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THE HERALD OF TRUTH.

And I saw another angel flying in the midst of Heaven having the everlasting Gospel to preach saying with a loud voice—Fear God and give glory to him, for the hour of his judgment is come.—Rev. xiv. 6, 7.

VOLUME 1

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1843.

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PROSPECTUS.

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EDITED BY GEORGE F. MARTIN

The Herald of Truth will be published every Saturday morning, so long as such a paper is needed, or so long as funds can be obtained to support it.

It is to be supported entirely by Donations from such as love the Lord and wish well to the cause of Truth.

Its object is to proclaim the truth—"Thy word is truth"—"Sound an alarm" and say, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh."

Persons who wish to receive this paper regularly can have it sent them by sending their names with such donations as they can afford to make, to others the paper will be distributed gratuitously, excepting where they are disposed of by employed newsmen and boys in which cases they will be sold for one penny each.

Its columns will not be open for controversy but communications will be received and are solicited from all persons who, in a spirit of meekness, are desirous of promoting the truths of the Gospel.

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VIEWS AND EXPERIENCE

IN RELATION TO

ENTIRE CONSECRATION,

AND THE

SECOND ADVENT:

PRESENTED TO THE MEMBERS OF THE PORTSMOUTH N. H. BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.

BY P. O. BROWN, &c.

Late Pastor of the Middle Street Baptist Church, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

II VIEWS AND EXPERIENCE IN RELATION TO THE SECOND ADVENT

Let me now, brethren, invite your attention to a continuation of my experience, on another subject. I was always opposed to the introduction into our pulpits and churches, of all the great moral topics which have agitated the minds of the community for a few years past. And I have thought myself more than fortunate, as you well know, in keeping them all out of our midst. Our little bark has safely outdone all the storms to which other churches have been exposed, and from which they have so severely suffered, as I should once have said. I believe I have never preached on one of those topics, and certainly I have never been the open advocate of any of them, unless it might be thought I have been of the cause of Temperance. Here, I confess, I have erred greatly. One of my main reasons for so doing, however, has been because I plainly saw that one excited theme prepared the mind for another, and if one was introduced, a hundred might be, and no one could foresee to what such steps might lead.

When the doctrine of Sanctification began to be generally discussed, I thought it a branch of that very tree from which so much bitter fruit had of late been gathered. And when the doctrine of the Second Advent began to be preached, I thought it an offshoot of the doctrine of Sanctification, and that the friends of the former and the latter would be the same. These convictions were strengthened on listening to several discourses by Mr. Fitch, which were professedly Second Advent Sermons, but, in fact, discourses on Sanctification. I thought him really dishonest, wickedly designing, under the cloak of the Second Advent, to palm off Sanctification upon the churches. I publicly rebuked him for it, and left attendance on his lectures. Nor was I pleased with the two or three discourses which I heard from him on the Advent near. I had even invited my own congregation to give him a hearing, supposing that he was a ripe scholar and a profound theologian. But what was my disappointment and mortification on finding him, as I then thought, such an intolerable perverter of plain texts of Scripture. I can now see that it was myself that was abusing the plain declarations

of God's most holy word, and he was perverting them in my then opinion, because he did not depart from their literal rendering, and gave them the spiritual interpretation which I had been taught to do.

I can now see, and am free to admit, that the two doctrines are closely conjoined. Not that every Christian who believes in and embraces the first, will also receive the second, because facts would not bear me out in this remark. But he who has been truly sanctified is better prepared to look at the doctrine of Christ at the door. He is qualified by patience, by lowliness, and by the indwelling influences of the Spirit to sit himself down in the investigation of God's word on this subject, until he arrives at the truth: the ties are rent that once held him to the earth, and he is not only willing, but anxious to soar away and meet Jesus in his descent from the skies.

I never directly preached against the doctrine of Christ's Second Advent at hand, though I have often aimed incidentally to tear up some of the superstructure on which the friends of it were endeavouring to build their theory. I received their books and newspapers, as I could not do otherwise without treating those indecorous who presented them to me. Some of these I read, more perhaps from curiosity than from anything else, just as one might look on and witness a contest between two pugilists, without feeling any special interest in the success of either party, others I carefully stowed away, intending, at the expiration of 1843, to bring them to light again, and hold them up as a monument of religious folly, then, I was intending to correct the presumption of all the foolish and ignorant who had dared to exalt themselves above the wisdom and erudition of the pulpit. Brethren, do not be guilty of as great a sin, lest you provoke the wrath of the Almighty. Only one day previous to the great blessing which God bestowed upon me, and of which I have spoken, I had declared that I would not be seen in a Second Advent meeting.

