says the Farmer, "although I am poor,  
I had one born last night, and six heretofore.  
Four sons and three daughters I now have alive,  
They are all in good health and are likely to thrive."

"Well, then," said the Knight, "if seven you have,  
 Give me the youngest, I'll keep her most brave,  
 For I am a Knight of a noble degree,  
 And if you will part with the child unto me,  
 Full three thousand pounds I'll unto thee give,  
 When I from your hand your daughter receive.  
 The Father and Mother with tears in their eyes,  
 Did hear the kind offer, and both were surpris'd.  
 They deliver'd unto him the sweet babe on that day,  
 And with her he rode on till he came to some sea.  
 He said if you live, you must be my wife,  
 But I am resolv'd to bereave you of life.  
 So he took the sweet Babe, and then threw her in—  
 But mind how good fortune for her did provide,  
 She was then driven back on the waves by the tide,  
 And a man that was a fishing as fortune would have—  
 When she was a floating along with the wave;  
 He then took her up but quite in a maze,  
 He kiss'd her, and press'd her, and on her did gaze;  
 And said, "he had never a child in his life,  
 "And now I will carry this home to my wife."  
 The wife was well pleased the child for to see,  
 And said "my dear husband, be ruled by me,  
 "For as we have no child, if you'll let me alone,  
 "We'll keep this dear infant, and call it our own."  
 The good man consented, as now we are told,  
 And spared for neither silver nor gold;  
 Until that she was eleven full years,  
 And then her sweet beauty began to appear,  
 The Fisherman was drinking one day at an inn,  
 And several gentlemen were there drinking with him,  
 The woman sent the girl her husband to call home,  
 And when she into the drinking room came,  
 The gentlemen there were amaz'd for to see,  
 The Fisherman's Daughter so full of beauty;  
 They asked the Fisherman if the child was his own?  
 He replied, on the seas the infant was thrown.  
 The Knight in the company these words he did hear,  
 And said he would give him a thousand for her.

The Fisherman then sold her to the Knight for  
 the money; the Knight told the child he would  
 send her to London in a coach to a brother of his,  
 where she should be brought up like a lady; but  
 he wrote a letter and put it in the portmanteau and  
 said to his brother—

"With sword or with poison destroy her this night,  
 "And not let her live till the next morning light."  
 But a thief in the night, with an evil intent,  
 To rob the portmanteau immediately went;  
 The thief was amazed when he then could not find  
 No gold nor no silver, nor nought to his mind,  
 But only a letter the which he did read.—

And soon put an end to this treacherous deed:  
The thief read the letter, and had so much grace,  
To tear it and write in the very same place:  
“ Dear Brother, receive this Maid now from me,  
“ And bring her up well, as a Maiden should be;  
“ Let her have good learning, dear Brother, I pray,  
“ Let servants wait on her by night and by day,  
“ And when that I come, I'll sufficiently pay.”  
The Maid was attended most nobly indeed,  
She'd men and maid servants to wait on her with speed.  
Before a twelvemonth this cruel Knight came about—  
And as the Knight and his Brother together did talk,  
He saw the fair Damsel in the garden to walk.  
She look'd then most beautiful, pleasant, and gay,  
Like to the sweet Iris, the Goddess of May:  
He was in a passion when he did her spy,  
And said most angry, “ Why, brother, why,  
“ Did you not do as in my letter I writ?”  
His brother reply'd, “ it is done every bit.”  
He shew'd him the letter that very same day,  
The Knight was amaz'd, but nothing did say.  
He said then the Girl shall now go with me;  
And with her he rode, 'till he came to some sea;  
He then look'd upon her with anger and spite,  
And spoke to the Damsel and bid her alight.—  
Then down from her horse she immediately went,  
And trembled to think what was his intent—  
“ Ne'er tremble,” said he, “ for this hour is your last,  
“ So pull off your cloathes, I command you in haste.”  
The Virgin with tears on her knees did reply,  
Saying, “ What have I done, Sir, that now I must die.  
“ Oh! pray let me know wherein I did offend,  
“ I'll stand on the sand each hour to make you amend.”  
He pull'd off his RING from his finger, and said—  
“ Pray look on it well, for the posey is plain,  
“ That you, when you see it, might know it again;  
“ I charge you for your life ne'er appear in my sight,  
“ For if you do I shall owe you a spite,  
“ Unless you do bring the same unto me,”  
With that, he let the Ring drop in the sea.  
Which when he had done, away he did go,  
And left her to wander in sorrow and woe.  
She rambl'd all night, at last did espy  
A homely poor cottage, and to it did hie;  
Being hungry and cold, and her heart full of grief,  
She went to this cottage to ask for relief.  
The people reliev'd her, and the next day  
They got her a service as they do now say,  
At a nobleman's house not far from the place,  
Where she did behave with a most noble grace.

