

solemnly... at hand... on be here... said my... ll run into... hope; ay, now. It is... the end... travelling... am making... salem, for... ord comes... ple as I go... me. Is it... not believe... hand?"... red Army... rany other... if the world... yonder oak... m today... has with... a giant... m and the... y our gate... utstretched... wind from... the old tree... was a wild... r with its... of splinter... great oak... reaking our... mbs struck... ing the... the huge... surface from... beneath the... the thing... Then the... allen tree... "Behold!... you will... the sign... ak, as his... make your... in the days... the many... u: Do you... rd come... If it all... awe. My... ur, that sig... n, and even... as the sign... it looked... for I had... e was dead... s," said the... the tree had... e windows... e in such a... he Prophet... ny strange... nd foretold... ich I must... a brought to... at this in-... He drew an... an ordinary... shape and... its contents... ut and the... er of paris... d it to my... of my own... and tell me... ssively... rs, as if as... "It looks... shell were... "Read... ight and a... ekward," he... e one."... read... ree," she re... "Who put... e question... replied de... I could have... ses the fool... onfound the... of an un-... so on this... help but be... country have... usands upon... the paths of... d time, now... will read to... nd you will... e shif your... a never lies... until far into... ounded the... k of Revela... of the prop... ad as well... ved because... but to this... der at their... signs and... ay remained... week. I be... s the middle... it it was not... still it was... ther for our... I took the... miles to the... business for... t went with... y and I... of swaying... I of swaying... erted the... of thinking... m greatly... shearts and... in the fall... iver, she... ue with me... In heaven... I no one is... the end of... t remain as... of our being... ed. "I don... the world is... not believe... to-day or... g any long... not be hus-... the pain of... eternally... life, would... of heaven... er, just the... ils you, Re-

becca? If the end of the world comes we will all go together, so what difference does it make?" "Life will end for us all and at the same time, but we cannot go to the same place. Oh, David, can't you see that as long as you do not believe and will not improve the last days of grace that you cannot enter heaven with me?" she pleaded earnestly. "Rubbish!" I returned impatiently. "Then if you are so sure that I cannot enter heaven you might let me have a little taste of it on earth. It is downright foolishness, now that I am having our house built, for you to refuse to be married on account of a crazy preacher's words." "Be ye not unequal yoked together," she quoted warningly. "Oh, David, can't you see that as long as you are an unbeliever, that it would be positively wicked for me to marry you? But if you would only accept the signs and omens which have been given to us, then we would be happy together throughout all eternity." I left her in a mighty wrath. No; not even for the sake of winning her, though I loved her better than my own life, would I pretend to believe what I did not; and stubbornly I went to work, though I was but one of the few in our part of the country who dared to plan for the future. For the Prophet staid around there many weeks, making his home at Israel Whiting's and holding nightly meetings in the church, which was packed by crowds who came from miles around to hear him expound the prophecies. But not one step would I go. I believed that the other text, "Occupy till I come," had full as much weight on the every day affairs of men as anything he could say. And, indeed, there was enough for me to do, for my father sadly neglected his farm. He was unwilling to plant anything for future use, since nothing would be needed after October. "It would be of no use," he said, "for in the twinkling of an eye the smooth field, the rich meadows, and the fertile acres of our land, would be destroyed like stubble." But at last he gave way and let me have the full charge; and I planned for big harvests and seeded down for another year. Even my mother no longer occupied her time in making quilts for future use; but, instead, in her leisure hours, she studied the prophecies which told of the end of time. Though my waywardness and unbelief were so tried to my parents they let me alone, for they knew that my heart was very sore on account of Rebecca Whiting, for she had become a Prophetess, the leader of the elect. The mantle of the Prophet seemed to have fallen on her shoulders, for when he left she was the only one who could take his place. "Rebecca the Prophetess" they called her, and the people hung on her words as on the teachings of an oracle. Even the great Miller himself journeyed to see her, and he declared that more had been revealed to her than there had to him. The Whiting home became a sort