Those composing them, were, I saw, as a class, of too low an order for me to associate with. I had no sympathy for their noise, and for their broken harangues. But how mighty is the arm of God to abase the proud, and to humble the lofty! On the very next day after, so marvellous had been God's dealings with me, that I could not keep away from just such a meeting as I had heretofore despised. My soul wanted to give utterance to its emotions of love to Christ, and to all whom he had truly purchased with his blood, and now I was determined that the last vestige of pride should be crucified and driven out of my heart, if, indeed, any yet lurked there. Accordingly I repaired to the church where those despised followers of the Lamb were holding a series of meetings, and these, to the rejoicing of many hearts, I told what great things God had done for my soul. I was now favourably disposed towards the doctrine of the Advent near, and was willing to read on the subject, as I did occasionally, while I thought, weighed considerations, and prayed more.

It should have been remarked, that at this time my mind was perfectly free from all care and concern. Brother H— conducted the series of meetings which we had soon determined on holding. Christians were wonderfully quickened, and sinners were pricked in their hearts and cried out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?" For about four weeks, I did not myself preach a discourse. The minister's usual anxiety, which attends a revival, was not felt by me. I gave the church, souls, myself, and all into the keeping of God's hands, while I secluded myself in my study, in obedience to what seemed to be the movings of God's Spirit, searching the Scriptures, and weeping and praying before God that he would make known to me. I was aware that there was some truth left, which my mind did not apprehend; and this conviction I expressed to a brother minister who called to see me the day after I was so signally blessed. I sought interviews at various times with the clergyman of the town, hoping that some words would be providentially dropped that would give me a clue to that for which my heart was anxious. But I always left them with disappointed hopes. At times I fancied that it might, perhaps, be my duty to unite myself with another denomination, where there might be more vital piety, more

scripture truth, and a greater field for usefulness. But my views on the leading doctrines of the Bible were unchanged, and I did not and do not feel like sacrificing them on any account. Indeed, these doctrines, as held by our church, never seemed to stand out so prominently on the pages of inspiration as at this moment; they are all harmonious, beautiful, glorious. Well, I would ask myself, with what denomination can I unite? I could fix upon none, a connexion with which I felt would satisfy the strong desires, and calm the restless feelings of my heart. Now my soul was all ecstasy and devotion, and then indescribable darkness and wretchedness would succeed. I wondered that my peace and enjoyment were not as deep and as continuous as those of others who had been baptized with the Holy Ghost; for I was fully conscious of striving, in all things, to please my Heavenly Father; was much in prayer, and felt willing to submit myself entirely to the Divine will. Never did I so feel my weakness, my inability to err, need of the prayers of Christians. O, how I longed to say to each member of my church, and to every one who had access to a mercy-seat—pray for me, how my soul yearned to make known to my dear people my peculiar exercises of mind, that I might have their sympathies.