One day she was opening a fish, and saw the gold ring, which she perceived with raptures of joy. Some years after, the Knight came to the

house where she lived to dine; he perceived the damsel in the gentleman's house, and asked her to take a walk with him, which she complied with; but as soon as he came out of sight of the people, he said, "You strumpet, did I not charge you for your life, never to appear in my sight?" She hastily answered him, "Not till I did bring the same ring that remember you dropped in the sea," which she returned to him. He received the ring and fell on his knees, and said, "Pardon, fair creature, I humbly pray, for thou hast a million of charms;" and then he married her, with raptures of joy and love.

#### THE ANSWER OF THE SPIRIT.

"Now mark the man. The thing was in the Womb of Providence, which he with all his might tried to prevent; but all his schemes would not do. The art of man, or the power of man is as nothing, to fight against the determined decrees of Jehovah. Pride tempted the man to withstand his happy fate, receiving a bride that was beautiful, young, and innocent. To see an infant born of mean parents, he could not bear to think that child should be the partner of his soul to complete his happiness; yet that child perfectly completed it after he had sought so many ways to destroy it. The ring made him fall at her feet, when she brought him the ring that he had cast away. This child I will place first to my birth, when the star appeared in the East, and the news was brought to the Wise Men, that I was born the PRINCE and SAVIOUR of MANKIND; they sought the young child's life to destroy it, but my flight into Egypt, like the child's being thrown into the sea, preserved my life: but here I know thy heart is puzzled, thy mind is confused—how can I bring the likeness of that child to myself, when I was destroyed and the child was preserved? No, I tell thee, there stands but the shadow, for I must come again in the Woman to fulfil the substance. So I shall go again to the shadow, of the fisherman who

first preserved her life. As Jonah's life was preserved in the sea ; so the man preserved the girl from the seas, to preserve her life for more fatal ruin ; for as thou sayest in thy heart, had not the heavens protected the child, she had better died in her infancy than to be sold as she was into the hands of the Knight, that might have seeked her ruin worse than death, if he had not seeked her death ; but kind Providence had been over-ruling to protect her. And now I hall come to the thief, and compare him with the thief upon the cross, after Judas had betrayed me and sold me. The thief upon the cross reproved the other thief, and spoke of me as the other wrote, —“ Remember me in thy Father's Kingdom.” —

*So here we ended, June 27, 1804.*

“ But here the subject I shall end,  
Suppose her then to die,  
No further on was my intend,  
‘To bring it on that way.  
Now, by this letter, I'll suppose  
The shadow to appear,  
And so my likeness then I'll close  
To go no further there:  
My Father's will for to fulfil  
I did go through for man:  
And now go back unto the child,  
How she at first was born:  
A destiny *design'd* to be,  
The PARTNER of man's soul;  
But Satan's arts did swell in he,  
And here's the fate of all.  
The arts of Hell began to swell,  
When I the Woman plac'd  
To be the PARTNER of his soul,  
Then Satan's rage did burst!!—  
But puzzling here it doth appear,  
I know thy mind's perplex'd;  
How I this thing can now compare,  
With the Creation fix'd;  
Because the man *was then* the plan,  
As thou the thing dost see;  
That sought the murder of the child,  
And after married she.  
Then how to man can this now stand?  
Is thy enquiry here.  
Then sure the Fall which was from *Hell*  
Doth now in man appear;

