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THE  
SECOND BOOK  
OF THE  
**SEALED PROPHECIES.**

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AN ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC, WRITTEN IN 1796.

*Taken from the Sealed Writings of Joanna Southcott,  
February 20, the Fast Day, 1805.*

**G**IVE ear, O Heavens ! and be astonished, O Earth ! the Lord hath a controversy with his people : Have I nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against ME ? What fault did your fathers find in ME, that ye seek after other gods to your hurt ? But to come to the purpose : wherefore have we fasted, say ye, and the Lord regardeth us not ? Have ye not fasted for strife and debate, and to smite with the fist of wickedness ? If ye lift up your hands against ME shall ye prosper ? Now bring forth your arguments, shew your strong reasons, why ye complain of judgments in your land ? Why do ye grope for the wall like the blind, and stumble at the noon-day sun ? and will ye still go on till ye roar like bears, and mourn sore like doves, and be in desolate places, as dead men ? Where are your Bibles ? Is the word of God become as a book that is sealed, that neither learned nor unlearned can read it ? Is it not written, when I come from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, treading the wine-press of my Father's wrath, that the day of vengeance was in my heart ? And is

A

S. Rousseau, Printer,  
Wood Street, Spa Fields.

it not written, that as I once trod it for sinners I will tread it against them? *Revelation* xix. Presumptuous men, will ye tread it against ME, when I have said I would destroy Babylon, and all the gods that they set up? for they shall eat the flesh of kings, and the flesh of captains, and I will destroy the work of men's hands: It is I that bound their kings in chains and their nobles in fetters of iron. As they trust in man, let them see if man can deliver them, and flee to their popes to establish their throne; then will I own they have power to pardon; but if not, look unto ME, all ye to the ends of the earth, and be ye saved: he that will not look to the Cross at Calvary for salvation, will surely perish, for the Lord hath spoken it; then let not men be mockers, lest their hands be made strong: for I have heard from the Lord God a consumption, even a determination upon the whole earth.

Judge not these lines to be the wisdom of man, for they are spoken to me by an invisible Spirit, that told me in 1792, what was coming on this nation and all others, and to seal it up; and these seals have not been broken since, as can be proved by reputable witnesses\*; and every year I have been told what would happen, and ordered to warn the nation of their dangers in keeping on the war; but was prevented publishing it by unbelievers, who said the war would not last long, and that peace and plenty would soon be in our land; and did not believe the Spirit that told me all things was true. So I deferred till I saw their unbelief prevented nothing, but all came on as I was foretold. And now I say God is true, and I may say in my haste all men are liars, as I see they prophesy out of their own hearts and have seen nothing; and their words are wrong, but the words of the Spirit are true. If any serious divine wishes to know what foundation I build upon, to warn men of dangers that they think I have no grounds for, I am ready to prove

\* This is explained in the book of the Trial.

### PROPHECIES THEREIN NOW MADE MANIFEST. 3

by my sealed writings, which I can prove were never broken : the one sealed in 1792 ; the second sealed in 1794 ; the third in 1795 ; the last in 1796, with witnesses. Quench not the Spirit, despise not Prophecies, unless you deny the knowledge of the Lord, and make your Bibles of no effect.

*The Explanation of the above, given to JOANNA  
by the SPIRIT, Wednesday, Feb. 20, 1805.*

“ Now I shall answer thee the meaning of this letter, why I ordered thee to write it at that time, and concealed from thee why it should not go in print at that time, till after thou hadst written it. But now remember the title \*, that I ordered thee to put in print, is like the address to the public that I ordered thee then to write ; but writing at that time is to shew from types and shadows how things are spoken, as though they were immediately to be fulfilled. Now remember, when this was written thou thoughtest to have put it immediately in the paper in print, and knew no other till I forbade ; then it was sealed up at the end of the year for a time to come ; and now the time is come to shew the truth of the letter and the words that were penned. Now I shall go on to shew thee the words of men : from the time these words were written unto this day, how strong did men assure thee all dangers were over, of dearth, scarcity, and the continuation of war. How did they assure you in 1797 there would be a peace ? and how many assured thee the harvest would be good ? Now I ask thee if either of these came true ? In thy heart thou answerest, No : The words of the Spirit came true ; but the words of men were false. In 1797 they assured thee again of a good harvest ; but did that come true ? Thou answerest,

\* This alludes to the title of the Fourth Part of the Explanations of the Bible.

No : here the words of men were false, but the words of the Spirit were true. In the 1800, they assured thee again the harvest would be good ; but did their words come true ? Thou answerest, No : the words of men were false, but the words of the Spirit were true. Now I shall come to the 1801 : after thy prophecies were out in the world, of the three good harvests, thou knowest that the beginning of that harvest was with rain ; and many told thee the fervent sun that came between the showers would make the corn fall out in the field, and bring a greater dearth than the former ; but did their words come true ? Thou answerest, No : I stopped the rain in the midst of their dangers, as I promised thee before, *for the sake of those who enquired to know the truth.* Here the words of the Spirit came true, but the words of men were false. Again, in 1802, thou knowest when they were ringing for peace, I told thee the war would break out in the following year ; but no man believed thee, unless it was they that believed the word of God was come to thee ; for they believed the word of the Lord would be true, and true thou hast found it ; but wrong was the judgment of men. So in all things thou canst now say boldly, let God be true, and every man a liar, that denieth the truth of his words : for where is the truth thou canst prove from men ? or where is their judgment that thou canst rely on ? In thy heart thou answerest none, neither in wisdom nor in truth ; but from the Spirit thou seest wisdom and truth before thee. So here is the truth of the words now fulfilled with a double witness ; the witness of the Spirit, that thou hast seen before from the truth, and the witness of the Spirit thou hast seen since ; so now thou canst boldly affirm thy own words : that men prophesy out of their own hearts and have seen nothing, and their words are wrong ; but the Spirit is true. Here I have explained what followeth from thyself, and now I shall explain what

followeth further: This was to be published to the world, to know if any serious divine wished to know what foundation thou hadst for thy prophecies, and to make an enquiry. Now consider this was sealed up, concealed from the world, from 1796 to the 1801; then thy writings went out, to try the divines, and some made serious enquiry; but this advertisement did not stop there; consider the letters that have been sent to warn the clergy; consider the advertisements that have been in the papers, to warn all men; then now discern all men, though this was not put in the paper, nor published at the time I ordered thee to write it; yet it was a shadow of what was to come; and now see what hath followed in the course of years already, after its being so long sealed up from the world. And now I tell thee and all men, as these words were given to thee in 1796, and I ordered them to be put in print, but when thou wast going to obey I forbade it at that time, till the truth was more clear before thee; and now the truth is more clear before thee, the letter with my answer to it must go in print. I do not tell thee in the newspaper; but let it be written in a book, that all men might know that what I say I mean to accomplish, though it is not done immediately. Now as these words, that were written so many years ago, which thou judged must immediately be put in print, but was deferred till this time, and are now ordered to be put in print; perfectly so, I tell thee and all men, the prophecies that men have expected to be hastily fulfilled, and because they were not, think they never will, as thou never thoughtest the words I spoke to thee for the public would ever be made known, as it was then deferred; but I tell thee, deferring of a thing does not mean it shall never be done; and all that is deferred in thy writings shall perfectly be fulfilled, as these words must go in print, that thou didst write by my command to go in print in 1796. And now I shall explain to thee of the Revelation: know

## 6 THE TYPE OF THE LETTER OF 1796 CONTINUED.

when Babylon is destroyed, and the blood of the martyrs is avenged upon the Romans, it must come by the vengeance of Heaven, and not by the power of man. Now mark what began in France, and how the Romans were seeking their own destruction before other nations began to interfere; then to convince mankind I would not shew my judgments by the power of men; for then they would say no judgments had followed them but the power of other nations had cruelly destroyed them; so to prevent this judgment of men I raised them up and gave them power when other nations were fighting against them; but my judgments lie still behind; and when they think their troubles are over their destruction will come on. Now mark the judgments that were in Spain, by the plague, by the famine, by earthquakes, and by every trouble that was upon them; and these judgments would have went on till they were convinced the judgments of God were upon them, *if your land had not interfered with a war.* But if I destroy them with the sword of war, they must say the judgments and the power are of man, and not of God; therefore, I tell thee, ye are but preventing the judgments upon these nations, by your war and contending with them: but judgments are mine, and I shall repay them, and turn the blood of the martyrs back on their heads by my judgments, that they may see my Bible is fulfilled. Therefore it is written in the Revelation, it is I that tread the wine-press of my Father's wrath; but how can this be discerned if I give the power to man? then to man I give the victory; but I tell thee, when I come to fulfil my Bible, I will give no victory to man, unless it be through my commands, that all men may know it is I the Lord have done it, that all nations may fear my Name. Therefore I tell thee, no happiness can be in your land, nor any prosperity, as long as the sword of the war continues: for all nations shall know their visitations, and afflictions, and judgments

## THE MANNER OF THE JUDGMENTS EXPLAINED, 7

come from God, and not from man. Now let them discern what there is in all nations; and what hath followed your nation, ever since ye began in the war. Mark every harvest, how many bad harvests have followed since the war began, and how they were all foretold to come as judgments; and as judgments they have come. Now mark the words that I said to thee, or thou didst write them in my name—I have heard from the Lord God a consumption, even a determination upon the whole earth. A consumption meaneth consuming; and let them see how they have been consumed in all nations with different judgments; and yet these are but shadows of what is to come, as thy writing the words, in 1796, was but a shadow of its now being made public; perfectly so, I tell thee, as this hath been concealed from the world, that was ordered to go out in the world so long and not appear till now; so will every judgment that is threatened, and the destruction of all nations, appear in time that at present seemeth concealed. But how can this enlightened nation, that hath my Gospel, convince other nations of the fulfilment of the Bible, the truth of the Gospel, and the judgments of God, all as foretold, if they continue in war against them? Then all must appear to be the judgments of man and not of God: then how can ye fulfil my Gospel, while ye are thus fighting against me? Now let men of wisdom weigh this together; see in what manner all was spoken, and what hath followed since; and how all is explained; then judge for yourselves, if this nation can be my friends, to convince other nations that these judgments are come upon them, because they are not come to the Gospel; or convince them of their sins: they are for judgments left on record, that if they contend with them in the war, they cannot bring them to my Gospel. Here I shall end the explanation, and leave it for men to draw their judgments."

The following communication was given, after I had written the address for the paper in 1796 :

“ Now this letter thou hast written  
 In the paper it must go ;  
 For the words I did indite them,  
 And that every soul shall know.  
 If thou drawest back unto perdition  
 Fatal will thy ruin be ;  
 For I tell thee no physician  
 E'er can cure the wound of thee.  
 By perdition I do tell thee  
 'Tis if thou dost now draw back ;  
 If men say I shall deceive thee  
 Say my Promise is not slack :  
 Happy men that run the venture,  
 In the furnace for to go ;  
 There the flames thou knowest I quench'd them,  
 And thou'lt find the Promise true.  
 I have stopt the mouth of lions,  
 And assuag'd the powers of hell,  
 I have shook the trembling jailors,  
 And Jerusalem did make fall.  
 All this I have done already,  
 But in ignorance men go on ;  
 Then my wonders must go further,  
 To the purpose I shall come.  
 Greater wonders I shall shew them,  
 Prove my Bible all is true ;  
 Heathen nations I shall shake them,  
 And awake the stubborn Jews.  
 Now the circle\* thou must draw it,  
 As thou sawest it in the fast ;  
 Write the words by Woolland spoken,  
 And the end I'll crown at last.”

The following was given in 1796 ; severe and awful threatenings were spoken to me of this land, what should come upon them if unbelief abounded, which made me tremble, and I wrote the following words : Dear and merciful Lord God, thy threatenings are severe ; mercy is thy darling attribute, judgments are thy strange works ; to which I was answered :

“ Now stop thy hand and say no further:  
 Mercy it is trampled on ;  
 Strange ye say are all my judgments—  
 To the purpose thou art come :

\* This alludes to the circle and stars seen by Woolland on the Fast Day. See First Book of Sealed Prophecies, p. 26.



Strange is all hath been already,  
 Stranger things will soon be done,  
 And the way I have reveal'd it  
 Is a strange mystery unto man;  
 Then now strange works I have begun them,  
 Shew my judgments must appear,  
 As my mercies so are slighted,  
 Let them know my judgments near;  
 For my harvest is approaching,  
 And that every soul shall know;  
 Let the ploughers and the reapers  
 In one field together go.  
 There, I say, break up the fallows,  
 While the corn they do cut down,  
 In the barn the one to gather,  
 While ye all prepare the ground  
 For the crops that are ensuing—  
 Hasty must my work be done:  
 In my vineyard now be doing;  
 To the purpose all must come.  
 As the day is nearly ended,  
 So my Bible is the same;  
 For thou seest I well went through it,  
 And unto the Psalms 'tis come\*.  
 There thou knowest I said I'd end it—  
 Mark the letters how they stand†:  
 And I said should next confirm it—  
 They shall find me God and Man:  
 If as Man, I'll now confess it,  
 Much like Herod I will do;  
 If by wise men I am mocked,  
 Then my fury fast shall go,  
 And like Herod I'll pursue it—  
 Bring the child, or kill them all!  
 In all hearts I bid them bring him,  
 That he now may worshipp'd be;  
 Or I will destroy your children:  
 'Tis the guilty now must flee.  
 Dark's the night to thee approaching;  
 Dark the days are coming on:  
 For my Blood they all did clambur;  
 Now thou seest 'tis turn'd on man:  
 As the spots are on thy paper,  
 Full as black do men appear;  
 But I say I will not leave them  
 Till I've wash'd them white and fair.  
 When the daylight is approaching  
 Thou wilt further know my mind."

\* This alludes to the singing Psalms at the end of the Bible that Joanna was then reading in.

† The letters at the head of the sections of the cixx Psalm.

*March, 1796.*

Dear Lord, in mercy look down upon a sinful nation! open their eyes that they may see, unstop their ears that they may hear! Paul may plant, and Apollos may water, but it is thou, O Lord, must give the increase, or their labour is in vain.

## THE ANSWER OF THE LORD.

Now stop thy hand and say no more,  
Till I have fully answer'd here.  
Paul and Apollos both are warn'd,  
And I bid them both appear;  
Let them plant as I command it,  
And Apollos water too,  
I will surely give the increase,  
And I'll bring it to thy view;  
For my Bible doth affirm it,  
Like the trembling jailors be,  
And like doves unto the windows,  
Will the guilty sinners flee.  
Let the truth come all before them  
Written by some plainer hand,  
As thy writing is thy inditing  
Weak heads cannot understand;  
It is put into great mystery,  
And my Bible all is so;  
If the ignorant could explain it  
Learning's of no use below.  
In your labour all be doing,  
And your talents let them shine;  
Bring your Bible all together,  
And compare it with the times;  
For I said I would confirm it,  
And the truth I'll prove it so;  
For the BRIDE I'll prove is ready.  
All my truth to Man to shew;  
Prophecies are now approaching,  
Then my Spirit sure must come.  
I'll reveal the Revelation  
Plainly as 'twas spoke by John:  
Now the wine-press I am treading,  
And that every soul shall know;  
For the stubble I am cleansing,  
And my fury fast shall go.  
I've made war with other nations;  
Why will ye against ME rise?  
Deeply weigh the Revelation,  
Why my Gospel all despise?

## THE DREAM OF THE PLUMB-TREE EXPLAINED. II

When the learned shew their wisdom,  
I will every leaf unfold;  
But their talents first I'll try them,  
Then the truth shall all be told.  
Deeper doors I have to open,  
Deeper must my Spirit go;  
For the present I shall end it—  
Now thy dream I bid thee shew."

I dreamt I was in a garden and saw a large plumb-tree; the plumbs were thick and large, and weighed to the ground; some were green, some were red; and the people gathered them. Two flowers were on the tree that I gathered for plumbs, but found them nothing but poppy leaves, and threw them away,

### THE ANSWER OF THE LORD.

"Then now this dream I will explain:  
The mysteries here are deep.  
The plumbs were green, and some were red,  
And them they all did pick;  
The flowers thou didst gather there,  
But soon did throw away.  
Now here's the meaning of thy dream—  
I'll bring it to this day:  
The plumb-tree will its fruit soon shew,  
When men do but awake,  
And ripen fast, you all will know;  
But here is the mistake:  
The flowers on the tree will come  
And like the fruit appear,  
But to the taste is good for none,  
Just like thy flowers there;  
Like poppies they will surely be,  
That I shall cast away;  
But the TRUE FRUIT join'd to the Root  
They on the tree may stay.  
So ministers now all be wise;  
With you I will begin:  
My Gospel nor my Flock despise,  
And poverty of none;  
I made the rich, I made the poor,  
And both alike to ME;  
In Heaven is hid my children's store:  
And here's the mystery;  
For heirs above they're of my Love;  
With them I first did come,  
And now my will for to reveal  
I've done it here again."

*Here ended in 1796.*

*A further Explanation, given on Thursday, the  
21st of February, 1805.*

“ Now I shall tell thee further of the dream, and of the fruit and flowers. How would it have disheartened thee, if I had told thee the perfect sense and meaning of the dream at that time ! for thou knowest the flowers and the fruit were all on one tree ; and the flowers were gathered by thy hand ; without discerning they were nothing but poppies and no fruit when thou gatherest them, but when in thy hand were soon discovered. Now I tell thee, the tree is the Tree of Life, which is promised to all true Believers. Mark, on this tree, that alludes to the Sealing, how many came in to sign together to have my Kingdom established, to bring in my Kingdom of Peace, and that they might be heirs to the Tree of Life ; but how did they come in like poppies, that had no abiding fruit in them ! therefore they cast themselves away, as thou didst cast away thy flowers : and now I have cast them all away by giving a strict command, that no one shall be sealed that doth not come in by true faith ; then the fruit may remain and abide good ; for know, the fruit that was gathered was good fruit, and not cast away ; and the fruit that was green was left on the tree to ripen ; and know that the weight weighed down the boughs ; and so I tell thee will be the weight of believers, that are now green, ripening to a true faith ; and the fruit that was ripe and gathered is the first fruit that is gathered in by faith, to be preserved and made heirs of the Tree of Life. But here I know thy pondering heart : thou sayest, why then were they gathered off the tree ? To this I answer, the tree was but the shadow of what they are sealed for ; and when they come in by faith they are gathered in as ripe fruit plucked from the trees of man, that

they may be joined to the Tree of Life ; it is faith that plucks them off from the world, and lays them up in store together. Now to make more clear to thy understanding, I will bring it to wheat, that I compared to man, yet know it is to be cut down and gathered into garners ; and know that is the wheat that is to be preserved ; just so is the fruit ; though it hang by faith on the Tree of Life, yet it is fruit that must be preserved. Now this is the mystery of the Sealing : but know the flowers were not fruit, and though they appeared upon the same tree, yet they were cast away ; and so in the same manner many stand on the list, and are sealed to be made heirs with the fruit ; but as there is no fruit in them, nor faith in them, like the flowers, they are cast away ; for how can such be gathered in, as fruit for their master's use ? and how can fruit be good for their master's use, if it be not gathered in ?

So now discern how I do warn :  
 The mystery of thy dream  
 'Tis for the sealed number here,  
 As I have it explain'd ;  
 For on the tree, you all did see,  
 Alike the whole was plac'd ;  
 But had the whole been known to thee  
 Before the die was cast,  
 Thou might'st complain 'twas all in vain  
 What I should bid thee do,  
 And like the flowers cast away,  
 And thou the truth to know  
 It so would end, and so would bend,  
 The sealing of mankind,  
 Thou'dst say in vain must thou contend  
 The leaves for them to find.  
 Then all in vain, thou would'st complain,  
 Thy labour must be lost,  
 If I had told thee at that time,  
 The way the whole was plac'd.  
 But now see plain, ye sons of men,  
 What poppies do appear,  
 Then let the fruit for to remain  
 That now are gather'd here ;  
 They're gather'd in by faith to come  
 Fit for their master's use ;

# 14 DREAM OF THE PLUMB-TREE CONTINUED.

And they will find before 'tis long  
 What they will all produce,  
 That now are come in faith so strong,  
 Like fruit upon the tree.  
 Let them in labour still go on;  
 They're gather'd in by ME;  
 Like fruit that's fair, I tell thee here,  
 Whose faith does now stand strong,  
 They are the fruit preserv'd by ME  
 That on the tree did hang.  
 The Tree of Life must end the strife,  
 I tell thee, in the end;  
 And that is green, will soon be seen  
 In the same way to bend;  
 For when my Bible all discern,  
 The wise will then see clear—  
 "We well do know the Tree of Life  
 "Is mention'd to appear,  
 "And on it hang the faith of some,  
 "The early fruit we see  
 "How for their master's use they're come,  
 "While we hang on that tree,  
 "Which is of faith, the Scripture saith,  
 "But what use are we here,  
 "If like the others we don't come  
 "More ripe for to appear?  
 "Can we produce our master's use,  
 "Or be fit, while we are green?  
 "No; if his table must be spread,  
 "Let us with them be seen."  
 So prudent men will thus discern  
 The way they must appear,  
 To ripen for their master's use,  
 If they the tree do share;  
 To hang thereon they so must come,  
 As ripen'd fruit for ME;  
 And then, I tell thee, in the end  
 My table all shall see  
 Spread with the fruit of every man  
 That hangs upon my WORD;  
 And to the purpose I shall come,  
 For they shall know their Lord.  
 So 'll end here, and say no more;  
 The lines go deep for all;  
 The fruit must be the faith of man,  
 When I together call  
 My sealed number to appear,  
 The seals will shew the fruit,  
 And every way they ripen'd here—  
 But who must then stand mute?  
 The poppies come, the fruit is gone,  
 And all is cast away;  
 Then how my table will be spread  
 In the great judgment day,

## IF MERCIES ARE SLIGHTED JUDGMENTS FOLLOW. 15

When I do come for to demand  
To have the fruit appear?  
Can they produce it from their hand,  
That so have mock'd ME here?  
So from the Tree the Sealing see  
Compared with the WORD,  
'Then you may know the mystery,  
The knowledge of your Lord  
Did this foretel, as I knew well  
Before what all would do;  
And now the thing to all is seen,  
'Then own my words are true,"

" Now I shall go back to the communication copied off before\*: know I told thee, if my Mercies were trampled on Judgments should come. Now mark what followed from 1796, in the 1799, and the 1800; here the shadows of judgments were seen in your land; but then know thy writings were not gone out in the world, to warn men, and to invite them; therefore I sent them out with a promise of blessings and mercy from ME, by sending plentiful harvests; but see how these blessings and these mercies were trampled on. It only hardened men's hearts in unbelief; therefore I said if mercy was trampled on I would turn my mercy into judgments. Now mark the shadow of the year that is past: as soon as the three years were ended how I shewed my threatenings, as a father threatens his child; but if threatenings will not do, the rod of correction must follow; and this rod is increasing in your land. Now see how men are filled with unbelief, and say they cannot discern my visitation, nor the manner I have spoken by thee; all appeareth a strange mystery to man; but how much stranger will all appear, when they see the whole fulfilled! And know I have told thee, my Bible is as great a mystery to men as thy writings; and yet they will profess to say that my Bible is all fulfilled, when it is out of their power to prove it; and yet they will deny the truths that are contained in thy writings; what has been fulfilled they will not allow; but

what is not fulfilled they are strict to observe. Then now let men be as strict to observe what is not fulfilled in their Bibles, and what is to be fulfilled in their Bibles; then I tell thee their faith would be like thy dream, to grow as fruit on the Tree of Life, and say their hopes hang there: then they will be as fruit fit for their Master's use, to destroy all the works of the devil, and by claiming the Promise the Fruit must appear; and know what I have told thee, it is the guilty that now must flee: and I shall go on till I have brought the perfect day to believers. So if Paul plant and Apollos water, I shall go on to give an increase of faith, which will increase by judgments; and let them mark deeply, how these words were spoken before, and how they are going on to be fulfilled; and now mark for thyself, how I have gone on more clear to explain my Bible since men began to dispute against thee, and yet I tell thee, I have many doors to open to thy view, which will be opened in their time."

*Here ends the Explanation, Feb. 21, 1805.*

The following communication was given in 1797, in answer to the pondering of my own heart, and the observation made by Mr. Manley, that if my calling was from the Lord, such religious and good men as the Methodists would surely have believed it, as he judged them possessed with the Spirit of Christ, to which I was answered in the following lines:

"Now to perfection I shall come,  
And shew the simple sons of men,  
That think perfection they have got,  
And lead their lives without a blot,  
That to my Gospel they can stand;  
But bring me now that perfect man  
Whose heart like Job's hath now been tried,  
And still in integrity abide:  
I tell thee plain that there is none;  
I've tried professors every one.  
With Eastlake I shall first begin,  
As all judge him a righteous man;



And as the world doth now appear,  
 He with professors *grace* doth share;  
 But to my Bible can he stand  
 To prove he is an upright man,  
 When he judg'd Satan fill'd up thee,  
 And errors strong he then did see?  
 Did he reprove thee then alone?  
 No, no; in public this was done.  
 Now here my Gospel's thrown aside,  
 The fault in thee he ne'er did hide,  
 Nor yet alone did he reprove;  
 Had this been done he'd gain'd thy love.  
 Consider now how this did end,  
 To shew the errors of thy friend;  
 He next thought Satan fill'd thee up,  
 To speak to thee he would not stoop,  
 But judg'd himself a better man;  
 But now to reason I'll begin:  
 Had he been perfect, like his Lord,  
 And Satan's arts to him occur'd,  
 He like his Lord must then reprove,  
 Convince his friend by milder love  
 Than 'twas to send thee so away,  
 And leave the tempter to betray,  
 Wholly to work upon thy heart.  
 If Satan's hand had put the dart  
 Sharper than the pointed steel,  
 Where he could work in every wheel;  
 Had I, like Eastlake, left thee too,  
 His poisonous darts would soon went through,  
 And took thy senses quite away,  
 Or bleeding in thy grave to lay;  
 Or, else he'd harden'd thee in sin,  
 And shew'd professors were but vain.  
 Had I, like Eastlake, left thee there,  
 Now his perfection I ask where  
 That to my Gospel he can stand?  
 The wounded sheep went from his hand,  
 And from the company was lost,  
 Left for the tempter now to boast  
 That he had made an easy prey;  
 Laugh'd how he stole your flock away.  
 Did he so easy lose his gold?  
 The mystery deep I'll now unfold,  
 That very thing I did ordain,  
 To shew that man should do the same;  
 For if the thief he then could find,  
 Would he refuse to tell his mind,  
 That he was going the road to hell,  
 If in this practice he did dwell?  
 I tell thee, Eastlake must say No:  
 Then to what Gospel do they go?  
 Read o'er my Gospel and you'll see  
 His duty was to seek for thee,

And every error to reprove :  
 In this he'd shew'd his perfect love,  
 That in him then must cast out fear;  
 The sheep was gone, he'd soon found where,  
 And to what brook was gone to drink ;  
 He'd seen the fountain and the brink ;  
 For soon the water he would taste  
 To judge if he could lead the rest  
 To such a fountain, such a stream,  
 When thirst and faintness were in them.  
 But if that dangers there did lay  
 He'd brought the wandering sheep away,  
 Convinc'd the water was not clear,  
 Another fountain he'd prepare  
 And shew'd the dangers of the stream,  
 Judge by the brook from whence it came.  
 Thus he'd secur'd his long lost sheep,  
 That from the flock alone did weep ;  
 But as he was no shepherd there,  
 I'll leave, and now to Leech repair :  
 The wandering sheep was gone astray,  
 This shepherd judg'd the self same way,  
 And heard the bleating of the sheep,  
 And told her dangers they were deep,  
 That pointed poison did lie there ;  
 The frighted sheep might bleat the more,  
 Until another shepherd came  
 And did their folly all condemn ; \*  
 To keep her by the fountain side,  
 He laid his crook so near the tide  
 That did so deep entangle there,  
 And made her judge the water clear,  
 That from the fountain she'd not go ;  
 The shepherd soon perceiv'd it so,  
 Then all his care he soon gave up,  
 To seek again he ne'er would stoop :  
 A thing not easy to be done  
 Was soon given up by simple men,  
 That of perfection now do boast ;  
 Had I done so all souls were lost.  
 And are these now your perfect men ?  
 What victory do they strive to gain ?  
 Or how bring back the wandering sheep,  
 That they think hurrying to the deep ?  
 They take no pains, no labour's lost,  
 Forget *how dear* my sheep have cost :  
 But as that price they did not pay,  
 So care not how they go astray ;  
 And all my Bible throw aside,  
 Know not their spirits nor their pride,  
 That Satan vainly puffs them up.  
 To search once more 'tis fools must stoop  
 When the first labour it is lost :  
 Here Satan's pride in man doth boast,

\* Pomeroy.