Greatly was my soul refreshed and comforted on one occasion, about the first of February, during one of our vestry meetings, to hear a number of praying souls arise, and say that it had been deeply impressed upon their minds that they must pray more than ever for their pastor. One of them stated that the burden of his own prayers had long been for me—that the moment he had undertaken to pray for himself, he almost unconsciously and involuntarily found himself praying for me. Three of these individuals were neither members of our church, nor believers in the doctrine of the Second Advent near, although devoted Christians, having come in to enjoy the season of revival. And now my soul flowed out like water in gratitude and thankfulness to God for the intelligence that others were bearing my case continually up to heaven. Immediately we all bowed before God, and my soul wretched and agonized before the Throne, that God would keep my feet from stumbling, take me into his hand, and reveal to me not only all truth, but show me what he meant by the peculiar strivings of his Spirit. On returning to my residence, again I knelt to pour out my desires unto God; and no sooner was my knee bent, than again I found myself, as on the first of January, in the awful presence of Jehovah; fear and trembling seized all my reins, while glory seemed to envelope me. At once, with as much clearness and force as though an audible voice had thundered it in my ear, and down to the very depths of my soul, I was given to understand something to this effect—the glorious reign of Christ—my own responsible connexion with the accomplishment of his triumph over the wicked—breath—lightning. Immediately, and for several days following, my mind dwelt with overwhelming interest on what those things might mean. Now, I thought I could interpret them in this way—God is about to convert the town, and perhaps a large portion of the earth—the day for a temporal millennium is fast dawning—I am to be used as an instrument in effecting these glorious things for Zion; my life is just at its close; all is to be done with the speed of lightning. Again, this was my interpretation. Christ is about to make his personal appearance for the destruction of the ungodly, and the gathering home of the saints—I am to sound the Midnight Cry—the day of probation has just run out, and all are to be hurried into eternity—these things are to be closed up with the speed of lightning! Impressions of this kind were invariably made upon my mind, whenever I got near to God in holy, agonizing prayer; and whenever my mind wavered in regard to the near approach of Christ to reign on earth either temporarily or spiritually, my mind was completely wretched, though previously I might have been in religious raptures. Frequently when in prayer, I would have such heavenly manifestations, and such convictions wrought on my soul, that I would rise from my knees with the fullest persuasion that Christ was truly at the door. Still I had not studied the Bible with careful reference to the doctrine of the Advent near. I thought the task to be a difficult one,

and I did not feel that I had time then to enter upon it. But I could have no inward rest until I made a commencement.

I now began to search the Scriptures, without note or comment, for myself. I took the chart used to illustrate the visions of Daniel, merely to aid in keeping everything clear and distinct before my mind. It was humbling, notwithstanding all that God had done for me, to study the bible with the aid of a chart, on which I had heretofore looked with so much contempt. There was the figure of a man in a certain attitude—and then, in different postures, the figures of various and most hideous beasts. The repugnance with which I regarded that chart cannot be well conceived. I thought it to have been conjured up by some dreamy, silly person, who was seeking to make every body like himself. But why should I have had this deep-rooted prejudice against those symbols? There is no man, a being proud of his capacities, allied to God, and the destined associate of angels, what symbol more appropriately chosen to illustrate the occurrence of the greatest events which the world has or will ever witness? There is the lion, the bear of the forest, at whose roar man himself trembles and turns pale, and there are the other mighty beasts of the field, next to man in the scale of being, what symbols more appropriate than these with which to mark the scale of time? Those symbols, those pictures, hideous as they appear, why, they are the language of the Bible. And supposing there should be just such a transfer to paper of all events recorded in the word of God, what kind of a scene would be presented before the eye? But the chart is in perfect obedience to the command of God—"Write the vision and make it plain upon tables, that he may read that readeth it." I was totally ignorant of just what the chart was designed to illustrate, and knew not what was the reasoning from it.

I cannot here relate what were my feelings as my investigations went on. I was astonished and humbled to observe the Babylonian kingdom represented by the head of gold; the Medo-Persian by the breast and arms of silver; the Grecian by the belly and thighs of brass, and the fourth kingdom by the legs of iron, and its divisions by the feet and toes of iron and of clay. And then to admit, that our own and other proud nations were represented by the feet and toes, "part of iron and part of potter's clay." I could hardly believe still I would believe it if I had good and sufficient proof for it. Pursuing my study, I was amazed, surprised, delighted, on discovering such a complete correspondence between the vision of Nebuchadnezzar and that of Daniel, and then finding such a perfect likeness between that seen by Daniel and by John the revelator, even to the number of days when the vision should expire. I could but think that John must have been very familiar with the book of Daniel, or that some of his book must have been penned without such inspiration. But I could not reconcile the matter easier than this—it was of God, and he was taking these various means to remind man, at different and remote intervals from each other, that he was not slack concerning his promises, and that he might have some gauge by which to ascertain how fast and at what period the sands of time should all run out. My Polyglot Bible was on my table, and aided me wonderfully in making speedy references to other portions of God's word. Such was the harmony between the books of Daniel and of John, and other books of the Bible, so plainly did the book of Daniel and all the passages to which I had reference for the purpose of comparing Scripture with Scripture, teach the doctrine of the near approach of Christ, that I began to be suspicious of the edition of my Bible, and actually turned to the title-page to see by whom and when it was published. I knew the reference column is the work of man; but still it appears singular, that man, years ago, and probably without any intention of teaching the Second Advent near, should make such happy references.

