

in favour of this doctrine. My mind had seemed to sympathize with that of Daniel throughout the whole vision, and I waited in fearful suspense for every word of explanation and revelation which the angel gave him; and when his last words were uttered, as contained in the last verse of the last chapter of Daniel, my interest was overwhelming; and I asked, what do these things mean? They cannot have but a very partial reference to Daniel's people after the flesh. Daniel could not have understood them thus. Had they been a plain, literal account of what was to befall his own people, he could not have been so amazed and astonished, he would have more readily comprehended the meaning of the angel's instructions. Besides, there are things in the book which cannot be interpreted as having a mere reference to the Jews: there is a mist, a veil, drawn over the whole book when such an application is made of it. On the other hand, all is clear and harmonious, when it is applied to teach mainly the captivity and the deliverance of the children of God, together with the setting up of the kingdom of Christ.

I accordingly found that if I was still resolved on making the Bible my chart in these perilous times, I must believe that the book of Daniel contains a full description of the kingdoms of this world down to the present hour—that it introduces the kingdom of the Messiah, which is just ready to be set up, the consummation of all things, the coming of Christ in the clouds of heaven, to receive his dear disciples home to everlasting habitations, the burning of the earth, and the destruction of the wicked.

When I found it admitted on all hands, that the seventy weeks were weeks of years, and that near the expiration of 490 years Messiah the Prince was cut off according to the vision, the inference appeared both natural and necessary, that the days should be considered as prophetic days or solar years, and finding that events corresponding exactly to those referred to in the vision, were engraved on the broad page of history, and harmonized perfectly with those in the vision, and seeing that if the last chapter of Daniel did not teach the final resurrection and judgment, no chapter of the New Testament did; that the *days* in the last verse of that chapter included the occurrence of those great events which Daniel himself was to witness, and that if it were allowed that this chapter does refer to the final judgment, (and before this controversy, it has always been supposed to,) then it seemed to me to be a very strange appendage to affix to the vision which included events which had transpired centuries ago—a wonderful leaping from 164 B. C. when Antiochus died, or 60 A. D. when Nero died, to the time of the judgment, &c.—I accordingly felt that I must give way to the clear and sober convictions of my soul, to which the truth was now applied with unspokeable power. Still I sought for additional evidence, by comparing the contents of the book of Daniel with other portions of God's word, by the signs of the times in the natural, political, the commercial, the moral and religious world, and I thought that if we had not, and were not witnessing these signs at the present day, then my imagination could not conceive of what those signs spoken of by our Saviour could possibly be, and it would relieve my mind much to see an individual sit down, and with pencil and brush delineate them any better than they had already been exhibited.

Humbling and mortifying as it would have been to me six months ago to have taken my seat at the feet of brother Miller, brother Hersey, and brother Himes, I could do it now without a struggle. Light began to break in upon my mind by degrees, until the conflict of old and long-cherished prejudices and errors with pure truth ended forever, and was succeeded with indescribable peace and glory, and yet with dreadful solemnity of mind; and whereas for the past two months, although I had received great light on the doctrine of holiness, yet, as remarked, I had felt as though some undiscovered truth was still to be perceived, not even supposing that it was the doctrine of the Advent near; and whereas I had felt as though the firmament of my mind was yet bedotted with a few remaining clouds, I could now look up to the natural heavens, which were then as clear as crystal, and feel that my mind was just like those heavens: all was like the blazing sun in yon azure blue. I now found that I stood where I could run and read, that I had obtained the mystical key, by which I could open at pleasure and lay my hand on each and all the sparkling gems and precious pearls of the holy treasury: that the Holy Spirit had conferred upon me the white stone, with the new name written thereon, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it.

I seemed to stand on a rock which hell could not shake, and to be armed with ten thousand weapons with which to meet all the hosts of darkness.

On the next Sunday I preached the blessed doctrine of Christ at the door, and O, the power of God which came down upon me! I was amazed and confounded at the words which God poured from my lips, for I can call God to witness that it was not me that spoke, it was the Holy Ghost that spake by me! The awful solemnity of that day, of that place, and of that audience can never be forgotten. At the close of the afternoon services, I feared to open the lids of the Bible, for the truth came to me independent of the Bible, rushing and steaming and blazing into my mind like waves of light. God's Holy Spirit still continued to increase upon me, until my body was entirely prostrated, my strength gone, and I was compelled to cry out after the example of my Master,—"Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done."

Yes, singular, and almost blasphemous as it might appear to some, I could but pray that light might be in a measure withdrawn from my mind, and glory from my soul, if agreeable to God's will. Nevertheless, without the Divine will, I felt ready to die under it. Before retiring to rest, God heard, and my soul, that had been like a destructive tempest of the ocean, settled down into the calm and quiet of the rivulet of the valley, and I gave myself to slumber as if nothing had happened, and slept sweetly until morning.