And yet they think they're perfect men—  
 Forget their SHEPHERD, and his pain;  
 What opposition I went through,  
 For to convince the stubborn Jews:  
 And though my labour then seem'd lost,  
 I gave my Life to pay the cost.  
 Now do they copy after ME?  
 Or what perfection can you see  
 In these professors thou hast tried?  
 How soon my sheep are thrown aside!  
 The wolf may easy come and steal—  
 Perfection now in men doth fail;  
 Therefore 'tis time for to awake;  
 I see my sheep are at the stake;  
 And all my shepherds are asleep,  
 Regardless of the wandering sheep:  
 Like Leech and Eastlake are become—  
 For sheep like deers I see do turn:  
 When one is wounded he may go;  
 For every deer, you well do know,  
 Will thrust him from his company,  
 If wounded he appears to be.  
 So now of Leech I'll say no more:  
 He's not the man he said before,  
 Though ME he said he fear'd and lov'd;  
 But by his conduct can he prove  
 That he did here take up his cross?  
 I see my gold so mixt with dross  
 That the refiner now must come,  
 To cleanse the dross the fire must burn:  
 So here of Leech I now shall end;  
 To come to Manley I intend:  
 He took more pains than all the rest—  
 But here's the folly he possess'd:  
 He knew not what for to believe;  
 Thirst for the truth, not be deceiv'd;  
 From one the other he did go:  
 He came to thee the truth to know;  
 And what he heard could not condemn;  
 But trust no judgment of his own,  
 Yet marvell'd how religious men,  
 If 'twas of God, should thee condemn.  
 These things did work upon his heart,  
 Could good men have their eyes so dark?  
 'This was a stumbling block to he,  
 Not knowing that it so must be;  
 To have thy writings all come true;  
 The Gentiles must be like the Jews,  
 Full of conceit and unbelief;  
 Or how should I bring up their grief?  
 Or could my Bible now be true?  
 And bring the mysteries to your view;  
 If there was faith upon the earth—  
 Scarce can you find it to come forth;

## 20 THE COMMUNICATION OF 1797 EXPLAINED.

For where's the man doth now believe  
I am a God will not deceive  
The soul that doth on ME rely?  
Knowledge in ME do many cry,  
But to the purpose when I come  
I find their faith is dead and gone;  
And like the world men all judge ME,  
To trust no more than they can see;  
Compare their wisdom all with mine,  
As oft hath been the head of thine,  
And wonder I should so direct  
To men that did thee so deject.  
So this is now the heads of men,  
And Manley like the rest hath been;  
For when thy letter reach'd his hand,  
Tried the religion of the man,  
He thought it did not bear a sound  
Wherein true grace could so abound;  
And as professors did thee blame,  
He like the multitude became,  
To judge thy writings were too high,  
No prophet ever wrote like thee.  
These things in public Manley spoke,  
And like the Jews of old did mock,  
Which caus'd the anger in thy breast:  
He lost the love he first possess'd;  
And made thy prayers all to an end,  
He wounded thy heart, and griev'd his friend:  
So here his good was all forgot,  
The folly deep he then had wrought;  
But if his reason once return,  
His folly then will make him mourn,  
If he should see the letter clear,  
And dangers once to him appear,  
Like Nathan will the letter be—  
"Unjust return! I know 'tis me."

*Here ends the Communication given in 1797.*

*The Explanation to the above Communication, given  
Sunday, January 27, 1805.*

"Now I shall tell thee the meaning of these men: the hearts of all men are known to ME; and I well knew how the self-righteous and great professors of religion would act, when thy writings went out in the world; therefore I drew their likeness from these men; but I say of them, as I said of the Galileans—Think not these Galileans were sinners above all Galileans, because they have done these things; I say unto thee nay: and so I say of Eastlake, Leech,

and Manley ; think not they are worse than any professors of religion, that trust to their own goodness, their own wisdom, and their own righteousness ; I tell thee they are not the worst ; for there was religion in the whole of these three ; but I gave thee that communication to reprove the self-righteous world at large ; for by these three men the self-righteous world is condemned. I do not tell thee condemned to everlasting punishment, or that they are condemned to have no religion ; yet they are condemned for pretending to be judges of things they knew nothing about, for they had not sought deep into the mystery of thy visitation ; and this is the conduct of the world at large, whose hearts before were known to me. Therefore I placed the shadow in these three men ; but how could I blame their conduct, if they had not acted unjustly with thee ? How could I blame Eastlake, and shew that a religious man might be deceived in all his professions, if he did not look deep to the Gospel ? and for want of this he acted ungenerously and unjustly to thee ; for as thou sayest, I know it is true, thou hast been a great promoter of the Methodists, as much as laid in thy power, and they have been ungrateful to thee ; but now I say of them as I said of Job, I would never have sent thee to join them, to have had such daggers placed in thy heart, for thee only, or for them only ; I tell thee, No : it is *for the world at large*, as I well know many worthy and good hearts would be wounded and grieved like thine. See Hirst, how he was wounded and grieved by Parsons \*, turned out in a more ungrateful manner than thou wast by Eastlake ; see Senior, how he was turned out the same ; and all the places thou visitedst in Yorkshire, the true believing Christians were turned out the same. So as the shadow began in thee, the substance goeth on to all believers that are

\* A Dissenting Preacher at Leeds, who turned out Mr. Hirst, for believing Christ would redeem the whole world.

joined with these self-righteous people. Therefore I tell thee that communication is not confined to the Methodists at Exeter, but it alludes to the world at large; therefore I said they were hirelings that cared not for the sheep, that seeing the wolf coming they fled. Now I tell thee, they judged at Exeter the wolf was come to thee, and so they all left thee to his care; but had that been the case, that the powers of darkness had visited thee so strongly as my Spirit visits thee, and I had left thee, like men that boasted they were better than others, thy end would soon have been fatal, and the wolf would have destroyed the sheep. Now as it began with thee, they went on with the others, thinking the wolf is come to make them his prey; therefore they flee from them, and turn them out, as I told thee by the deers, thinking they are wounded, and so they turn them from them to get them out of their company. Just so are professors of religion."

*Thus far written January 27, 1805.*

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*Monday morning, Jan. 28, 1805.*

This morning a black cloud with a thick mist Joanna saw over London, and called Townley and Underwood in to see it; soon after the mist gathered all round, that it become almost too dark to see to write; Mr. Carpenter came in with two books printed against Joanna, full of blasphemy and lies. The mist was so great, and the weather so dark about the middle of the day, that they were obliged to call for candles, and could not see to write; but as a glimmering light seemed to appear, did not light them immediately, but tried to write; yet finding the light so feeble, they were obliged to light the candles before one o'clock. One of the books is full of shocking blasphemy from a man that signs himself an Unbeliever, and makes a mockery about Mr. C's praying to the devil! A quarter before two they were able to see without candles.

“ Now I shall answer thee of this day, when thou hast had thy dream penned, that thou wast waked out of this morning.”

I dreamt this morning, that I was swimming upon a large and spacious river; the water was clear as chrystal, and I thought I felt very warm and comfortable, swimming through. When I came to the bank, I thought I was taken up in the air and carried over many houses and curious buildings; and was thinking to myself what beautiful places I should see, when Underwood came into the room to put down the window shutters and waked me.

“ Now I shall answer thee this dream :  
 The water clear to thee was seen ;  
 The river thou didst swim all through,  
 Then in the air thou soon didst go,  
 Over the houses for to fly—  
 Awaked, the day-light for to see,  
 Because when Underwood came in  
 It was to shew the day was come ;  
 And that the dawning day was clear,  
 Thou wakest to see the light was here.  
 So from the light I'll now go on :  
 Thou sawest the mist before the Town,  
 So darken'd there thou could'st not see,  
 Thou call'st thy friends to join with thee.  
 That they might judge of it the same.  
 Soon after it another came,  
 To shew the mist that was in man :  
 The blackness of their hearts was seen ;  
 Black as the clouds appear'd to thee,  
 So black their hearts appear to me,  
 That were the authors, for to write  
 The books he laid before thy sight ;  
 And so my judgments they'll bring on—  
 The lighted candles must be known,  
 That at the noon-day did appear :  
 You know their eyes were darken'd here,  
 Because the mist had made it dark,  
 They scarce could see their every mark ;  
 How all these things must first appear  
 To bring my awful judgments here ;  
 But by the candles they did see  
 To write the words I order'd thee.  
 So by the candles 'twill be done,  
 The noon-day is no light to man,  
 To say, “ in all things we are clear ;”  
 Though they fulfil my Bible here,

By all the floods they're casting out ;  
 The words of men they may dispute,  
 Did not their writings so appear.  
 Now from the water all see clear ;  
 I said that thou wert near the tide,  
 And the clear river is applied,  
 That thou so safely didst swim through—  
 The chrystal stream bring to your view ;  
 The chrystal stream is now for all  
 That do believe their heavenly call,  
 And all like thee may swim the same,  
 Till to the bank you safely come ;  
 And then, I tell you, in the air  
 When that my wonders do appear,  
 You all may rise above the whole ;  
 For in the dreary mist they'll fall,  
 That do go on to mock thy hand ;  
 Above the heads of all thou'lt stand,  
 That do go on to mock my word,  
 Thou'lt see the day-light, and thy Lord,  
 When I awake from every dream,  
 Then true believers will see plain  
 The darkness and the mist in men  
 That write against thy every hand.  
 Though at the first it may appear  
 A mist before believers here,  
 And want the candles for to see  
 How every truth doth here agree,  
 And so shut out the feeble light  
 That doth appear to every sight.  
 But now thy mind is puzzled here :  
 Can feeble light from God appear ?  
 Because the day-light comes from ME,  
 Is this the light shut out must be ?  
 Is now the pondering of thy mind,  
 Because thy judgment is confin'd,  
 Thinking the light that comes from heaven,  
 Which by the day-light here is given,  
 Shall true believers shut it out,  
 And say, " the Lord his works we doubt ?  
 " And now men's candles we will call  
 " To give a better light to all."  
 This is the pondering thoughts of thee ;  
 The mystery deep thou canst not see,  
 How I my friends compar'd to man,  
 And shew the shadow first from them ;  
 For that's the way I've set my sign  
 To shew the likeness to mankind,  
 How like this day have all begun,  
 Just as the shadow here was seen,  
 To shut the day-light out from all :  
 And perfect so your land doth fall ;  
 And by the books that did appear  
 The time the darkness happen'd here,



## GASTING OUT FLOODS AGAINST THE WOMAN. 25

Shews from the shadow what they've done  
 Had it been light it could not come,  
 Therefore the mist I did ordain,  
 To shew the perfect sign to men,  
 How they shut out the light from me;  
 And by men's light 'tis all they'll see.  
 But mark, the candles were not long,  
 Before you put them out again;  
 So here's a shadow deep for man—  
 Their boasted light will not be long:  
 And by the candles you may see  
 How soon men's light put out will be.  
 The books were brought thee they were two,  
 The light of men before your view,  
 Which strain'd your eyes the light to see,  
 That from my Bible this must be,  
 I say to make my Bible clear,  
 With all thy prophecies comparè.  
 The serpent he is strong in man;  
 He's casting now his floods in them;  
 And so their words are on record,  
 To prove my Bible and my Word;  
 Then how their light can it last long?  
 I tell thee, shortly out 'twill come,  
 And make believers see more clear,  
 And with my Bible all compare.  
 Now with their books I shall begin:  
 The blasphemy it plain is seen,  
 I tell thee, of the blackest die:  
 Because at first he forg'd the lie,  
 And then to add another sin,  
 That thou would'st tremble for to pen,  
 Or tremble now the words to bear,  
 As thou didst tremble for to hear  
 The blasphemy that he had penn'd,  
 'Twill make him tremble in the end.  
 And now his words I bid thee see,  
 And then again I'll answer thee \*—

I now tell thee, there are many perfectly like that man, care not whether it be true or false, right or wrong, as long as they can go on to mock every thing and every one, that gives glory and honour to the Lord; for as thou sayest of others, the devil had come as an angel of light, but in this man he hath discovered his cloven foot, to come in the true picture of the devil; and there I tell thee he hath discovered the whole: and from his prayers the light of men must fall.—

\* A part of this communication, being more to shew an individual the danger of uttering blasphemy than for the instruction of the public, is omitted here.

Because I tell thee, all have mock'd like he  
 They've mock'd my Spirit and they've mocked me;  
 For both alike I now compare—  
 Look deep and see the mystery clear,  
 How Carpenter hath pray'd to heaven,  
 And yet they him did mock,  
 To Beelzebub the name was given,  
 Then let them fear the stroke!  
 And thine's the same, if all discern,  
 From heaven is every sound;  
 But yet from hell men's rage doth swell,  
 And so the end is found.  
 But I'll indite for thee to write,  
 And to the printer send  
 And shew them how they all do slight  
 Their Saviour and their Friend.  
 His blasphemy did sore wound thee  
 But I shall wound them all;  
 And from their blasphemy they'll see  
 Their fatal end to fall.  
 So I'll end here and say no more;  
 But now the other read,  
 And mark the words I said before—

Now I shall answer thee, from the words thou  
 hast spoken—"Lord undertake my cause for me!"  
 and thy cause I will undertake; therefore I told  
 thee, before I suffered his book to be read, that he  
 had as wrongly condemned the Spirit that visits thee,  
 as the other wrongly condemned the God that Car-  
 penter prayed to. Now mark how these two books  
 came together; mark the darkness of the day; mark  
 how you shut the windows for a short time to shut  
 out the day-light; but mark how short a time the  
 candles burnt before they were put out; and know  
 what I said before of Garrett—he was more hateful  
 in my sight now than when he lived in public sin.  
 Know I told thee, to end thy book and publish to the  
 world he was a liar; and I tell thee, he is of his fa-  
 ther the devil, converted with a false fire from hell,  
 as thou hast seen many before. Now thou knowest,  
 in this book thou canst detect him for a liar; for I  
 have tried thee every way in the beginning, that I  
 might be able to confound men and devils; for I well  
 knew, to fulfil my Bible, how furiously they must

rise against thee. Now I tell thee from the two books : in the one the devil is come as an angel of light, bringing forward Scriptures to condemn thee, as the Jews of old brought forward to condemn me, without understanding one Scripture that he hath mentioned : so he has wrested the Scriptures to his own condemnation. And this I told thee before, the Gentiles would act like the Jews. Now call to thy remembrance what mockery the Jews made of the Gospel in the book they lent to thee ; and how they brought forward the same arguments to mock the Gospel, from Mahomet ; the wonders they had said he had done to mock the wonders I had done, in my Gospel. Now where is the difference between Jews and Gentiles ? See in what manner he hath explained the Revelation ; but this thou knowest is answered before, from another's drawing the same judgment ; but as I told thee before of the mist, so is my Bible as a mist and a cloud before them, they cannot understand because of the blackness of their hearts ; they have given Satan every advantage ; and while they are fulfilling the Revelations, they are denying them ; for how can the church, in a glorified state, be travailing in birth and crying to be delivered ? Here is the inconsistency of man's wisdom ; therefore it is written, in the latter days I shall do marvellous things amongst them ; for the wisdom of the wise men shall perish, and the understanding of the prudent man shall be hid. But I tell thee, these are neither wise nor prudent men ; these are the men written of by the Apostles—proud, vain, boasting men, without knowledge or understanding, wells without water, wandering stars preserved for darkness for the great day ; for know it is written, in the latter days they shall say, who hath ascended up on high ? or who hath asked counsel of the Lord ? for since the fathers fell asleep all things remain as they were. These words they are fulfilling, and the Revelation they also are fulfilling ; and I now

tell thee, their books will come as a swift witness against them; for they are adding to, and taking from my Bible; that meaneth, they are adding to it another way, that no man can prove by Scripture, nor by sense, nor reason, that the Bible hath the meaning that he hath affirmed. How can he prove the words of Isaiah were ever fulfilled by his judgment, or ever can be fulfilled by his judgment? Tell ME when there was great peace upon the earth; tell ME when all were taught of the Lord; and tell ME how, at my coming in glory and establishing the church with righteousness, it can then be travailing in birth and crying to be delivered? Here he is adding to the Scriptures in a way they were never meant, and in a way they can never be fulfilled, while he is taking away every promise throughout my Bible; he is taking away the promise made in the Creation, calling it blasphemy to claim the promise, or have it fulfilled. Here he stands as the serpent, with the devil in the man, as he is taking away the prophecies of Isaiah to bring the day of vengeance upon his own head; he is taking away the prophecies of Joel; for how can he prove they were ever fulfilled? and if the Law is not fulfilled I must be a liar like unto himself; and as great an impostor as he hath made thee, which is impossible for any man to prove; therefore I told thee thy writings of 1793, with thy tears, thy prayers, and jealousies, must be copied off to confound such lying tongues. But such I knew would be Satan's arts; therefore I permitted every friend to be against thee in the beginning; and thy own fears I commanded thee to pen, that they might appear hereafter; and now I tell thee, when the whole is brought together, and thy faithful and upright dealings are seen, they will find themselves in the mis-maze that he hath mocked thee of.

So in a maze they all may gaze  
To see the truth appear;  
Such fools as he must surely be  
To make my Gospel clear;

## MAN'S BLINDNESS FURTHER EXEMPLIFIED. 29

My Bible true, before their view,  
Such mockery must come on;  
And then the wise will see and know  
My Bible true is come.  
These foolish men will then be seen  
As wandering stars to be,  
Who boast of light for to give sight,  
But there's no man can see;  
A light from them can never come,  
As clouds they do appear  
To stand before the sons of men;  
But know no water there  
That doth remain for to bring rain  
To make my wheat to spring.  
They with their Maker do contend,  
As Adam did begin,  
But know at last the die is cast,—  
Is man as wise as ME,  
When I appear the whole to clear,  
For men my truth to see?  
'Tis not by man that can be done,  
Nor yet find out my word.  
No: I do tell them to stand still,  
And they shall know their Lord,  
That judge ME true before their view—  
But he hath judg'd ME wrong.  
More ignorant than the stubborn Jews  
These boasters now are come,  
As all my Bible does foretel,  
Thy writings are the same.  
They're puff'd up by the arts of hell  
To mock my every Name:  
Thy writings here in all they clear,  
I say, to make them true;  
And when together all appear  
You'll find the truth is so.  
So now, I say, another day  
Seek thou the truth to find,  
In former years what I did say,  
And then I'll tell my mind,  
When all together you compare;  
But now I'll make an end,  
For fast they'll bring my judgments near,  
So keep all they've penn'd;  
The books by thee they kept must be,  
And with my words compare,  
And then the judgments they will see  
How they have brought them here."

*Here ends the explanation, given in 1805.*

The following communication was given, January 1797, in answer to some one that had heard my

writings, saying, how deeply imagination would go, to which I was answered in the following manner:

Now to reason I'll begin—  
 Imagination's here;  
 Can they imagine such a thing,  
 Nor see the mystery clear,  
 That e'er such writings came from thee?  
 How blindly all do err!  
 Their hearts or thoughts can ne'er go deep,  
 And nothing do discern.  
 I said before they were asleep,  
 Imagine all a dream;  
 Though seem'd awak they are asleep,  
 Imagine all a dream,  
 And think they see a simple sheep  
 With worms got in her brain,  
 That swarm around, her senses drown'd,  
 As from the flock she's stray'd,  
 Believing she doth hear a sound,  
 And by that sound she's led;  
 And as her fancy wildly leads,  
 She simply doth go on;  
 The shepherds know not where she's stray'd,  
 Her tracks are too far gone;  
 The bleating of the sheep they hear,  
 But cannot trace the sound.  
 Her tracks are gone so long before,  
 They all are cover'd down;  
 And while they stand in this amaze  
 And listen to the sound,  
 Like simple shepherds they may gaze,  
 But let them search the ground,  
 Then in the pasture fair and green  
 They'll surely find the sheep;  
 And by the living water stream  
 They'll find her at the brink,  
 Where she doth quench her raging thirst:  
 And they may do the same;  
 For though she's beaten from the rest,  
 She's in my pasture come.  
 Then now, ye shepherds stand amaz'd,  
 And view your long lost sheep;  
 For on the pasture you may gaze,  
 And taste the brook she drinks;  
 'Tis large and fair the brook is here,  
 The trees are by the side;  
 And though she's lost the shepherd's care,  
 The boughs the sun do hide,  
 To screen her from the scorching sun  
 That in summer doth appear:  
 And mark the pasture she is in,  
 When winter doth appear  
 The leaves so green, it must be seen,  
 Do closely on her come,

And seated by the LIVING STREAM  
 She daily feeds thereon.  
 See how the banks on every side  
 Secure your long lost sheep,  
 And mark the fountain by her side  
 'That she doth daily drink;  
 'The trees more fair, I tell you, here,  
 Than in your gardens be;  
 Such pasture you have never seen,  
 If you will come and see,  
 And mark the banks on every side,  
 No enemy can come;  
 The lion's roaring for his prey,  
 It must to all be known;  
 But that is on the other side,  
 He frightens with his noise;  
 But mark the banks and see the tide,  
 And hear the lonely voice:  
 Unto the rocks she doth complain  
 To screen her from his power—  
 And I'm the Rock she builds upon,  
 That he cannot devour.  
 Mark where she stands, and view the lands,  
 And see how all is plac'd—  
 But if I change her to a bird,  
 See how she's built her nest;  
 It is so high that none can fly  
 To rob her of her brood;  
 The fowler's net can ne'er come by;  
 The shotsman miss'd his load;  
 Though heavy pieces, I do know,  
 Men have rais'd to their breasts,  
 But are afraid to let them go,  
 For fear they should be cast;  
 As men do fear I may be there,  
 And terror strikes with awe.  
 I've kept her from the fowler's snare,  
 And that they all shall know;  
 'Tis me they dread, or she'd been dead.  
 I say, for long ago;  
 For deep's the blow, I well do know,  
 Men have rais'd to their breasts,  
 But were afraid to let it go,  
 And know they must be cast  
 If I should come and then demand  
 Why they should spoil my game.  
 I'll take her from the fowler's hand,  
 And put mankind to shame;  
 Unless like he they fearful be  
 For to discharge their load  
 That they are levelling so at thee,  
 And fear a powerful God.  
 So if she's high then let her fly,  
 And take your charge away;

But if she soars too proudly here,  
 Her shotsman I will be;  
 I'll bring her low, they all shall know,  
 If she doth soar too high:  
 And if beyond my bounds she go  
 She'll have no wings to fly;  
 I'll bring her low, you all shall know,  
 And she hath nought to boast;  
 For had I left her to herself  
 She'd stumbled like the rest.  
 But as your land by heirship stands,  
 She is the perfect heir;  
 For 'tis unknown to every man  
 What her forefathers were;  
 Ere she was born, it must be known,  
 The Promise there was made;  
 And she'll fulfil'd her mother's will  
 When on her dying bed \*.  
 So where's the man will dare condemn  
 The thing that I have done?  
 Then I will act the same by he,  
 And rob him of his land.  
 So now offences will come on,  
 Men's hearts will swell too high,  
 And say my Kingdom cannot come  
 By such low worm as thee.  
 For perfect like the Jews of old,  
 The Gentiles will begin;  
 The rich and great will still be bold,  
 And so deny the thing;  
 But then their pride it must come down—  
 By pride the angels fell;  
 And 'twas the pride in Herod's heart  
 That brought his soul to hell:  
 The babes he murder'd all for ME,  
 But he did miss the mark.  
 This is a hidden mystery—  
 The proud are in the dark;  
 And shall I swell them up more high,  
 To chuse the rich and great,  
 When they did never honour ME?  
 Now look at Pilate's seat.  
 So now with men I'll even come,  
 And bring their honour low;  
 For 'tis the meek I now will seek,  
 And there my goodness shew.  
 With Minifie I did begin,  
 And with her now I'll end:  
 There's no man can dispute with thee,  
 Because I am thy friend.  
 Thou sayest thou art amaz'd to see  
 The simple heads of men;  
 And I should be amaz'd like thee,  
 Did I not know the chain,

\* See the fifth Book of Prophecies, page 203.



## TYPE OF MEN COMING TO SEARCH THE TRUTH. 33

That Satan holds them by his power  
And will not let them go;  
He guards in their unguarded hours,  
And that I well do know;  
For if like lambs your flocks do stand,  
Watch'd by the shepherd's care,  
The fox is hovering round the land  
To watch his absence there.  
His haunt's unknown to every man,  
The night he gets his prey,  
For when he sees the shepherds gone,  
He steals my lambs away.  
So now with Minifie I'll end—  
Beforehand none can see;  
Behindhand with the cunning fox  
My shepherds surely be;  
Therefore beware and guard with care,  
Or all your flock you'll lose;  
You little think the fox so near,  
As he is on your coast:  
But if his haunts you will find out,  
Then come to your lost sheep,  
And all his footsteps you may trace  
When you were fast asleep;  
And see the Rock she climb'd upon  
When she beheld him near,  
And warn'd your flock to flee the same  
When they behold him there—  
Then like the bird you may escape  
Out of the fowler's net;  
For if the dark side he doth beat  
I tell you to fly up."

When I had written these words I was taken sleepy, and laid my head upon the table to sleep; but grew faint, and was forced to throw myself on the bed to keep myself from fainting; Mrs. Woolland came up and brought drops to recover me; and she left her company to abide with me.

## THE ANSWER OF THE SPIRIT.

"Then now this is a simple thing,  
But I shall it explain:  
For men like thee they sleepy be,  
And faint they'll surely come;  
Because their ears will itch like thine,  
And faint they'll surely grow,  
And eager wish to see the time  
Thy pasture for to know;  
{ To raise thee up they'll surely stoop,  
And drops they will prepare,

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Wishing to see the mystery  
 Of all thy writings here.  
 And mysteries they'll surely be,  
 Beyond the powers of men;  
 They will neglect their company,  
 As Woolland now hath done.  
 So now go to thy last night's dream—  
 With Pomeroy thou must end;  
 But in plain words I shall explain  
 What I do bid thee send:  
 It is the corn, it must be known;  
 For it I shall explain,  
 And how these things I shall perform,  
 And bring it to your land.—  
 And now, Joanna, thee I'll answer  
 From thy last night's dream:  
 Can men doubt who is thy Master  
 In things so very plain?  
 I know the simple sons of men,  
 That of their talents boast,  
 And now the mystery I'll explain  
 Why all their wisdom's lost;  
 Because the serpent I'll confound,  
 And men the judge must be:  
 And let the mysteries all come round—  
 Are man as wise as ME?  
 For this the serpent did affirm,  
 That they as wise should grow,  
 And be as gods, he said to them,  
 And good from evil know,  
 If they would listen to his voice,  
 And so they did obey.  
 But then they made a fatal choice,  
 And nothing knew of ME:  
 So now your Bibles trace them back;  
 And different sects appear,  
 And prove your judgment all alike,  
 Then Satan must be clear.  
 But here thou sayest they're not alike—  
 Then Satan told the lie,  
 Wherein he loves and doth delight  
 Unto this present day:  
 And 'tis with lies he hath deceiv'd  
 The simple sons of men;  
 But now I bid them ME obey,  
 I'll bring them back again.  
 For just as Pomeroy said to thee,  
 His words I'll still maintain,  
 My Spirit shall with your's agree,  
 I'll make you perfect men.  
 Now all I do demand of man  
 To see thy writings clear,  
 And weigh them deep with every land,  
 Then see if one will err.

If all alike they do believe,  
 And all alike do see,  
 My Gospel cannot man deceive—  
 For now I'll answer thee,  
 And prove my Kingdom it is come,  
 I'll fix in every heart;  
 My perfect heirs I'll join as one,  
 The substance cannot part.  
 Then now stick close unto the VINE,  
 My vineyards fast shall spring,  
 And I will give you better wine  
 Than was in Cana seen:  
 For all my Bible I'll unfold,  
 According to my Word,  
 And let the sons of men stand still,  
 Then they shall know their Lord.  
 For now the seas I will divide,  
 And strong the walls shall be;  
 For I will surely smite the tide,  
 And man I'll surely free;  
 As 'twas with Pharaoh now't must come  
 Upon the rebel's head;  
 That he shall know before 'tis long,  
 I'll surely strike him dead;  
 Amongst the waves I'll make his grave,  
 And bring my chosen through;  
 The land of Canaan they shall have,  
 For that is in my view.  
 But mark the wilderness how long,  
 And then judge of the time  
 That I shall come to rescue man,  
 And chain the rebel down.—  
 But here thou sayest the time is long;  
 But what hast thou to fear?  
 Thou'lt see my harvest fast to come,  
 That some redeemed are;  
 Then why thy pen hast thou put down?  
 Hath sorrow fill'd thy heart?  
 I said thou'lt never see the time  
 That first must make them smart.  
 But here I see thou art perplex'd—  
 "Will Satan reign so long?"  
 Thou know'st I left him to the text,  
 As Woodland now hath done:  
 And if my sealed number's free,  
 Secure from all his power,  
 Thou knowest what part I give to thee,  
 That he cannot devour.  
 Then hast thou now put down thy pen,  
 And dread the words to hear?  
 And dost thou wish to break his bonds  
 Within these FORTY YEARS?"