Having given the book of Daniel a thorough investigation, which I had never done before, supposing if that or any other book of the Bible really taught the doctrine of Christ's speedy coming, those who were more aged, learned and pious than myself, would be likely to ascertain it, and that when they sounded the note of alarm it would be time enough for me to awake,—I was astonished to find the mass of Scripture testimony

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 impulses 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

the friends of the religion of Christ. Should time continue, and the world run on as ever, they will have to meet their enemies under circumstances new and strange, but which they will have the satisfaction of knowing have been of their own creating. The fortifications of sand which they have hastily thrown up as a seeming defence against one enemy, will be washed away by the first storm that sets in from the opposite quarter.

One good, at least, has already resulted from this controversy—it has shown to some extent what are the real, tangible doctrines of the church—to what the heart as well as the mind assents in the Scriptures, and it has exhorted some of the cardinal doctrines of our holy religion, with the reasonable hope that they will be preserved, in all their native freshness and power, unto the coming of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

And now, dear brethren, I take my leave of you; and in so doing, let me ask you, as friends to me and to the cause of truth, will you account for what I have experienced? If disposed to reject all natural phenomena, as indicative of Christ's coming, as Christian philosophers will you account for the present religious phenomena in the moral heavens? How is it? I had never read the experience of any soul on this subject, until I read my own experience in theirs. Here are ministers of the gospel, and Christians of all sects, in all parts of our land, without any previous knowledge of each other, exercised alike by the Spirit and power of God, and led into the unshaken belief that the Judge standeth at the door. *And nothing as yet advanced by their opponents can persuade them to the contrary.*

Brethren, I could write much, but time is short and forbids it. I have not given you the argument on this great subject, for it was not my design so to do. I only give you my experience in connection with it. Others have prepared works on this subject, to the investigation of which I now invite your prayerful attention. My present aim is merely to conciliate your feelings in behalf of this great truth. God's word is intelligible; you may understand it; search for it with childlike simplicity; cry after it, and you shall find it. Consider, God is the same as ever, and hence it would not be strange, if he should cause the midnight cry to swell up first from among the poor and illiterate. He is a mysterious God.

And now, brethren, often have I wept and agonized in prayer to God for you. You have my heart, I love you; and because I love you, I want you to see the truth. You have laboured anxiously and faithfully for God, and now I want you to lift up your heads and rejoice, for your redemption draweth nigh. You need not be assured that it is not in my heart to harbour one hard feeling against those who do not see the vision. I can sympathize with them in their blindness—just so I once was, and should be now but for the sovereign power and unmerited grace of God. I can truly say that I never loved them so well—and I feel strong convictions that they will soon be startled from their slumbers. If ever there was a time when every minister of Christ should prayerfully think, solemnly study, and independently act, now is that moment. They hazard souls more than we do: for if Christ should come suddenly, how many poor souls will they be the occasion of destroying? Brethren, need I remind you of your own individual responsibility at this interesting period? Will you suffer one soul to perish through your indifference to the cause of truth?

Brethren, I have written hastily and familiarly. I have left much unsaid, and some things unexplained. By a reference to page 26, you will perceive that I alluded to one brother in particular, who had for weeks and months prayed much for me, although we had had but a partial acquaintance. He knew not, as he has since confessed, why he should have such feelings for me. But when God so signally blessed me at the opening of this year, then with a heart full of emotion and tears gushing from his eyes, he said God had heard his prayers, and made all plain to him. I have learned, too, that many praying souls had agonized in prayer to God for me, that my eyes might be opened to the momentous truth of the approach of our Lord to gather home his children; and they had gained an evidence at a throne of grace that their prayers were accepted, and should be answered. My own people had felt, and publicly declared their convictions, that persecution and suffering awaited me for the truth's sake; and hence their prayers ascended to God in my behalf, little thinking, as well as myself, from what quarter, and on what ground, the trial and pain would come.

Their impressions were well founded, the fiery trial has overtaken me, but as I then said, so I now say, let the storm come, I was never before worthy of persecution. God, however, is my daily support and consolation; and I am thankful to be one to suffer reproach for his sake, for I have the promise that if I suffer with him, I shall also reign with him. And now it is my prayer that this brief narrative of God's gracious dealings with me, will be blest to your everlasting good.

