

The great battle outside of Jerusalem, "when the winepress of the wrath of God was trodden without the city, and there came out blood from the winepress, even unto the bridles of the horses, as far as a thousand and six hundred furlongs" (xiv. 20), is but a description, glowing with the vivid colors of Old Testament history, of the destruction of all forces hostile to Christ and the Church, and the Jerusalem outside of which it occurs is not to be regarded (as adventists regard it) as really, but only as poetically or typically the centre of the Christian Church. To interpret literally, is to lose the great thought in puerile detail and to drag the fortunes of the Christian Church at the heels of that Judaism which Christianity has fulfilled and superseded.

The heavenly Jerusalem is, in form, as Jewish as language can make it. But do we not all look through the form to the essential reality and see the wide and glorious conception, not of a Jewish city, but of a state of supreme felicity for all believers in the heavenly world? No writer has yet devised any forms of expression for the indefinable realities of the heavenly state so powerful and so helpful as these old, familiar poetical descriptions created by the inspired genius of John. To understand them literally is absurd. To allow one's spirit to be stirred with their sublimity and melted with their beauty, and so to have one's faith quickened, one's hope brightened, one's courage intensified, is the part of true wisdom. The poetic element must be fully recognized in order to sane and salutary interpretation. Literalism makes the book nothing better than a delirious dream.

*A prophet is a poet*, differing from other poets mainly in the divinely given contents of his poetry, in his inspired