*Here I ended, January 23, 1797.*

36 A COMMUNICATION GIVEN IN MAY, 1797.

The following communication was given, May, 1797, in answer to what Mrs. Taylor told me: She thought the Methodists had persuaded Mr. Manley out of every belief, and told him of many false reports, that I had prophesied falsely. This provoked me to anger against their religion, finding they were full of lies; yet I thought to myself, why should I condemn the innocent with the guilty? Oh, my God! keep me in the hour of temptations! thou knowest my frailties and weakness, save, Lord, or I perish! for the water floods are come over my soul. To this petition I was answered;

“Now stop thy hand, for I'll begin—  
The Jews were perfect like these men;  
And trusted they so righteous were  
That nothing they could have to fear;  
In a false fire they all went on;  
Their prayers and fasting built upon,  
Till love and pity all were lost,  
Still of their goodness they did boast,  
Until my heart became like thine,  
To give them up for to be blind,  
And was provok'd their words to hear,  
As thou art now, and this I'll clear;  
So write the words that Kidner spoke;  
For they shall know what 'tis to mock.”

Mr. Kidner told me, that Mr. Giles said, Christ's peaceable kingdom was approaching, and some eyes were open to see it; and the Lord would save his elect. It must be observed, that this Mr. Giles believed in election and reprobation; that God had designed one part to be saved, and the other to be lost; but he judged himself and his congregation were the elect that must be saved.

THE ANSWER OF THE SPIRIT.

“Let Giles appear and tell me where  
The blind begin to see?  
I said before, much like the Jews  
These righteous Christians be;

Their ragged garments cover all,  
 There's not a piece that's sound;  
 And like the painted whited wall  
 Is their religion found.  
 Now with the Jews I shall begin,  
 And with the Gentiles end:  
 Untemper'd mortar daubs them all;  
 To reason I'll begin:  
 When on the earth I first appear'd  
 The Jews did ME expect;  
 But to their wisdom they did trust,  
 And ME they did reject;  
 For as I came to them, 'twas known,  
 Then being mean and low,  
 Their haughty pride threw all aside,  
 No love nor pity shew'd;  
 But still their goodness they did boast,  
 And thought themselves elect—  
 Could Abraham's promise e'er be lost?  
 'Twas they must it expect.  
 Now I'll proceed to Abraham's seed,  
 And tell thee who they be;  
 For now to Ishmael thou must come—  
 'Twas given first to he;  
 Then after him did Isaac come;  
 I fix'd my promise there—  
 Then now the Handmaid let all see,  
 And bring ME Isaac here.  
 The Bondwoman, it must be known,  
 Are those under the Fall;  
 For where's the man from sin is free?  
 It hath defil'd you all;  
 And where's the man that now will come  
 To say from sin he's free?  
 Then sure that man I will condemn,  
 An Ishmael he must be  
 Isaac to mock; for though I spoke  
 As trifling now with man,  
 But I will sure bring on the stroke—  
 To reason I'll begin:  
 I tell you plain, ye sons of men,  
 You're tainted by the Fall;  
 And while the Woman you condemn,  
 As Bondmen ye are all.  
 For I'll appear to make it clear,  
 The Woman must be freed  
 Ere Isaac can proclaim the heir—  
 Let men look deep and see.  
 From Adam's Fall, be't known to all,  
 The Woman stands condemn'd;  
 And till I free her from the Fall  
 You cannot claim your land;  
 As ye are born, it must be known,  
 You say, of Bondmaids all;

38 A COMMUNICATION GIVEN IN MAY, 1797.

Then the ~~TRUE HEIR~~ cannot appear,  
 Till I have freed the Fall.  
 Now let the learned men look deep  
 And judge from whence they spring:  
 From dust at first and dust at last—  
 This is the end of men.  
 Now from this end I do intend  
 To make man perfect free;  
 The Bondwoman I shall cast out,  
 That Isaacs ye may be.  
 Let it be judg'd by learned men,  
 As Woolland to thee spoke;  
 But now to reason I'll begin,  
 Like Woolland I did joke;  
 From learned men I'll now begin,  
 Their learning will not do;  
 The learned men that I do mean  
 Must see my Bible true.  
 For Ishmaels here will sure appear  
 Thy writings for to mock;  
 But they shall never be the heirs,  
 For I shall cast them out.  
 I spoke the first, but now the last  
 I'll to the Gentiles come:  
 How confident were all the Jews?  
 You've seen the end of them:  
 Their unbelief, their haughty pride,  
 Their goodness they did boast,  
 Their self-conceit it still was great,  
 Till every title was lost,  
 Their land destroy'd, by whom enjoy'd,  
 Their glorious city waste;  
 And yet for all they could not see,  
 Their eyes were closed fast.  
 And why it was so they all shall know,  
 'Twas to throw down their pride;  
 And let them read my Bible through  
 And see wherein it laid:  
 The valiant men they did esteem,  
 And those whose names were high,  
 My prophets they did all condemn—  
 What end did many die?  
 And when I came it was the same,  
 Their haughty pride did swell;  
 They could not judge a man so mean  
 Could save their souls from hell.  
 So Ishmaels there did sure appear,  
 And Isaac they did mock,  
 Till they became as outcasts there,  
 And long they've felt the stroke.  
 The Gentiles then were taken in,  
 And now must be the heir,  
 Unless like Ishmael all do mock—  
 Then let the Jews appear.

For now to all I mean to call,  
 And bid you both be free,  
 T'is by the Mother and the Bride  
 That Isaacs ye must be.  
 So Jews and Gentiles now give up,  
 And say the Woman's clear;  
 Then sure for Canaan you may hope,  
 Your full Redemption's near;  
 For if the Woman I make free,  
 Ye must be free indeed:  
 Though this appears a mystery,  
 But all from her proceeds;  
 For every man from her was born,  
 Ever since Adam's Fall;  
 And as that sin did taint her blood,  
 You say you're tainted all;  
 But if that taint I take away,  
 And make her perfect free,  
 And pour the Holy Ghost on Man,  
 Then perfect heirs you'll be;  
 Made heirs of God, it must be know'd,  
 And joint heirs with the Son.—  
 Now let the learned men appear,  
 I'll answer thee again."

The following communication was given, May, 1797. I was ordered to go into Exeter to Mr. Taylor. Soon after Mr. Manley came in, and said he had seen the Reverend Chancellor Nutcombe, who remembered the letter I sent him; and he had shewn it to the Archdeacon Moore, who said he had received a letter from me a twelvemonth before; and they compared the letters together, and could find no fault in the letters; and believed the time was coming of the Woman mentioned; but thought prophecies had ceased ever since our Saviour was upon the earth; and the Woman was insane. But Mr. Manley said, that some worthy divine had prophesied of the death of the King of France, a hundred years before it took place, and told the date he would be beheaded in. I said, then he must know it by prophecies, for no man could know it of himself. He said, O, he was a pious good man.

### THE ANSWER OF THE SPIRIT.

" Now let this pious man appear  
 And answer my demand,  
 If from himself he'll answer here  
 His judgment so could stand,  
 That he could be as wise as ME,  
 And these things to foreknow,  
 Had it not been by prophecies,  
 And I inspir'd him so ?  
 Could he foretel what would befall ?  
 Or answer for the Lord,  
 How at that time I meant to draw  
 A double flaming sword ?  
 Let men appear and tell ME where  
 My prophet did foretel  
 What in your land did ever come,  
 And say it came from himself ?  
 Then man must be as wise as ME—  
 Let learned men dispute;  
 But as their arguments I see,  
 I mean to make them mute.  
 Your conversation I do know,  
 So do not waste thy time  
 To write the words from Manley flow'd,  
 They all are in my mind;  
 For I was there, the truth I'll clear;  
 I said I knew the man;  
 Thy going I did order there,  
 And so I made him come:  
 He with his Maker did contend,  
 As I had said before:  
 But now I mean to make an end,  
 And open every door."

Mr. Manley said, that religion was increasing  
 greatly in our land; and the people were gathering  
 in fast; and crying out in the methodist meetings  
 how they were converted and brought to the Lord.

### THE ANSWER WAS GIVEN AS FOLLOWS:

" Now with his arguments begin—  
 His gathering I will clear:  
 Too often I have seen these things,  
 As thou hast seen them here:  
 And as your common custom is,  
 I now will answer thee:  
 More noise than work there often is;  
 Like trunk-makers they be,



Or like the drum that makes a sound,  
 And hollow all within,  
 Their noise doth so alarm the ground—  
 But to their closets come,  
 You'll find them there, it will appear,  
 As hollow as the drum;  
 Their painted faces do deceive  
 The simple sons of men.  
 They make a noise, for men's their choice,  
 Of them they've got their praise;  
 And man's reward is their regard—  
 These are your glorious days  
 Wherein they sound that grace abounds,  
 But in it I see none.  
 Now piety let all men see,  
 And leave your sounds alone:  
 For to thy band they all must come,  
 If piety they'll trace;  
 And then they'll see the mystery,  
 How thou didst paint thy face  
 Not to appear as they do there—  
 No painted face is found,  
 But chearful dost to men appear,  
 When deep thy heart is wound'd;  
 Thy heart oppress'd, thy feeling breast,  
 When overwhelm'd with grief;  
 But dost thou shew thy sorrows there?  
 To me thou seek'st relief;  
 To man thou'st go, I well do know,  
 Thy sorrows to disguise.  
 I tell thee, I did give the blow  
 To make the simple wise;  
 Blame not thy friend, mark what thou'st penn'd,  
 'Twas I that gave it here;  
 Thy courage high I meant to try,  
 To see how thou would'st appear;  
 But in disguise thou didst go wise,  
 Thy sorrows all conceal'd,  
 And thou didst fear to tell it there—  
 The mysteries I'll reveal;  
 Because thou didst fear they would appear  
 As simple as the rest;  
 And where to go thou dost not know,  
 If thou from all wert cast.  
 But I'll begin and now speak plain:  
 He that's asham'd of me,  
 Or yet my Gospel to maintain,  
 Asham'd of him I'll be;  
 And all shall find it is my mind  
 To make thy heart like mine;  
 For if thy writings do shame them,  
 I bid thee all resign;  
 That is, if they're asham'd to see  
 They have a prophet here,  
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I bid thee seek another place,  
 For there thou shalt appear.  
 As I've begun I will go on,  
 I will not give it up;  
 And to the learned sons of men  
 My wisdom shall not stoop.  
 If they'll deny, no prophecy  
 Can now come down below,  
 My Bible they must give the lie,  
 The truth there's none can shew.  
 I said that earth should pass away,  
 And a new earth begin;  
 The prophet's words shall ever stand,  
 I come them to maintain;  
 And to fulfil is now my will,  
 For I shall make them good—  
 Then let the soldiers see the spear  
 By water and by blood.  
 Now mark your call from Adam's Fall,  
 Your standing to this day,  
 And will you say the guilt of man  
 Was ever past away?  
 Thou answerest, No: my words are true,  
 For it is still in man;  
 Under the Fall you're tainted all—  
 Let generations come,  
 And tell me when, ye sons of men,  
 From darkness you were free.  
 Then sure this age, I'll now engage,  
 Was never past away;  
 Under the Fall you're tainted all,  
 As I did say before.  
 But now for man I shall begin  
 To free him from that score;  
 Atonement here will be no more;  
 The debt's already paid;  
 And he that brings another here,  
 'Twill fall upon his head.  
 So now beware, I say, take care,  
 And first account the cost;  
 I tell you not to trifle here,  
 It is the Holy Ghost  
 That doth command thy written hand,  
 No time's for trifling here.  
 Infusion's come, and it is strong;  
 Let learned men take care  
 How they despise; and now be wise  
 To see thy written hand.  
 Firm as the heavenly pillars are  
 My word shall ever stand:  
 For now the sin you may begin  
 Against the Holy Ghost,  
 Atonement then no more shall come—  
 I'll free the former score;

And I shall justify the thing  
 While hell in chains do roar ;  
 Because that hell will surely swell  
 Against the rebel there,  
 And curse their fatal destiny,  
 That he did them ensnare.  
 In HEAVEN the war did first begin,  
 In HELL I say 'twill end.  
 But when the rock and graves I tear  
 I'll stand the sinners' friend ;  
*For as in ADAM all did die,*  
*They all shall live in ME ;*  
 I'll place the SHEEP on my right hand,  
 And then the GOATS I'll free \*.  
 My love to MAN was never known,  
 Nor will I all reveal ;  
 But my ELECT I will protect,  
 (My word shall never fail)  
 And *that is* MAN it shall be known ;  
 I did his image bear ;  
 And though from him I had the blow—  
 Yet in the end I'll clear  
 Their misery, they all shall see ;  
 My heart is not like man,  
 To punish here as doth appear,  
 In hell for ever burn.  
 But now this subject I shall end,  
 Another I'll begin :  
 If simply they do laugh at thee,  
 I tell them, 'tis no sin ;  
 But I command thy written hand  
 And bid them not laugh there ;  
 Unless they see the mystery,  
 And laugh to see it clear ;  
 Their laughter then I will commend,  
 To see they're not deceiv'd,  
 Nor trusting to their pious friend,  
 But in my word believe.  
 His pious friend did he commend,  
 To tell him what he knew,  
 That with the righteous it was well ;  
 But what must he go through  
 To have it well ? The truth I tell,  
 While in this world he stays  
 He doth not know the dangerous roads  
 That are before his way.  
 If I should try his courage high  
 His heart he doth not know ;  
 Nor yet what spirit he is of,  
 If I should bring him low  
 To beg for bread, if 'twas for need  
 It would his courage try ;  
 His heart within he'd feel to bleed,  
 And spirits soon would die ;

\* See the communication on the Day of Judgment, in the fourth Book of Prophecies.

Then he would fear, and surely care,  
 The days were hastening on :  
 And that will be his destiny,  
 Unless he doth begin  
 For to go through, I tell thee true,  
 To eat and drink with thee.  
 'Tis not to live, be not deceiv'd,  
 But here's the mystery :  
 'Tis the same meat that thou dost eat ;  
 I tell him of the food,  
 'Tis to believe I won't deceive  
 Those that do trust in God ;  
 And that my Spirit will direct  
 When dangers do appear,  
 And that I shall them all protect—  
 The small still Voice is here  
 Not to despise—But now be wise,  
 If I do stoop to come  
 To lay all truths before your eyes  
 Now in the Woman's form,  
 Then do not be, as now you say,  
 Of two opinions here,  
 But trust in God, and fear his rod,  
 Then you have nought to fear :  
 Only to fear that danger's near,  
 And fear the fate of those  
 That do not know how things will go,  
 And darkness doth them close.  
 Then act by them as he'th begun,  
 I say, to act by thee,  
 Then safely he will sure go on,  
 And I'll protect his way.  
 He shall foreknow how things will go,  
 If he's afraid to fall ;  
 But if like Peter he doth boast,  
 Like him I'll try them all ;  
 The boasting hearts shall feel the dart,  
 That say they've nought to fear ;  
 Then sure like Peter they will smart,  
 When he denied ME here.  
 So now be wise, I'll not disguise,  
 The storms are rising high ;  
 But in the deep I will not sleep,  
 But tell you it is I,  
 And on the seas to give you ease,  
 For dangers you will see ;  
 Your ships forsake, no waves shall break,  
 Launch out and come to ME ;  
 My arm is near when you do fear  
 And see the waves come on ;  
 I shall protect all Peters here,  
 The fearful sons of men ;  
 For well I know how things will go,  
 The boisterous waves will rise,

And Peters I do many know,  
 Whose fears will make them wise;  
 For they will say, like him that day,  
 That they have all to fear,  
 Begin to sink when near the brink,  
 But then my arm is near.  
 'Tis time to know if this be true,  
 Then you can brave the storm;  
 And know that I am on the seas  
 To keep you from all harm:  
 So Peters they shall be to me,  
 Whose hearts begin to fear.  
 So this I'll end, and now begin,  
 My arm is every where;  
 And now I'll shew the reason why  
 That all my Bible's penn'd  
 In such a hidden mystery,  
 Before I make an end.  
 From types and shadows all began  
 Ever since Adam's Fall;  
 From types and shadows 'twill go on,  
 Till I've redeem'd you all;  
 Then all my Bible I'll make good,  
 And all I will explain,  
 And shew them how at first it stood,  
 From Abel and from Cain:  
 Cain was the first, and he was cast  
 A type from the first born;  
 For there the earth receiv'd the curse,  
 Then 't must to Satan come.  
 I'll tell thee why, for man doth cry,  
 And vengeance must appear;  
 For man, I know, receiv'd the blow—  
 And let mankind appear,  
 And tell me plain, ye sons of men,  
 Could Woman taint your blood?  
 Or was the Fall from her own brain  
 To say the fruit was good?  
 Can it appear that it was her?  
 She did refuse at first:  
 It was the serpent did ensnare,  
 Then there must come the curse:  
 For Abel here I mean to clear,  
 He was the second born;  
 Satan came first, and man was next—  
 Then can you deep discern?"

The following communication was given, in  
 1797, from my anxious desire to have Mr. Pomeroy  
 try to bring forward my Trial, to which I was an-  
 swered—

" If he doubts who is thy Master,  
 Would he not his judgment shew,  
 For to see the matter plainer  
 Ere he did another warn?  
 Would he wish for to confound thee?  
 Canst thou stand and brave the storm,  
 If thy head they all should puzzle?  
 But thou sayest this cannot be;  
 By thy writings all is mention'd,  
 Satan's arts must silent be.  
 This is all unknown to Pomeroy,  
 Makes him linger in the way;  
 As a father he doth use thee,  
 Fearing the judges of the day;  
 But thou sayest thou stand'st with courage;  
 Then thy courage I will try:  
 Now I ask thee, who's thy Master?  
 Dost thou boldly now rely?  
 On the Lord is now thy answer,  
 On ME dost thou whole depend;  
 But if thou must copy after  
 Men, 'twill foil thee in the end.  
 I relied upon my FATHER,  
 And my Power I did shew,  
 Greater proof than all thy writings,  
 Thou canst e'er pretend to shew.  
 But as thou hast spoke with courage,  
 And so strong on ME rely,  
 I will nothing here diminish—  
 Stand and gain the victory;  
 Do not let thy spirits fall,  
 Unaware thou'lt hear the call.  
 Shall I blame thy bold presumption;  
 And, like Peter, let thee sink?  
 If the storms should overblow thee,  
 Wilt thou tremble at the brink?  
 Wilt thou stand, or wilt thou sink?  
 On the seas thou sure must stand:  
 No more footing is in man  
 Than Peter on the seas had got—  
 Deep the words that thou hast wrote;  
 Soon thy courage I shall prove;  
 In disguise I'll shew my LOVE;  
 In disguise to thee appear,  
 Till I bring thee safe on shore.—  
 This thou now hast twice read over,  
 But thou dost not understand,  
 I shall speak the words here plainer,  
 As thou mayest them now command:  
 If on thy writings thou dost rely,  
 Because thou'lt prove them true;  
 But hear the judges of the day,  
 And see what they will do;  
 For if they judge thee as thy Master,  
 They will surely thee condemn,

And say thou'st put thyself too high  
 To deceive the sons of men;  
 Therefore they will all condemn thee;  
 And thy writings will not see.  
 Hath not this been done already?  
 No more witness need to be;  
 Here thou perfect stand'st condemn'd,  
 Just like me at Pilate's bar;  
 But these judges had no power  
 For to go any further there;  
 As thy judges I did chuse them—  
 To their wisdom let them go;  
 But my knowledge I refuse them,  
 That they shall hereafter know.  
 For I shall try all men's wisdom  
 Ere the truth I'll all unfold;  
 All the names that I have mention'd  
 Shew the world is now grown old:  
 Twice a child and once a man,  
 It is time to fall and stand."

The following communication was given, in 1797, in answer to Mr. Manley, who went to the Rev. Chancellor Nutcombe, and, talking of my prophecies, the Chancellor made answer, that I had written to him, and to the Rev. Archdeacon Moore, and they had compared the letters together, and could find no fault in the letters, and believed the days were come that she told of; but did not believe there were any prophecies since our Saviour had been upon earth. This Mr. Manley told at Mr. Taylor's; and Mrs. Taylor said to me afterwards, no man should think of himself more highly than he ought to think. When I came to Mrs. Taylor she told me, that Mr. Taylor had dreamt that the Archdeacon and the Chancellor came to him, and blamed him for encouraging me in writing; and he said he should not wonder if they did.

" Now from Taylor here I'll answer:  
 Like his dream let him appear  
 And to make them this reply:  
 He never judg'd himself so high,  
 Nor of himself so high did think,  
 When dangers thick stand on the brink,  
 To say they would not hasten on  
 As she had foretold ere they began;

And how these writings she did foreknow  
 Could he pretend to look into ?  
 Too high for him the mysteries were,  
 He could not see his duty clear  
 To exercise in things so high,  
 And see the learned silent lie ;  
 If it was wrong what she had done,  
 The things to them were all made known ;  
 And as they did not her reprove,  
 Should he pretend the cause to move ?  
 Or on himself pretend to take  
 A thing in hand if they would not ?  
 If they'd ne'er tell her it was wrong,  
 It was his place to hold his tongue,  
 As silent they did give it up,  
 Or could not judge what she did write.  
 If she ne'er blush'd to write to them,  
 To say the Lord did her command,  
 They would not tell her she was wrong ;  
 The Lord to her could not be known,  
 And that her head was out of tune,  
 The days were past that spirits came,  
 And some infusion fill'd her head,  
 And the disorder fast will spread  
 If she indulge such passions strong,  
 To think the Spirit down would come,  
 And that the Lord was now the same,  
 And JAH JEHOVAH was his name,  
 And make the Law and Gospel one,  
 Then prophecies must surely come ;  
 For then Christ's Spirit's from on high ;  
 His Gospel ends with prophecy :  
 And if she takes this in her head,  
 For to believe all CHRIST has said,  
 Or his disciples after him,  
 Infusion fast will fill her brain  
 To judge she cannot go astray,  
 While on her Saviour's words she lay,  
 That his infusion can't deceive  
 The soul that does in Christ believe ;  
 For if she does this way go on  
 The rock's too high, from man she'll climb  
 Till 'tis too late to pull her down ;  
 She judg'th her Lord is in the sound,  
 Where she does hear the *small still Voice*  
 That soon will make the Church rejoice ;  
 Though nations shake, and cannons roar,  
 She judg'th her Lord is near the shore,  
 And will the guilt of women free—  
 A bone of him ne'er broke shall be,  
 Because she was the bone of Man.  
 The Spirit's reasoning will be strong ;  
 And if she doth with him confide  
 She'll throw our learning all aside,



And man must crumble into dust,  
 Naked as Adam he was cast ;  
 As woman sav'd through child-birth here,  
 Though long the burthen she did bear,  
 And now the fault she'll cast on men,  
 Because they silent stood so long,  
 And gave her up an easy prey ;  
 Then now judge in what hands she lay—  
 If you'll confess she is in mine,  
 I will not blame you to resign,  
 And give her wholly to my care;  
 Like Adam do and copy her ;  
 But if you've left her all this while,  
 And say that Satan's arts beguil'd,  
 I ask my shepherds how they'll stand?  
 For now my sheep I do demand ;  
 And leave the ninety-nine behind,  
 For the lost sheep I bid them find ;  
 Or else my shepherds be no more,  
 If of my sheep you'll not take care.  
 Should I demand from Taylor's hand  
 To judge your flock how they do stand ?  
 Did I commit them to his care ?  
 Or to the Holy Ghost to swear ?  
 For he's no shepherd, but a sheep ;  
 And if your flock you will not keep,  
 If one do break the rest will go ;  
 Judge for yourselves if it be not so ;  
 Because together sheep will keep,  
 And fast will go if one do break ;  
 And if your sheep be gone astray,  
 Then fast your flock will go that way.  
 She hath led them to a pasture new,  
 Back of themselves they'll never go ;  
 They'll taste the goodness of the ground ;  
 They'll ne'er regard the shepherd's sound ;  
 The more they stray the more they'll see,  
 And better pasture it will be,  
 Till to the Rock they'll surely come,  
 And mount so high that none can climb  
 To pull them down your sheep to kill :  
 The fountain shall be gushing still,  
 To keep them from the butcher's knife—  
 I'll drown the foes that seek their life.  
 So Taylor now in this I'll clear,  
 And tell them how I've chus'd him here  
 To judge the pasture and the ground  
 That you are in, how it is found,  
 Whether the grass is not come bare,  
 And many sheep are starving here ;  
 That is to say, they do want food,  
 The sheep must judge if it be good  
 For to supply their every want,  
 And know the grass if it be scant ;

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And if the bitter herbs do grow,  
 Instead of grass, the sheep must know;  
 Because the bitters they must taste,  
 While shepherds at their tables feast.  
 Therefore my sheep I chose them low,  
 'Tbat they might judge if it be true.  
 Now if my sheep I chose them high,  
 That in the best of pastures lie,  
 They'd say that all were at the full;  
 A plenteous pasture makes them dull  
 To hear another sheep complain;  
 They never wish to change their ground,  
 Nor in such lowly pasture tread,  
 Wherein the starving sheep are laid;  
 Regardless of the bleating sheep,  
 In plenteous pastures careless sleep.  
 But now the subject I shall end—  
 The middle station are my friends,  
 Whose ears are open to every cry—  
 A heart to feel, but can't supply  
 All the distresses he doth hear,  
 Though oft the burthen he doth bear;  
 Because he knows he can't relieve,  
 A feeling heart doth often grieve  
 To see his suffering brethren here  
 Bow'd down so deep with earthly care.  
 Now thy past writings call to mind:  
 When Leech's judgment was confin'd,  
 I said the grapes were all to high—  
 After your manner I'll comply;  
 For when I stoop'd to dwell with men,  
 After their manner I conform'd;  
 Now in the Spirit I'm the same,  
 And oft seem trifling with mankind;  
 For as your custom I do do,  
 'Tis your own words I do pursue;  
 For should I always speak in mine  
 It would be Latin to mankind;  
 Such Latin they could never read,  
 Nor understand a word was said.  
 But to the purpose I shall come:  
 Thou know'st that I did tell thee then,  
 That if thy words they did deny  
 I bid them give thy pen the lie,  
 And gain their victories in the war,  
 And feed the starving hungry poor,  
 And no complaining in your land.  
 Then thee and I would silent stand  
 As in a prison to be bound;  
 If peace and plenty could be found,  
 And every heart they would set free,  
 Then men must gain the victory.  
 I said the shadow was begun;  
 I said the substance fast would come;

For their complaining will be more—  
 Let Taylor see the mystery clear,  
 And judge if they don't see it so;  
 And to the starving poor now go,  
 Whose clothes are sold by such distress;  
 Though this does wound my feeling breast,  
 To see the sufferings of the poor;  
 But how can I their suffering clear,  
 Unless I give thy pen the lie?  
 Like men the truth I must deny:  
 I know how all is sealed up,  
 But well I know that thou'st forgot;  
 And when thy seals are broken here  
 The perfect truth must then appear.  
 If Taylor cannot judge thy hand,  
 I bid him careful judge the Land,  
 And tell if things are not worse here  
 Than when the shadows did appear;  
 I say when corn it first did rise  
 Amazing high and all surprize:  
 But now you say your corn's more low,  
 In this your arguments I'll shew:  
 If this be low, the rest is high,  
 The poor for want of bread do cry;  
 And fataler now they'll feel the blow,  
 Although your corn you say's more low;  
 The labour's taken from their hands—  
 Let Taylor now judge as a man;  
 If he had got no gold in store,  
 And all his labour was stopt here,  
 That he a penny could not gain,  
 Would he not judge a fatal time,  
 To see his family in distress,  
 To beg for mercy from the rest?  
 For perfect so do thousands stand,  
 Since labour was stopt in your land;  
 Then sure the substance did come here  
 Worse than the shadow was before;  
 Nor can you tell where this will end—  
 They'll find it deep all thou hast penn'd.  
 Now mark the man that was born blind:  
 His parents' judgment was confin'd;  
 They knew not how I cured their son,  
 But sure the truth they then did own;  
 That he was blind, but then did see,  
 To them appear'd a mystery;  
 And hear the answer they did make,  
 That for himself the son must speak,  
 Because he was of proper age,  
 And he himself must be the judge.  
 So now let Taylor do the same,  
 And say the truth he sure must own:  
 Thy words and writings have come true;  
 But how it was he doth not know;

But he'll refer them unto thee  
 To tell them how this thing could be,  
 That thou receivedst so clear a sight  
 To see before the things were right;  
 Or how these things thou didst foresee,  
 Thou art of age to answer they."

The following communication was given, September, 1797, in answer to people's saying my prophecies were not all fulfilled, and Mr. Pomeroy's saying, that I should warn of the rod before it fell.