May the grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ be with you all forever. Amns
Your beloved brother,
F. G. BROWN.

Boston, April 19, 1843.

The Herald of Truth.

SAINT JOHN, SATURDAY, OCT. 14, 1843.

NEW BRUNSWICK CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE.

We have just returned from the country, where we had the satisfaction of attending the annual meeting of the body of Christians known in this Province as the New-Brunswick Christian Conference. The Elders and Messengers from the various churches met on Friday, the 6th inst., and during the whole session the greatest union and peace prevailed. Saturday was a day of general conference, many of God's people from various parts of the Province, were assembled together, and among them (in addition to the Elders of the Conference) three Ministers of the Baptist denomination. The congregation was larger than the house could contain, the Methodist Meeting House was therefore opened, the congregation divided, and it was a day of very general strength to the people.—We were glad to see the union that existed between those of different orders, and we thought if the cry had really been raised by Zion's Watchmen, "Behold the bridegroom cometh," it would have been a time of ingathering to the fold of Christ. But as we intend in our next number to present our readers with an article in reference to this meeting, we shall therefore reserve our remarks till that time.

POSTSCRIPT.

Brother G. P. MARTIN, the editor of this paper, has just arrived in the city, from Boston, and brings good news—other Lecturers are expected immediately, and the "cry" will be sounded, if time continues, throughout the Provinces.

CORRESPONDENTS.—We have been obliged to defer the communication of our Correspondent H. until next number.

GRANVILLE, N. S.—We have just received a letter through the Post Office, from our Agent in this place, marked "Ship Letter." It is dated Sept. 13th, and has consequently been 23 days coming to us. Who can tell us what our Agent will perceive that it is not our fault that he has been neglected.

"THE BIBLE MUST GIVE WAY TO FEELING."—If this is not infidelity, then we know not what is infidelity. Rousseau, a noted French infidel said, "I have only to consult myself, concerning what I ought to do. All that I feel to be right, is right. All that I feel to be wrong, is wrong. All the morality of our actions lies in the judgment we form of them." There is a great and fearful amount of real infidelity in the churches of our country. It is the first principle in the creed of every Evangelical denomination that the word of God is the only infallible rule of faith and practice. If it be the rule of faith, it is evidently not the rule of practice. What multitudes of professing Christians in their daily conduct have an eye to nothing but their feelings, they set up feeling as the infallible standard of duty! It is a most reproachful and lamentable fact that many who seem to think they are almost if not altogether exclusive possessors of vital religion, have no higher rule of action than infidels. Reader, if you doubt whether such is the fact, just open your eyes and ears, see and hear the daily conduct and conversation of professing Christians. Says one, I will go onward in this and that duty if I feel so. Another will not read the Bible, pray in secret, and in the family, nor go to the communion table, because he does not feel like it. In this marvellous age, we will not be surprised at the fact that Christ is followed so little, when the wonders of feeling are followed so much? When will there

be an end to these wonders? How long till the professor of religion rises to a higher rule of morality than the infidel?—Signs of the Times

HAVE ANY OF THE RULERS BELIEVED?

What an astonishing similarity there is between the popular feeling now, and the popular feeling existing at the time of our Saviour's first advent. The feeling with thousands, in spirit, is, have the rulers, or ministers, believed this doctrine? How few there are, who rely upon God's immutable word. How few who go to that to settle this great question in their own minds.—The fact that such a professor, or minister, or person has believed, is, with many, more satisfactory than God's unequivocal testimony. The manner in which this unutterable subject has been presented, is in perfect character with God's dealings in all great moral revolutions in the world's past history. Not the mighty, or the worldly wise have been chosen as the instruments, but the humble, and comparatively obscure. It is not strange that people will overlook the analogy of God's former examples? Yet so it is, in the face and eyes of all past instructions, people will still ask, "Have any of the rulers believed?"

IT IS BLESSED TO WAIT FOR THE LORD.—Hear his precious promise; for the Lord hath spoken it, Isa. xxv, 9. "And it shall be said in that day, Lo this is our God; we have waited for him, and he will save us; this is the Lord, we have waited for him, we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation."

