

After retiring to rest, I dreamed—and it will not be thought surprising that my dream took its form and color from those sad events of which I had been listening the instant before I saw before me an ancient man, who hardly looked like an inhabitant of this world. The undressed skin of some wild animal was his only garment while his shaggy beard and locks were so denuded and dripping that he might well be taken for a type of those departed ones whom the sea will deliver up at the sound of the last trumpet. His countenance was not pleasing, and there was a ghastly expression in his sunken eyes that looked like the index to some fearful tale of guilt and punishment. As he gazed upon the waters, which had now overspread the low country, and were risen nearly to a level with the tops of several houses, I observed a slight convulsion of his frame, and could distinguish a suppressed groan, which seemed to imply that some terrific recollections were brought up by the sight. My curiosity now overcame the alarm which I felt at the first appearance of this strange visitor, and I ventured to ask who he was? Fixing upon me a look which chilled my very soul, he began an address: "I am one of those unhappy beings who perished above four thousand years ago in the general deluge. Of the cause of that deluge, and the principal circumstances attending it, those who have read the Bible cannot be ignorant.

You are aware, doubtless, that the wickedness of men had become so great that the Lord repented of having made him, and resolved to destroy him from the earth, only pious Noah was excepted from the sentence of destruction. I hardly need remind you that he was commanded to build an ark—a large covered vessel, which had rooms in it, in which he and his family were to be preserved when the flood was upon the earth. He was employed a hundred years in making this vessel, and during all this time he never ceased declaring to us the purpose for which it was building, and beseeching us, even with tears, to "flee from the wrath to come." You will readily suppose that so strange an undertaking could not but engage our attention, indeed, numbers of us were hired to assist in the work. Yet, instead of giving heed to the great man's counsel, and forsaking our evil ways, we reckoned him no better than a crack-brained enthusiast, and laughed at the idea of a flood. Time stole on, and the ark, which had been so long in hand, was now finished. I can well remember going up to the venerable prophet, along with a troop of roaring reprobates like myself, and being, with an insolent sneer, to fix an early day for launching his ark, as I was tired of waiting. "Alas," he replied, with a look of serious compassion that washed me, hardened as I was, "the day will come too soon, as you will discover too late." We returned home, and spent the evening in riotous feasting, and making game of the crazy preacher, and thanking our stars that we were not going to be cooped up in this dismal ark.

About the middle of that very night a heavy rain came on, but we thought nothing of it. It continued through the next day pouring down in torrents. The rivers were already swollen almost to overflowing, and some uncautiously suspicious forced themselves into my mind. But I was ashamed to own them even to myself, and called my wife with some tartness, when she exclaimed with an affrighted look, as if anxious to get at my thoughts, "What if the threatened flood be coming?" Nevertheless, when the rain continued with unabated violence—when the channels of the rivers were no longer to be seen, and the very sea seemed rolling itself from out of its deep bed upon the land, my heart sank within me. Our dwelling stood on high ground, and by that advantage continued dry long after a number of houses about me were under water. Yet I could mark the progress of the deluge as it gained upon us, foot after foot, I felt an anguish which it was no longer in my power to conceal. Every minute our ears were assailed with the groans and shrieks of drowning neighbours, and their corpses were seen floating before our door. At length the increasing waters washed us out of our house, and, followed by my weeping family, I mounted the hill near the top of which our house was built. There I stood, one moment with my eyes fixed and hands closed, motionless as the dead—the next moment, crying like a child, or raving like a mad-man. Then again I tried to persuade myself that the waters would retreat before they had overflowed my last shelter. Wretch that I was, not to spend this last remnant of my days, imploring grace and mercy of that God who can give repentance at the latest hour. Before another morning, my

wife and children had been swept away, one after another, and perished before my eyes. At last effort for life—for though I no longer valued life, yet I feared to die—I climbed a lofty tree, and now, as I gazed wildly on the waters, there caught my eye something of an uncommon shape floating upon them at some distance. It glided gently on, and as it came full in sight, I perceived it to be that very ark at which I had so often scoffed. Oh, what would I have given for a place within it! It continued to approach, and I beckoned and shouted and wrung my hands, conjuring Noah to open the door and let me in. Alas! I knew not that the door had been shut by God himself; and could be opened by him only. The ark was now within a few yards of the tree on which I was, and I could distinguish the venerable prophet at the window mournfully shaking his head, with a tear trickled down his cheek, and pointing upwards with his finger. The agony of my soul would not allow me to understand those signs, and I ventured a desperate leap, in hopes of clinging to the side of the ark, but failing in the attempt, I sunk into the great deep, never to rise again. And then I remembered—too late! Such a dismal groan seemed to break from him, as awoke me with a sudden start.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