"For now to reason I'll begin :  
 If for myself was all my care,  
 It must be well, I'd nought to fear ;  
 It was my love that brought ME down,  
 Then love might have carried back again,  
 If that self-love had then been all,  
 Like those that do my equal call,  
 (And say my image they do bear,  
 When for themselves is all their care.  
 ) But can they answer my demand ?  
 To be my equals will they stand  
 For to be mock'd at Pilate's bar !  
 And confess my Gospel they will clear,  
 That if I was the Son of God  
 I bought their ransom with my blood,  
 And did not mock the sons of men ?  
 For now to reason I'll begin :  
 When my disciples I did leave,  
 And to my Father I did cleave,  
 To die upon the cursed tree,  
 The victim's blood it must be ME,  
 And for all nations to atone—  
 To cleanse their blood I shed my own ;  
 And said the Holy Ghost should come,  
 The Comforter it must be known,  
 And all to your remembrance bring,  
 When I as Prophet, Priest, and King,  
 Do in this lower world appear :  
 As very man I will be here,  
 Man's equal then I'll surely be,  
 When in my shepherds all shall see;  
 For others shall the likeness bear,  
 The Holy Ghost with them shall share,  
 And then my Bible will come on—  
 These words will stumble ignorant men,  
 And so false Christs will then arise,  
 If Pomeroy do not now act wise  
 To prove this calling now is clear,  
 He never did his record bear.  
 But if his record he did bear  
 Impostors fast would now appear,

And say they were the very men  
 To whom the Holy Ghost was come;  
 Therefore I brought it round by you;  
 My Spirit came in ninety-two;  
 And every thing is there foretold,  
 And wonders deep may all behold.  
 For Alpha and Omega's here,  
 The mysteries deep I now will clear:  
 I am the first, I am the last;  
 For by the Woman all was cast;  
 Then by the Woman I'll begin,  
 The Paradise by her you'll win;  
 For here your bliss may be complete:  
 Dig deep and see if there's deceit;  
 And if you find it is true gold,  
 The pearl of great price you then behold  
 I've brought it round in such a way;  
 My salve I've made with such a clay  
 That sure quite lost your sight must be,  
 If this don't make the blind to see.  
 Now if the deaf refuse to hear  
 Such trumpets sounding in their ears,  
 Then sure the adder must abound,  
 And stop the ear to drown the sound.  
 For men as fools must now become,  
 Weaker than women must be known,  
 To think it was in ninety-two  
 That all these wonders thou didst know;  
 And every shadow is begun,  
 They'll say the substance is not come.  
 No, no; I say, it is behind,  
 And Pomeroy's words are in my mind—  
 "What use to speak when all is come?"  
 "It was too late to stop the storm,"  
 The rod hangs hovering ('tis not down),  
 To waive the blow, then judge the sound;  
 Because the blow you may prevent  
 And make your nation be content  
 To wait the coming of their LORD;  
 Then plenteous harvests I'll afford,  
 If men do judge thy written hand,  
 And publish now what I command;  
 But if this thing they do refuse,  
 To see the threatenings will not chuse,  
 A fatallér harvest shall come on—  
 This year the shadow is begun;  
 For these two harvests are a sign  
 How I shall deal with all mankind."

*The Answer to the above, given Jan. 26, 1805.*

"Now I shall answer thee, before thou goest further, the meaning of this communication. Know it

begins to shew all men how different the conducts of the best of men are, from copying after ME : mark the manner of all my disciples, and weigh deep how I have explained it ; and know in the end how Peter denied ME, and how my disciples saw and fled. Next see how I have chosen Pomeroy to be a disciple for ME ; but when he saw dangers coming upon him, he acted like my former disciples, and denied like Peter, and fled like the others. Here I have shewed thee the true picture of man ; and how perfect the latter acted like the former. As soon as the shadow was turned from him, and appeared in others ; and the heat of men's anger began to burn against him, he did not see the shadow in the others to shelter himself that way. Here you may see the true state of man when he is not overshadowed by my Spirit ; as one spark of fire will go out by itself, if it be not renewed by another, so it went out, by Pomeroy's being alone. But now I shall come to thee : thou knowest I have said my Spirit visits thee ; then how could that spark go out without thou hadst provoked ME to anger to leave thee ? Can my Spirit be quenched by the persuasion of others, if it be not quenched by the person to whom it comes ? Now my Spirit was never quenched by thee, though thou hast grieved my Spirit by thy fears, and by thy jealousy, when men and devils pressed hard upon thee : and so the woman grieved ME at first, by the subtlety of the devil ; but as I said I was the first that created her for man's good, so I will be the last to accomplish it. And now I shall come to Pomeroy's words—"to warn of the rod before it was fallen." Know I told thee, the rod hung hovering, but was not down ; and I now tell thee, all the judgments that have been in your land, from 1797 to this day, or from 1792 to this day, are but the rod hanging over your land ; for I tell thee, if unbelief and mockery abound, and persecution still go on, they will see more destruction in one year, than they have

seen in all the former ; as I see lingering judgments do not open the eyes, but harden the heart. And now I shall come to the ending of thy communication : thou knowest I told thee in 1797, if all the truths put in Pomeroy's hand, with all the truths that had happened before, did not awaken the ministers to search out the truth, the harvest of 1797 was a type of a more fatal harvest that should come. Now thou knowest, at the end of the year Pomeroy went to Nutcombe to try if the ministers would come forward, but they all refused ; then I ordered thee to go to Bristol, and gave thee the threatenings of the two harvests that should follow. After these harvests had followed thou knowest Pomeroy tried again ; but all to no purpose ; then I ordered thy writings should go out by his judgment alone ; and by his judgment was published what I commanded, and brought forward other believers ; then followed the three harvests like the harvest of the 1796. Now let all men discern how this prophecy was spoken, and how it was fulfilled ; then they will see the shadow begun in Pomeroy, to have thy writings published to the world, in the manner he commanded ; for I ordered thee to obey his command. Now he began the shadow alone of *changing the scenes* for the *harvest* ; so the shadow in him brought the substance in the others ; for they could not believe what they had never seen nor heard ; so Pomeroy went on perfectly as I told thee, as a true disciple of mine, till he began to be a denying Peter. So now leave the man, till thou hast seen the end ; yet let all believers pity the man, as thou pitiest him ; and judge him, as thou judgest him, walking in the footsteps of his MASTER till he was thrown down by men : and know what I have told thee—one spark will go out by itself ; and as one spark of fire he stood alone. Now let this be pondered deep in all your hearts, how Pomeroy went on in my office ; and yet thou sayest in thy heart, my threatenings

stand still against him, as he did not now appear ;  
 but thou knowest not how my threatenings stand :  
 He must see the Book of thy Trial, and how thy  
 Trance is placed, before he can tell what anchor to  
 fix to—

So judge no more till all be o'er,  
 Nor yet condemn the man ;  
 But from thy dream let all see clear  
 The way the end must come ;  
 So write thy dream, and I'll explain ;  
 But mark this follow next  
 Unto the words before were penn'd,  
 'Then see how all was fix'd.'

The former communication ended on Monday, September, 1797. The Tuesday night I dreamt I saw a slide of corn running on fast by itself, without men or horses ; and at this I marvelled. I thought I was soon after in a spacious room, and saw three tables laid for dinner : one was so elegant that I never saw any like it.

#### THE ANSWER OF THE SPIRIT.

“ Joanna, here I shall appear  
 And tell thee of the corn,  
 That in this manner did appear—  
 The time is hastening on  
 That men will be as thou didst see ;  
 Such wonders I shall do,  
 That men will go the truth to know :  
 And thou mayest marvel how  
 In such a haste they'll run so fast,  
 That long have silent stood.  
 No horses there did then appear,  
 But hurried through the mud.  
 Now I'll explain what this doth mean :  
 The sliding corn appear—  
 And every letter thou hast sent  
 And slide from ear to ear,  
 Until the corn, it will be known,  
 Will so push on the slide  
 For men to know how things will go :  
 Such letters are applied,  
 That men in haste will then run fast—  
 No horses did appear.  
 So now to thee the truth thou'lt see,  
 Thou needest send no more ;



## DREAM OF SLIDE OF CORN, AND THREE TABLES. 57

For sure without thou'st nought to doubt,  
The corn will surely come  
Just as the slide did not abide,  
But hasty went alone;  
Just so will men as things are seen,  
They'll see the mud appear,  
And on they'll run, for danger's come—  
But Pomeroy must appear."

*The following is given in answer to the above,  
January, 26, 1805.*

"So let them draw their judgment from the last communication, and I shall answer thee again.— Now I shall answer thee from the dream: You have all drawn your judgment as the shadow, but never looked deep to the substance, how the dream stands; and how it was explained, that the slides were filled up with corn, which I compared to men; and the slide ran along of itself drawing on the corn. Now mark this last year, what letters have been sent to the bishops and the clergy, besides all the former letters. Now mark the judgment of men, how they thought their silence would put a stop to the whole; and did not think dangers would come on, as I had threatened; so they refused to come while invited; and they refused to be drawn while believers tried to draw them by my command; but I now tell thee, the faith of believers, the dangers that will threaten, the letters that have been sent, and the faith that will abound when the Book of thy Trial is out in the world, will be upon their minds to press them, and load them with jealousy, fill them with anger, and with fear; so that like a slide pressed with corn will the unbelievers now awake, that have been so long warned, so long invited, and thou wilt have no reason to warn them any more; and this I told thee when thy Trial was over, they would have no more invitation from ME; for if thy Trial was called over again, they must come forward of themselves, without any invitation from ME; and perfectly so stands thy dream, and the explanation thereof, if you dis-

cern it deep to weigh one thing with the other.

And now I shall come to the tables ; for there your judgment went deep. The *first table* thy writings were spread on was at Paddington, when judges and jury met together ; the *second table* was at Carpenter's, when the number was encreased ; but the last and *beautiful table* is behind, that was so richly furnished. But here your ideas went all wrong, to think the elegant and beautiful table, that was so richly furnished, alluded to the rich and great, because they must call forward thy Trial ; for they are the slides that will be pressed by the faith of believers ; therefore I told thee, in another communication, I had two judges in my view, and there thou drewest thy judgment right, by a thought that came from ME ; for the two judges, as men, allude to the judgment of believers that are drawn by my Spirit, and the judges of men that trust in their own wisdom, and the wisdom of one another : the one are judges by faith, whereby Abraham obtained the promise ; the other are judges by the wisdom of men from themselves, that is pronounced to fall ; for know it is written, the wisdom of this world shall perish and come to nothing ; but faith is a gift that shall stand for ever to them that abide in their faith. And now I shall tell thee of the beautiful table, which is the *third*, more elegant than the rest ; for then will appear the truth of my words, the riches of my mercy, goodness, and truth, to bring back the glories of Paradise to man, adorned with all the fruits of my Word, and the fruits of my Spirit ; and thou wilt see in that day such beauties from the Lord as thou never sawest before.

The tables here I now shall clear,  
 That I did shew thee three :  
 Thou knowest the way I plac'd them here,  
 For so the end will be ;  
 And yet, I say, another way  
 I now shall place them here :  
 The table *first* I now shall place  
 The PROMISE to appear ;  
 Then sure the next I here shall fix,  
 The table's plain for man &c

When I did die their guilt to free  
 The *second* table stands ;  
 Then now the *third*, behold my WORD,  
 The PROMISE I must clear ;  
 And then the beauty you will see  
 When I have ended here.  
 The table's come the *three* to join,  
 For so my BIBLE stands,  
 And as the shadows I've plac'd here  
 To place it first to man ;  
 I said the *first* the table burst,  
 Thy writings did appear,  
 When judges and jury so were plac'd  
 To see the writings clear ;  
 The *second* time, call all to mind,  
 You say is past and gone ;  
 The wondrous beauty thou didst not find  
 So long thou'st built upon.  
 Thy heart and mind is always bound,  
 Longing thy trance to see ;  
 And disappointed thou dost find  
 Thyself these things to see.  
 But now the *third*, behold my WORD,  
 The table will appear  
 In every beauty from thy LORD,  
 And thou wilt see all clear.  
 So here to man the tables stand  
 The way I've plac'd are two ;  
 The promise first was made to men  
 To bring all to their view :  
 The woman stood, know, for your good  
 The table first must come ;  
 Then to my BIRTH you must allude,  
 As I of her was born ;  
 Then now the *third*, behold my WORD,  
 The PROMISE I'll fulfil,  
 And Satan's head, as I have said,  
 By my avenging heel  
 Shall surely fall—I tell you all,  
 Thou didst the serpent fear,  
 And left the weeds that there did breed,  
 The barley field see clear ;  
 The wheat by thee, they all may see,  
 Thou surely weed'st in there ;  
 But when the serpent thou didst see,  
 The barley field appear,  
 Thou all didst leave—be not deceiv'd  
 The wheat is all my care :  
 For if the serpent frightens all,  
 The latter crops may fear.  
 So I'll end here and say no more ;  
 Mark how the wheat did stand :  
 To kill the weeds thou didst appear,  
 To cleanse the wheat for man."

## 60 DREAM OF SOLDIERS IN HER BROTHER'S FIELDS.

The latter part of this communication, given this day, January 26, 1805, alludes to a communication given in 1797 as follows: I dreamt I was at Sidmouth, in my elder Brother's ground, in the fields called High Street. There were three fields, one after the other, adjoining to the hill; the other side of the way were two fields, called New Park, and Warp. These five fields were one after the other, only parted by the high road. I thought I was in these fields with a numberless sight of people that said, they were waiting to see the soldiers pass by the road; and some of the soldiers entered the field. I cannot remember every particular, as all seemed in great bustle; but I thought I conversed with some of the officers, who said, they were coming, and soon after I saw the road covered with soldiers. All the night I was in much confusion with strange dreams,

### THE ANSWER OF THE SPIRIT.

“ Another day I'll it explain—  
Though nought appears to thee:  
I'll shew the field where all shall yield,  
And how they warp'd shall be.  
I said thy dream I would explain  
To thee another day:  
Mark thou the pit so near to it,  
For there the dangers lay:  
The fields are high; the time draws nigh,  
That high it will appear;  
Your soldiers go (it will be so,)  
And make them bow with fear.  
The Park is *New* now to your view,  
And *new things* now will come:  
Your soldiers here will so appear,  
And gather fast the throng:  
But who can see the mystery?  
For here thy pen goeth deep;  
A wise man he must surely be  
That now can it explain;  
Yet it will come, like Jacob's sons  
That did to Egypt go,  
When Joseph there to them appear'd—  
The end is high and low.  
Now mark this ground, when first 'twas found  
Thy Brother's to possess;  
The barley there it did appear,  
The serpent wound thy breast,  
Or fright thee so; thou well dost know  
Thou didst not weed at all,

## NO JUDGMENTS SEEN IN THE HARVEST OF 1797. 61

But altogether did let go—  
 And so the end will fall.  
 The barley then it was so strong  
 That some part did fall down :  
 I tell thee now, before 'tis long  
 Thou'lt surely hear the sound.  
 Thou knowest the wheat, without deceit,  
 Thou surely weed'st with care;  
 The fields were high where it did lie:  
 Thou knowest the hills were near,  
 Where thou didst begin some pleasing dream  
 To build on Noah's ark;  
 Because that there it did appear  
 Love soon ensnar'd thy heart.  
 Simple to man this thing might seem,  
 But yet the type goes deep;  
 For Noahs here will so appear  
 And surely make thee weep.  
 The fault was thine, now I'll resign,  
 Thy anger rose too soon;  
 Thou didst resent and then relent,  
 And cloud thy sun ere noon."

After I had written this communication and said to Mrs. Minifie, I had seen the truth of the harvest of the 1797, Mrs. Minifie said, it was not so bad as people had made out; and she saw no judgments in it; for if it did hurt one thing it brought forth and did good to another (the grass). To her words I was answered—

"Doth Minifie so blindly see  
 No judgments in your land;  
 No dangers here to her appear,  
 But all things well do stand?  
 If all do see as blind as she,  
 Seal all thy writings up,  
 And men shall know I've spoke by thee,  
 Another harvest drop;  
 I'll make it plain, by sun or rain  
 Your harvest I shall spoil:  
 If all do see like Minifie,  
 Your husbandmen I'll foil,  
 For I'll go on as I've begun;  
 This is the shadow here,  
 The storm shall blow, you all shall know,  
 Shall surely foil you here:  
 But if they say another way—  
 "That judgments are begun;  
 "Thy writings we demand to see,  
 "And judge from whence they come;  
 "If't be from God we'll fear his rod,  
 "And tremble at his word;  
 "We will obey what he doth say  
 "If we find 'tis the Lord—"

## 62 A COMMUNICATION ON THE HARVEST OF 1797.

I'll make it plain to every man  
 That I have spoken here,  
 To make the stubborn Jews to come,  
 My calling shall be clear:  
 For judges *two* are in my view,  
 When they together sit,  
 My jurymen, you all shall know,  
 Shall tremble at my feet:  
 The thing so plain shall then be seen  
 That every soul shall fear  
 For to deny 'tis not from ME,  
 But own their Lord is here;  
 It shall abound in every sound—  
 " 'Tis plain it comes from God:  
 " What further witness now need we;  
 " Let us maintain his word."  
 The judge will clear the jury here,  
 The jury clear the judge,  
 And all will own I've spoken here,  
 Then what have men to alledge,  
 Against your King or Sovereign bring?  
 As this was my decree  
 For to awake the stubborn Jews,  
 Their calling they may see:  
 'Tis for their sakes I must awake  
 And prove my Bible true;  
 The time is come they must come home,  
 The Gentiles and the Jews:  
 When this is done the scales will turn,  
 And England shall rejoice;  
 I'll change the wheel beyond men's skill,  
 And they shall know my voice.  
 Like Woodland here I'll say once more,  
 The sooner this is done,  
 The sooner I shall set you free,  
 And better days will come;  
 This Land I'll bless, and bring a peace,  
 And make your foes submit.  
 But on conditions all do lie;  
 The mystery there lies deep—  
 All that begin, " My Lord and King,  
 " Thou'rt surely welcome home!  
 " Oh, thou desire of nations come  
 " And govern all thy own;  
 " Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,  
 " And earth resemble heaven;  
 " And let all flesh thy Spirit feel,  
 " And every sin forgiven!"  
 Now I'll end here and say no more—  
 But sorrows will abound,  
 If men, like Eastlake, now appear,  
 Refuse to judge the sound;  
 Then mark the stake, for fast the lake  
 Will open to your view;  
 If men do say, like him that day,  
 " We do refuse to go."

*Here ended this communication, O Sept. 30, 1797.*

*Sunday evening, January 27, 1805.*

The explanation of the dream of my being in my elder brother's ground; the serpent in the barley; the soldiers, and other particulars.

“ Now I shall explain the meaning of weeding the wheat, and leaving the barley. Thou knowest, in all thy writings, as well as my Bible, I have compared my people to wheat; and now thou knowest how carefully thou didst weed the wheat, because thy love for a man drew thee there \*. And now I tell thee, I am the same: my love for man is to bring them to the ARK of the NEW COVENANT; not like Noah's ark, that was soon destroyed, and his love so soon decayed; for know how soon Noah's love turned to anger, when he cursed his son; and thy Noah's love turned the same, when thou didst begin to slight him; and yet I tell thee, there the type stands deep; for know, thy love never could turn to anger against Noah; and I now tell thee, my love shall be the same unto all the Noahs that obey my command, as Noah did to build the ark. There stands the shadow of the wheat: the wheat is man that I shall pull the weeds from, and cut them off with as much care as thou didst the weeds in thy brother's grounds; and much greater than thy love was to go in the wheat fields for the sake of thy lover, my love is now come to visit my wheat, where my lovers are: and my lovers are these that are longing for my coming, as thy lover longed to see thee in the wheat field: he visited his sheep in love to thee, and the corn was in his view; perfectly so, I now tell thee, are believers come by ME; they visit my flock, they are with my flock, but their eye is, like thy lover, looking and waiting for my coming, and my kingdom to be established.

So of the wheat, I tell thee, great

The type stands deep for men,

Who wish for ME, as he for thee

Did wish to see thee come;

And thou the same, I know thy frame,

How love was planted there.

\* See page 27 of the book entitled, Letters and Communications, printed at Stourbridge by the Rev. Mr. Foley in 1804.

So from this love I now shall prove  
 The end for all draws near;  
 The fields were high, as I did say,  
 And high shall be for all  
 That now their calling will obey,  
 My wheat shall never fall:  
 The weeds that spring I shall begin  
 To pluck them as they grow;  
 I'll cut them off, (I've said enough)  
 The wheat my love shall know.  
 Thou weed'st it first, mark how 'twas plac'd,  
 Thy love was fixt for man;  
 And when the harvest day was cast,  
 Thou knowest by thy weak hand:  
 Thou lad'st it in, the truth is seen,  
 And so I shall go through;  
 For now my wheat I'll surely screen,  
 It is before my view,  
 Begun by thee, they all must see,  
 And all by thy weak hand;  
 Thou lov'st the corn, it must be known;  
 Where thy believers stand.  
 The shadow first see how 'twas plac'd,  
 And how I did explain;  
 Now see thy lovers how they're cast  
 To win the heart that's thine;  
 The weeds that spring to hurt MY GRAIN  
 By thy weak hand I'll cut;  
 But when I come to make an end  
 'Tis I the roots shall pluck.  
 So now discern how I do warn,  
 What shadow's plac'd before;  
 And now thy lovers all discern,  
 What Noahs do appear  
 To make thy hand in love to stand,  
 And cut the weeds all through.  
 But this is done by my command,  
 The end is in my view:  
 The harvest strong is *hastening on*  
 For to secure my WHEAT;  
 And then to lade my corn thou'lt come,  
 Thy strength will then be great;  
 For to be seen it will begin—  
 But mark how this did fall;  
 Because some corn, to thee was known,  
 The horse did throw the whole,  
 Ere it came home, to thee was known;  
 By man 'twas laden again;  
 A mystery here the end will clear,  
 And all will see it plain;  
 Because that man must take in hand  
 The thing that thou hast begun:  
 Though simple here the type does stand,  
 The end will so come on.  
 So now lay back thy every thought,  
 The way thy harvest end;



The landlord, seeing what thou hadst done,  
 Gave orders to his men,  
 That they should go and help thee through,  
 And so they did appear;  
 And in the end 'tis my intend  
 That way the whole to clear.  
 So now discern how this did come,  
 And judge from first to last:  
 But from the barley 't must be known  
 The serpent so was plac'd,  
 Which made thee yield and quit the field,  
 Let all together grow,  
 Until the mowers did cut down  
 The stubble and the straw;  
 The weeds were there did still appear,  
 And none thou didst cut down;  
 Nor didst thou try, I'll tell thee why,  
 The serpent so was found  
 For to possess and wound thy breast,  
 And fill thy heart with fear:  
 Such poisonous thing to thee was seen,  
 So thou didst leave all there.  
 So this will be the end of thee,  
 When to the barley come,  
 The latter crops that now do mock  
 By Satan's arts 'tis known;  
 For as the serpent in the field  
 Did unto thee appear,  
 Just so the serpent makes men yield  
 To think from weeds they're clear;  
 So thou wilt say, they clear may be,  
 The serpent thou'lt espy,  
 And say no weeds are cut by ME,  
 Let all together lie.  
 Could'st thou discern how here I warn,  
 Or man the end could see,  
 The latter crops for to forsake  
 The serpent frightens thee;  
 And so 'twill fall, I tell them all,  
 The latter crops will come:  
 The barley see the end to be,  
 Which I compare to man  
 That is not wheat—the mystery's great,  
 And Satan close lies there  
 To frighten all, both great and small;  
 And let the weeds appear,  
 Remain to grow till I shall mow  
 The whole together down.  
 So men may fear the barley here,  
 And tremble at the sound,  
 That now do stand as barley strong,  
 The serpent in the field,  
 To cut the weeds that none may come  
 Till all together yield.

The thing is deep, thousands may weep,  
 Did they the meaning know:  
 The serpent did his footing keep  
 'To let the weeds to grow,  
 Till harvest came to cut them down,  
 And then they did appear.—  
 Thy brother laugh'd to mow the ground,  
 And then thy words mark there:  
 There were no weeds, he said, did breed,  
 "Thou told'st him at the first;  
 But now 'twas plain they could be seen,  
 And all together cast.  
 So this I'll end: but now see plain  
 The way it happen'd so;  
 The serpent did the footing gain,  
 That all alike might grow,  
 Till harvest came to cut all down—  
 Then now my Gospel see;  
 I say, the serpent will be found  
 'To keep the weeds with he;  
 Where there's no wheat there is dece  
 And Satan's footing strong:  
 The barley here for drink appears,  
 And drunk will men go on;  
Drunk with the poison of his word  
That he will work in man;  
 Drunk from the knowledge of their LORD;  
 My SPIRIT cannot come  
 To weed the grain where he remains  
 Strong to possess the whole;  
 No, no: that field will never yield  
 Till all together fall."

The following communication was given, August  
 4, 1797: The rain came; and Mr. Woolland had  
 a field of wheat that was so taken with the rust and  
 canker that he was obliged to have it cut down  
 green, and they said it must be a great while upon  
 the ground to be dried up before it could be housed;  
 for it would not bear the threshing. I was answered  
 in the following manner:

"Now stop thy hand and say no more  
 Till I have fully answer'd here:  
 Sudden as Michael now did come,  
 So sudden will the truth be known,  
 Unless that men do now begin  
 To copy after thee;  
 And let your paper go between\*,  
 That every man may see

\* This alludes to pieces of paper, which Joanna, when interrupted  
 in her writings, put as marks to find where she was reading, as she then  
 was by a person of the name of Michael, who then entered abruptly.

The reason plain I sent the rain,  
 And brought such harvest on  
 To make it clear I've spoken here,  
 And every type is come.  
 The sword began, the harvest ends  
 And none do see the rod  
 That doth appear so hovering here,  
 And fear an angry God,  
 That they provoke to bring the stroke,  
 And lead your land in grief;  
 Then I'll go on as I've begun,  
 To prove your unbelief  
 Hath made it plain to every mind;  
 For Noah's days are here,  
 And Sodom and Gomorrah too,  
 If none begin to fear.  
 The corn is green, it may be seen,  
 That Woolland doth cut down;  
 And soft as man the corn doth stand  
 If none can judge the sound;  
 It will not bear the threshold here,  
 Before it doth harder grow;  
 Just so are men as now they stand,  
 They cannot bear a blow.  
 Now I'll explain what I do mean,  
 As thou art puzzled here;  
 The softness that is in their brain  
 Doth like the grain appear:  
 And if they come as now they stand,  
 Before they are cut down,  
 And harder here they must appear  
 To judge from whence the sound.  
 Should I begin to thresh these men,  
 With softness in their head,  
 It must then spoil, my threshers foil,  
 And never come to bread.  
 Doth this appear a mystery here?  
 Then I will speak more plain:  
 To think that thee writ'st not from me  
 Is softness in men's brains;  
 And if they stand as now they are  
 The rust will eat them through;  
 The canker here it will appear  
 And eat them as they go;  
 But I'll begin to cut them down,  
 My reapers must go on:  
 If they grow harden'd on the ground,  
 Then let my threshers come."

*This communication is to be further explained. Here  
 I ended, Friday, August 4, 1797.*

*Sunday, the 6th of August, 1797.*

The disputes were great concerning the wheat ; some said, that a great part of the corn in some grounds was good ; others said, it was the worst they ever knew. This is the first dry day I have seen since the reaping began : my mind was like a fever, agitated with the different opinions of men ; and I had a violent pain in my head, to which I was answered—

“ Go thou to sleep and ease thy head :  
If all be well you’ve nought to dread.”

At these words I laid down on the bed to ease the violent pain of my head and heart ; as, from hearing the different disputes of men, I knew if the harvest did not grow worse men would deny its being a bad one. Channon said, the harvest of 1796 was not so very good ; this provoked me to anger, and in the night my spirits were in a violent fever ; I arose with a severe pain in my head, and was agitated in the day to hear the different opinions of men ; Mr. Woolland’s servant John said, the corn was good in some ground as ever he had seen it ; the Rev. Mr. Symmons was of the same opinion ; Mr. Swailes, who had a large farm, said, it was the worst corn he ever saw in his life ; but he hoped none would murmur ; Mr. Woolland said, it was worse than when they feared a famine. These were the different opinions of men ; and the appearance of fine weather alarmed my fears, as I thought none would own that the judgments of God were in the land ; if the weather broke up, a more fatal harvest must ensue ; and my heart would still be torn in pieces with men’s unbelief ; for I may say with the Psalmist—

“ Their words like swords go through my soul,  
While thus they all upbraid :  
Deluded wretch, where’s now thy God,  
Where’s now thy promis’d aid ?”