The way thou see the mystery,  
 The murder of the child;  
 Because by man 'twas carried on,  
*By Satan's arts beguil'd !!*  
 I tell thee so the Fall did go,  
 And must from man appear—  
 'The Fall of Man, I tell the plain  
 He cast the Woman there:  
 Because 'twas man did her condemn,  
 Then now begin to see;  
 The Woman's fall. I tell you all,  
 From Satan ne'er could be,  
 If man had come in love then strong  
 Condemn'd the Serpent first;  
 Then I must come in love to man,  
 And on the Serpent burst.  
 But he did say *another way*,  
 And like the Knight appear—  
 "The woman she did me betray,  
 "And I'll condemn her here;  
 "My destiny I now do see  
 "Is in the woman plac'd—  
 "And now myself I mean to free,  
 "And have the woman cast."  
 So he appear'd I tell thee there,  
 Just like the Knight become—  
 "My poverty I now do fear,  
 "The woman I'll condemn:"  
 So she was cast, the Knight did burst,  
 I tell you, like the Child;  
 The parents then did give her up,  
 And man is surely foil'd:  
 Because the RING shall sure be seen,  
*That in the seas was cast;*  
 And in the end you'll see it plain,  
 MY FISHES so will burst,  
 To bring the RING so plain to man  
 That they will then fall down,  
 And say the RING they do discern,  
 The truth in all was found.  
 The word at first it so did burst,  
 For in the sea, they then will say,  
 It was in sorrow cast!!  
 The woman on her trembling knees,  
 Did then in sorrows burst:  
 "What have I done ye simple men!"  
 And let her words appear,  
 'Tis INNOCENCE *that was betray'd*—  
 And see her PARENTS here,  
 They gave her up as they did hope  
 The man would faithful be;  
 And so the fall it then did drop,  
 When Satan did act like he;  
 To say the child I have beguil'd  
 And blessings she shall know.

So now your learned men are foil'd,  
For Satan work'd it so—  
The ruin first from him did burst,  
*As Satan laid the plan;*  
And so I tell you at the last,  
The end will come to man.  
When he do see the mystery,  
How Satan led him on,  
By every art he could invent,  
To frustrate my plan;  
I tell you so, I tell you true,  
This way doth man appear:  
Just like the Fable in your view,  
Mankind have sure been here—  
The planets see, your destiny,  
For heaven first laid the plan;  
The woman should your HELPMATE be,  
Your WEDDED BRIDES become;  
But you went on, ye simple men,  
For to condemn the whole!!!  
And in the seas you threw her then,  
Her seas of sorrow fell.  
To take her out, let no man doubt,  
But I did then ordain,  
And by the PROMISE that I made,  
I brought her out again,  
A BRIDE to MAN—behold MY PLAN,  
And the next PROMISE see,  
That over her, her LORD shall rule,  
And so the end shall be.  
So I'll go on from man to man,  
What sorrows did appear—  
When Heavens protect her at the first,  
By man preserved were;  
That kiss'd and prais'd, and on her gaz'd,  
And call'd her then his own.  
And as a child he did preserve,  
*Until the gold did come;*  
Then he betray'd, the child misled,  
For cursed gold was cast:  
You all must see the mystery,  
The way the Fable's plac'd:  
Sold unto one that then did come  
Her life for to betray—  
But mark the thief was found in man,  
That sav'd her LIFE that day.  
Because he tore what did appear,  
Her life for to destroy:  
And mark the words were written there—  
She honour should enjoy;  
And honour then to her did come—  
But here the lines go deep!!!  
The Knight did to his Brother come,  
While conscience was asleep:  
"You should have done as I command,"  
The Knight to him did cry;

