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Abigail Crossman.

Jan 9. 1842.

Meetinghouse

13,489  
(9786)

The One End of a Large roll of  
Love,  
Fashioned by Holy Wisdom

Brought to Earth by Mother Ann,  
And by her own hand was given to her  
Little (Daughter Abigail Crossman.  
Jan<sup>y</sup>, 3.<sup>m</sup> 1742.

Read to the mortal Writer, by the  
Holy Pra<sup>es</sup>ta, (back shi<sup>l</sup>on). Or Angel  
Of Wisdom, who crossed the Bailing deep  
with Mother Ann Lee, in the Year of our  
Lord 1742.

Open wide thy Mouth my Child,  
and take between thy lips, yea place  
upon thy tongue, just the first little  
End of a roll fashioned by Holy  
Wisdom, & finished by thy Father's for  
thee my little One.

O come here my little Daughter  
& sit down with me. I sit upon a little Sofa.

just big enough for thee, and all those  
blesed spirite whom I have sent unto  
thee with my precious gifts, & little crowns.

Come hither my child, I say, sit with  
us; & I will wipe away the flowing tear,  
while thy heart melteth in gratitude  
for the blesednes, & blessings, thy Parents  
doth bestow upon thee.

Open thine Eyes my Child, I behold  
the beautiful Arbour of Love, all around  
this softened seat. Turn thine eyes,  
behind thee, and look at the pretty  
plants I have set in <sup>my</sup> garden. See how  
fast they are growing, & how thoroughly  
they are wet, with the dew drops from  
Heaven. Look upon the spreading vine  
which forms for us, this beautiful shade,  
and see the beauty & order in which  
each leaf doth stand. Come & view,  
with us, the work of our God, & blesp with  
every feeling the power of his all righteous  
(hand.

The word of his mouth, & the power of his spirit on us, hath set this, the Lord's vineyard in perfect order, & every supple vine, bendeth low, with the gentle breezes of Heaven.

What a beautiful sight! I can hardly sit still, long enough to taste its pleasant fruit, I love the cultivators of this peaceful grove so well I want to go & help them. And bless the work of their hand.

But my little one, I will stay awhile, with thee, & regale on the fruit of this beautiful spreading vine. There is plenty my child, for this vine was planted by thy Savior first, & thy heavenly Parents have pruned it a great while, and have set many more just like them. & for 3 or four years, we have slipped into the mellow ground, many of its tender buds, and there is <sup>no</sup> one, now that is dying for we have viewed them in less than 24 hours.

And if these do well my child, the day will come, when ye will <sup>have</sup> fruit to feed hundreds, & thousands at once.

But my child, there is a severe drought, soon to follow, and how these will be able to stand that, I cannot tell, —

But before we leave these lowly lowers, we shall fill our wells in the low vale running over with living water, and we will cause ~~the~~, a true channel to be formed, even from the fountain head, the Lord's pure Mount, to forever keep them full. Therefore my little one, I rest in ease, about my little vines, knowing at any time, they can be watered in that day, of which I have spoken, from these living wells of Holy Water.

So my little one, let us eat and be happy; this pretty vine ripenes its fruit every day, and thee may eat it with thy companions every night if ye wish.)

Come my child embrace the outstretch  
 ed<sup>arms</sup> of thy Mother, with <sup>this</sup> sweet roll upon  
 thy tongue, I hear <sup>my questions</sup> ~~hear~~ <sup>let me</sup> tell <sup>thee</sup> a little story.

1. Dear little One, dost thou remember  
 the day, ye first heard me sing upon  
 earth, & that ye learned the first song ye  
 ever heard, that was bro't from Heaven?

I remember it well my child. I can  
 number just how many days has pass'd  
 since, exactly, as thou, dost count them.  
 And just how many they are, as Wisdom  
~~dost~~ numbereth them.

2. Remember just where thee learned  
 my song, & <sup>the name of</sup> my chosen Instrument who  
 learned it of me. It was on a dreary mount  
 my child surrounded by beasts of prey,  
 & I saw <sup>among them</sup> the Wolf, whose open jaws, &  
 longing eyes, stood ready to devour thee.

And more than this I will tell thee,  
 but when my story is ended, the half, I shall  
 not unfold in this roll, but on the Eternal record,



Thine eyes shall behold it all. After thou hadst learned many songs, that I sung in the ears of my chosen Instruments, I saw thee write them all, I heard them. I saw the ravening wolf, I wild beasts, driven from before thy face. Several pleasant seasons, numbered to thee, thine years, I again my Dear child, ye heard me sing. And then thou didst again write my songs, upon earthly paper.