At these ponderings of my own heart and feelings  
I was answered—

“ Now thou hast ended I'll begin:  
Call thou to mind the former things;  
I said thy heart they'd break in twain,  
And say thy writings were not mine;  
If I should daily blessings send  
Men would deny what thou hast penn'd,  
And fast thy fever would come on;  
The land or thee must deeply mourn,  
For unbelief will break thy heart;  
If England doth not feel the smart.  
~~I said, thy passions would awake,~~  
I said, thy fever would be great;  
And great indeed it will appear,  
Because thy faith I've strengthen'd here,  
For thou canst not so blindly see  
As those around thee blinded be;  
Therefore thy sorrows I'll relieve,  
One way or other I'll reprove,  
To make the harvest plain appear,  
That I have surely spoken here;  
Or else I'll lay thee in the dust,  
If men do say it is a jest,  
And 'tis by chance the things are so,  
Another harvest they shall know,  
That they shall sow but shall not reap\*.  
They'll find that every type goes deep—  
This day thou seest the sun does shine,  
The fever's in thy heart and mind,  
While others' hearts are gladdened here  
To see the weather so appear.  
Now if this weather should go on  
I know that unbelief would come,  
And thou must bear the every load,  
In bye-paths will they say thou'st trod.  
In bye-paths thou hast trod 'tis true;  
I'll bring the mysteries to thy view:  
In bye-paths I do lead men on,  
Or could their faith be ever known,  
That they relied upon a God?  
The faith of Abraham here was know'd,  
When he obedient to my will  
Judg'd me a God that was faithful still,  
When to appearance 'twas not so.  
If Isaac must receive the blow,  
And on the altar to be cast,  
I ask what faith could come at last?  
Or how his offspring could appear  
To gain the land I said before?

\* If the Lord took Joanna from this world, they should sow, but not reap.

## 70 A COMMUNICATION ON THE HARVEST OF 1797.

How will the learned men dispute  
 That I should this fulfil?  
 Or what made Abraham to be mute  
 For to obey my will?  
 His son to slay, as I did say,  
 It is told thee before;  
 But here the learned men I'll try,  
 To see if they'll shew clear  
 What faith in him there then did come,  
 When to the altar led  
 His only son, to them was known  
 The promise null and void.  
 Let learned men this thing explain  
 As clear as 'tis to thee;  
 But for the present this I'll end,  
 As thou'st the mystery.  
 To Joseph come: I led him on  
 In bye-paths every way;  
 His faith was great without deceit,  
 And him I sure did try.  
 Had all been plain—to Joseph come—  
 Then faith could never boast,  
 That faith must surely rescue man,  
 The fire must purge the dross.  
 Strong faith in ME no man can see,  
 It is a gift from God,  
 That none can give or take away;  
 Yet with it lies a load:  
 The load of sin with faith begins;  
 'Tis Satan's arts to try.  
 And now to Job I say thou'rt come,  
 For here's the mystery:  
 Did he provoke to bring a stroke  
 Upon my servant there,  
 To say he'd curse ME to my face,  
 If I afflict'd him sore?  
 To every man he this hath done,  
 That doth in ME believe;  
 Therefore, I say, I've try'd them high  
 The serpent to deceive.  
 So I'll end here, and say no more,  
 But to the purpose come:  
 Thee I must try, the reason why,  
 For Satan doth condemn,  
 Thou'lt not go through, he well doth know,  
 If I should foil thee here.  
 The weather brightens to thy view;  
 But let the sun-shine clear,  
 Then thou'lt complain, like other men,  
 And be an Atheist strong;  
 For Atheism would fill thy brain,  
 The days were all too long.  
 He knows thy passions how they move;  
 And hears thy prayers like ME;

He knows thou judg'st I'll not deceive,  
 If I thy writings see;  
 Can it come so? doth Satan know?  
 Thou ponderest in thy heart,  
 I must appear the truth to clear,  
 Or else my honour hurt,  
 To let things come as they have done,  
 If nought from ME is conceal'd.  
 I sure would stop thy written hand  
 Thy mind thou hast reveal'd.  
 So Satan here doth now appear,  
 Thy other passions know;  
 If not from ME is said by thee,  
 My Bible must be so;  
 So leave her here, he doth appear—  
 "She'll be an Atheist soon;  
 "Leave me alone to work on her,  
 "I'll cloud her sun ere noon;  
 "I'll lead her back the fruit to pluck,  
 "That thou hast so forbid."  
 Therefore in flicks he so did work;  
 That way his net he spread.  
 Now tell ME plain what is thy mind,  
 Wilt thou their labour do?  
 To Atheism art thou confin'd,  
 And know not how to go?  
 Thy word I'll take; for at the stake  
 Thy Trial soon will come;  
 Wilt thou obey what I do say,  
 And firm deny the man?"

### THE ANSWER OF JOANNA.

"Yes, I will deny him; for if I err it shall be on the safest side. I never will do the work, I believe the Lord hath forbid me. This is my fixed resolution.—The work that I was ordered not to do, was to lengthen cushions that I had cut too short for Mr. Hicks. I was ordered that they never should be lengthened by me; I said, I never would lengthen them, if the Lord forbade it; but as my jealousies were about the harvest, this communication was given me, that Satan would take the advantage of my jealousy; therefore this enquiry was made me, to which I made the answer, my jealousy should not make me run the hazard of disobedience.

*August 6th.* From the harvest coming as foretold, it took off the load from Joanna—The Lord is just.

*August 13th.* Mr. Hicks insisted upon my coming to do the work, which I refused, and he was very warm about it; but I stood out resolute, that I would not come to do it. But at last he gave it up to me; so I had the cushions home for Mrs. Woolland and Mrs. Minifie to lengthen them; but would not do it myself.

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*Sunday morning, February 10, 1805.*

*The Explanation of the Field of Corn; and the  
Answer to the Judgment drawn from it, by JO-  
ANNA, TOWNLEY, and UNDERWOOD.*

“ Now I shall tell you the reason why I ordered you to draw your judgments, was to shew the folly of mankind in judging of things they know nothing about. I do not blame Townley; yet I shall lay her folly before her, which I mean to bring to the world at large. She has no knowledge of the manner of corn, therefore knew not how to draw her judgment aright; but thou hast known all things concerning wheat; and from the types and shadows that have been placed to thee, thou didst ponder in thy heart, the wheat that was cut down being filled with the rust and canker could not allude to believers; for if so the rust and canker must be in them; and their wisdom must be soft, and come to nothing but husk in the end, which thou knowest this corn is compared to, when shewed with good samples of wheat; and such corn, as thou knowest thyself, thy father used to keep back for tail corn to give to the chickens and the fowls in his yard; but in the time of scarcity they are compelled to make bread of what in the time of plenty they think is not fit to eat. So from this knowledge thou drawest thy judgment, and thy judgment thou



## TYPE OF THE CORN WITH RUST AND CANKER. 73

drawest right. And now I tell thee, it is the same by believers; by the true knowledge of all thy writings, knowing how every thing is spoken, how every thing hath been fulfilled, and in what manner all the past have come, filleth them with faith in believing, that like reapers employed by the master, they can go on employed by ME to cut down this green corn in man, that is as full of the rust and canker, with the temptations of the devil within, and the pride and conceit of their own wisdom, as the corn was with my blast being sent upon it. And now my command is to send forth my reapers, that meaneth my believers, to cut them down by the weapons of my word. And now I shall come to the purpose with the corn: know the corn was green and soft when it was cut down; and had it been housed and threshed in that state, it never would have come to any corn at all, but have been bruised in pieces, if they attempted to thresh it at first; but if lying a long time together, being housed in this state, thou knowest it would heat and catch fire; and if it had stood in the ground till it was hardened fit to house, the rust and canker would eat it out. Now this is the perfect state of man: the ending draweth near, and the rust has taken men's hearts; for Satan, like a canker-worm, worketh in them, that all things must remain as they are; and if they are not cut down in this wisdom they will perish and never be fit for any bread for man: that meaneth, they will never be fit to bring forward my Bible, as the true bread for man; therefore they must be cut down in their own wisdom. And now I shall explain to thee of being hardened upon the ground, before it will bear the threshold: thou knowest how much thou hast tried to cut down men in their own wisdom, and how you have all tried by words to cut them down the same; yet like the wheat, you may bruise them in pieces, but you cannot make them

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appear like corn that is struck with mildew and rust; for when corn is bruised in pieces it is dissolved and hath no appearance at all; so you cannot shew to the world what the crop was; but let it lie to be hardened, then you may get it out of the husk, and shew the difference between the corn where the rust and canker lay, and the good corn that was not affected at all. And now I shall come to the purpose with man, and place thy mockers and unbelievers in the list with those that have written against thee; for by their books the rust and canker is seen; and my word is gone forth, like Woolland's to his reapers—cut it down, by drawing your pens against them. But now suppose, as soon as your books are gone out in the world to cut down and confound their wisdom, you should go and meet these men that are full of the rust and canker; with heads as soft as the corn, and begin to thresh with words and dispute with them face to face; I tell thee they would be like the corn that would be bruised in pieces, but never appear to the world as corn, convinced that the mildew and blast had taken them. And now I shall answer thee further: The shadow of 1797 was to shew what should happen hereafter; for what corn as men hadst thou at that time to cut down, or to bruise? or what reapers hadst thou then got to cut them down? The letters that were in the hands of the ministers, had they then believed they could not be compared to the corn with the mildew and rust in, then if they had appeared as believers and affirmed the truth from thy letters, I ask thee, who would have risen up against them? In thy heart thou answerest, no one; then now discern, all the prophecy could not be fulfilled at that time, neither was it meant at that time; but let it be known unto all men, that the hearts of all are known unto ME, and before they spring forth I tell you of them; so before these men appeared I brought the comparison of Woolland's wheat to the

nation at large, to shew in what manner I should cut them down with my words ; and the servants are the believers. Now thou mayest see from Garrett, though he is cut down by his lies and by the letter that was sent, but what threshold will he now bear ? The answer sheweth you, none : he would go on to foil the whole, was not my hand behind, to let him lie upon the ground, and harden first in his unbelief, till he find himself dead and shrivelled, that his wisdom can appear no more with the wisdom of my words, than wheat that is struck with the mildew and blast can appear with a sample of good corn : for as different as the good wheat, that is in the full ear of perfection, and the wheat that is cut down by the mildew and blast, appear in a sample together, so different will the believers, who are full of faith, that I shall fulfil the Promises of my Bible, and the word I promised at first, appear from the unbelievers, as the good wheat will appear from the bad.

So now discern how I do warn:  
 From ninety-seven see  
 The type I shewed thee of the corn,  
 How it cut down must be.  
 But 'twas not then, let all see plain,  
 For reapers I had none  
 For to appear and cut them there;  
 I ask thee, who was come ?  
 To thresh them then could I begin ?  
 I now do answer, No;  
 And from the thing I shall explain,  
 Call this unto thy view;  
 For none discern'd how there I warn'd—  
 The paper go between.  
 Now I'll explain what this doth mean,  
 The shadow of the first;  
 But from the paper now discern  
 How here the end must burst.  
 That simple thing should I e'er nam'd  
 If it had ended there,  
 To have the paper go between,  
 To have the words appear  
 Where thou didst read ? be not misled,  
 I'd other things in view,  
 To have the paper go between,  
 And now I'll prove it true.

The words of men on paper came  
 To shew what rust is here,  
 What canker in them doth abound  
 The way they now appear.  
 So now must come thy paper strong,  
 I say, to go between,  
 And let my reapers follow on,  
 I'll prove the corn is green,  
 With every rust fill'd up their breasts,  
 Their canker'd hearts are strong—  
 But here's no time for man to jest,  
 For down the corn must come;  
 And so 'twill lie, I now do say,  
 To harden on the ground;  
 And they will find there is a day  
 Wherein they must be bound;  
 To shew the wheat is but deceit  
 My judgments will come on,  
 And then such corn will soon be known  
 'Tis all to shrivels come;  
 My threshers here may then appear,  
 And make the wheat to fly  
 Out of the husk that doth appear  
 Where canker in it lies.  
 For now shall come my harvest strong,  
 A harvest great for all;  
 And let my reapers to go on,  
 The rust in men must fall:  
 To let them grow, I well do know,  
 Your land would ruin'd be;  
 You'd find it stubble and the straw,  
 But then no wheat you'd see.  
 As men do stand now in your land  
 The canker-worm is near;  
 For Satan guides them heart and hand,  
 Then now let all see clear,  
 I must cut down in every sound,  
 As I did say before;  
 For now my reapers may be found—  
 The mysteries I shall clear:  
 I spoke at first what now doth burst;  
 But then it could not be;  
 Though men were gathering by the rust,  
 As it is known to thee;  
 But then I'd none to cut them down,  
 No reapers to appear;  
 What threshers then would there begin  
 To make the mystery clear?  
 No: 'twas not then that I did mean,  
 As I have said before;  
 But now the prophecy see plain,  
 The way I have order'd here.  
 I have order'd all that hears this call  
 Like reapers to go on,

# TYPE OF CUTTING GREEN CORN WITH RUST. 77

Till down the rust, I say, shall fall,  
 And be cut down by man.  
 What I do mean I'll now explain:  
 Like Woolland I'll appear  
 To give my word as I have said,  
 Order my reapers here  
 To go between—the paper's seen:  
 And go from man to man,  
 Till they shall know, like wheat that's green,  
 My words shall cut them down.  
 So now from Woolland you discern—  
 He did not cut his corn,  
 But order'd then that by his men  
 They should this thing perform;  
 So by his men the thing was done,  
 The same, I say, by mine;  
 For as the orders from him came,  
 I'll answer to mankind,  
 That like the grain mankind are seen,  
 Full of the rust to be;  
 My order is to cut them down;  
 Their wisdom, let them see,  
 Can never grow, I've told thee so,  
 I say, to perfect wheat;  
 If on this way they mean to go  
 The rust will eat them out.  
 But I'll cut down in every sound,  
 I tell thee, now by man;  
 As Woolland's reapers they were found,  
 I bid you all go on;  
 Then men will see the mystery,  
 When all things do appear;  
 They are cut down unto the ground,  
 Their wisdom cannot clear  
 For to go on as they began—  
 "We see their wisdom lie;  
 "'Tis all cut down upon the ground,  
 "Then here the wheat may fly,  
 "When harden'd here it doth appear,  
 "Surrounded now by all:  
 "We see, ourselves we cannot clear,  
 "Our wisdom it must fall;  
 "And compass'd round by every sound,  
 "Will none support our hand?  
 "Our friends to say we are cut down,  
 "And have no power to stand;  
 "Because the rust was in our breast,  
 "And so doth now appear:  
 "We see what folly we possess'd,  
 "And how we all did err."  
 So harden'd men they may begin,  
 I tell thee, for to fly,  
 One way or other to contend,  
 Then bring my threshers nigh;

That is my word, that's on record,  
 Let them point out to man,  
 The visitation of the Lord  
 That unto thee is come.  
 So all together let them weigh,  
 And this they must discern,  
 What I from Woolland's wheat did say,  
 And how 'tis all come round;  
 Then they must see a mystery,  
 That judge it came from hell;  
 Such wisdom in him can there be,  
 Against himself to swell?  
 What wisdom here can any clear  
 To place the lines to he?  
 If from thy head they say't proceeds,  
 I ask how't should agree?  
 Can man bring round in any sound  
 Such shadows at the first,  
 And then let rolling years roll on  
 To make the substance burst?  
 The likeness here you may see clear,  
 The way I'm cutting down,  
 And as the paper stood between  
 The words of men are found.  
 So I'll end here and say no more;  
 But this I bid thee mark,  
 The thing I order'd here before,  
 Thy knowledge here was dark,  
 Never to see 'twas spoke by ME,  
 This way I should go on,  
 Before by all I'd order'd thee,  
 The reapers so must come.  
 Another day I shall appear  
 To answer thee again;  
 The words of men you so do hear,  
 And this they do contend,  
 As I before did tell thee here,  
 So let the words be penn'd,  
 And all together you compare,  
 Then all may stand like men."

*Here ends the Explanation, given Sunday, February*  
 10, 1805.

I am ordered to pen the following communication,  
 given May 4, 1797, in answer to the feelings of my  
 heart; as my friends said I was spending my time  
 for nought, and their words had cut me to the  
 heart. I thought to myself I might say with Job,

miserable comforters are ye all ! where are sorrows like unto my sorrows ! my heart is bowed down for very heaviness ! and I may say with Job, Oh, that I could bow myself before the Most High ! Is knowledge concealed from the Almighty ? are my ways hid from him ?

### THE ANSWER OF THE SPIRIT.

" Now stop thy hand, and say no more  
 Knowledge must be conceal'd;  
 And let thy friends like Job's appear,  
 Shew thou what I've reveal'd,  
 And ask them then to stand like men  
 To prove my knowledge clear,  
 For to permit a Woman's hand  
 To pen what thou hast here.  
 It will agree, they all will see,  
 Though all is not fulfill'd;  
 But deep they'll see is the mystery;  
 It is beyond their skill;  
 The head of thine must their's outshine,  
 If it came from thy head,  
 And things must be conceal'd from ME  
 To let thee thus proceed.  
 For blasphemy must surely be,  
 If I did not command,  
 To say that ye all bastards be;  
 And let them judge thy hand,  
 If thou art here an impostor,  
 And made ME but a man;  
 For this thou'st penn'd, and see the end  
 How every thing will come;  
 For grief to thee is come thou'st see,  
 So did to Job at first,  
 Before it came unto his friends,  
 And so the end will burst."

*Here ended May 4, 1797.*

*May 5, 1797.*

My heart was troubled the same. I said, to complain is useless. Oh, that I could conceal my sorrows to myself ! will the Lord undertake my cause for me ? all blame me ; none pity me ; but say, I ought not to meditate whether there is knowledge in the Lord ; or whether there is a possibility of know-

ledge in ourselves. This was a thing that distressed my mind and soul, as some seemed to speak as though our own spirits communed with the body. The reason for this complaining was, I had the world tormenting me on the one hand, of the dangers I was running into, by continuing my prophecies; on the other hand, the fatal judgments threatened me by the Spirit, if I did not continue. This brought my mind into a perplexed state that no man can be a judge of. To the arguments of my friends I was answered in the following manner :

“ Is this the folly of thy friends?  
 Then now I'll answer here :  
 Let them not marvel in the end  
 That I have spoken here.  
 A heart I've said that's cold and dead  
 Is never worth my thought;  
 But now like Peter be thou led,  
 The Key to thee is brought ;  
 For as thy pondering heart goes deep  
 I'll surely let thee know ;  
 My guardian angels do not sleep,  
 There's nothing you can do  
 That is conceal'd and not reveal'd,  
 My eye is every where ;  
 All thou hast spoke, and what thou'st wrote  
 Before me do appear ;  
 And as my Bible all was penn'd  
 Thy writings are the same ;  
 The types, the visions, and thy dreams,  
 They from one Spirit came.  
 And this thou sayest thou dost believe,  
 Then sure thou mayest complain,  
 That if the Bible do deceive  
 Thou'lt be so in the end.  
 So now thou'rt brought unto the stake,  
 I ask what they will do ?  
 Will they now say, “ may bow or break,”  
 As from it they would go ?  
 I say your land no more can stand,  
 If thou should'st disobey,  
 Than Adam did in Paradise,  
 When Eve did him betray.  
 Now will the Gentiles, like the Jews,  
 With lukewarm spirits cry ?  
 “ We care not if thou dost refuse,  
 “ In ruin we will lie ;  
 “ If that our land it cannot stand.  
 “ If thou should'st disobey,



"We'll ne'er believe another Eve  
 "Can bring it back this way."  
 "Since guilt is come to every man,  
 "Then every man must fall;  
 "But still we trust there is a Christ  
 "That died to rescue all."  
 I died for man, it must be known,  
 But doth it yet appear  
 That true salvation can be shewn?  
 Bring Jews and Gentiles near,  
 And will they say?—"Salvation's free;  
 "For this we all believe,  
 "It was for us he bore the curse;  
 "We do not want an Eve  
 "For to appear her guilt to clear;  
 "Our guilt is done away;  
 "And Satan still may use his skill,  
 "He can no more betray.  
 "The woman first brought on the curse  
 "By Satan's artful hand;  
 "Shall we believe it in the last  
 "That Christ in her will stand  
 "To bring her near, the guilt to clear,  
 "To stand as she did fall?  
 "If true obedience be in her  
 "He'll turn the guilt from all?  
 "Is this the wisdom of a God,  
 "This way to change the tide?  
 "To man such things were never know'd—  
 "The Bridegroom, not the Bride;  
 "In all our Bibles, we allow,  
 "The Bridegroom is foretold,  
 "But we ask where the Bride is here?  
 "Shall we this doctrine hold?"—  
 I'll tell you where it doth appear;  
 Let learned men dispute,  
 And when their arguments appear  
 I'll surely make them mute.  
 From Adam's Fall, be it known to all,  
 The Promise is foretold;  
 It was to Eve, let them believe,  
 The mysteries I'll unfold  
 When they their reasons have assign'd,  
 That this can never be;  
 My wisdom always stands behind,  
 And that you all shall see.  
 For blessed is the BARREN WOMB  
 That never yet gave suck,  
 Because the time is hastening on  
 They'll find in her there's milk;  
 For milk 'twill be, they all shall see,  
 Although the breasts seem dry;  
 For as I made the water wine  
 I'll bring it so this way."

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*The explanation to the above, given Monday, Feb. 11, 1805.*

“ Now, Joanna, I shall answer thee. In the communication that is now copied off the perfect language of mankind was foretold : before any of the words had been spoken by them I told thee what would be the language of their hearts ; and though they have not spoken it in the same words, yet they have spoken it in the sense of the words ; and thus I knew Satan would fill up their hearts against thee, as he filled up the Jews against ME : for the Jews never believed in my coming as a Bridegroom ; or that I must come as the Captain of your Salvation, that ventureth his life in the field of battle to save his country. This was never believed by the Jews ; then how can they say that all men are redeemed by my Death, when it is written that no man has any part in my Death but those that believe ? Then what part have the Jews in my Death, or Resurrection, while they stand out in unbelief ? Then how can they say that redemption is come to all men, when all men do not believe ? Now let them come close to my Bible : as in Adam all died, even so in Christ shall all be made alive : then let them look deep to the Jews, of whom it is written, you only have I known of all the families on the earth ; and to whom all the promises were made ; and yet you see them through unbelief an outcast nation ; for of every nation, tongue, and people, they have a nation to themselves ; but the Jews, and the Jews alone, are the only people that stand a proverb for their unbelief. Then how can men so vainly boast of their own knowledge, when they see what the knowledge of man hath brought them to ? The Jews trusted to their own wisdom, and their own understanding of the Scriptures ; and by their own understanding they brought on their own destruction ; then how can the Gentiles look upon the Jews and see what their un-

derstanding hath brought them to, and now split upon the same rock, to place the Scriptures to their own wisdom and understanding, as the Jews did to theirs? Then I tell thee they must both fall together. And now I shall come to the purpose with thee. Dost thou wish thou hadst ever listened to thy friends, that did persuade thee to give up thy writings? Answer for thyself."

No : I would not for ten thousand worlds, as I am clearly convinced if I had listened to my friends, I should have been wretched in time and to all eternity ; but now I see the promises of God fulfilled to me ; as the perfect life I now live was foretold me in 1795 : and the manner of my friends I am now surrounded with. Instead of possessing this happiness that I now enjoy, and the happy conscience I now feel in looking forward to the end, had I listened to my friends, I should now have been wretched and miserable above all women that ever were born ; but I cannot ascribe this persevering faith to my own power, or my own wisdom ; No : I bless the God of my salvation, that kept me by his Power, directed me by his Wisdom, counselled me by his Spirit, and made his angels as guards around me, to keep me from the power of men and devils. So to the Lord I ascribe all the honour, all the power, and bless him, from my inmost soul, for his mercies and goodness towards me.

" Now, Joanna, I shall answer thee. The perfect life thou now livest is known to thy friends, as well as thee ; it was foretold thee in 1795 ; and let it be observed by all men in what manner I have ordered thy writings to be sealed up and marked, to put it out of the power of all men to say thou couldst write it after it was fulfilled ; and let it be observed how I forbade thee to write any thing but thy name, before these writings were given into thy hands ; and let it be further observed, that my handmaids are daily with thee to put it out of thy power to deceive

if thou wast an impostor, as the world hath made thee. And now let reason take possession of men's hearts further : can they suppose Townley would impose upon herself to do as she is doing, to act as she is acting, if she saw deceit in thee? Reason must tell all men, No : then let them weigh the whole together, and see if this wisdom, this knowledge, and this power, can be placed to the devil, by a man of wisdom ; I tell thee, No : many that have judged of thy writings have judged of things they know nothing about ; as Townley and Sharp did of the corn, because they were no judges concerning the corn ; therefore I ordered them to pass their judgment, to shew how wrong men draw their judgment in things they know nothing about ; for just as wrong do men draw their judgment on thy writings, as *they* did from the corn. But thou sayest in thy heart, men draw their judgment from the Bible ; and so did the Jews ; but did the Jews draw their judgment right ? thou must answer, No, if the Gospel be true ; then I answer, perfectly as wrong as the Jews drew their judgment from the Law and the Prophets, full as wrong do men now draw their judgment from the Gospel and my Disciples ; and full as wrong as Townley and Sharp drew their judgment of the corn, full as wrong do men draw their judgment of thy writings. But as thou, with others, drew your judgments right of the corn, so have many drawn their judgments right of thy writings ; yet neither of you looked into the depth of the corn, nor what the communication meant through ; and just the same men are by thy writings ; for they have not looked into the depth, the manner they are spoken, and the way I am fulfilling them. Now I shall answer thee of thyself : thou saidst thou wouldest not listen to thy friends for ten thousand worlds to have drawn back ; and I now tell thee ten million worlds would have been but misery to thee, if thou hadst drawn back ; for thy life would have been

miserable, and thy end without honour ; and how couldest thou have appeared before ME, when I had called thy life to thy remembrance, how I had protected thee, and how I had directed thee, from the time of thy mother's death, before my visitation came so strongly to direct thee as to the nation as well as thyself, and every truth would have been called to thy remembrance ? then how couldest thou appear ? In thy heart thou answerest, no way ; but a miserable lost woman. This I know must have been thy case ; but this, I tell thee, it could not be possible for thee to fall so, because I called thee by my power, and in thy weakness was thy strength : and now I tell you, in all your weakness I am your strength—for thou couldest never have stood in the dangers and difficulties, I have led thee through, and the trials and temptations of men and devils, if I had not kept thee in on every side. And now the same I say to all thy believers, though they have more to strengthen them than thou hadst in the beginning, because they have seen fulfilled what thou was waiting to see ; yet there are so many things to come to fulfil thy prophecies in this land, and they have drawn their judgments like thee, taking the shadows to be the substance, expecting every thing must be fulfilled as soon as it is spoken, by the judgment they have formed. Thus they are foiling themselves on the one hand, and the mockery of the world is on the other, that I now tell thee, without my protection to keep them, they could not stand any more than thee ; and thou confessest thou couldest not stand alone, before thou hadst seen the truth come on, if I had not been thy keeper ; and so I say I am the keeper of all that stand by faith ; and that faith must come by hearing. And now I tell thee why so many fall off : because their faith is taught by the precepts of men ; they ask the wisdom of men, and to their wisdom they trust ; then what have I to do with them ? He that trusteth in man, let him see

if man will deliver him ; but he that trusteth in ME shall be as Mount Zion that cannot be moved. Now, I tell thee, no man can trust in ME that will trust to his own wisdom in a cause like this, thinking he knows the Scriptures better than I have explained them to thee : this is man's trusting in man, and making flesh his stay ; but he that trusteth in the Lord will be afraid of his own wisdom in judging the Bible, fearing he may draw his judgment wrong, as the Jews did ; therefore in a cause like this he will read for himself, he will judge for himself, he will have salt in himself, and weigh the whole together ; then he will know it is impossible such wisdom and such working, such knowledge and such truth, could come from any but the God of Truth. Now what spirit could tell thee in 1795 the very thing that thou didst do in 1803 ? and who could tell thee in 1795 the perfect manner thou now livest ? For it is not telling of a thing proves it is of God, but the fulfilment thereof ; and the perfect fulfilment is now come to thee of the things thou hast done, and the life thou dost now live ; for thy will as well as thy word fulfils the one, and the life thou now livest fulfils the other ; and this will continue to thy journey's end. Now mark the shadow of what I said in Woolland's house, in May 1797, when I had ordered thee not to go out to work, neither be as a servant to Woolland, which brought the distress upon thy mind, thinking what thou wast to do, as I said thou shouldest call no man master ; for I alone would be thy master ; and yet thou knowest at the same time, I permitted thee to take work home ; and when Woolland offered thee presents, to take them, but refused receiving as wages : and know I said I would clear the mysteries in the end \*."

\* The reader will understand this part better by referring back to page 71.

The following are the lines which were written in 1797 :

" A servant thou art none,  
For wages he shall never pay,  
Nor none shalt thou receive;  
Thy time I'll call another way,  
Too long I know thou hast griev'd.  
No master here thy debts shall clear,  
For I will thee employ;  
And where's the man shall pay the bond,  
That will not ME enjoy?  
Whoe'er demands thee from my hand,  
I bid thee them refuse;  
My handmaid thou shalt ever stand;  
Though others I do chuse  
Thy fellow-labourers in the Lord,  
They are my handmaids all;  
And they shall find with one accord  
My Spirit there shall fall."