In what day will that be said? Isaiah says it shall be said in that day when the Lord shall "swallow up death in victory." And the Lord God will wipe away tears from all faces; and the rebuke of his people shall be taken away from off all the earth, for the Lord hath spoken it. "In that day," saith Isaiah, "shall this song be sung in the Land of Judah," Isa. xxvi 1-9, "We have a strong city; salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks. Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in. Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee because he trusteth in thee. Trust ye in the Lord forever for he bringeth down them that dwell on high; the lofty city, he layeth it low, he layeth it low, even to the ground; he bringeth it even to the dust. The foot shall tread it down even the feet of the poor, and the steps of the needy. The way of the just is uprightness: thou most upright, dost weigh the path of the just. Yes, in the way of thy judgments O Lord, have we waited for thee; the desire of our soul is to thy name, and to the remembrance of thee. With my soul have I desired thee in the night; yes, with my spirit within me will I seek thee early; for when the judgements are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness. For behold the Lord cometh out of his place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity: the earth also shall disclose her blood, and shall no more cover her slain."

St. Paul shows that the same day is when in our resurrection bodies the righteous will inherit the kingdom of God, 1 Cor. xv. 50-55. "Now I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold, I show you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

If then by waiting we shall be permitted to enter those blessed abodes, and to unite in the song of the righteous, which shall then be sung in the land of Judah, it will be indeed blessed to wait while the coming of the Lord draweth nigh.

THE GREAT QUESTION at issue between us and the church is, viz. Is the curse to be removed; and this earth restored to its Eden state, to be the eternal abode of the righteous in the resurrection state?

If this earth is not to be created anew and become the residence of the saints, it will follow that those predictions of the righteous inheriting the earth forever, of the inhabitants being all righteous from the least of them even unto the greatest of them, and the will of God being done on earth as it is in heaven, when their sun shall

no more go down nor moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be their everlasting light and the days of their mourning ended, where there shall be no more sorrow, sickness, pain or death, and all tears removed from every eye, and the voice of sorrow and weeping heard no more, when the wilderness shall be like Eden and the desert like the garden of the Lord—must be fulfilled in a millennial day before the coming of Christ.

If the earth is to be regenerated in the restitution of all things spoken of by the mouth of all the holy prophets since the world began, and the meek inhabit it and dwell therein forever, it will follow that the glorious day predicted by all the prophets, when this earth will be full of the glory of God, can only be fulfilled in the "New Earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness," when "the Son shall have sent forth his angels and gathered out of his kingdom all things that offend and them which do iniquity, and cast them into a furnace of fire, and the righteous shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father," when "they that are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever. It will also follow that as this glorious day is all that delays the coming of Christ in the minds of the church, if it is the new earth, then we are to look for it as the next event, and expect it at the end of all the prophetic periods, when in "the fulness of time" God "will gather together in one, all things in Christ;" "when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord, and he shall send Jesus Christ which before was preached unto you."

Is not this question worthy the examination of all who fear the Lord? If the righteous are to inherit the earth, we are in the right. If the righteous are not to inherit the earth, we are in the wrong. That they are not, is only sustained by force and figurative interpretations of the word of God, and the opinion of a portion of the church since the days of Daniel Whitey, in the last century.

That they will inherit the earth is the plain and positive declaration of unnumbered passages in the word of God, and is in accordance with the belief of the church in all ages till within these last days, and we have also the testimony of those who were taught by our Lord's disciples, who heard of him respecting those days.

Is there a man in the universe who can disprove the positive testimony of the Bible on this subject? We pause for a reply.

We learn from a letter received from JAMES PERKINS, who is captain of the canal boat, running between Albany and Buffalo, some very interesting facts. After relating the manner in which he was led to an examination and a belief of the truth of the Lord's speedy coming, which was first by hearing a minister denouncing it, he relates some interesting facts in reference to some emigrants from Norway, who took passage with him from Albany to Buffalo. He says—"Three of the number could speak English. I spoke to them concerning the coming of Christ this year, and asked them if they had heard any thing on the subject in their own country. They asked if it was Mr. Miller's prophecy. I told them it was so called. They then said that almost every paper among them, last fall and winter, had more or less to say on the subject. I then showed them the Chart I had on board. The moment they saw it, they said they had seen it in their own country."