3. But dear child, as I traversed the gloomy hills in Zion, once in while, I would find thee naked, cold, & hungry and no one to take care of thee, —

4. Then it was, dear child, that I saw thee, & thou saidest <sup>unto me, even as</sup> Jesus thy Lord, did say unto holy Wisdom when he was upon earth, "The foxes have their holes, & the fowls of the air have nests, but I have not where on to lay my head in peace".  
O my child, hearken to my story, I say, I



Then took thee in my arms, fed & clothed thee, I sent thee on thy way, — But lo! my child, when I left thee, thou wast again trodded; & when I returned, I found thee thrust in prison, sitting in a dungeon, even as I once did, on England's dreary Isle, 'Yea, my child, I found thee even in a dark cell, and nought for a seat, but a cold wet stone, I nought for thy supper, but a cruice of sour Vineger.

O my child! Shall I, thy tender Mother, finish this story? Nay, this I cannot do, I leave it for holy holy Wisdom.

O Harken to lovely Wisdom's Voice!

6. When my Daughter Ann did find thee in the pittiful situation she hath just described, she quickly hunted in her stores, for a crimson sheet, wrote thy name upon it, I sent this safe little Angel who now readeth to the mortal writer

of this my last word unto thee, yea I say,  
 I believe ye my word; for then it was, she  
 roll'd within this scarlet sheet a holy  
 Book; put them upon the winged An-  
 gel; who quickly reached the bright  
 throne of Wisdom, with its troubled  
 news. O my child! And what did  
 I do for thee; what did I say to thy  
 sorrows? I seated my brightness, be-  
 fore the Lord Almighty Jehovah, and  
 in low humility, did supplicate his  
 tender mercy! In, and on my lowest  
 seat I sat my brightness, and there  
 did write in very large letters, a per-  
 fect, & full Letter of wisdom, & by my  
 beautiful Pia Es ta Vack Shu lan, did con-  
 vey its contents, to my Chosen Anoin-  
 ted, on my Holy Mount.

7. At this moment, my will was done  
 & my Daughter's prayer was answered.

By the power of my angel, the prison,

doors were unlocked, the veil was rent,  
 & the strong walls, were laid to the  
 dust, & thy, troubled soul, was again  
 snatched from the oppressor, & set  
 at liberty, to tread upon the shores  
 of freedom, as did thy blessed Mother  
 when led by my arm, across the  
 boiling Ocean, to walk the path of  
 freedom, upon this very Isle.

O yea, my child my Child!  
 And in Wisdom's low retreat  
 I have placed thee, even as I did  
 thy holy Mother Ann, I say, there  
 I have planted thy feet, <sup>even</sup> on the  
 soil of my own, fixing, in the vine  
 yard of my Love.

O my little One, art thou impatient,  
 I dost thou wish thy Mother's story was  
 ended? If so thee will miss a great  
 prize! I hear thee exclaim, O my holy  
 Mother, I have prayed many a time for this

thy word, yet I know I am unworthy  
to receive it, yet O holy Mother, it is  
sweeter on my tongue than, the honey  
made from the sweetest flowers,  
of earth. Therefore I proceed with  
my little ~~my~~ little history.

Abigail! my child, When I,  
Holy Wisdom, saw thy faith fairly  
tried in the furnace of fire, I saw  
thee flinch not, in thy long days  
of sore trial, altho' many times I  
saw thee almost sunk in Oblivion,  
yet thou didst never turn thine  
eyes from me, nor the Father of thy  
Immortal soul! Therefore, the  
Wisdom of thy Father doth say unto  
thee, Thou shalt receive in this  
life, a rich prize, But in the  
Heaven's of glory, Eternal Life shall  
be thy reward!

And my child, <sup>!!</sup> as I have before  
told thee, thou art now, planted  
in freedom's soil, I sit even among  
the Virgin Daughters of the Lamb.

Aye, and even so it is. For there  
my chosen Ones, have placed thee,  
in <sup>the</sup> midst of my glory, Beneath  
the spreading Vine of my Daughter,  
in the bower of her love.

When thy weary soul, I saw thus  
quietly seated, I said to my Daugh-  
ter Ann, come, and let us go, I view  
the Virgin Daughters in Zion, and  
let us chose from among them, even  
from the greatest to the least, in the  
heart of our Zion we will choose,  
and on the objects of our choice, we  
will pour the Anointing Oil of Heaven.  
These shall be subject to thy calls  
O my Daughter, to go I come at thy  
command. And she said, I Glory

12.

Wisdom! As thou hast spoken, so shall it be.

We descended to earth, my child, (not for the first time, in no wise) but I say, we came to earth, view the Daughters of our delight, & the Sons of our Love. And lo! from the field where two were at work, one we did choose to anoint while the other we left, — We loved their souls equally alike, yet in our wisdom we performed the will of him, whose work we were sent to do.