" Now I shall answer thee of this communication, which is perfectly true like the others; but how could I place the types and shadows to the substance, as I have placed all thy writings? Therefore I placed the type in Woolland's house, as Woolland and Minifie were the first friends thou knewest, and thy old acquaintance from children, before thou hadst any knowledge of Taylor, or any other believers; therefore in her house I placed the type, but was the substance fulfilled there? Thou must answer, No: but though thou didst never call Woolland master, neither did he look upon himself as thy master; yet thou labouredst in his house, and wast fed at his table, after I had forbidden thee to work for any that were unbelievers; but know I set that as a type: to try the clergy was all I made known to thee at that time; for had I told thee what would follow that type, it would but have filled thee with unbelief. Now, though Woolland made thee presents, because I had refused its being paid as wages; yet I tell thee, I ordered all that type for such a time as this; for you cannot say that Woolland, or Minifie, were ever my hand-

maids, as fellow-labourers with thee in the Lord ; but know what followeth ; they refused to send a letter for thy sake ; then what fellow-labourers were they with thee ? and yet they were shadows, by Woolland's giving thee presents, when I ordered thee to take no wages. But dost thou think I should have placed this simple shadow, so perfectly like the substance ; now, if this had not been in my view ? Now mark the words deep : I said, I called thee another way ; for no master there should pay thy debt, and no man should pay thy bonds, that would not enjoy ME. Now I ask thee, who is thy master ? Thou sayest, thou hast no master but God. Now I ask thee, who are thy bondsmen ? Thou answerest, none but believers. And now I ask thee, who demands thee from my hand ? Thou answerest, the unbelievers wish to demand thee to give up thy hand ; but thy strength of faith now is too great for any man to accomplish this. Now I ask thee, who are thy fellow-labourers in the Lord, that are as handmaids with thee ? Thou answerest, Townley and Underwood are fellow-labourers with thee, and ending the work that thou hast begun. Now mark the words that were said—others I do chuse, and there my Spirit shall fall ; but I did not say, they were chosen *then*. If so the words would have been, others I have chosen, and here my Spirit *is* fallen, if it was a thing accomplished ; but I said, others I do chuse, and there my Spirit *shall* fall. Now mark the next word that follows—Woolland *here* ; but it is not said *there* ; then this must shew you all, the substance was not meant in Woolland's house ; but the type and shadow placed to shew thee plain what was to come. And now thou seest the truth perfectly fulfilled : I have called thee from them another way as I said ; and thy bondsmen are the believers ; and those that wish to take thee from my hand are the opposers ; and my handmaids are joined with thee ; and the shadow of Woolland is



the substance in Townley. And now mark Townley's words : at that time she was judged dying ; then who but a God prolonged her life, and preserved her for such a time as this ? and who but a God could set such a type to thee at that time, and now have it perfectly fulfilled ? Now from the manner of thy life let believers see in what manner things were foretold to thee, and in what manner they were brought round to be fulfilled ; then they may see in what manner their happy deliverance will come. A few believers did not work any change for thee, till there came in strong and powerful believers ; then came the change to thee ; and I now tell thee, perfectly so it will be to all ; when judgments have cut down the mockers on the one hand, and faith in abundance increase on the other, they will see as great a change for their peace and happiness in every situation, as thou seest now the communication is copying off, from what thou sawest and felt when thou didst write it."

The following communication, given May, 1797, in answer to men's saying I was a good mistaken woman ; and the explanation of the six philosophers, that went out for a day's pleasure, and walking through a wood came to a tomb-stone ; that was written on in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, " He that findeth the end of my shadow will find great riches." They digged round the tomb-stone and found nothing ; so they went away and left it, thinking they were mocked ; but after they were gone some way, one of the philosophers, more wise than the rest, made an excuse to go home, but thought to himself he would go back and see the end of the shadow at the turn of the day ; and when it came to the turn of the day, he began to dig at the end of the shadow, and found immense riches that the old philosopher had hid there.—It begins in answer to men's words—

" Now who can make thy head so weak,  
 While I within thee always speak?  
 And bring the Bible to thy view:  
 Will men believe their lies are true?  
 Good and mistaken cannot be,  
 In things so deep as penn'd by thee.  
 But here the prudent men are come  
 To judge of what they've never seen,  
 And like the wise men are deceiv'd.  
 How ignorant now do men believe!  
 Then where shall knowledge be applied?  
 'Tis in the meek I must confide;  
 And those are weaned from the breast  
 Do for the perfect knowledge thirst,  
 Who little in themselves appear:  
 When Saul was so I chose him there  
 To be a king over the land;  
 And now the meek shall ever stand;  
 But those that to their wisdom trust  
 Shall all be foiled in the last;  
 But he that's wise will sure dig deep;  
 His wisdom guards him, though asleep;  
 For if the perfect truth he'll know  
 He must dig deep to find it true;  
 He knows not what is buried there;  
 This was the wise philosopher,  
 While the self-wise did lose the whole,  
 And in the end become a fool;  
 And in the end you'll find it so:  
 The wise philosopher did go  
 To wait the turning of the day,  
 And mark the shadow came that way  
 Where hidden treasures they were hid;  
 The wise philosopher did dig  
 And found the substance all was there;  
 He got the whole by prudent care.  
 So from this type let men be wise;  
 No more than him do I disguise;  
 My hidden treasures are conceal'd,  
 And to the wise 'twill be reveal'd;  
 Because the pearl now I'll clear,  
 And in their hands it must appear;  
 Because 'tis given unto thee,  
 The wise philosophers they'll see  
 More wise than the sons of men \*.—

\* This communication is given only in part.

## THE CRINKLED CORN, AND SNOW ON THE HAY. 91

*Taken out of the Sealed Writings, written in 1795.*

I dreamt I was in a corn field; some of the corn was crinkled down to the ground, and some stood fair, but the greatest part was crinkled down. I said we should stand as fair as the corn, when others were bowed down. I thought Mrs. Woolland wanted me to get something upon the trees, but I said they must help me up; I thought they did part of the way, and I got into one of the branches, and could not get out. Mrs. Woolland the same night dreamt of the like entanglement in the corn, and of snow being upon the hay.

### THE ANSWER OF THE SPIRIT.

“ Now I'll begin to answer here :  
Upon the ground the hay did then appear ;  
Apples and blossom both together were,  
The green leaves shewing and the fruit appear.  
This is a mystery thou dost not understand :  
Such is the mixture will be in your land ;  
For as the weather did to thee appear,  
Just so the hearts of men they certain are.  
But now unto the purpose thou art come,  
The grass cut down, it must to all be known :  
Man's life as grass it surely is compar'd—  
It was cut down, but yet no sun to cheer,  
Because the snow did surely cover all :  
Deep is the mystery I to thee do tell ;  
Think on the words that she to thee did say—  
Thou knowest the snow did cover all the hay.  
Now should my weather like their hearts appear,  
The husbandman would soon lose all his share.  
This is the reason I to thee did say  
Defer thy writings till another day ;  
For I'll go on the whole for to explain :  
I know the hearts and simple thoughts of men,  
And that my Bible they cannot explain ;  
A hidden mystery it is sure from man ;  
But to the purpose I shall surely come.  
Nature convulsed when first Jehovah spoke,  
The bush on fire and Sinai hid in smoke ;  
For so, I say, the bush did then appear  
To be on fire when God did then come near,  
And Moses' shoes were order'd to be put off  
When he before the Lord did then approach.  
This is a mystery thou dost not understand,  
To leave his shoes it was the Lord's command,

Because thou knowest it was to put them off—  
 If thou hast wisdom I have said enough;  
 For on the shoes you know you all do stand,  
 To guard your feet throughout this thorny land;  
 But when the ground it holy did appear,  
 To put them off—the mystery now is clear;  
 And so the mystery I'll make clear to thee:  
 The shoes of man, thou knowest, do guard him on—  
 And so their wisdom and their faith the same;  
 But now I'll tell from whence their errors came:  
 Aspire to knowledge man did first begin;  
 It was forbid to all the sons of men;  
 But the forbidden fruit man sure did eat—  
 I tell thee, here the mystery lieth deep;  
 For what they aim'd at they could ne'er obtain,  
 Nor by their wisdom e'er find out my mind.  
 Ah! could men think that I would stoop so low,  
 My perfect wisdom unto man to shew,  
 When that upon ME he did cast the blame?  
 Then now be wise, O all ye sons of men,  
 And little in your eyes I say become,  
 And humbly own yourselves to be but men.  
 For now to reason I will here begin:  
 There is no knowledge in the sons of men;  
 Then own your folly, and I'll set you free;  
 The time of ignorance is wink'd at by ME;  
 But by men's wisdom they are surely lost,  
 And of their wisdom nothing have to boast;  
 Therefore their cause I'll surely undertake,  
 And in my anger break the Serpent's neck.  
 He said as gods that men should surely come,  
 And good from evil they should soon discern;  
 But by their folly now I plainly see  
 In simple ignorance men appear to be;  
 And now their wisdom I no more will blame,  
 If men will own it, and will humbly come,  
 That of their wisdom they can never boast,  
 But in the Lord alone is all their trust.  
 But now, I say, I'll answer first the Jew\*:  
 He said as one they should be, he did know;  
 But in what manner he no more doth know  
 Than Adam did, when I the truth did shew,  
 That in the Woman I'd bruise Satan's head.  
 He says the time is certain past and fled;  
 And by professors they can never see  
 That Christ in them can ever formed be;  
 And that confession is throughout your land;  
 But for my Gospel none do understand,  
 That peace on earth I did not come to send,  
 But 'twas a sword to all the sons of men;

\* Ezekiel the Jew said, that the Gentiles and the Jews would soon be of one mind; the Jews had been looking for the coming of Christ 200 years; but now the time was past, they had given it up; as to the Bible, they did not understand it.

And now 'tis kindled, all may plainly see.  
 But now comes on the other mystery :  
 For a Baptism I have to go through ;  
 Yet I am straiten'd by the stubborn Jews,  
 As in thy dream it did to thee appear :  
 The branches did suppress thy going there ;  
 And Woolland she did surely find the same,  
 As in her dream the mysteries then did come.  
 But now if England own thy writings true,  
 And in one spirit do together go,  
 Then all the corn, I say, it will stand fair ;  
 It cannot fall if you will now take care ;  
 But the self-confident shall tumble down—  
 Thou know'st the stalks were crinkl'd to the ground.  
 Then now to reason I will soon begin,  
 From \*\*\*\*\* words I will it more explain :  
 He said my Bible was a simple thing,  
 And by their wisdom cannot it explain ;  
 So now I say that man shall give it up,  
 And to explain it I shall surely stoop.  
 I said the meek inherit should the earth,  
 Because as children, now the Scripture saith,  
 I said as little children you must come,  
 If in my Kingdom I'd receive you home ;  
 And now like little children you may be,  
 And then the bondmen I shall set them free.  
 Now as a judge to reason I'll begin :  
 He hears the cause, and to the jury comes  
 And lays it open then before their view—  
 They all are sworn to give their judgment true ;  
 But if they in one judgment don't agree,  
 He locks them up, and will not set them free  
 Until they are come to be of one mind,  
 Then to the jury doth the cause resign.  
 I said the Saints should surely judge the earth,  
 Now I'll confirm it, as the Scripture saith  
 All men as prisoners they are now fast bound ;  
 Condemn'd by Satan are the nations round,  
 But as a judge I wish to set them free,  
 And seal the jury, that was seal'd by thee,  
 And by the twelve men they must give it up.  
 So low to man my wisdom now shall stoop,  
 Then all my Bible I will soon explain,  
 What is a mystery to the sons of men ;  
 For 'tis their folly that must set them free—  
 Thou knowest a fool is ne'er condemn'd to die ;  
 So now men's wisdom let them put it off,  
 Trust in the Lord to be their rod and staff,  
 And then man's cause I'll surely undertake,  
 And a fresh covenant with man I'll make—  
 My yoke is easy and my burden's light,  
 So it will prove when all's brought to your sight—  
 Now with the Jews to reason I'll begin :  
 I ask them how my Bible they'll explain ?

Or how my coming will it yet appear?  
 The time draws nigh of the six thousand years,  
 I said I'd lead them as they did not know,  
 And wash their sins whiter than any snow.  
 So now together I do bid them come—  
 Bring forth your arguments, ye sons of men;  
 You say my Bible you don't understand,  
 Then by my jury I will set all free,  
 That simply come and put their trust in ME.—  
 But back to Jehu now I bid you go—  
 "What peace," said Jehu, "can there now appear  
 "While Jezebel thy mother's witchcrafts are!"  
 So many as he saw them in the land.  
 This is a mystery none do understand;  
 But from the past it must be known to thee,  
 The powers of darkness do with some agree:  
 They were the words thy Master he did say,  
 Ye are the servants whom ye do obey;  
 And as my Spirit doth commune with thee,  
 Just so the devil doth commune with they;  
 And as he bids them certainly they do;  
 I say, his spirit doth before them go,  
 And in all shapes he makes them to appear,  
 To put him by it is by faith in prayer.  
 But that I'll answer thee another day—  
 I'll cast out none that do enquire the way."

The following was given to me in 1797, in answer to a letter I sent to Mr. Pomeroy, to which Charles Taylor forgot to put the date, which was explained from the letter and the coachman driving me home furiously:

"Now, Joanna, thee I'll answer:  
 Like the driver all will be;  
 As they here so long have linger'd,  
 Furious will their driving be;  
 As the coachman he did shake thee  
 As he furiously did drive,  
 So, I say, they will awake thee,  
 And thy jarring passions raise.  
 Long impatient thou didst wait,  
 But when the coach did come,  
 Thou know'st, his driving it was great,  
 And quickly brought thee home.  
 Not like the other did he stay;  
 He knew his time was come,  
 And though he jarr'd thee in the way,  
 He safely brought thee home.  
 And now, I say, it so will be,  
 Though Pomeroy tarries long,  
 But when he knows the time is up  
 He'll do as he hath done;

For like the driver he will be,  
 And prove so in the end.  
 'Tis all a simple tale that's here,  
 But deep what thou hast penn'd."

The following communication was given, March 11, 1796. As I was in prayer I was ordered to put three pens in the Bible; and found the first in *Acts* 25; the second in *Isaiah* 54; the third in *Psalms* 105—"Make known his deeds among the people."

### THE ANSWER OF THE SPIRIT.

"Now these chapters first I'll answer,  
 With thy letters next begin:  
 Thy accusers come together—  
 Tell me why thou art not mine?  
 'Tis by thy works they must condemn thee,  
 If thou'rt not worthy of the Bride;  
 If they cannot prove thee guilty,  
 Here the field is open wide.  
 They say thou'rt poor: I want no store,  
 For all the earth is mine;  
 I came a beggar heretofore,  
 And shall I now resign,  
 To choose one higher in my room?  
 The servant cannot be  
 No greater than his Lord before,  
 And therefore I chose thee.  
 Now like the Psalm I shall begin:  
 My Name must fly abroad,  
 And let the Heathen Nations hear  
 The sentence of the Lord;  
 If England now will me obey,  
 This land I'll surely bless,  
 And they shall gain the victory,  
 For every land I'll crush.  
 Now with thy letter next begin,  
 That thou must send to Moore;  
 For in thy writings thou hast nam'd  
 What he did speak before:  
 Account for preaching he must give,  
 And they for hearing too;  
 The souls of many he shall save  
 If he my Will will do.  
 My words before him they must come,  
 And let him judge them deep:  
 For now my time is full at hand;  
 If England now doth sleep,  
 Out of their dream they must awake,  
 If they preserv'd will be;

## 96 A COMMUNICATION GIVEN IN FEBRUARY, 1796.

My Rod and Sceptre both I'll shake;  
 If men do not agree :  
 Great are my promises if they do,  
 But threatenings are severe ;  
 And they shall find my words are true  
 Before I've ended here.  
 So with thy letter now begin,  
 For all men I will try ;  
 And if they to the purpose come  
 They'll surely find me nigh ;  
 Shock'd with surprize they'll surely be,  
 As you did them begin—  
 Another day I shall explain  
 The meaning of the thing,  
 And why you were so much mistook\*—  
 Mistaken all will be,  
 That say another in my room  
 Hath e'er directed thee ;  
 Because the likeness won't agree—  
 Let both together come,  
 Another day I'll answer thee,  
 Write out how it was done†."

*This don't  
 appear to agree  
 w<sup>th</sup> the F. & S.*

The following communication was given in February, 1796.—I was ordered to put my pen into the Bible, and found it in *Psalms* 89.

"To sing the praises of the Lord  
 "My tongue shall never spare"—  
 "In verse thou open'st on record,  
 And I will answer here :  
 Judge for thyself if thou can'st write  
 While I do silence keep ;  
 It is thy faith I must keep up,  
 As men are fast asleep ;  
 And to the test thy faith must come,  
 For I shall press thee here :  
 Thou'st promis'd now for to obey ;  
 It was thy every prayer.  
 Then to thy prayers I now do hold thee,  
 As thou sayest I bid thee do ;  
 Trust the Promise I have told thee,  
 And I'll bring it to thy view ;  
 Jehu first did gain the battle  
 Ere he Jezebel threw down,  
 I will first try all men's mettle  
 Ere the end I'll surely crown ;  
 What men are I now will try them ;  
 All men's wisdom I will prove ;

\* Joanna had met Mr. Cutley, whom she took for Mr. Pomeroy.

† This was a letter sent to Archdeacon Moore, printed in page 30 of the First Book of Scaled Prophecies.



In the end I shall confound them,  
 If they now refuse my Love.  
 Now I bid thee write to Pomeroy,  
 And I'll put him to the test,  
 For the letter I'll indite it,  
 And I bid thee write the verse  
 That thou hast got wrote already ;  
 Get it by some fairer hand,  
 So that plainly he may read it,  
 See if he can understand ;  
 Then his wisdom I shall prove it,  
 As the lines, I say, are deep ;  
 For men's wisdom don't discern it,  
 What a Fast they now do keep.  
 In it they're condemn'd already—  
 Mark the Fast where it doth stand \* ;  
 If the words at first should puzzle  
 I will soon direct thy hand.  
 They must come to deeper knowledge,  
 If preserved they will be ;  
 Thou art puzzled, as I told thee,  
 But therein is the mystery :  
 A B I B doth thee puzzle,  
 What it means thou dost not know ;  
 A B I B is a mystery,  
 But the mystery I shall shew.  
 There the fast thou know'st thou found it,  
 But the name thou canst not tell ;  
 All mankind they are so blinded,  
 Have no more knowledge than thyself ;  
 Though my Bible is plain before them,  
 But my Name they do not know ;  
 Jah Jehovah is a mystery  
 That surpass all men below.  
 A, B, first begin your letters,  
 C and D do after come,  
 E, F, I say, do next confirm it,  
 Who's the dunce then, God or man ?  
 If I'm God for to be worshipp'd,  
 Then my Spirit let them know ;  
 'Tis in truth they must confess it,  
 For my Bible orders so.  
 Then in truth come all before me,  
 Shew your reasons why you fast  
 To avenge an ignorant nation,  
 That with sorrow is oppress'd.  
 Are their natures of less feeling  
 Than yourselves, I wish to know ?  
 Did I make one and not the other ?  
 I said all souls were mine below—  
 And to thy pens I bid thee go,  
 There the words thou'lt find them plainer,  
 But as little understood."

\* I had put the Book of the Fast in *Deuteronomy xvi. 1.* in which the month called Abib is mentioned.

The following communication was given in 1796 I dreamt I was going to some place and saw a bolted door; I thought a voice said to me, "if the door opens there will be no famine this year;" I thought it opened and I went along till I came to strange places; I saw a child that took me by the hand, and did not care to let it go; soon after I saw a boy, and I said I was a pilgrim and a sojourner, and told of what was coming on; but I thought the boy took no notice of it. As I was coming back I saw Mr. Gidley and Mr. Wills; I thought the apple trees were in blossom, and some were come to apples and stricken, as I tried them.

### THE ANSWER OF THE SPIRIT.

"Here's the thing that thou didst dream;  
 Their hearts are bolted there;  
 But if unbolted men should come  
 No famine shall appear;  
 Because your nakedness I see,  
 My anger must be great,  
 If I in this extremity  
 Should now deny you meat.  
 The child that took thee by the hand  
 Will unto thee appear;  
 The boy that careless heard thy word  
 Is unbelievers here;  
 The apples that were stuck so fast  
 Will all their fruit now bring,  
 And true believers at the last  
 Will own thy God and King.  
 To Wills and Gidley thou art come;  
 These men thou knew'st before,  
 When no confusion in your land,  
 And now I bid them hear  
 The different change that hath took place—  
 England I'll fill with dread:  
 And now reflect on what is past,  
 When Minifie was fled  
 Upon the seas, I did prepare  
 To make thy writings true;  
 And on the seas I did ordain  
 To bring all to thy view.  
 I said alike the lot should fall,  
 For I would punish there;  
 But now I say this is not all,  
 So let them now take care!

## PRAYERS TO LOWER THE PRIDE OF THE FRENCH. 99

Their shipping I will all destroy,  
And sorrows they shall feel;  
No pity shew, no pity have;  
I said, like Woollands wheel,  
That every thing should so come round—  
But thou art in the dark;  
For all men's wisdom I'll confound,  
And bring the living spark.  
So now I bid thee mark the end,  
And see how all comes round;  
For I will stand thy every friend,  
And all men I'll confound."

The following communication was given to Joanna, March 13, 1797, in answer to her hearing the prayers to lower the pride of the French.

### THE ANSWER OF THE SPIRIT.

"Do not mock ME with your prayers—  
Mark the words that thou dost hear:  
They do pray to humble pride;  
Where's the heart from ME is 'bid?  
If I answer now their prayers,  
England now must stand in fear;  
Where's the man can throw a stone?  
Shame must now stop every one;  
All accusers must begin  
For to blush at what they've done;  
For though adulterers they be,  
And condemn'd by you, I say;  
But I say, condemn no more;  
Where's the man can answer here,  
That his heart from pride is free?  
Let the stone be thrown by he.  
But here conscience must condemn;  
I've now tried every one;  
Every heart is full of pride,  
Therefore thou art so denied.  
I thy cause this day did hear:  
Taylor's eyes did stand in tears,  
Own'd they all had been unjust—  
Hear the sentence that is cast\*:  
Every man by sin is bound;  
Justice must demand their gown.  
Hast thou got an inward grief?  
Do they all deny relief?  
Then of all I do demand,  
How before my bar they'll stand?

\* The clergy's preaching against Joanna, but would not see her at that time.

For themselves they must condemn—  
 Read the words, I say, to men,  
 How they dare for to blaspheme,  
 Trifling with my holy Name.  
 Hast thou not plainly told them here,  
 Thou thy conscience canst not clear  
 Till thy writings they do see?  
 Let them come and answer ME.  
 If I cannot find a man  
 In my stead that now will stand,  
 Shall I bear the sword in vain?  
 Tremble, all ye sons of men!  
 Sick, I tell thee, I am come  
 Of the learned sons of men;  
 Therefore I shall spue them up;  
 Wait and see the end will drop;  
 See how sickly they have been;  
 Tears may stop them in the end;  
 Cold as death their feet will be;  
 For they have not followed ME.  
 Another day I'll tell thee more,  
 But for the present end it here."

The following communication was given in 1797,  
 from *Psalm* xvii. 1. where I opened to in my Bible  
 —“Hear the right, O Lord, attend unto my cry,  
 give ear unto my prayer that goeth not out of  
 feigned lips. Let my sentence come forth from thy  
 presence; let thine eyes behold the things that are  
 equal.”

#### THE ANSWER OF THE SPIRIT.

“Now, Joanna, this I'll answer;  
 All thy thoughts are known to ME:  
 Men shall know I am thy Master,  
 Jah Jehovah, they shall see.  
 If thou hast spent thy time for nought,  
 And wasted all thy store,  
 To poverty thyself thou'st brought  
 For to obey ME here;  
 And fasted long, as thou hast done,  
 The days will equal mine.  
 The rising and the setting sun  
 Hath his appointed time,  
 The heavens in all their order stand,  
 The sea doth know his bounds;  
 But when it rages upon the land  
 The shore cannot be found;  
 For who can go the shore to know,  
 Or venture on the brink,