of shrine, and the girl, wearing a long white robe, her hair falling far below her waist, sitting back from her brows with a black ribbon, appeared like an inspired being, shining with the light of religious exultation in her eyes. Hundreds came to see her, and as the summer passed, her prediction that the wonderful terrifying comet which could be seen blazing in the heavens, even in broad day-light, was but Jacob's ladder which would eventually reach the earth for the faithful to journey to heaven thereon, apparently became a living truth. The walls of our buildings, our fences, the trees, and windows of our shops were covered by zealous Millerites, with such placards as these: "Prepare for the Day of Days." "Make Ye ready for the Son of Man." People told of seeing strange signs in the clouds, such as the monsters predicted by Daniel or told of by him in the book of Revelation; but although I scanned the heavens carefully, try the best I might, yet I could not see what the faithful around me saw—in the clouds of thunder, wind or rain, the beat of wings in his mouth, the leopard with four wings, or the lion with the wings of the eagle. Instead I planted and sowed and I reaped an abundant harvest. I planned to cast my vote for Henry Clay in the coming election, although many told me I would cast it only in hell, unless I fled from the wrath to come. As the time drew near, the "Anna of our modern day," as Millerites devotedly called Rebecca Whiting, seemed to be more and more inspired. She scarcely slept or ate, but to me, who was still madly in love, the sight of her sublime faith served but to anger; and I longed, with an intense longing, for the time to come when I could convince her that she was laboring under a delusion. The first of October I again begged her to be married on the 24th, but she had set so many months before, but instead of listening to me she began to argue and insist that I should repent while it was yet time. Now, no man likes to be argued with by a woman, and I was sorely tried by it all; so I spoke out in quick anger that she was making a fool of herself and that as she cared for me not in the least I would not humble myself to ask her again. There was Mary Wyatt, whose folks were not in the least affected by the Millerite craze, and I knew right well that she would gladly become mistress of the pretty little house, now finished, as I told Rebecca in high indignation, and I started to leave the house. But she called me back tearfully, begging me not to be angry with her in these last days, as her heart was wrung with grief on my account, and that she was praying constantly, that I, even at the eleventh hour, would make peace with the Almighty. "I would much prefer to make my peace with you now, little girl," I answered. "You do not know how much I love you, Rebecca; but if you will promise that if this old earth is still on duty the night of the 24th that you will marry me then, I will not go near the Wyatts, though Mary has asked me to come to-morrow evening." She gave a little gasp. "I promise faithfully, although I know it will do no good," she said. But I was content, for

my story of the Wyatt girl had been but a blurt. There were strange sights in the heavens the last few days before the 24th. The clouds assumed fantastic shapes, and the nights were full of shooting stars. Often the skies had the appearance of being as red as blood. Even the most skeptical of us were struck a little, but to the believers these things were but portents of the fast nearing end. For days the churches were filled with crying, praying people. Prayer meetings were held in many houses; some closed their places of business; others sold or gave away everything which they possessed, and a fever of religious frenzy took possession of our town. In my own home I did all that was done. My mother cooked only enough for one meal at a time, and my father made no pretense of work. Instead he spent his time in reading the prophecies or else wrestling in prayer on my account. But I attended to my accustomed duties, unmoved by the frenzy around me. The evening of the 19th was dark and starless, and there was a strange oppressiveness in the air, I could not stay at home, so I saddled my horse and rode aimlessly away, noticing the silent roads and the brightly lighted lamps, for they believed in having their houses trimmed and burning. As the night drew on I heard the sound of prayer and hymns; and as I passed the meeting house at a late hour, I saw that the roof was covered with white-robed figures, and I heard Rebecca's voice in exhortation. As I rode out of the darkness into the light from the Church windows, a voice cried out in triumph: "Behold the pale horse and rider!" For my horse was gray. And then I heard Rebecca's voice repeating loud and clear: "And I looked to behold a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was Death and hell followed with him," and then