We also, entered the Mill, where the Virgins were grinding, & some of them we bade follow us, while <sup>to</sup> others we spake not, all, save thro' those whom we did anoint to speak our words and do our errands.

And thou art one my little child, on whom my peaceful hand ~~is~~ placed. For I found thy vessel clean, unmarred by hardness of heart, & thy lips, free from the stains of unreconciliations, & thy tongue from guile. Therefore I bid thee follow thy Mother, whither soever she went.

And to this call my child, thou didst listen with attention. And altho' very crossing indeed it was, to thy proud haughty nature, yet cheerfully thou didst comply with this my call, & hath thus far, heeded thy Mother's voice.

And for all such faithful ones, I did purpose a way in my wisdom whereby I might bless them at last, with a more rich blessing, than I did, when first I anointed them. And this, the one end of thy



Mother's roll shall contain my  
 blessing, and lasting word to thee.

Altho' years may number to thee  
 a very long life, yet my little One, this  
 roll will never fail to comfort thee,  
 while thy natural <sup>eye</sup> can read it.

Nay, for thou hast opened thy  
 mouth wide, to receive it, and as  
 long as thy tongue can move to  
 sound my blessed notes of promise,  
 this ~~end~~ of thy roll, will taste swee-  
 ter, & more rich than any thing earth-  
 ly, eaten by thee.

And my little One, hark again  
 unto wisdom's lovely voice.

For on this line, thee will find  
 a pair of spectacles neatly placed  
 in a gold case. These are too old  
 for thine eyes, now, but when years  
 and years, have numbered to thee,  
 their seasons, these thou wilt need!

~~them~~. Yea, truly, thou wilt, for ye may yet, have to copy this, the one <sup>end</sup> of my roll very fine, even on <sup>the</sup> bark of some of the thrifty growing trees now in the forest! yet be ye comforted my little one, for in my blessing, is my promise unto thee, I also <sup>to</sup> all the <sup>brave</sup> Sons & daughters, of my choice.

And now again, I will put forth my hand, I with another vial of holy Anointing Oil thou shalt be anointed. This vial, I have placed on the head of thy Elder Sister Lucy. And <sup>for</sup> this, my child thee must go to her, after just one year from the <sup>date</sup> of this, my roll.

Ask her to anoint & bless thee, ask her to let thee write thy name with the ink of faith upon this vial, and ask her, to let thee, write her's (which shall stand as red as blood,

16.  
with thine own hand of gratitude,  
and with thy pen of pure love tow-  
ards this thy Mother & friend, and  
at the same time, if this thou wilt  
do: I, Holy Wisdom, will send unto  
thee <sup>by</sup> this my little <sup>angel</sup>, who is reading  
this end of my roll, to the writer,  
Yea, I say, will send thee, some  
of the same ink to write this thy  
Mother's name, that I used in  
Heaven to write this roll.

Its name is Blessing never ending  
blessing! For truly, my child,  
this thy true Parent, — Even the  
one whose outstretched arms hath  
gathered thy weary soul, & prepared  
a feast for thee, even when thou  
wast in ~~my~~ that dreary cell,  
and from her table thou hast  
freely partook. Now little

one of sorrow, altho' thine eyes be;  
 filled with tears of thankfulness,  
 yet wipe them away, I give into  
 the hand of that true <sup>friend</sup> of thine, my  
 holy vial, I ask her again, in low  
 humility, to stand in the Heavens  
 a witness for thee, in that trying  
 day, which all my chosen Instru-  
 ments will surely meet.

8. This is not for thee alone to  
 do, nay my child for the same  
 I shall require of all, that my  
 holy hand hath ever anointed.

9. Now, I am about to clothe thee,  
 Even with a garment from the same  
Loom, thy Mother's was woven.

10. A spotless robe, <sup>both</sup> pure & fair,  
 A seamless garment, for thee to wear,  
 While here upon this mortal shore,  
 For tis' the same that Jesus wore,

When V. I. les to, <sup>18.</sup> quen a lis,  
Yea, once he wore, a robe like this.

'O my little one, Be ye comforted  
for I have a pretty crown for thee,  
Come, take it from my hand!

My Daughter Ann, will soon  
tell thee all about this crowned  
prize. One word more, I then  
my roll is perfectly fashioned,  
& fitted for thee complete.

" Thy pretty robe, is all around  
bordered with gold, and if it  
were to be sold, a great price it  
would fetch. But my child  
the worth of this, ye will never get,  
in this world, nor tens of thousands  
more just like it, — What made  
me tell thee this, was because I  
wanted thee to know, that I prized  
it, at the same prizee, I had

heard <sup>19.</sup>  
often from thy little angels, that  
thou didst prize thy Mother's gospel,  
& the privilege, mine Holy chosen  
had given thee, in the Mother  
Church, upon earth.