When foaming billows rage and foam?  
 The waves would make them sink.  
 So mark your land, while silent stand,  
 For if my bounds should burst,  
 No footing you can then command,  
 As I have said at first ;  
 And from the night I'll bring to light—  
 Let dreary night appear,  
 And every star be darken'd up,  
 And no moon light appear,  
 And you a journey have to go,  
 I say, in paths unknown,  
 I ask what you would mean to do  
 To bring you to your home ?  
 How would you go ? I ask to know,  
 Suppose the journey long,  
 And not set out before 'tis night,  
 I ask, where you would come ?  
 Would ye not stray out of the way,  
 And stumble in the dark ?  
 In crooked paths shall man direct ?  
 You'd surely miss the mark.  
 So it is here, it will appear,  
 The night is hastening on,  
 And crooked paths are now before,  
 Then let the stars to shine,  
 For to give light and guide the night,  
 That men may find their way ;  
 For crooked paths they must go through  
 Before 'tis perfect day ;  
 And if the stars refuse to shine  
 They'll stumble in the dark ;  
 But as the stars are surely mine,  
 I'll light ONE for the mark."

~~~~~  
*The Explanation of the above Communication, given*  
*February 23, 1805.*

" Now I shall answer thee from this communication : Know I said I would light one for the mark, to give light for others ; and light for others was given by Pomeroy. Now when a star is lighted in the firmament, will you say that that star gave any light if the clouds should cover it afterwards ? You must all answer, No : if a star begin to shine and you see its light appear, and you see other stars arise in the firmament and begin to shine together all in

one light ; if the clouds cover the first, will you say they must cover the whole ? I tell thee, No : the clouds may cover some, whilst others appear to shine ; perfectly so it is with man ; he was the star lighted by ME to bring to light the hidden things that were done in darkness ; and though the clouds have covered him that he doth not appear now to shine, yet let it be known unto men, he was the first star, that was lighted as a light for man ; *and from his light the others rose to shine* ; then now let them weigh deep the manner this communication is spoken, the time it was spoken, and deeply weigh it with your land ; for I shall leave it for all men to judge for themselves."

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*Taken out of the Sealed Writings, written in the year 1796, copied off February 26, 1805.*

An answer to my Sister's dispute and mine. My Sister asked me, why I did not come to see my brother and his wife. I said I did not go with the great, for they were too grand for me. My Sister said I was grown proud. I said, I did go to visit my Father, and those that were poor. She said, then you are come to the pitch of grandeur ; for that is the highest top ; it is what the kings did formerly ; they were above the rich, and thought they did not shew them respect enough ; but visited the poor, because they shewed them more honour and respect. I said that was just like me ; for I saw myself slighted when I was with my brothers and sisters, that were richer and greater than myself, but respected with them that were poor ; and this was the pride of my heart. My Sister answered, my brother Joseph said, that he did not know me. I answered, it was true : for none of my brothers nor sisters knew me. She was at a loss to hear me confirm the words my bro-

ther spoke ; but I told her it was true. She then asked me, if she knew herself. I answered, No. She said, O, well then ! But being answered from her own words, gave up the dispute.—She said all things were types.

### THE ANSWER OF THE SPIRIT.

“ From what thou’st written I’ll begin,  
 For it is I shall it explain :  
 Thy Sister said all things were types—  
 This is a type to men ;  
 And with the type I’ll first begin,  
 To prove my honour’s like a king.  
 To visit now the humble poor  
 My honour is exalted here ;  
 The haughty pride of men I see,  
 Are all too great to honour ME ;  
 Because their pride doth swell so high,  
 And think themselves as great as ME ;  
 Then should I to the learned go :  
 More of their grandeur they would shew—  
 But where’s the man would stoop like thee,  
 And bear the thought a fool to be ?  
 For unto thee this hath been told ;  
 Then now the truth I will unfold ;  
 For now my answer is like thee,  
 The pride of kings it is in ME ;  
 And to the top I’m surely come,  
 My grandeur must to all be known :  
 And when the humble poor do come  
 My Spirit I will give to them,  
 And freely shall with them converse ;  
 ’Tis they shall know my love and grace.  
 But higher shall my honour go,  
 Than every king did here below ;  
 For kings and princes are but men,  
 I ne’er shall stoop so low as them.  
 This was the folly in the Jews ;  
 They from the prophets heard the news  
 That I a Prince and King should come,  
 The mighty counsellor for man,  
 And as a prince I should appear—  
 The priest and prophet now is near,  
 And I the Counsellor will be,  
 Now from thy Brother answer thee :  
 He thought he knew thee heretofore,  
 Thy temper mild, which made him err ;  
 And now with ME ’tis just the same :  
 My kindred know not who I am ;  
 An intercessor I have been,  
 And deep’s the debt I paid for men ;  
 In their distress I did appear,  
 And perfect love I shew’d them there ;

But how my love hath been abus'd,  
 Both by the Gentiles and the Jews  
 Because the pride in them too high,  
 My mercy's great, they all do cry;  
 As to the gold they think their own;  
 My poverty to them was known,  
 So nothing they expect from ME  
 But humbly come their grandeur see,  
 And overlook as heretofore;  
 And by such dreams mankind do err;  
 Are men so blind to think ME near,  
 And pleas'd to see them thus go on,  
 To bring destruction in the land?  
 But now I'll tell thee why 'tis so,  
 That men no more of me do know;  
 Because my mind is all conceal'd,  
 And to my Friend 'tis here reveal'd.  
 So like thy Brother all are come,  
 My ways to them are all unknown;  
 My absence plainly doth appear,  
 Or else my anger men must fear,  
 To see my own enlighten'd Land,  
 To perish by the rebel's hand,  
 Who trust to man for pardoning grace—  
 The strength of arms men's weakness is;  
 This is the reason men do shew;  
 But as to ME they do not know.  
 Had not their conduct chill'd my love,  
 These armies strong I'd soon remove,  
 And make them like Sennacherib's host,  
*But now their strength I do maintain—*  
 The strength of men should soon be lost;  
 Let England know that all are men;  
 And if like men they will awake,  
 I say, their cause I'll undertake.  
 But now I tell them what to do—  
 First prove the Writings they are true,  
 And spread my Name from shore to shore;  
 The end is come, let nations fear,  
 And unto ME all nations look,  
 Salvation's sealed in thy book;  
 The Spirit to the Bride is come,  
 To say your Lord is hastening home;  
 And all the guests you must prepare,  
 Before the Bridegroom shuts the door.  
 Now from a type this thing you see;  
 'Tis but a name is given thee,  
 To shew my Bible is gone through,  
 To join the Gentiles with the Jews;  
 So Jews and Gentiles now appear  
 And your strong reasons bring them here:  
 If that my Spirit you deny—  
 The Bride was never meant that way;  
 The Bride, and Mother was at first  
 When Paradise by her was lost.



Then Paradise you must obtain,  
 By her obedience it regain;  
 Because the power comes from ME;  
 For where's the man that strengthens thee?  
 'Tis not by man that thou art led—  
 The Bone shall crush the Serpent's head,  
 That I at first did take from man;  
 So shall my conquering strength go on—  
 But if that England don't awake,  
 I tell them they will surely quake,  
 And every one their heads cast low,  
 If careless on they still will go.  
 For now my Bible I'll fulfil—  
 The Bride is come to claim the Child.  
 But this thou dost not understand,  
 Why Solomon did this command,  
 To have the Child divided there\*.  
 Now I shall make the mystery clear:  
 For the false Mother did agree  
 To have the Child divided be,  
 While the true Mother's heart did grieve,  
 She gave it up the Child to save.—  
 Now the true Mother doth appear,  
 That ne'er divides my Gospel here;  
 And many shall her children be,  
 More than the married wife you'll see.  
 But how my Gospel men divide!  
 For every sect and party's tried:  
 "Divide the Bible" is their cry;  
 For all must give my tongue the lie,  
 If I to men should give it up,  
 'Till I have drawn the curtain back;  
 For who my Bible can explain?  
 It is with man I must contend;  
 None of it ever was by thee;  
 Then now the conqueror you see,  
 The mighty conqueror is come,  
 Will they resist my will?  
 Then England shall receive the stroke  
 That every heart shall chill.  
 Then own I am a Counsellor here,  
 My prophets did foretel.  
 Will they still cry that I'm unjust,  
 'To stop the powers of Hell?  
 And 'twas the Woman he betray'd—  
 Then Solomon discern:  
 He dug the pit, in it is laid  
 Now by the Woman's hand;  
 So the same draught he now shall drink  
 That she did drink at first;  
 His ruin stands upon the brink,  
 For so his dye was cast.  
 So if my jury will not come,  
 I've other sheep that must be known,

\* See 1 Kings iii. 16.

And them I know will soon obey,  
 And crown my harvest in a day;  
 But who they are thou dost not know,  
 And all shall find thy words are true.  
 Then little in yourselves appear,  
 And every mystery soon I'll clear;  
 And now as children all become,  
 Appear like babes I'll make you men;  
 And now as lambs you must appear,  
 Because the shepherd he is near;  
 And then my sheep you soon will be,  
 And from the wolf I'll set you free—  
 And as the date thou now hast put,  
 Just so I say 'twill be;  
 For backward every one must go  
 To find the mystery:  
 To work with man I shall begin,  
 And make them stand in awe;  
 The manner thou wilt gain the prize  
 Thou wilt hereafter know.  
 But now if mankind will grow wise  
 They'll bring the prize to thee;  
 And then that man I'll surely bless;  
 His crimes be what they will.  
 But thou wilt see the end of this,  
 For every heart I'll chill  
 That wish to rob thee of thy crown,  
 For unto thee 'tis given—  
 Dost thou refuse to try thy skill?  
 'Tis I the lump shall leaven."

The following communication was given to Joanna in 1797, after she had been into Exeter, and was informed that Mr. Kenrick, a dissenting minister, had said, the Virgin Mary was a whore, and our Saviour a bastard; and this pernicious idea he tried to instil into the minds of some young men that went to school to him \*. When I heard it my soul trembled, my heart shook, and anger and indignation rose within me against him; as I was going, I thought to myself I might say with Peter, I wish to have him destroyed; and wondered the ministers did not warmly reprove him; but was answered in the following manner:

" Now Joanna thee I'll answer:  
 These blasphemers must appear;  
 For though Satan is their master,  
 It is what was said before,

\* The newspapers announced that this man fell from his horse and broke his neck last year, 1804, as he was hunting.

The latter days are surely come,  
 And perillous days are hastening on;  
 Swift destruction they will bring  
 On your nation and your king.  
 If men do not them prevent,  
 This is now my full intent,  
 To bring destruction in your Land:  
 Let men be wise and understand,  
 Sedition they have spoken here  
 Against your King and Governor;  
 Sedition now by man is spoke,  
 Their Lord and Master they do mock;  
 For they deny their Lord and King.  
 Now both together this is done;  
 And you shew'd your love to man,  
 To vindicate your lord and king.  
 Who is but a worm like you to die—  
 But now look all to Calvary,  
 And there behold your bleeding Lord:  
 If ye believe my Father's word,  
 A Lamb for Man there must be slain,  
 And for the people must atone.  
 The blood of Abel will not do,  
 Nor yet of rams, nor lambs below;  
 It was the Lamb, the Son of God,  
 That bought your ransom with his Blood.  
 And now to reason I'll begin,  
 From the beginning now explain:  
 My Father you must all deny,  
 And give your Lord and God the lie,  
 If you deny there was no Son  
 For Satan's fall by him to come;  
 Because the Son he did despise—  
 Then let the sons of men be wise.  
 In Heaven he drew the first,  
 And down the rebels all were cast;  
 And now on earth he'll do the same,  
 His fire will kindle like a flame;  
 If these pernicious men go on,  
 Their followers will many come,  
 Till they my Father will provoke  
 To lay on all a dreadful stroke.  
 Thou'st marvel why I this do bear;  
 And Peter's spirit sure is here,  
 And fire from Heaven he would call,  
 That in the end destroy'd them all;  
 And wanderers in the world they be.—  
 But now once more I'll answer thee,  
 And tell thee why I this permit,  
 That Satan so in man doth speak,  
 And let them live for to blaspheme;  
 It is to try the sons of men,  
 If any love they have for ME.  
 I've suffer'd this mankind to try;

Now if I find them hot nor cold,  
 When thou'st these things to them unfold,  
 But dead, and sickly, and lukewarm,  
 I'll bring on all a dreadful storm;  
 If they my honour won't maintain,  
 Like Eli, they shall sure be slain;  
 For though thou fear'st to write the word,  
 I'll let them know, with one accord,  
 That I no *Bastard* did appear,  
 My MOTHER no *Adulterer*;  
 My Gospel they shall find is true,  
 And they have made it good;  
 I'll bring the mysteries to their view:  
 They've open'd all my side;  
 They crucify their Lord afresh,  
 And open every wound.  
 'Tis perfect what the Scripture saith—  
 Now let a Paul be found;  
 Let Pomeroy bring his fifty men\*,  
 That will awake like Paul,  
 And then the HOLY GHOST shall come  
 And soon destroy them all.  
 Let men discern how I do warn—  
 The apostle's words are nigh:  
 For wells they are, no water's there,  
 My flock may thirst and die.  
 For if a *Bastard* I did come,  
 Inheritance you've none:  
 Then let men come before my throne,  
 And tell ME what they've done;  
 And how the crown they must obtain,  
 My FATHER's Laws are broke;  
 And bring ME now the perfect man,  
 That can endure the stroke,  
 To throw my Gospel all aside:  
 MY FATHER must demand  
 A perfect good and upright man,  
 Without a spot to stand  
 Obedient to my FATHER's Will,  
 And keep his Laws most pure.  
 The hearts of all would surely chill,  
 As Adam's did before;  
 For all have eat forbidden fruit,  
 As Adam did at first;  
 And every man must then stand mute,  
 And Paradise is lost.  
 To honour all my FATHER's Laws  
 Was never done by man;  
 'Tis I must plead the sinners' cause,  
 And Satan must condemn;  
 Because as man I sure did come,  
 And *Satan* tempted ME;

\* This alludes to Mr. Pomeroy's saying in his sermon, that he knew there was not one wanting of fifty righteous men, to save this land from destruction.

Their nature I did undertake,  
 A perfect Judge to be—  
 Now those that chuse ME for their judge  
 Will surely have one mild;  
 Because to Satan I shall charge  
 How he would ME beguile."

The following communication was given in 1796.  
 I went down into Mr. Woolland's wheat field, and  
 was ordered to pluck one of the ears of corn that ap-  
 peared well to the eye; but when I came to ex-  
 amine it, I found there was nothing in it but a little  
 soft wheat that must soon shrink up to nothing.  
 After I had written it, I was answered—

"Now stop thy hand, I'll answer here:  
 Just as this corn doth now appear,  
 So perfect are the sons of men,  
 And now to reason I'll begin:  
 For like that corn do saints appear,  
 And to thy eye seem ripen'd here;  
 But to examine now begin,  
 They are perfect like this ear of corn;  
 For wisdom here hath cried aloud,  
 But who her voice hath heard?  
 The wisdom and the ways of God  
 There's no one doth regard;  
 Then now ye simple ones awake,  
 And all your softness see;  
 For perfect like this grain of corn,  
 I say, my followers be:  
 Dead to the root, and now pluck'd up  
 Their softness must appear,  
 To think a simple worm like thee  
 Could make such writings here.  
 Men's wisdom high I said I'd try;  
 But see their wisdom gone;  
 More softer than this ear of corn  
 Are all the sons of men.  
 Now if their folly they will own,  
 And all their weakness see,  
 I'll pluck them up, as thou hast done,  
 And bring their heads to ME;  
 And then their senses I'll unlock,  
 And let them all appear;  
 They'll see their folly in the stalk,  
 And know they all did err.  
 But deeper things are still behind  
 I'll shew another day—  
 The pilgrims that are in the wind  
 Are all unknown to thee;

## 110 TYPE OF THE SOFT EAR OF WHEAT EXPLAINED.

And still my ways are all unknown;  
With pleasure thou shalt see  
The labour of this painful work,  
And no man will blame thee.  
But to thy bed I bid thee go,  
For I shall say no more;  
Another day I'll talk with thee,  
And open every door."

*Here ended the communication, given in 1796.*

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*The Explanation to the above, given Wednesday,  
27th February, 1805, is as follows :*

" Now I tell thee this communication, with the other, allude to thy Trial with thy friends ; and mark what I told thee, if those that were warned did not appear, I had sheep unknown to thee, that would appear ; and when my appointed time was come, that I had hid from thee, my sheep that I had concealed were ready to come forward and prove the whole ; but now mark the last place where it is said, the pilgrims were in the wind that were all unknown to thee ; here is a shadow, here is a substance, that neither of you discern ; though thou thoughtest thou sawest it all clear. Now thou hast owned thy weakness, I shall tell thee the shadow ; but know I have told thee, there is a shadow and a substance ; the shadow is past ; and call to thy remembrance the pain and anxiety thou wast filled with at Bristol, thinking thy awful Trial was coming on, and it was quite unknown to thee who the other twenty-four would be, and I tell thee they came like pilgrims, that were travelling to a far country they knew not where ; and so those came without any knowledge that they should be chosen as judges, for no more than a pilgrim knoweth where he is going, or

what he may meet with in his travels, no more did they know they were coming to London to be thy judges; but they were in the wind of providence, that came as pilgrims without knowledge that they were the men that should be chosen to turn thy heaviness into joy; and though I disappointed thee and them, yet neither one blamed thee: but mark the shadow of thy going to bed, by my command, when thou hadst written the words, no one would blame thee; and now mark the shadow of thy fears, and how thou wast compelled to go to bed by thy weakness, and by thy faintness; and yet through all no man blamed thee. Now mark how all was spoken, and how all came round in perfect likeness; and thou judgest this is the end, but I tell thee not, though the perfect likeness has been fulfilled in thy Trial, but the end is not yet.—

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*July 17, 1797.*

After the event of that year was put in Mr. Pome-roy's hand, I was answered, "if that did not convince him at the end of the year, I must wait two years after, to see the judgments come on again." This wounded me to the heart, to think I had waited so many years before, and then had two years and a half to wait; as it was but in July 1797, and had two years to wait after the year was up, besides many kept on tormenting me, that the harvest would surely be good, and we should have a peace that year. If so, I knew the Spirit that visited me was not from the Lord. This distressed my mind with such jealousy and misery as no heart can conceive, nor tongue can express. So I went up into Mr. Woolland's garden and walked to and fro till near-midnight; looking towards heaven in tears and prayers, wishing for

death that my sorrows might end. I thought on the past, how all had come true, which made me fear to go backward ; and I saw what laid before me, if in any thing I was deceived, which made me fear to go forward. In this distress of mind I wished for death. To the feelings of my heart, I was answered, it was a deep type of the land.—

"When faith despairs there none will care  
 Which way their lives do end.  
 I say, like thee will thousands be;  
 'Tis deep the type thou'st penn'd.  
 The former things call thou to mind,  
 Think of the night that's past,  
 A burning fever in thy heart,  
 Sorrows too long to last,  
 With tears began, thou didst complain,  
 The garden travers'd there,  
 Walk'd to and fro, thy eyes did flow,  
 Thy sorrows could'st not bear—  
 Wait two years more; and five before?  
 It wou'd'd the heart of thee:  
 For death's release, thou wish'd for peace,  
 And in the grave to be;  
 To die with ME was wish'd by thee,  
 That thou the crown might'st have;  
 Weary of life to end the strife,  
 The cross may hasten on.  
 Thy sufferings paint mine to the life—  
 Did my disciples shun?  
 So 'tis by thee, in vain to be  
 A prophet of the Lord;  
 Thy paper waste, in vain thou'st fast,  
 And all thy gold bestow'd.  
 Is all in vain? dost thou complain?  
 Then it is time to die,  
 Wearied with grief to seek relief,  
 And know not where to fly;  
 So compass'd round by every sound  
 To bring thy fever on;  
 'Tis in thy mind, thou art confin'd,  
 That makes thy fever come;  
 When flatter'd here that I'd appear  
 And set the captive free,  
 Thy burden thou didst better bear;  
 But here's the mystery:  
 Thy friend is gone, the time's near come,  
 Thou judg'd him to appear  
 To set thee free; but now dost say—  
 "What, must I stay two years



" To see my land to ruin come,  
 " Before they will believe ?  
 " Then to what use will all produce;  
 " The dead you can't relieve ?"  
 These reasons here to thee appear'd;  
 A bye-word thou'rt become,  
 A fortune-teller some do say,  
 And others thee condemn.  
 My Spirit's here there few are clear,  
 Then on thee all may gaze;  
 But how thou'st know these things before,  
 Do many stand amaz'd;  
 These things thou'st know in ninety-two,  
 Is public spoke abroad ;  
 But how 'twas so they do not know,  
 Nor trace the ways of God.  
 Now five is gone, and six is come,  
 That thou dost prophesy;  
 All labour's taken from thy hand;  
 'Tis time for thee to die:  
 Thou dost complain, 'tis all in vain  
 What thou hast suffer'd here.  
 If't be in vain for to regain,  
 Must judgments first appear ?  
 " Then let me die," is now thy cry—  
 " If I have liv'd in vain,  
 " Or labour'd here, such burden bear,  
 " And cannot freedom gain!"  
 Thy heart is sore, can bear no more,  
 The wound hath been too long;  
 I'll end of thee—the mystery see,  
 And to your nation come:  
 The type is deep, the mystery's great;  
 Your land will be the same—  
 " We waited long, the years are gone,  
 " And hop'd relief would come!"  
 If 'tis not so, you all will know  
 Men's hearts will be like thine;  
 Weary of men they will begin,  
 And hate them in their mind;  
 The more you praise, the less they'll love,  
 It will increase their flame;  
 Thy prejudice did it remove,  
 To hear her praise his name?  
 Thou answerest, No: the truth is so,  
 But made thy anger burn;  
 Then to your land it so will come—  
 But who their hearts can turn?  
 If men go on as they begin,  
 To burden every mind—  
 " Weary of life will bring the strife,  
 " The cross may then be kind  
 " To set us free;" they'll say like thee,  
 " Now death must be our fate!

"Our chains we'll tear, we cannot bear,  
 "The burden is too great!  
 "Do we complain, and all in vain?"  
 Their fevers will rise high—  
 "We care not if we die like him!"  
 The cross will be their cry.  
 So thus will come the hearts of men;  
 Like fevers they will rise—  
 "Our sons we've lost, our gold is past,  
 "And all's before our eyes,  
 "And to no use doth it produce;  
 "We are but burthen'd more;  
 "We see the shore, and all is o'er,  
 "We've wasted all our store!"  
 So this they'll see; as deep as thee,  
 Their sorrows they will come,  
 And perfect like thy Father's house  
 They'll see it in the land:  
 The quarries they have patch'd them up—  
 'Tis nought but beggary here:  
 Thy Father's house is just like mine;  
 But out the rags I'll tear;  
 I will begin as thou didst then,  
 The floors I'll make more clean,  
 Their ragged garments throw away,  
 For in the light shall come;  
 To make it dry the rags shall fly,  
 And down they all shall drop;  
 I'll make the water run like thee,  
 The cob can never hurt  
 If all is gone—I see my land,  
 As empty doth appear,  
 So perfect like thy Father's house—  
 What furniture is here  
 That I can hurt? 'tis mire and dirt  
 Appear in every mind!  
 And perfect like thy Father's house  
 I now do see my land;  
 Then I'll go on as thou didst begin,  
 Till I've join'd the two;  
 And both together they must hang,  
 The Gentiles and the Jews;  
 Then at their feet (the mystery's great)  
 The nations all must come.  
 Write out the text thou heard'st this day,  
 I'll answer thee again."

The text was *Proverbs* iv. 8, 7—"Exalt her and she shall promote thee. She shall bring thee to honour when thou dost embrace her. *Vers* 7—Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting, get understanding."—But

here I shall leave the text, and give the meaning of my Father's house : As he lived by himself, I made it a custom to go in the summer to make his house thoroughly clean and wash the floors : the glass was broken, but the landlady would not mend it ; so it was stopped up with rags, which I pulled out to dry the floors. I was answered as follows :

" The windows I shall all unhang,  
 As thou hast now begun ;  
 And through the glass you all may see  
 The days are hastening on ;  
 For as the squares of glass are broke,  
 And rags do so appear,  
 The paper is cling'd to keep the stroke  
 When winter doth appear.  
 So now this thing I shall explain,  
 And to the nation come:  
 The quarrels they are broken out,  
 I say, in every land ;  
 And, like these windows, are patch'd up  
 With rags and paper here ;  
 But like thy pen, I say, must drop,  
 When winter doth appear ;  
 Because the glass it now is whole,  
 The rags will tumble down ;  
 When thunder sounds from pole to pole  
 No safety can be found,  
 So with the land 'tis just the same ;  
 They've like thy Father done ;  
 They patch my people up with lies,  
 For to keep out the sun.  
 For as thou sayest thou can'st not see,  
 Because the place is dark ;  
 Just so, I say, my people be—  
 But now come to the mark ;  
 Take all the rags and stuff away,  
 And thou wilt see more clear ;  
 Nor through a glass 'twon't darkly be,  
 Because they are broken there ;  
 And then the sunshine thou must see,  
 Or feel the piercing wind.  
 I tell thee plain's the mystery ;  
 'Tis perfect like mankind :  
 For by my House they've done the same,  
 And darken'd every mind ;  
 Patch'd up the Law and Gospel too,  
 To beggar all mankind ;  
 For as thy Father's house appear'd  
 So beggarly to man,  
 Just so my honour must appear,  
 The way that they go on."

The former words I could not understand, and I was answered in the following manner :

" What is thy head so very weak  
 In things that are so plain ?  
 I'll tell thee all the mystery,  
 And all the rags I mean :  
 The quarrels broke you well do know ;  
 To every nation come ;  
 The way they mend it all with rags  
 It must to thee be known ;  
 They've patch'd it up with broken laws,  
 That from their garments come ;  
 And weak as paper all hath been,  
 To bring my land to shame.  
 Are not the windows all broke down,  
 As those do now appear ?  
 And where's the glazier that is found  
 To mend the glass that's here ?  
 But in thy heart thou say'st there's none ;  
 And I may say the same ;  
 For who my Gospel now doth mend,  
 To say my words are come ;  
 And that the truth is verified  
 My Gospel to fulfil ?  
 No ; this the wise men have denied ;  
 Their ragged garments still  
 Are patch'd and stuff'd in every hole,  
 To darken all mankind ;  
 Because their purse they all would save,  
 And darken every mind ;  
 Give me the rent ! is every cry—  
 But who allow repair ?  
 For perfect like this landlady  
 Are all the wise men here ;  
 And if this way they do go on,  
 My anger fast will smoke ;  
 For I shall to the purpose come,  
 And down the rags shall drop ;  
 I'll pull them out, as thou hast done,  
 My floors for to make dry ;  
 In every stop I'll act like thee  
 Now in this house of clay :  
 My Father's laws I'll now maintain,  
 And vindicate his cause ;  
 My anger it shall rise like thine,  
 To vindicate his laws.  
 I'm wearied out, as thou hast been,  
 To hear their foolish tales ;  
 But to the purpose let them come,  
 If I their wounds do heal.  
 Wrong in their work do all men go,  
 And every man doth err ;

They cut my fuel high, I know,  
 And spoil the vineyards here;  
 Close to the root doth no man go—  
 To reason I'll begin;  
 But as their weakness I do know,  
 I shall explain the thing:  
 For like thy Father all have done,  
 To cut my Bible high,  
 So that the stubble still doth stand—  
 And here's the mystery:  
 Another after him did come  
 To cut the fuel low,  
 Because thy Father's labour's gone,  
 And all did own 'twas so;  
 Then own your labour all is gone,  
 And now your weakness see;  
 Then to my Holy Hills I'll come,  
 And cut the stumps away;  
 Close to the root I'll surely go,  
 'Till I have made it plain;  
 The barren wilderness you'll see,  
 That man could never prune:  
 Weak as thy Father all are come;  
 For here my words go deep—  
 The branch cut off and stumps remain,  
 If I like man should sleep."

The Valley of Jehoshaphat, a communication given in 1796.

"For to the valley all must come  
 That will be sons of light;  
 A valley's low, you all shall know,  
 And lowly all must come  
 When that I do begin to plead,  
 And rescue every man;  
 For when the battles I have fought,  
 And every victory win,  
 I'll bring them in the valley low,  
 And reason then with men.  
 The vallies low, I'll let them know,  
 It must be in the heart;  
 Together every man shall come  
 And know how I did smart,  
 And what I suffer'd to this day,  
 As I for man do feel;  
 The marks can ne'er be done away—  
 My side is open still  
 A doubting Thomas to receive,  
 A persecuting Paul;  
 The trembling jailors I will free,  
 And men shall know me all,  
 That in the valley now will come,  
 As doves begin to fly.

The valley must be in the heart—  
 The Battle's drawing nigh ;  
 Imperfect is thy Father's house ;  
 Imperfect's every land ;  
 Then trust to ME for victory,  
 If ye are imperfect men.  
 As to perfection I see none—  
 The perfect ones are gone ;  
 Sickly and wounded all by sin,  
 I see, is every one.  
 I said thy Father's house, like mine,  
 Was now to ruin come ;  
 Therefore I see 'tis time for ME  
 To come and make an end.—  
 'Tis deeper than philosophy  
 The lines that thou hast penn'd.  
 Now let the learned men appear  
 Their Bibles to explain,  
 And tell ME how they think 'twill be  
 That I shall call them in ;  
 What signs or wonders will they see,  
 That I have not foretold ?  
 Or how do they expect 'twill be,  
 My Bible all unfold ?  
 If they will say they can explain,  
 And shew their judgment clear ;  
 I say that they are more than men—  
 A Peter must be here ;  
 For flesh and blood can never know,  
 The way I shall proceed.  
 'Tis words must try the hearts of men,  
 Or they will never bleed ;  
 For signs or wonders will not do,  
 'Tis words do try the heart :  
 And words shall bring all to their view  
 Why I for man did smart.  
 So now if man will humbly come  
 Thy written hand to see,  
 And own thou art a simple worm,  
 My Spirit sure must be,  
 And from the Spirit wish to know,  
 And honour the Most High ;  
 Then sure my Spirit they shall know,  
 And so may prophesy."

The following communication was given in February, 1797. Finding the death of the bishop, which was foretold by me, did not convince men of the truth of my prophecies, filled me with despair and jealousy ; and being earnest in prayer one night, my heart was so deeply affected, that I fainted away ;

Mrs. Woolland and Mrs. Minific came in, and they threw water over me, to bring me to life; yet I was very poorly the next day after I arose. I was answered in the following manner:

“ Now, Joanna, thee I'll answer:  
 In the green tree this was done;  
 Thou must suffer like thy Master,  
 For the stubborn sons of men;  
 Their chastizement is laid on thee;  
 By thy stripes they heal'd must be,  
 If they will be heal'd at all:  
 Now is the time to stand or fall.  
 All physicians are in vain;  
 I shall fast bring on thy pain;  
 Force of arms will never do\*,  