followed cries and groans from the excited people. I called out angrily that it was but I, David Newell. Then the clamor ceased for a moment, while I shouted forth a little advice that they must be careful or they would fall from the steep roof. But, paying no heed to me, they again began their singing and praying, while I disgustfully rode home. My parents, with a few of the neighbors, were holding a prayer meeting around the stump of the fallen oak, and their voices reached me during the night, so that I did not sleep soundly, but when I dozed I dreamed of Rebecca as falling, ever falling, from the roof of the meeting house into immeasurable depths of space. As the day began to break, the waters around the tree stump went away and I rose and dressed. Still haunted by my dream I saddled my horse and galloped over to the church, where I found that in some way two ladders had fallen to the ground and the two-score or more of people were prisoners on the roof. They called to me gladly and were thankful indeed when I raised the ladders again so that they could get down. They were weary and worn from their night's vigil, but their ardor was unabated. I held Rebecca's hand in mine for an instant. "Will you not watch with us to-night, David?" she urged. "I feel that the Lord will come and He must find us watching." "No," I said shortly. "If He comes He will find me in bed, and that is where you ought to be this minute, not perched with a crazy set on top of a meeting house." She left me proudly and began to sing, the others joining in with her. "Turn ye, oh turn ye, why will ye die?" I rode rapidly home. Worn out, my parents lay down and slept while I cared for the farm animals and plowed for fall seeding. The excitement was greater that night than it had been before. Hundreds gathered at the home of the Whiting, and hourly expecting the trumpet call, and the coming of the Son of Man, they scanned the unanswering heavens during the long hours of the night. A rising meteor roused them to a state of frenzy and many women fainted. The next day one of them died. Heart failure we would call it now, but they said that she was called a little earlier, that was all. Her funeral was held on the 2nd and they placed the body in a shallow grave so that she could rise in the twinkling of an eye; for, since the Lord had delayed for three nights, he would surely come either the 4th or 5th, and the people gave themselves up completely to the terrors and dread of the approaching hour. There was a high wind on the night of the 22nd which uprooted buildings and tore huge limbs from the trees, a forerunner of the next, they said, as they watched for the opening of the skies. But the wind died down when the morning came and thousands looked upon the sun feeling that there would never be a dawn again. That day they pitched a huge tent in Mr. Whiting's large field, and word was passed around for all to assemble there; hence at dusk people came for miles around. There were many hundreds there, and I was one of them, for something impelled me, also, to go. It might have been my mother's entreaties, or my desire to see Rebecca again, but, be the reason what it might I was there, and keeping a little apart I watched the girl as she knelt in the midst of an excited, praying throng of people. There were frightened children clinging to their parents and crying; some of them had their dolls and toys, others their pet dogs which they would not leave behind. Some of the people were in a state of abject fear, others in a state of exalted rapture, and the leader of them all was Rebecca Whiting. As the night settled down with heavy clouds and muttered thunder the great majority of the people became mad with fear. Never, in my long life have I ever known as terrific a storm as was the one as burst on us that midnight. It seemed as if hell in all its furies was encompassing us about; for with every crash of thunder the waiting people felt that they heard the mighty summons of the day of doom. To those that be-

lieved that the end of the world would come by fire, the lightning was the sign—and to them that believed a deluge would destroy the earth, the driving rain was a sign—while to me, who believed not at all, the terrible storm of that fearsome night filled me with such terror I had never experienced before and have never known since. Though the reverberating peals of thunder shook the earth, and the tent swayed, in the grasp of the mighty blasts of wind and rain which beat against it, I could hear Rebecca's voice chanting the psalms and see her face as the vivid flashes of lightning lit up the tent. It was inexpressibly solemn and weird, and although I did not, and could not believe, yet my very heart was stirred at the wonderful faith that these people possessed that the Lord was drawing nigh. All through that fearful night their faith never wavered, though the frail tent was torn from us by the fury of