And now, my dear brethren, I feel so confident that the judgment is just at hand, that the great moral drama of earth is just over, and that in a very few more months, at least, I shall see my Jesus descending from the skies, that I feel as though I could stand up in the face of all Christendom in defence of these things. God has wrought it into my very soul he has given me the evidence of it there. Ah, that insignificant language! O that I had seen these things years ago! Ho! have I been in such a dungeon all my life! What a Babylon, what a Babylon I have been inhabiting, like the feet and the toes of the image, which were part of clay and part of iron, so the world, our country, philosophy, religion are a perfect compound. Religious truth has become curiously complicated, and distributed and divided around among all the different sects of professing Christians, each having a portion of the truth, while Christians ingenuitly have the sacred truth of Christ as our only ground of hope and salvation, but what deannihilation has most of the love of Jesus—most of vital godliness, I know not this seems to be like the blood which is not confined to any one portion, but spreads and diffuses its vital power throughout the whole body. I must say that the religion of Protestants, as it is now held, is, to use the weakest language, tinctured with a little atheism, and deism, and Unitarianism, and Universalism, and philosophy, and mysticism. I am grieved to say it, but it is even so. Many of our dear brethren almost deny the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead,—the body is to rise, if at all, in some ethereal, invisible form, and heaven, and Jesus, and all holy intelligences are of the same subtle nature. With many, the judgment, to a great extent, was at the destruction of Jerusalem. And then, too, Christ comes the second time, as he comes to every man the second time when he dies. Whereas Paul says that he shall appear the second time, when he comes, "without sin unto salvation." O, I am confounded at our past ignorance of the word of God, and at our awful abuse of its doctrines. We have spiritualized them all away, until our holy religion has neither life nor tangibility, and there is hardly a solitary motive left to us in aspiring to a life of holiness, and in drawing the poor soul up to heaven: Where is the Christian's God, the Christian's Saviour, the Christian's Comforter, the Christian's Bible? O, to weep tears of blood! The Bible, the Bible! The Old Testament we have all, long since, thrown over to the carnal Jew: and as to the New Testament, we have given him a good proportion of that too, and the rest is distributed among Christians, philosophers, and scoffers. O, what a pity! How it has pained my very soul for the past few months! Where is the Christian's Bible?

And now, where are the watchmen upon the walls, that have dared to speak the truth FEARLESSLY, without any regard to popular opinion, station, and at the peril of their idol,—reputation and influence? Come down into the streets of this blasing city of Babylon; enter the houses of merchandise, and the gorgeous palaces of the professed disciples of our dear Master, who

had not where to lay his head and then look abroad and see a heathen world plunging down to hell! O, is this, is this primitive christianity? and yet we are told that Christians are going to convert the world! Why, the energies of the Christian church are still paralyzed, and there are hardly the least signs of life in the spiritual body as a whole, and yet some tell us that the temporal millennium is to commence this very year, or hereabouts, and perhaps, in the next breath, that the treasury is exhausted, that candidates for the field have withdrawn their names, that the missionary has settled down in utter despair, finding it worse than useless to cry out—"Come over and help us!" while it is boldly confessed that we need a "History of Moral Stagnation." And it is verily so.

O, why do not the dear disciples see, that Jehovah is reigning in the chariot steeds of earth, and shouting, "Thus far and no farther!"—Where are the means, but above all, where is the disposition to convert the world to Christ? Where is the Christian nation that will be the first to advance in this enterprise? England, according to her own confession, is fast going back to heathenism. America, I fear, is in danger of a like predicament, she is exporting bibles and missionaries to Germany, and importing, in exchange, German theology, the direct tendency of which is to rob the Bible of its inspiration, miracles, and divine authority. She is quite in the arms of the papal hierarchy; the tramp of the iron foot of the Pope already breaks upon our ear from over the hills and valleys of the great West. I am truly confounded, as I look and behold the death like slumbers of the church; and I do solemnly believe that there is nothing that can save us but the interposition of his arm who is the Almighty. Unless the Prince, the mighty Conqueror, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, does speedily appear, all is lost. But for myself, I entertain no fears. Christ will come, and deliver us according to the Word of God, ere such a crisis shall occur. I believe it with all my soul. I believe it with as much confidence as I believe that the doctrine of the regeneration is a doctrine of the Bible, with as much, and perhaps more assurance, than I believe I have a personal interest in the blood of Christ. I am willing to permit everything on it. In thus proclaiming, I am well aware that I incur a most tremendous responsibility. Granted, so did Noah, and Jonah. But hear, beloved brethren; God has made me take upon myself the awful responsibility, and you must feel that I should be the last man to bear it, had not God himself laid it upon me. Once I should have trembled to have stood upon the face of the world and the church, feeble as I am, to preach this startling, awful, and yet, to the Christian, glorious truth. But God has ordered; God is on my side, and God is witness to what I write. O, that I had been more diligent for my Master; that I had laboured more faithfully for souls; that I had more frequently denied self, and made greater sacrifices for him who died for me, and who is now coming to take me to be with him forever! At the eleventh hour, and when the last cry, that "the bridegroom cometh," is just ready to be uttered, I am graciously brought in, to blow the trumpet in Zion, and to sound the alarm in God's holy mountain.