When in the garden he saw her stand,  
 The GIRL *he doom'd to die!!!*  
 His Brother then he did begin  
 To answer, "it is so,  
 "Your Letter see 'tis done by me;"  
 And did the Letter shew.  
 Where, in a maze, the Knight did gaze,  
 And marvell'd how 'twas so;  
 The Letter there did so appear,  
*So different wrote by he;*  
 Her murder there for to appear,  
 And now preserv'd to be!!!  
 "In written hand my name doth stand,  
 "But who did forge it here  
 "I do not know"—the Knight thought so  
 "My deeds shall not appear.  
 "My Brother's blind, I now do find,  
 "To what I said before:  
 "I have not courage in my mind,  
 "To name the deed once more;  
 "So I'll conceal, and not reveal,  
 "What in my heart doth lie;  
 "The murder here shall now appear  
 "Conceal'd from man to die:  
 "So now with me the child shall be,  
 "And I'll destroy the whole."  
 So in disguise, before their eyes,  
 He thought to make her fall:  
 When in his hand the child did stand,  
 He took her then with he;  
 And when the seas he did command,  
 Her sorrows let her see:  
 "The seas are burst, and you are cast,  
 "And now condemn'd to die;  
 "Take off your cloathing at the last,"  
 Was then his every cry.  
 But she did not behold the stroke  
 Did to her heart appear;  
 And ask'd what evil she had wrought  
 That she must perish there?  
 Upon the sand she said she'd stand  
 Each hour to appear,  
 For to make him every amends,  
 If she did offend him there.  
 Then from the RING he did begin  
 To bring it to her view;  
 And bid her see the posey plain,  
 That she the RING *might know;*  
 If e'er again it should be seen  
 To come before her view,  
 Then she might boldly answer him,  
 From his own words pursue:



"You charged me" the child might say,  
 "Never for to appear,  
 "Unless the ring that I could bring,  
 "You in the seas dropt there."  
 So seas came on, and sorrows strong,  
 She wander'd then alone,  
 Without a friend for to defend,  
 To HEAVEN was all her moan ;  
 Then I did provide, as it was said,  
 Her strangers, in distress,  
 That did protect her in the night,  
 And calm'd her grief to rest.  
 The service there she did prepare,  
 And friends she there did see ;  
 Because the maid beloved were,  
 Then in the house you see ;  
 Her place not high, you all may cry,  
 A skullion maid become ;  
 And so the fish was clean'd by she,  
 Where she did find the RING  
 She kept with joy—would not destroy,  
 Though she might sold it there,  
 And bought her clothing at that time,  
 More fit for her to wear.  
 But *she did not*—now mark her lot,  
 By FAITH she kept the RING,  
 Because she judg'd her every lot  
*Depended on the thing.*  
 If ever more he should appear,  
 The RING her LIFE must save—  
 And as her FAITH to her was then,  
 The end it so did prove—  
 Because the Knight before your sight,  
 Did unto her appear,  
 When coming to her master's house,  
 He saw the damsel there,  
 Which made him *swell in rage from Hell*—  
 "Can I not her destroy ?  
 "It is by arts, I do know well,  
 "Her life I must enjoy :  
 "Begin by love the cause to prove,  
 "And take her from men's power,  
 "And when alone she makes her moan,  
 "I may her life devour."  
 So thus went on the arts of man—  
 A HERMIT in *disguise* ;  
 Because before him I did stand,  
 To make him act so wise ;  
 The RING at first for to be cast,  
 And say she might appear,  
 If e'er such wonder it should burst,  
 For her to see it more :  
 But wonders then, ye simple men,  
 Did unto him appear ;

