

# 1800

## The Answer to Faith

THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH.

“By faith thou comest to the City; By faith thou warnest the Ministers; By faith thou putttest in their hands what would happen before the shadow appeared; by faith thou art going to visit thy father, when thou art surrounded by so much labour.”

THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH.

“But Oh, what scene will then begin  
When faith in all comes round,  
I tell thee 'twill be such a scene  
As ne'er on earth was found.  
The Scenes will change so fast for man,  
As these will then appear,  
A dying father will be seen  
That thou in health doth hear.  
But Oh, the sight will bring to light  
Thy Most affecting dream,  
Three days I brought it to thy sight;  
Thy Father will complain,  
Three days are past, My heart doth burst  
To think what I endure,  
No friend so near My heart to cheer,  
Thou'rt come My wounds to cure;  
Thou'rt sent by God, 'twill then be said,  
Thy father's Voice thou'lt hear;  
My cries and Prayers to him were known;  
He Answered and did hear;  
Oh, thou my child, by heaven beguiled,  
Thou'lt hear his every MOAN,  
And on thy head is blessings laid  
When comes his dying groans.  
So now be clear I tell thee here,  
Thy father will thee bless,  
And Symond's words I'll answer here,  
'Twill waken all the rest.”

[Printed from a MS. copy. See also the third Communication in 1797.]

## The Two Guards

A Communication given to Joanna Southcott in 1796 on the above,<sup>1</sup> which resulted from the following occurrence: One of the guards of the coach going from Gettisham to Exeter, was so drunk that he endeavoured to push Joanna off. The other coachman was obliged to leave him behind because he was so drunk. Joanna writes:—Deep was the explanation given then concerning the guard. But in the year 1800, Mr. Jones of Exeter, a guard belonging to the mail coach, became a firm believer in me, and offered every assistance to support my Writings and wrote much for me.

### THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH.

“Now mark, he that was drunk strove to push thee off the coach, but the guard that was sober encouraged thee, and offered his hand to assist. This is a deep type to thee and all mankind; for so will the guards of your nation do. Those that are overcome with surfeiting and drunkenness, and the cares of this life, will try to push off thy Writings; while those who are sober-thinking people will act like the guard. For so will the guards of My flock appear who are faithful guards. The substance will drop like the shadow, and as Jones (the guard) began, so will they end. For as the guard is changed, so perfectly wilt thou see the scene is changed.

“The calling’s deep if thou’st discerned  
 How I have changed the man  
 The Guard at first did push thee off  
 Thy helper now is come,  
 Though not the same, yet mark the name  
 He is pronounced a guard;  
 And so of men they sure will turn  
 And bring their last reward.  
 For so the BROKER did begin  
 And so the other he will end.  
 So perfect here doth man appear  
 My guards will stand thy friends  
 No opposition in the way  
 Like Jones they first will meet,  
 But I shall bring to perfect day  
 And show the path is straight.  
 So helpers here in man appear,  
 Then judge the time is come,  
 That all will see My Bible clear,  
 The woman first begun  
 To give to man into his hand,  
 And he receive it there:

---

<sup>1</sup> From what is said further concerning Mr. Jones, it does appear that this Communication was given in 1800 or later.

And bitter knowledge brought to him  
 But know the fruit was fair.  
 So now the last shall be the first  
 The woman hath begun  
 To taste the fruit that now is good  
 And gave it unto man:  
 And man received a healing leaf,  
 And healing leaves 'twill end.  
 Now in few words I'll show them here  
 How everything will bend:  
 Deep's the shadow here for man  
 For so the substance it will fall  
 Like Symonds' children<sup>2</sup> one and all;  
 And when of them thou'st seen the end  
 Then give it to the sons of men.

“Symonds is thy friend, but her children are against thee. But William is not; and so my land will be the same.”

[Extracted from *Southcott Despatch*, No. 15.]

---

### Answer to Joanna's Sister

January 9th, 1800.