To what an astonishing extent has this unutterable subject spread, and with what rapidity has not *This Gospel of the kingdom of heaven* at hand been well-nigh preached in all the world, (as a witness) THEN shall the end come.—Midnight Cry

THE SCOFFER AT THE ARK.

The following extract is taken from an old Magazine. Should you think it calculated to benefit the numerous readers of your invaluable sheet, you will confer a favor on one, who, like the builder of the ark, in olden times, is making ready to step on board of Zion's ship, and launch away to the port of eternal blessedness. S. S. BREWER.

A short time since, little else was talked of but the late destructive flood. When two friends happened to meet, instead of the usual remarks upon the mildness or roughness of the weather, the first observation was,—*"The river was still rising, or beginning to subside."* I happened to be in company at a friend's house, when the waters were still out, and questions, and anecdotes, and arguments, and exclamations of wonder and pity were echoing from all corners of the room.

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, Matt. 21 6-8.
- Speeds the voice of rumour'd war, Luke 21 25.
- Nations in tumultuous pride, Hag. 2 7.
- Hear'd like ocean's roaring tide, He. 12 26-27.
- When the solar splendours fail, Matt 24 29.
- And the crescent waxeth pale, Rev. 16 12.
- And the powers that star-like reign, Matt 24 29.
- Sink dishonour'd to the plain: Joel 2 10, 31.
- World: do thou the signal dread? Luke 21 26, 36.
- We exalt the drooping head, Luke 21 27, 28.
- We uplift th' expectant eye,— Eph. 1 15.
- Our redemption draweth nigh, Ro. 8 19, 23.
- When the fig-tree shoots apace, Matt. 24 32, 33.
- Men behold their summer near: Luke 21 29, 31.
- When the hearts of rebels fail, Is. 59 18, 19.
- We the coming Conqueror hail, Rev. 19 11, 16.
- Bridegroom of the weeping spouse, Rev. 19 7, 9.
- Listen to her longing vows, Rev. 6 10.
- Listen to her widow'd moan, Luke 18 3, 7, 8.
- Listen to creations groan: Ro. 8 22, 23.
- Bid, O bid thy trumpet sound, 1 Thess 4 16.
- Gather thine elect around; Matt. 24 31.
- Gird with saints thy flaming car, Jude 14.
- Summon them from climes afar: Is. 21 13-15.
- Call them from life's cheerless gloom, Matt 24 40, 41.
- Call them from the marble tomb, Rev. 20 4-6.
- From the grass-grown village grave, Luke 14 14.
- From the deep dissolving wave, Ps. 49 14, 15.
- From the whirlwind and the flash, 1 Thess 4 17.
- Mighty Head! thy members clam, Col. 1 15.
- Where are they whose proud disdain, Luke 19 12, 27.
- Scorn'd to brook Messiah's reign? Matt. 13 41, 42.
- Lo, in waves of sulph'rous fire, Luke 17 27, 30.
- Now they taste his tardy ire, Rev. 19 20, 21.
- Fetter'd till th' appointed day, Rev. 18 3, 5, 9.
- When the world shall pass away, 2 Peter 2 9.
- Quell'd are all thy foes, O Lord; Rev. 19 15, 21.
- Sheathe again the dreadful sword, Ps. 110 5, 7.
- Where the cross of anguish stood, Is. 53 3, 5, 12.
- Where thy life distill'd in blood, Mark 15: 27.
- Where they mock'd thy dying groan, Mark 15: 29.
- King of nations! plant thy throne, Is. 54 23.
- Send thy law from Zion forth, Zec. 8 3.
- Speeding o'er the willing earth,— Dan. 2 35, 41.
- Earth, whose Sabbath glories rise, Rev. 40 1, 9.
- Crown'd with more than Paradise, Ps. 67 6.
- Sacred be the impending veil! 1 Cor. 13 12.
- Mortal sense and thought must fall, 1 John 3 3.
- Yet the awful hour is nigh, Luke 21 31.
- We shall see thee eye to eye, Rev. 1: 7.

Be our souls in peace possessed, 2 Thess 1 6.
 While we seek thy promised rest, Heb 4 1.
 And from every heart and home, 2 Tim 2 8.
 Breathe the prayer, O Jesus, come, Rev. 22 20.
 Hasten to set the captive free; Isa 49 6.
 All creation groans for thee. Rom 8 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 weep, 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 it 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.]