My soul is now content, and in a state of greater peace and joy than ever, Jesus has seemed to smile affectionately; and the Spirit, which had so long been striving with me in relation to something, seems to have left me to go about my Father's business.

Beloved brethren, do not censure me for the confident tone in which I speak, for it is the confidence of my soul. God has wrought this great change on my soul, too, "as with a flash of iron." I cannot think that it is my nature to be headstrong in my religious opinions; on the contrary, I have ever been more disposed to yield my own to the better judgment and wisdom of my superiors. There is only one respect in which I think that I have the advantage of those who differ with us on the great question of Christ's Advent; it is that God has vouchsafed to me the aid of the Spirit of truth to lead me into all truth, and to show me things to come.

In the midst of such a clashing of opinions on this subject, I want light; I want a guide; and I feel that I must make the Bible that light, and the Spirit that guide, and learn and decide for myself. I do not set myself up haughtily and arrogantly as a teacher of those who are so much my seniors, and for whom I have not as yet lost my reverence. I am only reading God's word for myself, and I hope that I shall teach it with a modesty becoming my youth. If now I have imbibed an error, then I will with all patience and humility sit at the feet of any of our Mas-

ter's holy servants who can supply me with the truth, promising that I will heartily renounce my present for more scriptural views, when they are produced, and will rejoice to labour on for years to come in the cause of Christ, feeling that I am just qualified to be a labourer in the vineyard of our Lord. I am wedded to no party, and to no stereotyped theory. What I have learnt of late I have, I believe, been taught by the word of God. I have not read Mr. Miller's lectures, neither know what they are. As to any mortification or chagrin which it might be supposed that I should feel, should time prove my error, I have only to say, that if a vestige of pride is yet lurking in my heart, I desire its total destruction. Yes, more, if I am deceived, which I do not believe, I am perfectly willing to be held up to the world as a subject of religious fanaticism. In this way I may subserve the cause of religion, by being a warning to future generations to be careful how they handle the word of God. I am willing to be remembered only to be despised.

But it may be said that I am labouring under a delusion, that I am visionary and fanatical. In refutation of this charge, I must refer not only to the cast of my mind, which would sooner incline me to scepticism, and sooner subject me to the slow progress of *any reason, than to any sudden impulse of feeling*; but to the brief history of my life, brethren, as you are acquainted with it. You know that I have always been a conservative on all the great moral topics of the day, and exceedingly fearful of all "isms." And as for being deluded, I cannot allow. I know that the devil is always busy, and for fear of attributing either to the devil or to nature what ought to be attributed to grace or to God's Spirit, I have all my life long been in bondage. Must I throw away all good impressions and influences for fear the devil may have originated them? If in the present instance I am deluded, then I was deluded fourteen weeks since, and sixteen years ago, when first converted to God. The same kinds of arguments by which I satisfy myself that I was ever converted, I urge in order to prove the reality of what I experienced at the opening of this year, and in like manner I prove the genuineness of what I have experienced by what I saw and felt; each were perfect conversions, brought about by the sovereign agency of God. If it still be contended that I am deluded, then I would humbly ask, how may I know when my prayers are answered, when I am under the influences of God's Spirit, and the leadings of the spirit of truth? In despair I must cry out, I am like a vessel at sea, with the storm beating, the winds raging, the waves dashing, the stars obscured by impenetrable darkness, the helm gone, and chart and compass as good as useless. Have we forgotten some of the first principles of our faith? Has God left us to such awful uncertainty, and been no more mindful of the safety, comfort and good of his children? The Spirit and the Word agree in what I have seen and felt, and I feel as though it would be next to the commission of that sin which hath no forgiveness, either in this world or the world to come, to go contrary to the Bible as I now read it, and to the Spirit which influences me to give the midnight cry. It is far, far easier for me to believe than to disbelieve that Christ standeth at the door? and that I am under the influence of the good, than of the evil spirit. Could the devil so deceive me, and fill my soul for days and weeks with such unutterable peace, joy, and glory—give me such nearness to God in prayer—make me willing to leave all for Christ's sake—to endure the loss of the friendship and esteem of my dear brethren—to be accounted as "stupid"—and willing to stand and suffer the scoffs and sneers of both the wicked and the professedly religious? Will not Satan be likely to lose more than he can possibly gain by such a manœuvre? I must hazard the issue, in connection with many whom I am gratified and surprised to find have had an experience just like my own on this subject, they are good men, whatever I may be.

In months and years gone by, the preaching of "Christ at the door" has resulted in the conversion of souls, who still adorn their profession. If the preaching of this doctrine is calculated to frighten men into religion, and to make spurious converts, then is the preaching of future punishment, when disconnected with this subject, liable to like objection. And if the doctrine that Christ is about to leave the mediatorial seat, is calculated to lead to insanity, then should the doctrine of the final judgment be a proscribed theme on the same ground. And the friends of evangelical religion ought to beware how fast they work into the hands of those who are not