My Sister is still confident of my being misled, and surprised of the different manner of my writings; as some she allows to be wise and sensible, consistent with the truths of the Bible; while other things appear to her nonsense, as though one person had never wrote it. She says Mrs. Minifie<sup>3</sup> was of the same mind. As to the Day of Judgment, she believes the beginning but cannot believe the ending; for she thinks some people are as bad almost as the devil, and the Lord cannot be Just if he does not send them with him.

#### THE ANSWER OF THE SPIRIT.

“Joanna, Joanna, as foolish as some of thy writings appear to them, as foolish and great nonsense is in Mankind. Now let the Heavens Speak, and the earth stand silent; for now I answer with David, If I am Vile I shall still be Viler, If I am foolish I shall still be more foolish, and come to the purpose, from as simple shadows as before; as thy

---

<sup>2</sup> Two of Symonds' children died suddenly. On May 29th some of the Symonds children brought Joanna a present of Oak Apples covered with gold tinsel, to show their love. There is a beautiful Communication on this incident.

<sup>3</sup> One of Joanna's friends at Exeter.

sister is asleep, and thou art awaked. Just so stands the fallen sons of Adam, for ye are all as men asleep, and Judge your Bibles as a Dream, that one interpret one way and some another. And on whose Judgment will ye depend? or how will ye bring all men to the knowledge of the Lord, and to be of one heart and one mind, and as one sheep under one shepherd and Christ to be the Shepherd of the whole? Does not darkness cover the earth, and gross darkness the hearts of the People? Do not all men take in question the wisdom of the Most high, by their different disputes and opinions of the Bible? One says God could never design one thing. Another says he never meant another thing; and many say like thy sister, God could not be Just in his Judgment if the Bible is meant as some believe it. Various are men's opinions concerning their Bibles, as they are concerning thy writings. Some say thy writings throughout is a perfect Harmony; and some say of their Bibles; while others see it nothing but nonsense, and so men Judge their Bibles. Some say there is so much variation in the Bible, that one thing contradicts another, that they cannot believe it from God; and just the same they say of thy writings. So now I answer as before, One Spirit made the whole; all alike Puzzling, all alike plain; all alike; one thing do contradict another; all alike wise, all alike foolish; all alike good sense, all alike nonsense. And compare the whole together. See what humility I stooped to in the Body, that the Jews could not believe the Son of God could do, and see what humility I have stooped to in the Spirit, and Now the Gentiles Judge the same. Then now I tell you, I am the resurrection of the Just; and awake thou that sleepest, and Christ shall give thee life. For I am the Corner Stone which the Builders once refused, and he that falleth on me, I shall break him; that is, he that believeth in me, and relieth in me, whose Judgment is not right, or faith is not right, or wisdom is not right, I shall break it off, for I AM the Vine, and ye are the branches."

[Extracted from *Southcott Despatch*, No. 27. See also *Small Still Voice*, No. 16.]

---

## The Answer to Joanna's Deep Despair

July 15th, 1800.

The following was given to Joanna, in answer to the deep despair of her own heart, on being deceived by the Powers of darkness, and being Jealous of all the writings which came true; and therefore she began to think there was no knowledge in the Most High, as she was told a lie concerning her Father, and concerning the Weather.

I thought all Prayers were fruitless. Oh My Father, you are on a bed of Sorrow, and I am also; sleep hath departed from My eyes, and slumber from My eyelids. My sorrows are greater than I can bear; while Thousands that fear not God, nor think upon his ways, sleep secure in peace and rest. Thus were My thoughts employed in the Night, and in the Morning I arose in the deepest despair; but I was answered the

following day, the Lord had permitted the devil to foil me, to confound the Powers of darkness who said, If I was told lies, I should still persevere, not caring whether it was from the Lord or not, and should go home and tell my friends so.

THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH.