When from scattered lands afar,
Speeds the voice of rumour'd war,
Nations in tumultuous pride
Heard like ocean's roaring tide;
When the solar splendours fall,
And the crescent waxeth pale,
And the powers that star-like reign,
Sink dishonour'd to the plain;
World! do thou the signal dread
We exalt the drooping head,
We uplift the expectant eye,
Our redemption draweth nigh,
When the fig-tree shoots apace,
Men behold their summer near;
When the hearts of rebels fail,
We the coming Conqueror hail,
Bridegroom of the weeping spouse,
Listen to her longing vows,
Listen to her widow'd moan,
Listen to creations groan;
Bid, O bid thy trumpet sound,
Gather thine elect around;
Gird with saints thy flaming car,
Summon them from climes afar;
Call them from life's cheerless gloom,
Call them from the marble tomb,
From the grass-grown village grave,
From the deep dissolving wave,
From the whirlwind and the flash,
Mighty Head! thy members clam,
Where are they whose proud disdain
Scorn'd to brook Messiah's reign;
Lo, in waves of sulph'rous fire
Now they taste his tardy ire,
Fetter'd till th' appointed day,
When the world shall pass away,
Quell'd are all thy foes, O Lord,
Sheathe again the dreadful sword,
Where the cross of anguish stood,
Where thy life distill'd in blood,
Where they mock'd thy dying groan,
King of nations! plant thy throne,
Send thy law from Zion forth,
Speeding o'er the willing earth—
Earth, whose Sabbath glories rise,
Crown'd with more than Paradise,
Sacred be the impending veil,
Mortal sense and thought must fall,
Yet the awful hour is nigh,
We shall see thee eye to eye.

Be our souls in peace possessed,
While we seek thy promised rest,
And from every heart and home
Breathe the prayer, O Jesus, come
Haste to set the captive free;
All creation groans for thee.

ROM 3 19
CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH

THE TESTIMONY OF OUR OPPONENTS.

That the doctrine of the Advent has not yet reached its destined height.

We copy the following from the "Millennial Harbinger," published in Bethany, Va. It denotes the time of the time Advent, and nature of the kingdom.

"As time advances, the doctrine of the Second Advent in 1843 gains new interest, and grasps with a stronger hold the minds of all who assent to its strong probability. This is just what we expected and predicted since first we heard its announcement. Excitement keeps pace with every new convert, and consequently has not yet reached its proper height. The ardently pious and strongly imaginative proclaimers of the world's immediate end in their untiring efforts to propagate the opinion, in such a community as this cannot fail to influence thousands, and to inflame their zeal to the highest enthusiasm. What topic more sublime, more soul subduing, more delightful to the Christian, than that of the Lord's glorious return to judge the world, to reward his friends and punish his enemies? Talk they of sublime themes! Methinks the most sublime of all that earth and time can afford, are the veriest common-places compared with this.

"Many sincere and conscientious spirits are already enrolled amongst its advocates, and some of them are not only sincere, but pure, and noble, and amiable Christians. These are the great Apostles of the theory, to whose virtues and excellencies the cause is indebted for its comparative success. Its temples are festooned with Christian charity. Its altars are covered with the garlands and wreaths of piety and humanity. Its priests wear the coronal of elevated sanctity, and its votaries are from necessity all more learned in the symbols of prophecy than those who oppose them.

"Every thing in society is now favourable to the rapid propagation of the new theory. The prevailing ignorance of the Bible, and especially of prophecy, on the part of many who declaim against 'Millerism,' and the unfortunate essays of learned men in their zeal for old opinions, so far transcending the oracles of reason and the canons of common sense, have contributed no little to advance into public favour the doctrine of 'the Second Advent near.' Amongst these essays may stand first that of Professor Stuart, whose high attainments in biblical learning I highly appreciate. That essay already trumpeted by a thousand voices, republished in various forms by distinguished preachers and writers from Boston to Cincinnati—by the Colvers, the Stows, and the Mathans of this land, has greatly aided 'THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES' and 'THE MESSIAHIC CRISIS' of the new school of prophetic expositors.

But more than any other individual cause, have the profane scoffings, falsehoods, and caricatures of the religious and political press, in opposition to the doctrine of 'the Second Advent near,' contributed to confirming the minds of the initiated in the pleasing hope, and to the furnishing of their preachers with new 'signs of the times' in arguing the certainty of their opinions. If Noah, Daniel, and Job had re-appeared in the person of friend Miller, and uttered the oracles of the Lord, they would have been derided, slandered, misrepresented, and denounced as disturbers of the peace of the world's giddy dance, and troublers of the modern Israel in her one hundred and one factions of orthodox prescription, just as Mr. Miller and his party have been.

