

back to the tombs of a deceased people. Posterity is yet alive—it is not their spirit I pray for, but the heart of their fathers, that trusted in the living God.

The soul or mind is a spiritual house to dwell in and is the inner temple of the Lord.

Had I not given my heart to God for a habitation I might surmise I was misled, but I now otherwise believe that for my sacrifice (which is the heart) truth is revealed, and I dare not pass on without committing these things to paper which are written within, a law that no man seeth, nor none can read, save him to whom it is given.

My former services hath been partially confined to a small remnant of people, known by the name of the Children of Peace—selected from the world for good and great purposes. They were not chosen by men but of the Lord, they consist of good and evil, like the rest of the world—and differ in nothing save this, they collect into one body to worsh'p and serve the Lord.

I now write for the whole earth, and give reasons for my hope, and explain the texts that I have afore written. The Lord is glorious in His habitation, that mansion called the mind. If I have conceived lies from a false spirit I shall be disappointed, but I doubt not, and write with confidence, although the world may believe me to be a liar.

I should not have written the above lines, but the world hesitates to receive my testimony, through suspicions that my singular language and handwriting are not true. I will proceed to give such convincing evidences of God's truth—as He hath given me, by which I am induced to believe, and am confirmed that I am a servant of that God or spirit that was before Israel was born of his mother into the world. I have ever written without any impression of Scripture on the mind, yet I have made use of them, both in writing, and speaking to confirm the world that I was not ignorant of the sacred truths contained in them. I have had no parent as a parent to my spirit. God hath been all to me. I have beheld the patriarchs and prophets through the sacred lines, when I saw no more direction in them, than in a wilderness of sand, or combination of people here on earth. I despise nothing that is written by the inspired penmen of the Lord, but the Lord hath veiled the sacred book from mine eyes, and bid me proceed on from the law written in the heart, of which