

1660

# John, to all Gods Imprisoned People for his Names-Sake, Wheresoever upon the Face of the Earth, Salutation

John Perrot

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D. 2470  
JOHN,

To all Gods

Imprisoned People

For His

Names-fake,

Wheresoever upon the Face of the  
Earth,

SALUTATION.

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*by John Perrot.*

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LONDON, Printed for Thomas Simmons, at  
the sign of the Bull and Mouth near  
Aldersgate, 1660.

(2)

# I O H N,

T O

*All Gods Imprisoned People for his Names sake,  
Wheresoever upon the face of the Earth,*

## SALUTATION.

**G**row up in the Spring of the *Jubile* year ye Vines of the Lord of the Vineyard, and let your Branches bear their Clusters in the ground of your tribulations, that in the Month of the Vintage the Fatts may be filled up of his praises; For he which is faithful is with you in sufferings, saving you as the beloved Seed of his Kingdom; whilst the Ploughers are Ploughing *long furrows upon your backs*. Verily his most great and tender pitties do attend (as with exceeding diligence and carefulness) you his poor abused and wronged tribulated people, whose eye seeth the secrets of your sorrows, and his ear is open to your sighing, he numbereth the tears of your eyes, and counteth the groans of your spirits, he writeth down your oppressions on Tables of gold, and sealeth up your burthens in a record of everlasting remembrance, which he will reckon unto you (to a tittle) in a day of hath determined a Decree, and his precious grace will effect the most amiable work of his goodness, unto your everlasting rejoycing and gladness, even this shall augment the joy of your souls in the predestinated hour of to every eye) he will binde (even unto a tittle) every tear, sigh, sob, stone, prison, chain, mock and derision, even all the floods and flames (that ever you have waded and run through) on a Hoop of gold, (togetherness in the life of the Characters of your patience, content, and will-head for ever and evermore. And moreover he will Print and Engrave in a Table of *Christal*, (*G L O R Y* AND *G L A D N E S S E* expiring all terminations, For ever) which shall answer in fulness the whole compass of your tribulations, reaching round within the circuit of your Garland of renown: And then an immense and endless Sea of consolation without, yea Verily, verily, everlasting heavens of the comfort of all rejoycings in the fellowship of the Songs of Ten Thousand times Ten Thousand, and Thousands of Thousands of Angels in the eternal presence of the Lord God (the Fountain of the sweetest melody, and infinite treasure of the most unspeakable ravishing harmony) shall band you with the Walls of their pleasant Palaces where the King of glory reigneth on High, and then the

the renown of renowns shall crown you in the Kingdom, where the very thoughts of the perpetuity of your glory shall overshadow you, and ravish you & catch you away with the wings of the Morning in the long flight of everlasting Songs, that you shall never find end of your harmonious Hymns of the *Hallelujahs* and honour of your God. And which of you can say but from third Heavens, unto seventh Heavens, and from seventh Heavens unto seventieth Heavens you shall be carried away and caught up by the *Fiery Chariot* of *Israel*, by the virtue whereof your Ark hath been to this day safely born above the procelsive Mountainous Seas which in the floods have raged, and in breaches have roared to overwhelm and swallow you, even as Bait for infernal Fishes?

Oh Lord God I am as a lost Worm under the wideness of the opening of thine eternal hand of salvation, thou art altogether too wonderful for me; wherefore I will praise thee in the lowliness of my spirit, and glorifie thee with the integrity of my heart, for thy Covenant is *Tea* to thy Seed, and thy Mercies are *Amen* to thy Children.

Ah my Brethren, my dear Sisters and Brethren, in what a near conjunction are you related unto me? Even as bone knit unto bone by the sinews of a heavenly body, so am I one with you, in the cause of your testimony for which you wear the honour of your Bonds. Ah that God would engrave upon the Tables of your hearts the infinite dearness of the most pure and intire affection and love of Eternity in which I duly told you day after day in the fervour of melted bowels, that you may have sensible and full feeling of my unity with you in all your tribulations, and have most manifest and perspicuous sight of my souls sympathy of your sufferings, in which I am married to you as a Virgin wife, most purely embracing you in the same Wedlock under the Seal of the Covenant of God, and am assuredly your Brother and companion following the *Lamb* with the same Cross, which with endeared willingness I bear on my shoulders, because the conquest is predestinated through tryals; even such is my resolution in the God of my hope, that if Bonds and tortures cannot make up the sum, then let death fill up the measure, and let it run over with mine innocent blood, for the wisdom of Gods Majesty overwhelmeth my weakness, who hath determined the work in his Counsel; who knoweth the thing wherein we may most serve him, which we know not until the hour of his revelation thereof. And therefore (my everlastingly Beloved) let us stand to the end as of one heart and one mind candidly in this matter, which is, to rest in the Spirit which telleth us in our secret parts, that the wisdom of God hath created us to a purpose of his glory in us, and therefore we as the worms of his Workmanship will subject our selves to the utmost of his pleasure, to shew forth his faithfulness unto us in preserving us, and his holiness and glory unto all men, through the faithfulness of our spirits unto him, in the multitudes of our tribulations and sufferings. Ah how can we do otherwise than run with gladness to fulfil every thing which his wisdom willeth us, because we neither know of what a weight of glory it may be to his eternal Name, nor know we the end of the record of remembrance wherein our travels shall stand perpetually engraven, or who knoweth the price of the recompence of reward, or Crown of the tribulated *Lambs*?