Another reason of the assurance of the faith in the minds of those who are true believers of the doctrine, in the delightful state of mind into which they feel themselves induced through the new theory—Every righteous man must feel an exquisite pleasure in the strongly anticipated immediate return of the Lord. What possible event could be hailed with such overwhelming joy as the end of this sin-distracted and convulsed world and the beginning of a new creation, in which, as Christians, all hope to participate? New heavens, illumined with an unsetting sun of ineffable glory, spangled with stars brighter far than our present sun; a new earth, surrounded with an immortal atmosphere, filled with un-

fading freshness, sweetness, and beauty, decorated with charms incomparably superior to those of Eden and its ancient Paradise, animated too with the presence of Nature's eternal and immortal King and his celestial train, the eternal home of the saints' where 'sin and sorrow, pain and death, are felt and feared no more.' I say, who would not gladly exchange a sun-embate face, a shattered constitution, sown thick with the seeds of death, for a spiritual and immortal frame, a shipwrecked earth, filled with unquenchable fires, convulsed with unquenchable agonies, and covered with floods of water that have washed and drenched its deeply furrowed face with a thousand mountains and valleys, for a new earth never to be trodden by the profane foot of a solitary prodigal, nor marred by the unsanctified touch of a rebel hand during the ceaseless ages of eternity!

None on earth are more to be envied than those happy spirits who are wrought up, or have wrought themselves up, to the full persuasion in one short year, a little less or more, and they shall most certainly realize all this. Millions to enter the year 1843 will pass along with dreams of felicity and sweet anticipations of blessedness, whose realizations will in years to come be as the delightful oases in a parched desert—as the virgin of a Paul caught away into the celestial Paradise, into the pure clouds of the third heavens. And all this, too, without even the parting pang which nature feels when "abandoning off this mortal coil," and bidding a long adieu to those we leave behind. For in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, perhaps during some prayer or song of praise, while in the midst of a monosyllable, one half uttered in time, the other in eternity—the first ascent from a mortal, the second from an immortal tongue, crystallized in a gem in less than time's shortest mark or minutest point, we have passed the bourne of mortality, and are found dwelling, not in homes of clay founded in the dust, but in a house from heaven, spiritual, in corruptible, immortal, and glorious. And all this, too, I repeat, without the pain of parting from one we love. We cast not one "longing, lingering look behind." None are left we care anything about. Nature, death, and all earth's associations, are forever left without one single feeling that time or sense endear.—What a mysterious, delightful, ineffable moment that, in which mortality is swallowed up in life; in which we obtain beauty for ashes, joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; in which we part from sin, and sorrow, and we, and find ourselves at home in the presence of the Lord, in the bosom of his love, surrounded with all the sons of light, with the riches and glory of the New Jerusalem Temple, thronged with the great hierarchs and kings of all the dominions of eternity. Who of the Christian family would not rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, that in a few months all this should transpire, and that without the least of all the agonies of death—perhaps fall asleep some night and awake glorified in the presence of the Lord, hearing with an immortal ear the last echo of grave-opening, body-reanimating, soul-transforming sound of the archangel's trumpet!

No doctrine, then, more cheering than that of "the Second Advent near;" no opinion produces a more delightful state of mind."

THE BOSTON ASSOCIATION met in this city the 20th ult. From the returns of the various churches connected with the association, it appears that there has been considerable falling off in numbers and interest the past year. There appeared in the report of the churches a disposition to ascribe this result to the adverse influence of 'Millerism.'

We wish to have it distinctly understood, that wherever, in any church, the doctrine of the Advent, and the believers in the doctrine have been treated with common fairness, such churches have exhibited a state of general prosperity; but wherever this doctrine has been opposed, and believers in the doctrine silenced, the state of things exhibited in the report of this association have invariably followed. During the past year a war of extermination has been waged against the Advent doctrine by some of the prominent members of this association; so that many of their most spiritual members have been driven from their communion, and the result is as stated in their reports.

Three years since, these same churches made a report of a general revival, and in many instances ascribed the result to the preaching of this doctrine. The letters from the churches in Cambridgeport, Watertown, and Littleton, where is now reported the greatest moral death, then distinctly stated, that Mr. Miller's labours were chiefly instrumental in the revivals in those places; and the association itself resolved that the clerks be requested to publish with the minutes of that association, a particular account of the revivals that year. Then the doctrine of the Advent was received with special favour, and the result was such that this association resolved that it was worthy of record and devout thanksgiving. Now this same doctrine is proscribed in those churches, they have no revival, and the state of things is as so dead and cold, that one of the members of the association stated they were from together; and it was a subject of discussion in the association, whether they should withhold from the public, even a digest of the condition of things among them, it was so unfavorable.

A friend suggests that by this backward progress of religion in these churches the past year, it might be ascertained by the rule of three, just how long it will be to the millennium. If fifty churches in one year, exclude twice as many as are added to their numbers, how long will it take them at this rate to evangelize the world?— [Signs of the Times.]