“It was not true I well did know,  
I gave him every power  
To wound thy heart, and make it smart,  
Now let thy pains be o’er.  
The tempter came and told me plain,  
Thou’dst baffle men with lies,  
To make it clear I’d spoken here  
Thou wouldst surely blind their eyes.  
I bid him go the truth to know,  
And see how thou wouldst proceed,  
When it did appear no truth was here;  
Can Satan longer plead?  
I tell thee not; read what thou’st wrote,  
The promise came from hell  
Thou’st not believe, for he deceived  
If I speak so, so ’t should fall.  
Now I begin to ask once more;  
If all thy life was written here,  
And every truth was shewn to man,  
The gift of God they must discern  
That grace from Heaven is fallen on thee;  
Or else a wonder thou must be;  
From Nature’s garden didst thou come,  
Born of the fallen Sons of Men.  
I ask, what Sweet and Pleasant weed  
From Nature’s garden e’er did proceed;  
When every Vermin place the sting,  
Endure the drought and scorching sun,  
Having No Moisture then at all,  
Unshaken stand in Midst of all?  
In Virtue doth this weed abound,  
In Nature’s garden so is found,  
Out-vie the lily and the rose;  
For they are planted as they grow  
And Nourished by the gardener’s care,  
Men pluck the weeds that round them are,  
But here’s a weed you pluck in Vain,  
It wants no moisture to remain;  
You pluck it off from every root  
And yet, this weed doth still bear fruit.

You pluck it up or tread it down,  
Some fruit in her will still be found.  
Not watered with the dews of Heaven,  
I ask what fruit can there be given,  
Both sweet and bitter to your taste?  
With men and thee I now do jest,  
For thou deniest the grace of God;  
By Man as firmly this is said.  
Then thou a wonder art to all,  
And more than wonder let them call  
This plant that did by Nature spring,  
Which earth and hell hath tried in Vain  
To rob her of her every charm,  
That Men nor devils cannot harm,  
But still in Virtue she doth shine.  
The greatest mystery lieth behind,  
That heaven in her, hath had no hand,  
And yet her fruit doth constant stand,  
And sweet and bitter fruit doth bear  
Without a God to plant her here;  
Without a Shepherd or a guide.  
I ask My sheep how they do slide  
So guarded by the shepherds' care?  
And yet I see they're wandering here,  
While this poor sheep is left alone,  
And to the Rock she makes her moan,  
And without pasture is she fed.  
I changed her from a garden weed,  
To grow without the gardener's care;  
For by the root she's plucked up there,  
And with the weeds condemned to die.  
Yet life remains a Mystery,  
That none can kill and none destroy;  
I ask what thoughts you must employ,  
To think this weed can longer bear,  
When God and man denieth their care?  
What will you say, 'tis done by hell?  
I ask my Shepherds where they dwell,  
If Satan can produce such sheep?  
I say My shepherds then May weep,  
For let them try throughout their flock,  
I'll prove no better sheep they've got  
Than what is here by Nature found.  
'Twas from her tongue I heard the sound;  
But of her goodness can she boast

When once the day light it doth burst?  
 She'll know her guardian and her friend,  
 From heaven's high court he did descend;  
 And that from him her grace was given,  
 Or else she'd strayed like all the eleven,  
 And wandered in a crooked way;  
 Like all My Sheep she'd gone astray."

[Printed from a MS. copy.]

---

## On the Lamentations of Joanna's Father

August 2nd, 1800.

The following lines were given to Joanna, in answer to her father's waking at Midnight, and for a long time, he lay crying aloud, and lamenting the distress he was bringing upon his child, who had shewn so much love and tender care towards him, to spend her time and money with him, and he was afraid she would bring herself to distress for his sake. Thus he continued, until Joanna arose and went to comfort him when he broke out with stronger effusions of sorrow and tenderness.

### THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH.

"Now from thy father I'll begin,  
 And tell thee of the Midnight cry.  
 Thy father's Voice was heard by thee,  
 How he did pity then his child,  
 That for his sake so much had toiled  
 And feared that she should see distress;  
 The anguish wound his feeling breast.  
 So here's the Midnight cry for Man,  
 The shadow from thy father came,  
 And if of him thou hearest no more,  
 I'll open now the perfect door;  
 My sons and daughters all I see,  
 How much they've suffered all for me.  
 And back to ages Now I'll come,  
 The prophets' love must all be shewn  
 And what they suffered for My Sake;  
 When that Isaiah they did take  
 And him in Sunder they did saw,  
 Then see your Gospel and the law  
 How both in Sunder they must break.  
 And Jeremiah from the pit,  
 Where in the dungeon he was cast;

Then see in Sunder all must burst.  
The Prophets' sufferings here I'll leave;  
As some were hidden in the cave,  
So from the cave they all must come.  
These shadows no man doth discern,  
What all My Prophets did go through;  
Bring every thing before your View,  
And then you'll find the lines go deep,  
What I from types and shadows speak.  
But here the shadows I shall end,  
The Gospel next is My intend,  
For when that I came here below,  
The Manger was My Bed you know,  
Because My Parents they were poor;  
Look deep, I need to say no more.  
My parents were in deep distress;  
I ask who then did give redress?  
It was the wise men from afar  
That by the Angels warnèd were;  
Gifts, Gold and Myrrh they then did bring,  
My children's love it then was seen,  
When like thy father I did lie  
In sorrow and in poverty.  
And so My children did appear  
To give relief as thou hast here;  
But further on I mean to go,  
Where all My Sufferings you must know,  
And that was in Gethsemane.  
Did man not suffer then for me  
When I with sorrow was oppressed?  
My Father's heart could feel no less  
Than like thy Father to appear.  
AT MIDNIGHT all the cry did hear,  
With swords and staves My foes did come;  
The love of Peter then was shewn  
When he began My part to take;  
Judge what he suffered for My sake  
When he at first had ME denied;  
The field for Man is opened wide.  
If they these things can but discern  
What Midnight hour there is to come,  
My Sufferings further I'll not pen.  
Till to the cross I did ascend,  
I ask what children I had there?  
And how My sufferings they did share?

Then have I not a Parent's love  
For those that did their kindness prove  
So Much to suffer for My Sake?  
The Midnight hour for all shall break,  
By these few lines judge all the rest;  
The Midnight hour for all shall burst.  
For to the Martyrs Next I'll come,  
And ask what children there was seen,  
What for My sake they did go through?  
A Father's heart you all shall know  
Is not behind thy father's here,  
And like him love his Children dear;  
Though in My breast 'tis all concealed,  
But from thy father 'tis revealed.  
But now I'll try their love once more  
And go from Shadows as before;  
My days are drawing to an end,  
My sands near run that I intend  
To put a final end to all;  
As death will prove from whence the call,  
Will bring thy father to an end.  
I'll try My Children and My friends,  
To let them know the day's at hand  
That I shall finish all for man,  
And see if they will all go through  
As for thy father thou didst do;  
That is in labour Now of love,  
And boldly stand as thou dost prove,  
That is thy faith to see the end.  
The lines are deep that thou hast penned,  
For poverty will soon appear;  
It is MEN'S MINDS are grown so poor,  
And that believers soon will hear;  
That some will Mock and others Scorn  
And prove such Child was never born  
To act or do as thou hast done,  
And persecution soon will come.  
Then sure My children will appear  
For to go through as thou hast here,  
And by their love they will stand out,  
It is of God I cannot doubt,  
We'll wait with patience till the end,  
We'll hearken to no foe nor friend.  
For they in faith will persevere,  
Whatever scorn they meet with here;