 Violent means are in my view.  
 To my will thou must submit,  
 And thou'lt know my love is great;  
 Health to thee I'll not restore,  
 Till I've open'd every door;  
 But if open they'll not come,  
 I shall lay thee in the tomb;  
 Then my anger fast shall smoke,  
 They shall feel a dreadful stroke—  
 As thou wring'st the silk therein,  
 So I'll wring the dregs of men †.  
 For my honour shall not die,  
 Men shall know 'tis the Most High  
 That doth all these threatenings send;  
 'Tis I indite, though thou dost pen.  
 Mark the time thy health decays;  
 Mark the words that I do say;  
 In thy writings what's before;  
 Will men say that thou dost err?  
 All these things thou didst contrive?  
 Thou canst kill, or make alive;  
 In thyself thou ought canst do,  
 For to make thy writings true?  
 Have I left thee to thy will,  
 Ne'er thy heart with anger chill;  
 Simply let thee to go on,  
 No man bids thee hold thy tongue?  
 Still to random thou must go;  
 This the sons of men do know;  
 Me they judge to be the same;  
 Am I like the human frame?  
 In thy heart thou answerest, No;  
 Deeper than them I do go;

\* Joanna was in such violent fits at the time she fainted, that her friends were not able to restrain her in them.

† This alludes to Joanna's wringing the cotton to get some ink out of it.

Deeper things are still behind,  
 When thou hast heard Pomeroy's mind.  
 Past the sands are hastening on;  
 To the purpose I shall come;  
 For when Lent doth but appear,  
 Tell them what I suffer'd here  
 By the unbelieving Jews;  
 Let the Gentiles hear the news—  
 Like the stubborn Jews before,  
 They have open'd every pore;  
 Every passion they awake—  
 See the Bride then at the stake,  
 Fasting like her Lord before—  
 I shall open every pore,  
 All my sufferings she shall see;  
 Lent shall come, and Lent shall be;  
 Now I tell you 'tis but Lent—  
 For a space you may repent,  
 Or relent of what you've done.  
 Will you laugh, or will you mourn,  
 For to see the suffering Bride  
 On a bed of anguish laid?  
 Every passion then awake,  
 View her MASTER at the stake!  
 Here the sevens they are to mark,

And see how things do go,  
 'Tis but one figure doth them part,  
 Twice the seven feels the dart.  
 Then let the leprous men return,  
 Or too late they all shall mourn;  
 Let them know my Spirit's near;  
 Can they doubt a thing so clear?  
 Blinder than the Jews must be,  
 If they judge it come from thee,  
 Or from Satan to indite,  
 Wiser than the sons of light.  
 All together let them weigh;  
 See the judges of the day;  
 Hath gross darkness cover'd there?  
 In all your land it doth appear:  
 Blind by practice and by sin,  
 Blind I see the prudent men;  
 For their understanding's hid—  
 Let them see thee in thy bed;  
 When thy passions I awake,  
 They may marvel what thou'lt speak.  
 Will they break the bruised reed?  
 Bruis'd for them thy heart must bleed.  
 'Tis I have lull'd thee so asleep;  
 But I shall thee soon awake,  
 And thy nature fast I'll waste,  
 If I find that men do jest.  
 Now with patience thou must bear  
 The heavy stroke is coming near.



Now, Joanna, thee I'll answer:  
 Mark the words I said before,  
 Thou must now sweat like thy MASTER,  
 And must open every pore.  
 As thy blood doth all seem tainted,  
 Perfect so is the state of man;  
 All thy health doth now seem wasted,  
 So the strength of all is gone:  
 Every man as weak as thee,  
 But their weakness do not see,  
 Their disorder do not feel;  
 Think they want no one to heal;  
 But the time is drawing nigh,  
 They'll want help as well as thee;  
 They will want the nurse's care,  
 Full as much as thou dost here;  
 For thyself thou canst not tend,  
 And thou'rt nursed by thy friends;  
 They'll want friends as well as thee—  
 Deep's the hidden mystery."

*An Explanation given to the above, March 6, 1805.*

"Now, Joanna, I shall answer thee: and know this morning I called thee aloud, and now I call aloud to all men; had the words I spoke to thee, in 1797, been then fulfilled all men would say, it was an artful invention of thee, or a disorder in thy head; and all would judge thee fit for Bedlam, had it then been fulfilled in Woolland's house; therefore I ordered thee to seal it up; and I sealed it up from thy memory. But now let all men call to their remembrance what happened to thee at Bristol. Now mark the words I said to thee—then Lent was coming and it should be lent for a space; and for a space it was lent to thee; the type I placed in thee, for the nation at large. Now let them remember all thou hast suffered upon thy bed; all the words thou utteredst, in the agony of thy soul, and how thou sawest the sweats of thy Master in thy bed; all these sufferings, and all these sweats, that thou hast suffered thyself, and saw ME in the vision in thy bed, are all published to the world, before this communication was made known to the world, sealed up from the man and from thy knowledge. Now let men

weigh the whole together : thy illness in 1797, was only placed as a type and a shadow ; but how could I place that type and shadow without placing some illness in thee at that time ? Now as men have called thee an impostor, I will appeal to the conscience of all men, if an impostor that had shammed the first, to write in that manner from a trifling illness, whether they would not go on to sham an illness, to say it was fulfilled, and have sent for Pomeroy, on a pretended sick bed. This, I tell all men, might have been done, and would have been done by an impostor ; therefore I concealed from thee the sense and meaning of the words, that a time was to come, that I should fulfil them, to prove to men and devils thou art no impostor, nor any deceiver. And now I shall come to the purpose of thy visitation, at Bristol ; the words I said unto thee—thou must bear for man and ME, in 1797, thou didst bear at Bristol in the 1804. Now let all men weigh the words deep—by thy stripes they must be healed, if they would be healed at all ; and let them mark thy stripes that are known to thee and thy friends. Now I tell them all, it is by thy stripes, it is by thy sufferings, and what thou hast gone through, must heal them of their unbelief, if they will be healed at all. For I now tell thee, if unbelief abounds, and men go on in their mockery, all the stripes and sufferings, that come upon thee as a shadow, shall come upon the nation, as the substance. So let men weigh one with the other, and judge for themselves ; and mark what thou sufferedst, after thou heardest from Pomeroy, what thou hast suffered for men's unbelief ; let them judge for themselves what they must suffer for their own—

For now to man I bold shall come :  
 And line by line trace back,  
 And tell ME how all this was done,  
 If I did never speak,  
 To shew to man how things must come,  
 When I began in thee ?

It was in sufferings I did name—  
 Let men thy sufferings see,  
 And all together now compare  
 With every line was penn'd;  
 Then they must know 'tis time to fear,  
 And judge it in the end,  
 Before their fate be come too late,  
 They cannot judge at all;  
 For if I bring them to thy state  
 Of sufferings, they must fall.  
 I rais'd up thee, they all do see,  
 To shew them all the end;  
 But deep they'll find is the mystery  
 Concerning of thy friends,  
 That did appear the whole to hear—  
 And now the *Seven* see,  
 That I commanded to come there  
 And hear the truth of thee.  
 The *seven men*—now mark the end,  
 And in the *seventh year*,  
 The *seventh month*, thou say'st did bend,  
 Then see the mystery clear.  
 What must come on, upon your land,  
 Before the *ten* is up,  
 And then with joy thy friends may stand,  
 For all thy foes shall drop.  
 So now discern the way I warn,  
 And let your land take care;  
 I said thy stripes should heal thy friends,  
 But all thy foes must fear;  
 Because on them it back shall come,  
 Redoubled so shall be.  
 I give this warning to your land,  
 Then let no one blame ME;  
 So as 'tis Lent let them repent  
 Of all that they have done;  
 For now, I say, my mind is bent  
 To bring thy stripes on man.  
 But how could I that dwell on high  
 Severely so appear,  
 While 'twas conceal'd from every eye  
 The threatenings I've plac'd here?  
 I tell you plain, ye sons of men,  
 If you the lines can see,  
 No longer here could you contend,  
 But own it comes from ME.  
 But if all came in a straight line,  
 It might be done by man,  
 Not with my Bible to agree,  
 The way I've laid my plan.  
 I've brought it round in every sound,  
 My Bible men might see;  
 And as thy fasting did begin,  
 Thou knowest it did end by ME.

'Twas by command thou didst begin  
 The seven years before;  
 But mark by ME how all did end,  
 When thou no bread could'st bear;  
 Just so is man; as now they stand,  
 They break the bread for ME;  
 But as my Gospel they'll not clear,  
 My anger they will see.  
 I ask of men how they can come  
 For to awake the Jews,  
 And make my Gospel but a form?  
 The truth they all refuse:  
 My Gospel stands by my command  
 For ME to make it clear—  
 The visions that were seen by John  
 The Jews must see them here;  
 For to fulfil is now my will,  
 And make my Gospel plain:  
 The way the visions men have plac'd  
 Was ne'er of use to men.  
 What prophecy will they now cry  
 In ought to this made good?  
 You say the Church that way doth lay,  
 As it is understood;  
 But now to men I thus shall come,  
 And bid them answer ME,  
 What use this prophecy is known,  
 If it is plac'd that way?  
 The Jews thereby will never cry,  
 My Gospel is made clear,  
 If you deny the prophecies,  
 Or the fulfilment here.  
 No, simple men, you may contend,  
 Your wisdom will not do,  
 To prove my Gospel in the end,  
 And wake the stubborn Jews.  
 The Roman bands may ever stand  
 The way you all go on,  
 Nor can you waken every land  
 To prove the time is come,  
 My Gospel here doth now appear  
 In every truth to shine;  
 And in your land do Arians stand,  
 And men of different minds.  
 So they'll go on, I tell you plain,  
 As they've went on before,  
 Till for my Gospel I'll contend,  
 The truth in all is clear.  
 The Son of God will ne'er be know'd,  
 The way I died for man,  
 Till I have made my Gospel clear,  
 And prov'd it by my plan.  
 Therefore in thee's such mystery  
 I all things do bring round,

That in the end they all may see  
 The way my Bible's found.  
 So now discern how I do warn,  
 With what was said before,  
 Then you may see your end will be  
 As it was plac'd in her.  
 Had she drawn back she'd felt the rack,  
 And never seen this day;  
 Because 'twould been a fatal stroke,  
 If faith had died away;  
 Then she must die; I tell you why,  
 My word was gone before,  
 If she in unbelief did lie,  
 Her life must sure end there;  
 But she did not—now mark the stroke,  
 How faith did carry her through;  
 And so with men I shall go on,  
 Where faith in them is true.  
 To rise like thee the end they'll see;  
 I've rais'd thee for a Sign;  
 The end believers all will see,  
 That judge the calling mine.  
 But unbelief brings on their grief:  
 That thou didst feel before;  
 But I to none shall give relief,  
 That mock my calling here.  
 So judge the hand, how all do stand,  
 This warning is for all;  
 The stripes of thee let England see,  
 And deeply weigh the call.  
 So I'll end here and say no more,  
 Till men have weigh'd it deep;  
 Then a few words to thee I'll clear,  
 Why thou for man didst weep."

The following communication was given in 1797.  
 In Lent, when my heart was deeply wounded, being  
 jealous for myself, as most of my friends kept blam-  
 ing me for continuing my writings, and I myself  
 was stumbled, as I had written to the archdeacon and  
 the chancellor, by the command of the Spirit, and  
 they paid no regard to my letters; this added to my  
 own jealousy, I could not pen my feelings; for  
 though I trembled to go forward, I was afraid to go  
 backward, and disobey by eating of meat; though  
 I very sharply felt the want of it. After I penned  
 my feelings, and the words of mankind on Ash Wed-  
 nesday, I began my fasting on the Sunday before.  
 Cruel and harsh doth the conduct of all men appear  
 to me; I wearied myself for nought; vain and fruit-

less hath been my time wasted, as none lay it to heart ! Who hath believed the report ? Or to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed ?

### THE ANSWER OF THE SPIRIT.

“ Now, Joanna, thou stop there ;  
 For I shall instant answer here :  
 Is it for nought thy time is waste ?  
 Then judgments I shall bring them fast.  
 It is the stubborn sons of men  
 That pulls the vengeance in your land,  
 As all my Bible's thrown aside,  
 And men are fill'd with nought but pride ;  
 Then I shall surely cut them low,  
 As with thy paper thou dost do \*,  
 For with my Bible this they've done :  
 I see the lofty sons of men,  
 Perfect as thou hast tried them here  
 Their hearts in general are every where.  
 I knew before it would be so ;  
 Unto these men I bid thee go,  
 That thou the fruit by them might'st try,  
 And see they're dead and wither'd lie.  
 Now if my vengeance fast comes on,  
 It is the shepherds all must blame ;  
 Dead to the root they surely be ;  
 Their preaching's but hypocrisy,  
 To strip the cloathing from the sheep—  
 They've never been into the gap  
 To mend the breach that's broken down ;  
 No Moses in your land is found ;  
 Josephs nor Calebs ye have none ;  
 If there's a Jacob, let him come  
 And say he will not let it go,  
 Till he the perfect truth do know ;  
 Thy name and nature let him find,  
 And shew thy letters to mankind.  
 It is the priests I do condemn ;  
 The sheep are starving by their hands.  
 And now I bid them to appear ;  
 They have turn'd thee from my altar there †—  
 And to thy conscience I must go,  
 And canst thou say it is not so ?  
 But here thou canst not this deny ;  
 Then in the ditch they'd let thee lie ;  
 Because they say that thou art there,  
 And this is all the shepherds' care.  
 Then sure they do but fleece my sheep,  
 And others they like thee may weep,  
 And leave my altar all like thee,  
 And their hypocrisy may see.

\* Joanna being in want of paper to write a note, she cut a piece of the sheet she was writing on for that purpose.

† The conduct of the clergy at Exeter made Joanna think it improper to receive the Sacrament from them, except when Mr. Pomeroy was there.

Which way soever men do judge,  
 I will them all condemn ;  
 For unto thee what do they lay—  
 Appear ye sons of men.  
 Thy sin is of the greatest die,  
 If from thyself 'tis done ;  
 Forthou must now mock the Most High,  
 And be reprov'd by none.  
 Is this the love men bear to ME ?  
 Such love I do despise:  
 Out of my mouth I'll spue them all—  
 And will they boast they're wise ?  
 Bring now my Bible to their view,  
 Their learning's all in vain ;  
 Blind leaders of the blind 'tis true  
 Are all the learned men.  
 Thou seal'st the people in my name,  
 And what was my decree,  
 And yet they put thee not to shame,  
 Nor tell thee sin't must be.  
 Then how my Bible do they know,  
 I do of them demand,  
 The blackest sin to suffer so,  
 And none reprove thy hand ?  
 If from the devil they dispute,  
 Then he may have his prey ;  
 I bid the sons of men be mute,  
 They've not a word to say.  
 If from the Lord they do believe  
 There is but one that's clear,  
 That wish to know what I have said—  
 Let Pomeroy now appear,  
 And answer for the sons of men ;  
 For I'll not set thee free ;  
 I surely will bring on thy pain,  
 Till Pomeroy thou dost see.  
 Imagination, if they please,  
 May cast thee on thy bed ;  
 Imagination fills their eyes,  
 What have they now to dread ?  
 With words provoke to bring the stroke,  
 Let Pomeroy kill or cure ;  
 They may imagine what they will,  
 'Tis what I said before.  
 Harsh are the words that I have spoke ;  
 Harsh are the sons of men ;  
 But as thy heart seems almost broke,  
 Then death or life shall heal !

Here I ended. The first Friday in Lent, I dreamt  
 I was in a wheat field, and had been hatting the  
 wheat, as it was all cut down ; I thought I was very  
 thirsty, and had nothing allowed but water to drink,  
 but afterwards stole some cyder ; after that I was

carried through the air to many strange places. As my ink was very pale I was answered in the following manner :

“ In death or life shall I begin ?  
 Thy ink is like the sons of men ;  
 As too much water's poured here,  
 And scarce can make thy writings clear ;  
 So too much water's in the heart,  
 They do not feel how I did smart,  
 When by the unbelieving Jews—  
 Now let the Gentiles hear the news,  
 That in the balance both must come ;  
 For both alike I now condemn.  
 The Jews with rage and passions high  
 Did nail my hands at Calvary ;  
 Because, they said, I did blaspheme,  
 To say the Son of God was come  
 In such a lowly, humble form—  
 The purple gore by malice came I  
 And this was done through fiery zeal ;  
 They said my wonders came from hell ;  
 And when they saw ME on the tree,  
 They said they'd then believe in ME,  
 If I would shew one wonder more,  
 To loose my bands when fasten'd there !  
 So here's the folly in mankind :  
 When to their folly I resign'd,  
 To unbelief I gave them up,  
 The temple's veil in sunder rent,  
 And darkness soon came o'er the land,  
 While men in unbelief did stand,  
 And what to think they did not know ;  
 For many fear'd I might be true,  
 And came believers in the end,  
 While harden'd sinners still remain'd,  
 Till I their city did destroy,  
 Despis'd their King and none enjoy'd.  
 Now by the Bridegroom this was done—  
 My Life was offered once for Man ;  
 But I shall offer it no more :—  
 Though every wound they are opening here  
 The Gentiles take a different way ;  
 I see their hearts as cold as clay—  
 For thou hast surely sicken'd ME ;  
 Did e'er a Woman write like thee ?  
 And to the sons of men 'tis told,  
 Their heart are neither hot nor cold ;  
 For what thou'st do they do not care ;  
 More sickly than the Jews they are.  
 So from thy ink I shall go on :  
 This is a shadow of thy dream ;  
 For nought but water was allow'd  
 thee to write the Word of God.



My harvest thou must gather in ;  
 I say 'tis time to hat the corn :  
 For though one swallow doth appear,  
 I say, your summer is not near ;  
 Though from the simple tale was told,  
 You say you're getting Spanish gold \* ;  
 But now, I say, 'tis time to fear,  
 Your Spanish gold is not so near.  
 What's in the wind you do not know—  
 Do men now govern all below ?  
 Then badly govern'd all would be ;  
 Too long they've govern'd, I do see,  
 Till all my Bible they forsake,  
 And poor men's hearts with anguish break.  
 For now, in this extremity,  
 I see in man more cruelty ;  
 For as the burden is begun,  
 'Tis doubled by the sons of men.  
 Their hearts are harden'd, conscience none,  
 Since I have left mankind alone ;  
 And yet restraint I do put some,  
 Or else they'd bring me soon to shame.  
 A child that's left to his own will,  
 His measure soon with guilt he'd fill,  
 And bring his parents to disgrace ;  
 And this is like the human race ;  
 For if the world was rul'd by man,  
 To ruin every soul must come.  
 For now to reason I'll begin :  
 The worldly wisdom shew of man,  
 Whose wisdom you think fit to rule,  
 Hear first, and then judge as you will."

These words were given, some in answer to Atheists, that judge there is no God to govern, others that judged the Lord would never stoop so low as to reveal any secrets to the poor. The answer is as follows :

" Now from the Jews I'll first begin:  
 They judg'd that I should come a king,  
 And with the rich and great to go,  
 And every earthly grandeur shew.  
 Now had I come unto their will,  
 Their hearts with pride must surely fill,  
 And all the lofty sons of men,  
 Would then as gods begin to reign,  
 And say they must be honour'd here,  
 For like their master sure they were ;  
 And so with pride their hearts would swell,  
 Till earth would soon resemble hell ;

\* The news was we should get gold enough of the Spaniards to carry on the war.

And gold would be their every god,  
 And down the poor must soon be trod;  
 For sure already this is done;  
 The poor are trampled on by man.  
 But then they may not now despair,  
 Because my image they do bear;  
 But was my image in the great,  
 The poor then tremble at my feet;  
 'Then sure the poor might all blaspheme,  
 And curse the days that they were born;  
 Unless like Stoics they become,  
 More ignorant than the creatures dumb,  
 No hearts to feel, nor eyes to see,  
 They were despis'd by man and me,  
 And born to be the negroes here;  
 'Tis more than nature e'er could bear.  
 The rich would swell like Herod king,  
 And like the lice the poor would come  
 To swarm around and to destroy;  
 And where's the man I could enjoy?  
 For pride I cast the angels down;  
 No fellowship with them was found;  
 The heavens in disorder stood,  
 While Satan's pride despis'd his God.  
 Stoop to his word he could not bear,  
 And pride brought on the tumult there;  
 And fast the number he did draw  
 To sin against my Holy Law,  
 Till war in heaven begun at first,  
 And down the rebels all were cast.  
 But how could I the devil blame,  
 If pride had led me on the same,  
 To fill the world up with pride?  
 Then Satan might stand by my side,  
 And say, "thou art come down like us  
 "To fill the nation with a curse;  
 "Because the great thou'lt swell them more,  
 "Inflict the curse upon the poor."  
 For this the devil has ever done,  
 And swell the pride of ignorant men,  
 To tell them they are rich and great,  
 And puff them up with self-conceit;  
 With murmuring he doth fill the poor—  
 Another day I'll tell thee more;  
 I said I'd answer thee again,  
 From deeper words I shall begin:  
 If I should copy after men,  
 The world a hell would soon become;  
 The rich and great would swell with pride,  
 The poor would murmur by their side;  
 Envy and malice in the one,  
 Despise the Father and the Son;  
 The rich would think their gold their god,

And say my grandeur there was shew'd,  
 While the poor man would ME despise—  
 All hearts in tumults soon would rise :  
 The rich would think they were too high ;  
 Like Lucifer would be their cry—  
 " Where shall we stoop ? he was a Man  
 " Seated like us upon a throne ;  
 " And we've a throne the same as he ;  
 " What difference now then can there be ?"  
 The poor would say that they were curs'd,  
 And be like Cain, that was the first  
 Who envied so his brother there,  
 Till malice brought him to despair.  
 And this would be the state of man,  
 If I should act as weak as them.  
 Man by wisdom cannot rule,  
 While he is tainted by the Fall ;  
 Because his wisdom will not do—  
 Judge for yourselves if 't be not true.  
 But now to reason I'll begin :  
 I've shew'd my love to every man ;  
 The rich I bless'd with earthly store ;  
 If they act right I'll bless them more ;  
 If faithful stewards they will be,  
 In order guard my family,  
 And guide my substance with such care,  
 That no complaining I may hear  
 From those that I have plac'd below ;  
 A good account I bid them shew ;  
 For all the earth is surely mine,  
 I've fix'd the stewards in mankind.  
 Now to my House I shall return,  
 A full account of all demand,  
 What every steward here hath done ;  
 And know, in ME stands the poor man—  
 The judge is to the jury bound ;  
 The lowest jury gives the sound,  
 Whether the victim must be free ;  
 Guilty or not, 'tis pass'd by they.  
 Now as a BEGGAR I'll appear,  
 As I in Bethlehem did before—  
 Have I no lodging in the inn ?  
 Then to the MANGER I must come ;  
 And in the MANGER I find room,  
 Where I may gently lay my head,  
 And sleep compos'd on this low bed.  
 Now to the MANGER let them come :  
 For furniture I say there's none ;  
 Nor of her talents doth she boast,  
 Nor say she's wiser than the rest ;  
 But if her judgment is betray'd,  
 The Spirit's wrong that doth her lead.  
 Thirsting for my Spirit she hath been,  
 And trembling stolen it from men ;

Resolv'd she was the truth to have,  
 All hazards run to kill or save;  
 For though by man she was denied,  
 The ways are many she hath tried,  
 To know if she was right or no,  
 And still like Jacob she doth go,  
 Her Father's blessing for to steal—  
 pleas'd with her schemes, I'll bless her still!"

The following communication was given in Jan. 1798, and taken from the sealed writings; March 7, 1805, in answer to men's saying they did not believe my prophecies; as they had so long threatened of dangers, and saw none come; and thought the wars and dangers would be soon over; to which I was answered---

"Then now I bid them to take care,  
 If they do think they've nought to fear;  
 For like the Boy the end you'll see  
 Who jested so long the Bear to be,  
 When in reality was none.  
 His friends had often heard his tone,  
 And found so long he did deceive,  
 No truth from him did they believe;  
 And when the truth did sure appear,  
 They thought he jested as heretofore,  
 And never stirr'd his life to save—  
 This warning to your land I gave:  
 Simple's the fable thou must pen,  
 I'll clear the mystery in the end."

The fable was of a boy that had many times cried out, a bear! a bear! The people went to his assistance, but finding the boy only mocked them, for a long time paid no regard to his word; at last the bear did come, and the poor boy cried for help in vain; they thought he was jesting as before, and none came to his assistance, till the bear had torn him in pieces. To this fable I was answered---

"Now here's the type, for it is deep,  
 Which to your Land I'll bring:  
 Thou'st warn'd so long the bear would come,  
 And some believ'd the thing;  
 But years roll'd on, no bear is come,  
 You think you're mocked here;  
 But, like the boy, your end will come  
 And take you unaware."

Dost thou deceive, do men believe,  
 And give no credit here ?  
 Then in the end you all will grieve,  
 And find the furious bear  
 Will surely come to you unknown,  
 When you do not expect,  
 When thou art torn from every hand  
 That doth thee so reject.  
 Then all, too late, will see their fate—  
 Mocking is catching here ;  
 If I do mock, with men to joke,  
 I bid them now take care !  
 What I do mean I'll now explain,  
 How I do jest with man ;  
 For in disguise, before their eyes,  
 I unto them am come ;  
 Because that here, I'll make it clear,  
 My Spirit is come down,  
 And like the nations heretofore,  
 There's none can judge the sound ;  
 For mockers here, I'll now make clear,  
 Was there no different sound,  
 When he did careless cry, the bear !  
 And when the bear was found,  
 A different cry is said by thee,  
 A different cry they'll hear ;  
 And if that men go on this way,  
 They'll find the furious bear."

Here ends the communication. While this communication was copying off, my heart began to swell, as I thought it was the boy that way destroyed, and not the people that disregarded his cries ; then the fable must allude to me alone ; to which I was answered—

" From thy folly I shall answer,  
 As thy ponderings I do know,  
 And the fable thou hast mention'd,  
 To thyself thou'st plac'd it so.  
 From thy thoughts I now shall answer,  
 As men say 'tis thou dost mock,  
 If they do not know thy master,  
 Thou may'st feel from man a stroke.  
 Though so long thou hast been jesting,  
 Thy accusers so will come ;  
 Now the fable thou hast mention'd  
 Is for thee, and for the Land.  
 For I tell thee, now the sorrow  
 Of the fable it will fall  
 On thy head, as I've told thee,  
 Though they think thou'st mock'd so long;  
 Yet I tell thee, in great fury  
 Men will to the purpose come.

Here I own doth stand the fable,  
 In one shadow unto thee ;  
 And I know thou art not able  
 From thy dangers to get free ;  
 So I will not here deceive thee,  
 Yet thy folly still I blame,  
 As I've said I'll never leave thee,  
 But thy foes I'll put to shame.  
 Now come closer to the fable :  
 When they saw the child was dead,  
 Where's the heart that now is able  
 For to mock the words he said ?  
 No ; I tell thee, in deep mourning  
 Every friend the sight did see ;  
 Many hearts must then be burning,  
 And repent their cruelty,  
 So now to man the whole will come—  
 The fable's deep for all :  
 'Tis deep for thee, I now do say,  
 And to your Land 'twill fall.  
 So I'll end here and say no more ;  
 But let men weigh it deep :  
 I've shew'd the ocean and the shore,  
 The way the end will break ;  
 But can your Land the trial stand,  
 When every truth is clear ?  
 She warn'd so long, and now 'tis come,  
 'Tis time for all to fear.  
 When thou art dead, when thou art fled,  
 The floods will fast come on—  
 The other fable, I have said,  
 Must with this fable join."

Here finishes the explanation that is given this day, March 7, 1805. And I am ordered to pen another parable, that was written on December 8, 1799. I was at work at Tiverton at a farm house ; and while I was there the floods arose in such a manner that the grounds were all overflowed where the farmer had a flock of sheep. They observed in the night the floods were risen, and the sheep were gone, and they could no ways find them that night ; in the morning, when the floods began to abate, they found the sheep drove down in the wood that stood very high like a bank, which was the way as they supposed the sheep had got their footing, and they were all preserved. To which I was answered—

" As the floods arose to drive the sheep, just so will the floods arise in the world. I do not say of

waters only, but floods of various kinds; yet I will preserve my sheep in the midst of dangers, and carry them by faith to a place where no floods shall hurt them. The shadow is simple, but the type is deep of your land; for as the floods arose, that carried away the sheep, so will dangers arise in your land; yet believers will be preserved, as the sheep were. But let them believe all the promises that are made to believers, in Christ, and no floods shall hurt them; for when the storms of dangers swell over your land, I will protect them that believe in ME, and they shall stand secure, as the sheep did, though they have the floods to pass through—

But unbelief will bring on grief  
 'To those that hear the call  
 With hearts unmov'd—I know their love,  
 They're sickly and lukewarm;  
 And blind they'll be, you all will see,  
 When I bring on the storm  
 That must arise—let men grow wise!  
 For it will hasten on;  
 The days are near for to appear  
 That men will see it come.  
 Now I'll begin from types to men—  
 The woman did come blind\*,  
 No feeling in her heart was seen—  
 The mysteries lie behind;  
 For in your land so blind men stand,  
 The daylight cannot see;  
 And every frame, I know their name,  
 They're all as dead to ME.  
 As she became—I see your land  
 So perfect like these two;  
 She that had sight did judge the light,  
 If by it she will go †;  
 The other blind no light could find,  
 And now from types I come:  
 The Woman here did so appear,  
 And this is like your land,  
 That will bring on a heavier storm  
 Than was raised by the flood;  
 And some will see the mystery,  
 And fly near to the wood;  
 That is, you see, in faith to ME;  
 For now I warn you all,

\* A woman that was a believer, led a blind woman, who was a great professor of religion, to Joanna; but she would not believe in the prophecies.

† After this she fell back also.

This very year what doth appear,  
 Will no one judge the call,  
 The thing's of God it will be know'd  
 To those that are not blind;  
 And by the light, I say, the sight  
 Will guide them where to find  
 The perfect way, to thee I say,  
 And be secur'd from harm.  
 But if the blind do lead the blind,  
 The ditch I now do warn,  
 Wherein you'll fall, I tell you all—  
 Blind leaders do appear;  
 For where's the man that doth discern  
 The time is drawing near,  
 That I am come to make an end,  
 And save my frightened sheep?  
 Judge from the storm how I do warn,  
 And how my flock I'll keep;  
 So do not fear though danger's near,  
 But keep the type in view,  
 And, like the sheep, you'll find I'll keep  
 And safely guide you through.  
 So now grow wise, for fast will rise  
 The floods to man unknown;  
 Because the years will now draw near  
 That wonders must be shown.  
 Wonders they'll be, they all will see;  
 Thy wondrous judge will come;  
 And full as blind he'll see mankind—  
 And that will wonder him,  
 How man can be so blind to see  
 What letters thou hast sent,  
 And not discern how I do warn,  
 Nor know I am thy friend."

TO DE 61

LONDON:

PRINTED BY S. ROUSSEAU, WOOD STREET, SPA FIELDS;

*And sold by E. J. FIELD, No. 2, High Street, St. Giles's, two Doors  
 from the Angel Inn; E. CARPENTER, Meeting-house, Newington  
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