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When she did remind him of his words,  
 And shew'd the RING was there.  
 Then from the RING I'll now begin,  
 All *Satan's power was broke*—  
 And as a man he there did stand,  
 Or did before her drop—  
 "Pardon, said he in agony,  
 "For wonders I behold!!!  
 "Millions of charms in thee must be,  
 "My fluttering heart grows cold;  
 "When I look back upon the stroke,  
 "How oft I've seek'd to slay  
 "The beauty bright before my sight,"  
 "That doth in wonders lay:  
 Wonders at first to me did burst  
 "When I the star beheld,  
 "That such an infant then was born  
 "For me to cloath with gold.  
 "No beauty then to me was seen  
 "To see a helpless child,  
 "Born of such parents that were mean,  
 "A Knight's heart to beguile;  
 "Ladies of fame I thought to claim,  
 "In title great with me;  
 "Therefore the heavens I judg'd unkind,  
 "To shew such destiny  
 "As did appear to me then clear,  
 "To let myself down low;  
 "But by the wonders that are here,  
 "No Knight so high can go;  
 "For where is one on earth can come,  
 "To shew that heaven's so kind,  
 "Such wonders for them e'er had done,  
 "To prove that love divine  
 "Have loved she from infancy,  
 "And Heavens did guard her so;  
 "Though Satan strong did seek her life  
 "In me, I well do know;  
 "Because my plan I must condemn,  
 "A murderer from the first;  
 "And so by arts I still went on,  
 "Till Innocence did burst;  
 "With truth appear before me there,  
 "And wonders to behold,  
 "None but a God kept off my rod,  
 "Though it made her heart grow cold,  
 "When I appear'd her murderer there  
 "To see her on the said:  
 "But being moved by her tears,  
 "I did the RING command,  
 "That she must bring ere she was seen  
 "Before me to appear.  
 "I ne'er could thought such wondrous thing,  
 "That heaven protected her.

" The RING to gain, ye simple men,  
" Let all your BRIDES appear,  
" With all their COSTLY DIADEMS,  
" But here's the GREATEST here.  
" To see the RING that I did fling,  
" And in the *seas did cast*,  
" And HEAVENS a Fish prepar'd for her  
" To bring it me at last;  
" I well might fall, I tell you all,  
" At HEAVEN's divine decrees;  
" You see her beauty is not small—  
" I now adore HIS ways,  
" That did her protect, and me kept back  
" From every fatal blow,  
" That Satan worked in my heart;  
" And 'twas from him I know,  
" That I went on in arts so strong,  
" While HEAVENS protect MY BRIDE,  
" That closer to my heart is come,  
" No millions here applied."  
Compar'd with SHE, the man did say,  
Her charms were millions there.  
I'll answer thee another day,  
My Bible so compare:  
But men I'll see what in them be,  
Their judgment let them pass;  
And then I'll prove the mystery,  
My Bible so is plac'd;  
And so must end, I say to men,  
If you your Bibles see;  
As he the planets did discern,  
Her murderer he can't be.  
So now in print let this appear  
To *try the heads* of men,  
And with their BIBLES this compare,  
And like the Knight become,  
That heard the cry, as he did say,  
The mother and the child;  
He view'd the planets for to see  
What fortune on him smil'd;  
And did discern in her his own,  
Which he did first reject;  
Till heavenly stars made her his own,  
By WONDERS to protect.  
So wonders here do strong appear,  
Much greater than the child:  
Which in the end you'll all see clear,  
BLESS GOD *you all were foil'd*.  
Her life to kill, her blood to spill,  
Like him you do pursue;  
But sure like him your end will come,  
Whose hearts are just and true;  
Like him relent, like him repent,  
When you her tears do see;

And say—" the RING if it can be seen.  
" We'll gladly wed with thee.  
" So now we'll try where this doth lie,  
" The wonders do appear;  
" Then like the man we all shall stand,  
" And say her charms are great,  
" And all is done by Heaven's command,  
" Though we laid every net,  
" To frustrate HIS just decrees,  
" That do in WISDOM shine.  
" But how can man with Heavens contend?  
" The folly of mankind  
" We plain do see, for now like he,  
" We'll fall before HIS feet.  
" For though the shadow stands in she  
" 'Tis Christ made her complete,  
" Our helpmate here for to appear:  
" Bring back the RING again,  
" Then the New Covenant is clear,  
" The Bible we see plain,  
" Is come to man just like the Ring,  
" That he cast in the sea,  
" And by the fish it plain is seen,  
" He hath brought it back this way;  
" Again the same, we know HIS NAME,  
" JEHOVAH this hath done;"  
Then now see clear the Marriage here,  
The MARRIAGE OF THE LAMB.

THE END.

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