Were it only because of the mercies of God, and his everlasting loving kindness, which daily visiteth us with the sweet streams of his own most precious power and refreshing life of the virtue of all consolation, it were enough to oblige us for ever, to say within our selves, *Soul rest thee not but in the thing which conduceth to the glory of thy Saviour, thou shalt give him thy body as a consecrated substance, even unto him shalt thou consecrate thy whole substance, who hath saved thee and redeemed thee O my soul:* But surely what besides the springs of his continual refreshments, the thoughts of himself who is all Odours, all sweetness, altogether amiable and glorious, who is the fulness of all pleasures, and the transcendent heaven of heavens of all Harmonies, Ah which is eternal, which is eternal, might swallow us for ever in the depth of infinite obligation to cry it out with the breath of *Abe's* blood, saying, *Not onely body, but mind, with soul, and the zeal of spirit; Ah let it serve thee, let it serve thee O Lord our God to the end.*

And now O ye precious beloved of the Lord your God, and of me his poor servant, bundle my soul, and gather me with the arms of your impolluted love, into the inner places of your dear breasts of the sweet and pure innocency, which is the Masters seat of humility and meekness, on the smooth floor of simplicity and plainness, for Verily, such is the delight which I have in the sight of your comeliness, and withall meditating your blessed dying in the Lord (when the rest cometh from all your travels and labours) that I can scarce step from the deeps of the contemplations of the weight of the recompence and reward of your works which shall follow you; When your enemies from the pit shall look up and see glorious glimpses of the superexcellency of your consolations, and gnash their teeth thereat in the most extream anguish of their souls, their Worm also shall behold the Garland of your glory, and see the blessedness of your tribulations which are bound thereon, and gnaw their bowels in the most hideous belly of horror and vexation; yea and the life of their sting shall then perceive the number of your prayers for them, (whilst yet they might have repented of their deeds) and be as a Net of torments surrounding them in flames of the unquenchable burnings of *Tophet*.

Wherefore my Brethren, let us lift up our heads in this the day of our God, and wax strong in the might of the Lord, and be bold in the day of his Battel, shewing our valour in the Van of the Army which marcheth as the Forlorn Hope, for surely the Lord is on our side, and the God of Hosts is our helper in the War, so that we need not fear the frowns of our foes, nor dread the assaults of our Antagonists, but rest in the fear of our Father, and in the reverence and dread of our Maker, and then shall our squadrons scatter the Hosts of Nations, and put to flight the Armies of Aliens, and then shall the body of our Camp be shroues, and their Tents be songs unto God, yea our Standard shall spread forth his praises; and our habitations be Hymns of his honour, which he will fill with the Prey of our enemies, and with the spoil of their greatest glory; and to the purpose that all things may be perfected in the day, let us press on in the perpetual patience, and rest in the continual content, lying down in the lowliness of the respectful life of the Lamb, dwelling in the innocency and simplicity, praying for our enemies continually, and waiting without ceasing for the redemption

on of the oppressed seed, in all things, states & conditions dwelling out of time or place, or respect unto either of them, only in our heavenly Father the everlasting fountain of all peace, and rest of eternal joy.

Surely ye Lambs of the Lord God, such, yea infinitely such is the love which I secretly bear in my bosom towards you, that for your sakes, and your most rich refreshment in my sound (wherein my soul might have her ample satisfaction in the fulness and overflowing measure of your consolation,) in the spirit I cry out *Oh that my drops were as the River of Nilus, and my streams as the wideness of Oceans, that you might bathe you in the deeps of my waters, and plunge your selves to the bottom thereof,* for I am affected with your travells in God, and with your tribulations in his spirit of holyness, wherein your peace is possessed over all the oppressions of your enemies; verily the meditation of these things have many times kindled flames in my bones, and melted me in the joy of our God, and at this instant my contemplations in the spirit of life, pondring the purity of your faithfulness, are as bowls of the sweetest wine in my bowels, and as renewed strength to my soul, and with the fencibleness of your integrity, I leap for joy, and dance at the *Harp of David*; Ah how comfortable is this Table in mine eye, whereon you are all spred as a banquet of the King before me, whilst yet the nets of mine adversaries are spread round about me: but I will feed on your faithfulness as Angels food, and eat the flesh of your life as the *Manna* of God, and in the abundance of my satisfaction will take the wings of a Dove and firmount above the snars of Serpents, and loe I will reach you as with the flight of a Eagle, and dwell with you for ever in a Celestial cage of Content.