12. This is my last word unto thee  
while in time, t i m e, t i m e.

And this is my love, my peace  
& my bleping, without weight  
or measure. From Holy Wisdom  
to ——— Abigail C.

A word of holy thanks from thy  
Father's! O thou Child of tribulation!  
Come unto thy father's & we will  
blep thee! We have each one of us,  
wound a skein of thanks for thee,  
and we have hung it all in one bunch,  
It is a large bunch indeed!  
Father Wm says, Abigail! If you

think you can <sup>20.</sup> spin fast, and a good  
days work every day, yet my little  
Daughter, as thou countest the  
days in a year, it would take  
thee just as many days, & just as  
many years, to spin as many  
skeins, as we have now brot ~~thou~~  
as thou spent, since thee first,  
heard the sound of thy Mother's  
call. We have also brot thee a box  
of our love, It is very heavy heape  
up, and preped down. From this  
thee may eat thyself, and as ma-  
ny balls as ye may give away,  
we will send thee by thy little An-  
gels, just one hundred, for each one  
ye give to our children.

This is the present Mother has  
given us liberty to send thee.  
And it is thy just reward, for becomin



our crosses, and Speaking our words,  
 And now dear child the time has  
 come, That we must say farewell,  
 But when on earth thy work is done,  
 Thy Immortal soul shall dwell  
 With us in heaven, where thou art bound,  
 & where thy treasure now is found.

Farewell from all that thou  
 hast ever spoken a word for, since  
 thou first didst hear thy Mother's  
 call. yea, my little one, they  
 have each one wound their  
 thanks, and rolled their love for  
 thee, & put with ours, & there ye  
 may have it to feast upon.

Our Skins we on thy head, &  
 our box, thy little angel Co <sup>Love</sup> an,  
 carries for thee. This angel, says  
 Father, <sup>James</sup> thy Mother hath left with  
 thee, Sung unto me a song, while  
 the wicked were beating me with stripes  
 and thee may learn this song, if thee

will kneel down at some time,  
and pray to him, to sing it thee.

But my child, thee must not  
get up untill thou hast learned it.

I often kneel down in prayer  
with this song on my tongue, & if  
thou wilt learn<sup>it</sup>, thee may sing  
when in trouble, & I will sing  
with thee = Even in that day of  
famine, which thee my child  
will see. From all thy Father's

The last word of <sup>thy</sup> Mother. as one.

Again I have returned to the seat, on which  
I first invited thee<sup>to</sup> sit. And what think ye  
my child? What dost thou say, since wisdom's  
story is ended? I left her to finish my story  
& give to thy Fathers a place in my roll, that  
they might bless thee. Yea my child, and this  
privilege thou hast had to sit with them all,  
never before didst thou enjoy. But as oft, as ye  
read this our roll with thy tongue, just sooft will we  
sit with thee on this pretty seat.

But Hark! Dost thou remember Wisdom's crown? Well then, I have come with its explanation, upon my tongue, & with my Pen of pure love, I will shew it to thee.

It is as bright as brightness, and nought to mar its beauty. It has just as many stars of love upon it, and just as many bright diamonds as thou hast taken up crosses, to obey our will, & speak the word of thy Parents.

and my child. I have one more word to tell thee, and if thou wilt obey it, I will leave thee in peace.

I hold <sup>in</sup> my hand, the same book, & scarlet sheet, with the name upon <sup>it</sup>, I did write so long ago. This Book contains all the words that ever ye have spoken for us thy Parents. And will ye, after ye have written thy name upon thy Mother's vial, write it also upon this pretty Book?

If so I will lay <sup>the book wound in that scarlet sheet,</sup> upon thy head, & return to my mansion in peace. But, altho' the wicked should seek to destroy this, & tho' <sup>they</sup> will desire to cast it in flames of unquenchable fire, yet my child in thy faith I shall confide, for it has been thoroughly proved, before mine eyes. And, if I thy Mother, should

25  
ever see, my holy word, thrown in thy face  
by the slanderous tongue, I shall know that  
my roll of love is in thy mouth, and will  
never be lost. Now I have a present to  
make thee! It is my white gloves, of  
pure love, my Bonnet of rightness, &  
my mantle of meekness. Here I have  
laid them, even on this leaf of my roll.

When thou dost journey among thy friends,  
remember to always wear these! for surely  
in the road thee will meet with strong  
enemies. But always remember the suf-  
fering road, is the safe path to God. This  
is <sup>the</sup> way thy parents have traveled before thee.

Now, this is the one end of my roll,  
& the other End I hold myself. And when  
thy work on earth is done, thou shalt eat  
it all.

Farewell in Love, my little one,  
While earth & time is thy home.  
Farewell in love thy mother saith,  
For in thine <sup>heart</sup> is living faith.  
From Mother Ann - to a.e.