This is the poverty they'll see,  
 The scorn of men that mockers be,  
 And so I'll try them to the end.  
 Then sure their father's heart will bend  
 Their every sufferings for to feel,  
 And all their wounds I'll surely heal;  
 As death will heal thy wounded heart  
 When that thy father feels the dart,  
 And that will free his daughter here  
 From all the Miseries she doth bear.  
 And so when I do Make the end,  
 Judge from thy Father how it must bend,  
 And how My heart for Man Must feel  
 When I their wounds begin to heal.  
 All this is More than I can bear,  
 Men's persecution I do hear,  
 And yet My Children steadfast stand;  
 The Midnight cry is then at hand  
 As thou didst hear it in the Night,  
 Bring every Mystery to thy sight;  
 When every letter thou hast sent,  
 Resolved to NO ONE thou wouldst bend;  
 Then thou the Midnight cry did hear,  
 Thy father's grief he could not bear  
 To see the sufferings of his child,  
 That heaven with goodness so had filled;  
 So let the picture now appear  
 And then the Mystery soon I'll clear."

August 3rd, 1800.

"Now from the picture I'll begin,  
 As every one in ranks are seen;  
 The sword at first was drawn in heaven;  
 Thou knowest the sight to thee was given  
 Before that e'er it reached the earth,  
 And so the Volunteers came forth.  
 But now the next behold the Man,  
 How with his weapons he doth stand  
 As though he was not in the fight;  
 And all the rest bring to thy sight  
 How every one they there are placed,  
 As though in war they did contest.  
 So here's the picture of the three,  
 As they are drawn so all shall be,  
 THE FATHER, SON AND HOLY GHOST

Will surely conquer as they're placed.  
 Though here I know they are perfect Men,  
 And I from types and shadows come;  
 But when the MIDNIGHT CRY appears,  
 They'll surely find the Three are here,  
 That all together they will join  
 To bring the tree of Life to Man.  
 So here's the Picture of thy dream,  
 For underneath's the Tree of Life;  
 Mark how the Horses stand in strife;  
 One sword is drawn so round his head  
 By his own hand it so is laid,  
 And on his horses neck appears  
 To keep the tree he's fastened there.  
 But he will surely Miss his aim  
 When once the other sword comes down;  
 My garments they were dipped in blood,  
 And mark the colour how it stood.  
 Now every Mystery I'll explain  
 Why Satan near the tree was seen;  
 Because he wants to keep men out  
 That they May never more turn back.  
 But mark his sword is twisted round,  
 And so the end will sure be found.  
 But mark his back's against a tree,  
 When I press forward all will see  
 That I shall surely face the whole  
 And so pursue—MY FOE must fall."

[Printed from a MS. copy.]

---

## Joanna's Father and the Harvests of 1800

Sunday Morning, August 10th, 1800.

I was full of despair concerning My Father and the Harvest of 1800; as I was told it would be worse than the Harvest of 1799, and everyone said the beginning of this August, the Harvest would be the finest ever seen, for the Corn counties never looked finer in the world; and they said Corn would be down to 6/- per Bushel, the Farmers had begun to drop from 25/- to 16/-. So I knew if I was deceived in both circumstances above, that My writings could not come from the Lord. This threw me into a confusion of thoughts, I knew not what to think: If it be of God I am justly punished for My sins, and my only hope and trust is, that the Lord will take me out of this world, that I have been so many years weary of, and I hope to go down to the cold Chambers of the grave,

where the wicked cease from troubling and where the weary are at rest; and I trust the Lord will pardon My offences, and forgive My sins, for it is against him, and him only that I have transgressed. As to man I can wash My hands in Innocence; No man can lay anything to My charge, I am clear from the blood of all men. After I had written this I was answered in the following manner by the Spirit.

THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH.