Deare Sisters and Brethren, true witnesses of the Lord our God, which are cast into prisons for rythes and other pretences, your testimony is my testimony, and our witness is but one testimony of the Father, and of the life and blood of the Son which hath redeemed us from the first priesthood, and the whole Law of Carnal ordinances which appertained thereunto, which were but the shadows of that which is now come unto us in the eternal substance, in which testimony of the Father we stand in the life of the unity of the faith of the Son, together as brethren faithfull to the power of the word of God, through sufferings shewing forth the price and virtue of the blood of the covenant which hath bought and purchased us unto God from the whole World and its nature, wherein we are the condemnation of the whole world, which do trample upon the eternal blood of the covenant by paying rythes, or taking rythes, by which blood we are redeemed from their nature, wch the holy Scriptures do testifie was shed for the redemption from them things which are upheld by the Law of their nature, and so are left without excuse forever.

Finally with the holy life of your dearly beloved souls of the Father, pray for me your deare Lamb, and babe, and little Brother, as you are remembred of me dayly and duly in God, in whom we are one forever.

*From Rome Prison of Macmer,  
the second day of the eighb Moneth 1667.*

*The Damofels of the Day, which are the ſanctified ſouls in the Spirit, JOHN the Meſſenger of Peace, greeteth with the gracious Salutation of the life of the Lamb; Mercies be your munitions, Peace your poſſeſſions, Meaſure your mantions, Power your proprieties,, Praiſes your Palaces, to your ſouls ſweeteſt Selace, and the moſt Glorious Glory of God for ever and ever. A M E N.*

**W**Ho is our Creator, but God? Or who formed us in the Womb, but the Lord? Who brought us to the birth of the day, beſides him? or what hath ſuſtained us, but his power? what hath ever viſited us with good, but his goodneſs? or what hath ſaved us but his mercies? Oh that I were as a thouſand of the loudeſt bells ringing out his renown in the vales of the ſhrilleſt echoes, Oh that my voyce were as the voyce of ſeven Thouſand Trumpets ſounding out the praifes of his power, oh that I were as ſeventy thouſand troops of old Lyons, roaring out the renown of his Name, oh that I were as the ſhouts of an hundred thouſand Hoſts hollowing out the honour of his holyness, Oh that I were as the roarings of all Seas till his glory and renown did reach round the whole Earth, oh that I were as the moſt dreadfull thunders ariſing from *Orion* of the Eaſt reaching to *Occaſus* ſeat of the Weſt, thundring out the moſt unheard of voyces of the glory and honour of his eternal Majeſty through the *Meridian* line of the Heavens, that the Earth might be filled with the prayſes of his fame, and the ever-laſting honour of his Name. Ah what ſaith my Soule in the ſpirit? if I were all theſe according to my hearts deſire, yet ſtill ſhould I deſire the Glory of the Lord my God. Guſh out, guſh out ye waters retained in the rocks, and ſpring out, ſpring out ye profoundeſt floods of the deeps, and let the fulneſs of your courſes in joyfulneſs, clap hands ſhout- ing out the honour of the moſt high, ſpring up, ſpring up ye plants concealed in the roots, and open your bloſſoms you buds of the lillies, & Roſe ſtocks, yea haſt to ſpread forth ye branches which are hid in the vine, and in the body of the Olive tree, let your roſes and flowers be ſuperabounding baſkets of the firſt crops of the fragrances of honour, and the lades of your boughs and cluſters of your branches be the rareſt of the vintage overflowing the ſars with the ſweeteſt prayſe of his Name. Ah ſtruggle ye babes that are quick in the womb, and draw forth of the matrice of your Mother, and let your innocency be cries to the Lord, even of glory to God your Creator.

And O ye labourers look at your labours, and ye Souldiers at the battle of your day, you ſhall remember that your instruments is of the wiſdome of God which perfects the work in your hands, and the conqueſt of your ſtroaks is of the might of the moſt high, which gives the dominion



of his power, wherefore you have cause to glorifie God, and to magnifie the magnificency of his Arme.

