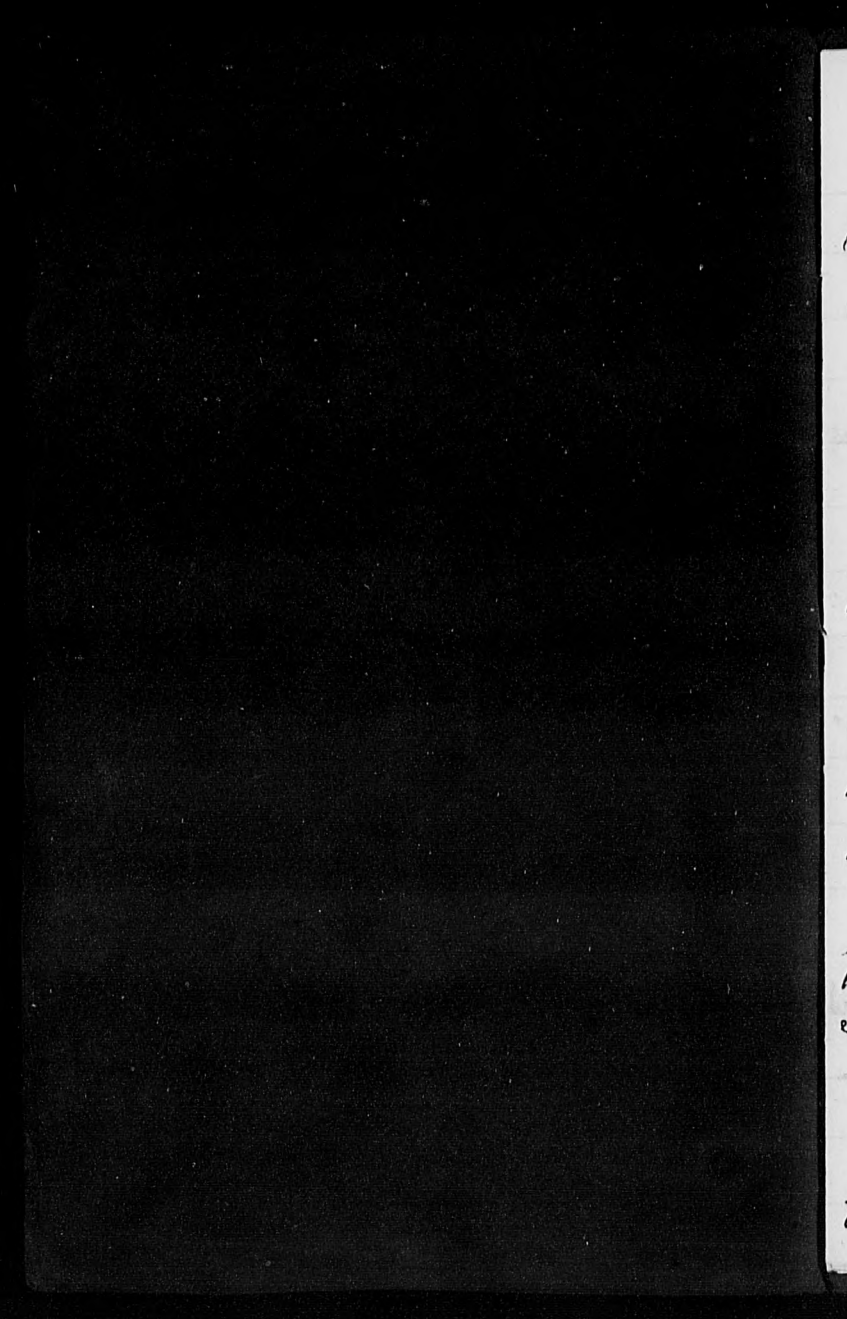


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The following words were
written upon a ball of remember-
ance, given by Mother Ann, to
Elder Ebenezer Bishop.

Listen, my well beloved Son, to
the voice of thy Mother. O my
faithful lovely chosen One,
how I delight in thee! Thy ways
are ways of pleasantness, & all thy
paths are peace. I will never
forget thee thro' time nor in eter-
nity; & I know thou wilt never
forget me, nor the great work of
God & your Heavenly Parents, which
has been wrought among thy chil-
dren upon earth. // So receive my com-
fort; be thou comforted, my faith-
ful

well beloved Son; for many shining jewels hang ready for thee to wear, in the mansion of thy Mother, where thou shalt come ere long; yea, with expanded wings, come quickly, rejoicing, & take the Kingdom thou hast won.

I will ever be near to thee in times of tribulation; yea, while on earth thou dost remain, I will never leave thee, but will hover my wings of protection closely around you.

Now beloved & faithful Son, receive with this token of remembrance, thy Mothers love, fresh & new.

The following words were
written upon a Ball of Remem-
berance, given by Mother Anne
to Bro' Rufus.

O my Heaven deserving child;
I bless thee every hour;
For with a spirit meek & mild,
You tread my lowly bower.
Yea, with a spirit that's resigned
You walk my narrow path,
And by a conscience well refined,
Escape God's mighty wrath.

I bless my God that thou wast born,
My work to cherish here;
Tho' haughty souls may at thee scorn,

Thy Mother loves thee dear,
Thy work is verry great below;
And God has given thee power,
To sound his trumpet to & fro,
Thro'out all Zion's tower.

Thy robe is of a lilly white,
Array'd with diamonds rare;
My soul is filled with delight,
To see this robe you wear.
Thy sword of truth is pure & bright,
Prepared of glittering steel;
The serpent flees with all his might,
Fearing its power to feel.

But every soul that's pure & just,
Will gather unto thee,
And in thy counsel put their trust;

In low humility;

They will not fear the searching ^{light,}
Thy glittering sword displays;
But in true thankfulness delight,
To stand within its rays.

Now my beloved Son, I know
You do remember me;

Where'er you be where'er you go,
I will remember thee;

My blessing, like a gentle stream,
Shall ever to thee flow;

My love in brightness ^{beam} ever shall
Upon you while below.

Copied by Abellen Smith,

Second Order, Wisdom's Valley.