"Now thou hast ended I'll begin,  
 To Justify thy written hand;  
 For where's the Man that can appear  
 To prove that wrong thou'st spoken here?  
 No, earth and hell may now combine,  
 I'll justify the heart of thine,  
 For I have tried thee to the end;  
 The arts of hell must now be penned.  
 He said, If I did thee deceive,  
 Thou soon wouldst make mankind believe,  
 That it was Meant another year  
 That I should Make the Mystery clear,  
 And that it was *the Next July*  
 That so thy father was to die.  
 But when he found thou'st not say so,  
 In deeper arts he soon did go,  
 And said if I did thee disgrace,  
 Thou soon wouldst curse ME to My face.  
 Therefore I tried thee all along,  
 To Shame the tyrant's lying tongue,  
 Because thy heart I well did know  
 That with no lies thou home wouldst go,  
 And neither curse me to My face;  
 Unless thou judg'st from hell 'twas placed,  
 And thou wouldst curse the tempter's art  
 That on thee laid so heavy dart;  
 If thou didst judge it came from hell,  
 Thy written hand the truth will tell.  
 But here the tempter thou hast foiled,  
 To say if I have thee beguiled  
 To break thy heart, that I am just;  
 Then here the tempter's arts were cast.  
 Another way he did appear,  
 And said thou wouldst hate thy father here  
 If he should live and did not die,  
 No more wouldst thou regard of he,  
 Therefore I tried thee to the end  
 To see how then thy heart would bend;

Still for thy father thou'st provide,  
 So here the tempter thee belied,  
 As thou hast for thy father done  
 When all thy Money it was gone,  
 And for thy Father still thou'st feel.  
 So here the fiery darts of hell  
 Are cast against thee all in Vain,  
 For to thy God thou dost complain  
 That thou hast sinnèd in My sight;  
 I'll bring the Mysteries all to light.  
 He said if I deceived thee here,  
 There was no way I could appear  
 To make thee to believe My word  
 And judge the writings came from God;  
 But now thou seest another way,  
 Thou know'st like Job I first did say  
 That it would prove thy every case,  
 For so the tempter's arts were placed.  
 And still they're not unto an end,  
 He saith to morrow thou wilt bend  
 For to rebel against My word,  
 And judge thy father and thy God  
 Have both alike used thee unkind.  
 Thy father's words call thou to Mind,  
 How he would have thee to go home  
 When thou so much bestow'st on him;  
 Thou judged thy father then unjust,  
 And so against thy God thou'st burst,  
 And say he'd done unjustly here  
 To make thee come and make thee err,  
 And in such Manner lead thee on  
 Till all thy money it was gone;  
 For the last hour thou dost trust,  
 My promises they then will burst;  
 And if they do not then appear,  
 He know'th that thou wilt curse me here.  
 So now I ask what thou dost say,  
 Shall I go on thy heart to try?"

I answer, try me O Lord, and prove My ways and try My heart within. I know there is no other way thou canst thy honour gain, for to make clear thou hast Spoken here, if it came from on high, and shew the tempter he did err, in speaking such a lie.

## THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH.

"The field is wide thy heart is tried,  
 The tempter must stand mute,  
 For now to Man I mean to come  
 And with them all dispute.  
 The truth is clear I've spoken here,  
 Your harvest now is come  
 More fatal than it was last year,  
 The truth will soon be shewn.  
 Because last year I'll make it clear  
 Your fruit did then abound,  
 If bad your harvest did appear,  
 Can no one judge the sound?  
 Your harvest then it did begin  
 I say with weather good,  
 Your pastures then you know was green,  
 Let this be understood.  
 Now 'tis not so you all do know,  
 Your pastures all are dry,  
 And if the floods I now let go  
 How must your Harvest lie?  
 Because your ground so dry are found  
 And burnt up with the Sun,  
 Then sure the floods must sure come down  
 To Moisten all your land.  
 If this should come it must be known  
 Your harvest stands at stake,  
 If it do not now see your lot  
 Your other crops must shake;  
 Besides that late you'll see your fate,  
 Your harvest will appear,  
 Because that green is plenty seen  
 In Many parts be clear,  
 Then they are cast if rain should burst  
 Before that they are in.  
 So now this year I'll make it clear,  
 I've hurt you with the sun;  
 In Pomeroy's hands the words do stand,  
 I said with sun or rain<sup>4</sup>  
 I'd shew your fate if men did mock  
 And judge it in the end.  
 For I know well the arts of hell  
 Were placed so strong in Man,

---

<sup>4</sup> Rain in 1799, sun in 1800.