Make replication ye virgin daughters of the resplendency of the day, and answer me ye Sons of the brightness of the morning light, who was it that ript open the seams, yea and rent off the raggs of the infamous aray wherein you were wrapped in the night? was it an other, and not God, that from nakedness hath clothed you, with the Glorious Garments of prayse? who hath decked you as a bride for the Prince, prepared for his bed of Solace? surely none but your Maker hath thus wooed you to himself, and betrothed you in his bosom for ever, wherefore you shal sound out the love and goodnes of God, and in the deeps of the sanctified ground of thanksgiving, everlastingly glorifie his Majesty.

O, O, O That I were now but in a wilderness where not a Creature inhabiteth besides the wild beasts of the field, the fouls of the Ayre, and the creeping wormes without me, that I might sing aloud the glory of God, and cry forth the prayse of the Lord; Oh that I were but a little while where I could roare and weep out my fill, to ease me of some of the waight of my obligations to God for his wonderfull mercies towards me, surely me thinks at the shouts, and cryes of my sound, they would congregate round about me, even the animals of the external Earth, and receive a sence of somewhat of my spirit, to glorifie my God in their kind, for I am full of the laud of the Lord whose mercies endure for ever.

Let him be cursed, let him be cursed, saith my soul in God, which hath an instrument, and turns not the keyes of the strings thereof to tune it to this my song of his prayse. Let it be as millstones about his neck in the depths of the Seas that will not sound on it the glory of God, for his arme is the arme of salvation, and his power the strength of preservation, there is no might besides his omnipotency, the wonderfull is his eternal Name.

O Lord God dissolve me in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, rather then that ever I should forget to prayse thee, let me pass from this tent on my back, and leave it to the Earth of her mould, yea let the expedition of my change be to the motion of a hair with a swift wind, rather than that I ever should be unmindful to sanctifie thy Name in the mansion of thy seate of glory. Let the stars clap hands with me in this matter, which have the glories of their lights from thy light, and let the morning star sing in the dawning of the day, and let the Sun round the Heavens sound the everlasting honour of thy Name, let the inhabitants of the Earth have audience of their shouts, and be provoked to search early for thy glory.

Teach me, teach me O Lord and dayly instruct me O God my God, new prayses and new honour, and new glory of thy everlastig most honourable Name of magnificency and Majesty, which is from eternity unto all eternity for ever and ever amen; for thou hast made me to eat up mercies in the largest loaves, and to driok up deliverances as tunns; thou hast saved me from the ragings of the tempestuous Seas when the vessels of others were lost in my view; thou gavest me dreams and visions to shun the wrath of my foes, where I could avoid the snars of their mischief, and  
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in the places where *I* was as a helpless Lamb, thou didest give me favour in the face of *Pharaoh*, thou didest battel for me with mine enemies by fire, and didest plead with them through thy black Clouds, thou didest save me from the threats of murder, and deliveredst me from the malice of many, thy mercies are too many for me to number in papers, but they are written in the Table of my heart; ah what can *I* say of thy last kindness which passeth the profundities of my cogitations, thou hast sustained me here O Lord my God, and *I* know not the method of means; onely this thing *I* have once heard, yea twice thou hast said unto me, all power belongs to God; *I* will weep therefore in the presence of my God, and drop my tears on thy Altar, for thy mercies do melt my boweles, that *I* am as streames in thine eye O Lord. surely except thy wisdom were infinite, and thou my Almighty keeper, the multitudes of my ponders, and depths of my meditations of thy everlasting goodness and eternal greatnes, would even bereave me of the rationall sence.

O, O That *I* could but roar, that *I* could but roar, so as mine enemies might not roar at my roarings, for *I* am full of the prayes of God, yea *I* am a ship full of the prayes of the living God, that is laden and bound for the port, and Haven of *Zebulon* in the Land of the *Israel* of God.

Cherp, cherp ye wrens, and chaunt ye Thrushes in the spring, lift up your voyces ye Turtles in the Land, and sing and say to each other in the day, glory, glory, glory, to God who hath wrought our redemption and salvation by his power, praises everlasting and infinite honour to his glorious power which hath performed it by his own might, our life is of his mercifull hand, and our preservation of the goodness of his grace, and therefore to him be the renown of his works, in the honourable Temple which he built for his praise, for ever in the highest, *Amen*. Let every thing which hath the motion of growth, with all which hath the quickning vertue of breath glorifie, magnifie, praise, honour, exalt, reverence, and obey the Name and power of the Lord God for ever and for ever, *Amen*, *Amen*. And let this spread to the ends of the Earth.

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*The End.*