

night, feeling a weighty exercise of spirit, and having a solid friend sitting up with me, I requested him to write what I said; which he did, as follows:

“Fourth day of the first month, 1770, about five in the morning.—I have seen in the Light of the Lord, that the day is approaching, when the man that is the most wise in human policy, shall be the greatest fool; and the arm that is mighty to support injustice, shall be broken to pieces: the enemies of righteousness shall make a terrible rattle, and shall mightily torment one another; for He that is omnipotent is rising up to judgment, and will plead the cause of the oppressed; and he commanded me to open the vision.”

Near a week after this, feeling my mind livingly opened, I sent for a neighbour, who, at my request, wrote as follows:

“The place of prayer is a precious habitation; for I now saw that the prayers of the saints was precious incense: and a trumpet was given me, that I might sound forth this language; that the children might hear it, and be invited together to this precious habitation, where the prayers of the saints, as precious incense, ariseth up before the throne of God and the Lamb—I saw this habitation to be safe; to be inwardly quiet, when there were great stirrings and commotions in the world.”

“Prayer,