That they would burn as much with scorn  
 As I've burnt up your land.  
 Thy father's death, had that come forth,  
 To men 'twould been a jest,  
 They'd said like Richards he was old<sup>5</sup>  
 And thou judged all the rest.  
 What from a dream did she explain?  
 It often happens so,  
 No prophecy in it we see,  
 The mockers they would go.  
 The harvest here doth bright appear;  
 Shall ye such fools believe,  
 Ever to think that Pomeroy here  
 Could such a harvest give?  
 He's but a Man, would mockers come,  
 Not judging I AM HE  
 To intercede for all your land  
 That starved you might not be.  
 So now with bread you say you're fed,  
 If bread will do alone,  
 But now like Pomeroy I'll proceed  
 And prove the heart of Man  
 Is full as dry as he did say  
 As I had made your land.  
 But do not judge the time's so nigh  
 That all shall understand,  
 That men appear like Satan here  
 And all have boasted too soon;  
 Like Satan stand I say your land,  
 The end will make you mute,  
 When they do judge thy written hand  
 There's no one can dispute.  
 But all is clear the harvest here  
 IS MORE FATAL than the last,  
 And more to make the sword appear;  
 Or make the famine burst,  
 That is, to break, as you do speak,  
 When all the crops appear,  
 I said I would secure my wheat,  
 And so I've done it here.  
 And so My corn shall soon be known  
 I will secure in Man,  
 And let believers to appear,  
 They like the wheat shall stand.

---

<sup>5</sup> Mr. Richards of Exeter.

Now every mystery I'll explain,  
    Why I thy father placed  
For to appear and stand before  
    The harvest so was cast:  
It was to try what men would say,  
    And men I found did scorn,  
The words of Richards came to thee,  
    But not the only one.  
Thus did begin the hearts of men;  
    Then I removed the Mark,  
I took the standard then from them  
    And left them in the dark,  
Till 't doth appear the harvest clear  
    And clear I'll make the whole;  
I said his death would not prevent  
    The harvest so to fall.  
If 't did not come, to thee 'twas known  
    Before the fifteenth day,  
And floods of rain must hurt your grain,  
    A Mystery I did say  
That sure was great—because no state,  
    He did not stand for man,  
I knew the tempter's arts would break  
    If so I'd laid My Plan,  
Because too soon his arts begun  
    And made me change the Mark.  
I let the harvest to come on,  
    And left them in the dark,  
Till 't doth appear the harvest here  
    Is scorched with the Sun;  
And soon the winter will make clear  
    That every truth is come,  
Because the Price will make men wise<sup>6</sup>  
    Much dearer than the last;  
If not the wheat, you'll find it great  
    In all things else is cast.  
So some will mourn and others burn  
    And prove the harvest good,  
Then why's the burden so laid on?  
    Then tremble at the Sword  
That may begin the following Spring  
    If men do not prevent,  
By shewing clear how all is here  
    And how it all was sent.

---

<sup>6</sup> These last twelve lines are printed in *A Warning to the World*, p. 34.

“Now I will answer thee in plain words. I have foiled thee as I told thee, because thou knowest not the arts or depths of Satan; but I have laid all his arts before thee, for when ever I Justify thee, Satan finds a way to condemn thee, as he did Job, and now he cannot go any further. I will tell thee what to do: return back to Exeter and shew every thing to thy friends, but do not break thy seals till thou hast seen the end of the harvest; and then if thou Judgest thy writings of God, let them be published, after Pomeroy returns to Exeter. I have prolonged thy father’s life, to shame and confound thy enemy the devil, and the harvest shall confound Man.”

As soon as I had returned back to Exeter, I heard that many had said, I had Prophesied of My father’s death<sup>7</sup> and was gone to his house to kill him. And now I may say, blessed be the Name of the Lord he did not die at the time, and whilst I was with him, to shame those my accusers, and put a stop to their lying tongues; who judged me another such as themselves, but heaven knew My innocence, and how to clear me from bloodthirsty people.

#### THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH.

“Now I will answer. These tongues were set on fire by the devil, and had thy Father died, these tongues would have poisoned the Minds of Many, and put out every lamp from burning. Now remember it is said of the Woman in the Revelations (12th Ch.) that she was travailing in birth and crying to be delivered; And she is to be delivered by Man. Now had thy father died, thou wouldest have said thou wast delivered by the Lord, and wanted no Judgment of men, to tell thee what Spirit thou wast led by. So thy clear assurance I took from thee, and stumbled thee to try men, and shame thy enemies, and confound thy adversary the devil; therefore I tempted thee as I did Abraham—I tried thee as I did Job—And now, be convinced thou art not led by the devil. For I now tell thee plain, if that had been thy case, he would have worked on thy heart, to have done as he persuaded thee, and as the world said of thee; thou wouldest have been another such as they that spread the report, for Satan would never have left thee, till he had sought thy utter ruin, so now be assured,

“The Lord is thy director, thy guide, and thy keeper,  
 And that thou shalt know in the end,  
 When the Harvest is clear, they shall all find it here  
 The heat of My anger descends;  
 It is now upon Man to burn up your Land,  
 And now if they do not awake,  
 The Weather shall come to burn like the Sun  
 Till near like a famine shall break.  
 I’ll fulfil every word, for famine and sword  
 Shall surely pass over your land,  
 If Men don’t awake, Now My fury shall break  
 For thy cause Now I’ll take it in hand.

---

<sup>7</sup> Aug. 12, 1799.

If death must thee free, the Nation shall see,  
Thy blood I'll avenge every where,  
I know what thou suffers, and know 'tis for me,  
And now let the Nation take care,  
Lest I should now come, and make them to Mourn  
As thou didst then Mourn in despair.  
I tell thee My Anger shall now heat and burn  
And soon take thee home to My care,  
If men do stand out any longer in doubt,  
When the *truth* laid before *them* is plain;  
That a scanty is *come* to be of your Corn  
To break down the *hearts* now of men,  
For they all *Judge* like *thee*, that a plenty 'twill be;  
I told thee 'twould come to thy dream.  
So Judge in the end which way it must bend,  
For the hearts of men will break down,  
At the end of the year you will see it more clear  
How much in the *pits* will be found;  
No Judge of your Land can Pomeroy now stand,  
Then Husbandmen now must appear,  
The Judges to be of this Mystery  
What remarkable Harvest is here,  
To see your Wheat stand so bright in your land  
Secure without showers of rain,  
Yet remarkably bad it soon will be said,  
And so it will prove in the end.  
For I say like your land, your corn now does stand,  
And your Nation is full of deceit,  
Yet some hearts are true, I well now do know,  
And so will you find in your wheat.  
But Judge not the Man where so it does stand,  
I Judge not the Man by the Corn,  
I have sent a good Crop to some who do mock  
And their end like thy father's will come.  
Therefore I sent thee for this Mystery  
To shew how your Nation will fall,  
Thou knowest he was fed with plenty of bread  
And wanted for nothing at all,  
One Month it did last, then see how 'twas cast,  
One day soon deprived of all.  
Did he not return in sorrow to mourn  
And back in distress soon did fall?  
So now see your land for so it doth stand  
Your plenty it soon will be o'er,

---

And your Nation may turn, like your father to mourn  
So ONE MONTH you may now see it clear.

“This is one reason I sent thee to thy father, to shew thee plain the end of your land. I said one Month would Shew you what would become of your land, for now I tell thee the farmers cannot afford to feed you with plenty, nor sell at a low price, no more than thou couldest afford to continue to maintain thy father<sup>8</sup> as thou didst that Month. But had it not come to this, no Man would lay it to heart; and as thou sayest, thou Mayest as well complain to stocks and stones as to Man, till dangers stand before them.”

Joanna Southcott.

[Printed from a MS. copy, with additions from *Small Still Voice*, No. 17.]

---

---

<sup>8</sup> Joanna fed her father, till her money was all gone.