the storm, and the gale beat down on us unpitifully; yet they sang triumphantly that it would soon be over and the discomforts of the hour would be exchanged for the dazzling glories of heaven. As the night wore on they told each other that the Lord with all his mighty angels would come at dawn. But the storm died away in the darkest hour and the winds became quiet. Abundantly we watched the east looking toward Jerusalem, but as the hour of sunrise drew near the clouds vanished as if melted away by a mighty hand, and the purple dawn shone in the eastern sky. Finally came faint pencilings of golden light, and at last, as shaft after shaft of sunlight lit up the sky, and the sun rose above the horizon in natural, peaceful beauty, we looked at one another with feelings of great relief. It was what I expected, yet I could not boast or boast to return to their homes, drenched to the skin and shivering with the cold. My parents went, but I waited for Rebecca. She came to me at length and put her cold hands in mine. "David," she said tenderly, "God has granted the world a new lease. We have been watching in vain, but we have not found wanting. As He promised to spare Sodom if but ten righteous men were found therein, so for us who have believed. The world is spared. "David if you so desire, we will be married to-day."—Elizabeth Jewett Brown in Springfield Republican. WISHES THE MASS RESTORED. PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL ORGAN LAMENTS THE ABSENCE OF THE HOLY SACRIFICE AS A FEATURE OF PAN-ANGELICAN CONGRESS. The following from The Lamp of the High Church organ of corporate religion, is interesting inasmuch as it not only how tenaciously the ritualistic wing of the Protestant Episcopal Church holds to the hallucination that they possess valid orders, and can lawfully consecrate the Host and celebrate Mass, but also how they feel the absence of said belief from the vast majority of their denomination. Speaking of the Pan-Anglican Congress and the Mass, "The Lamp" says: "The late Pan-Anglican Congress followed in July by the Lambeth Conference, has given not only London and the British Empire, but the whole world an impressive demonstration of the dignity and cosmopolitan importance of the Anglican communion. Nothing but purblind prejudice or dense ignorance will regard the Anglican Church of the twentieth century as a moribund organization. Once confined within the narrow geographical limits of a country so small that it could be tucked away in the corner of the State of Texas it has followed the British flag to the ends of the earth, and has established itself more or less indigenously wherever Anglo-Saxon civilization has gained a permanent foothold. However far it has lagged behind the expansion of English rule and English speech in actual numerical strength, it has been able to hold in allegiance to itself a sufficient percentage of those speaking the English tongue, and to make converts among heathen peoples to such a degree as to occupy to-day a third place in the catalogue of the religious bodies who constitute in the aggregate what is commonly designated as Christendom. Never since the coming of St. Augustine to England has the Anglican Church numbered in bishops, clergy or laity so large a body as at the present hour and never in the geographic sense has she been so nearly ecumenical as now. There is at this time stirring within the Anglican body, whether it be inspired of God or whether it springs from human conceit, a sense of mission and service to Christendom in general and humanity at large, which might be described as the Pan-Anglican burden. We have read with considerable care and the deepest interest the extensive reports of the recent congress which have come into our hands, and this conception of a world-wide responsibility is in evidence throughout; but as one follows the doings and the sayings of the congress, it is most obvious that the members were more eager to apply the teaching of Christ to the regeneration of society than they were to prostrate themselves in adoration before His adorable body, present upon the altar in the Eucharistic Sacrifice. This, we think, cannot be denied. SOCIAL QUESTIONS [THE MOST POPULAR.] "Albert Hall" the largest of the assembly places was given over to the discussion under the general heading of "The Church and Human Society" of such sociological questions as the family life, housing, the swamping system, capital and labor, monopolies, and these were the themes which drew together the greatest enthusiasts of the day. "We are not desiring to minimize the importance of these subjects or to deny the Church's responsibility towards them, far from it, but unless they are kept in their due and proper relation to the supreme act of Christian worship we expose ourselves to the Divine reproach: 'Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about

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