

# ADVENT



# HERALD

"WE HAVE NOT FOLLOWED CUNNINGLY DEvised FABLES, WHEN WE MADE KNOWN UNTO YOU THE POWER AND COMING OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, BUT WERE EYE-WITNESSES OF HIS MAJESTY . . . WHEN WE WERE WITH HIM IN THE HOLY MOUNT."

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**"Rejoice Evermore."**  
Rejoice thou, my Christian friend,  
When God chastises thee?  
When trials from his hand descend,  
That thou may'st holy be?  
If not here on life's sea, on Canaan's blest shore  
Thou wilt see 'twas in love, rejoice evermore.  
Some brilliant object charmed thy mind,  
Thou sought'st it night and day,  
But Providence, (and it was kind),  
Saw fit to hedge the way:  
But complain of it not, God's ways e'er adore,  
He will lead thee aright, rejoice evermore.  
Or hast thou lost all earthly things  
By one distressing shock?  
Does poverty unfledge thy wings,  
And chain thee to a rock?  
To be rich in true faith are chosen the poor,  
While the Lord is thy friend, rejoice evermore.  
Has earnest Death come boldly near,  
And 'a'en thy dearest friend?  
And does the world seem cold and drear,  
Without a charm to lend?  
On the Lord cast thy care and anguish so sore,  
And remember his words:—"Rejoice evermore."  
Or hast thou lost an envied name,  
By sin or some mistake,  
And fallest thou beneath thy shame  
Thy proper place to take?  
Take thou courage from David and Peter of yore,  
Go repent of thy ways—but rejoice evermore.  
But if thou dost for Jesus' name,  
By holy word or deed,  
Get much of cruel wrath or shame,  
Then thou art blest indeed.  
O, remember the Saviour and prophets before,  
Be exceedingly glad,—leap for joy evermore.  
ADDISON MERRILL.

### The Frogs of the Apocalypse.

"And I saw come out of the mouth of the Dragon, and out of the mouth of the Beast, and out of the mouth of the False Prophet, three unclean spirits like frogs: for they are spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth to the kings of the whole world, to gather them to the war of the great day of God Almighty."—Rev. 16:13, 14.

(Continued from our last.)

2. Nor, secondly, has the spirit of Popery,—the spirit from the mouth of the Beast,—been within the last fourteen or fifteen years less active and stirring. I refer chiefly under this head to what has emanated directly from the Popes and Papal Court at Rome.

What the popes did after their restoration to the Romish See, before the outpouring of the sixth Vial, must be considered as but preparatory to the fulfilment of the part figured in the prophecy of the text. I refer to that which I have already noted,—their issuing, forthwith, on their re-settlement at Rome, of official bulls, allocutions, and indulgences, asserting or implying all their old pretensions, as those that bore the character of Christ's Vicar (rather of Antichrist); and their re-institution of the Inquisition and of the Jesuits: these latter such reckless agitators for the advancement of Popery, that Vitringa thought the three frog-like spirits might one and all be in his time discerned in them. Alike in France under the Bourbons, Spain under Ferdinand, and Portugal under Don Miguel, (not to add also in Bavaria, Austria, Sardinia, Naples,) there was a marked revival of Popery, and in some cases even the Inquisition was again brought into active operation, yet, this being contrary to the spirit of the age, a popular re-action ensued, and the legitimists, its friends of the old regime, were driven from their kingdoms.—But, in the mean while, the unclean spirit from the mouth of the Beast had been essaying its strength, conjunctively with that from the Dragon, in two countries under Protestant government, viz., Ireland and Belgium: and the essay had been in either case crowned with success. After the agitation of Ireland to its very centre for years, chiefly by united Romish priests and revolutionary demagogues, the Roman Catholic Emancipation Bill

was passed in 1829, as a preferable alternative to civil war: and the next year, through the united action of kindred spirits, the Dutch Protestant King was expelled from Belgium.—Whereupon,—notwithstanding the almost co-temporary expulsion from France of its friends the Bourbons by a similar but sole dominant democracy,—the Papal Court, after hesitating for a while what course to pursue in the new conjuncture, being brought to a conviction that democracy was in the ascendant in Western Europe, and finding that the French people, all democratic as they were, professed Catholicism as the religion of the great majority of the nation, and that its King of the Barricades himself every way courted the Papal Church and Hierarchy.—The resolution was taken by it to shape its policy conformably. As the Dragon, having learnt from the results of the first and great French Revolution that he could not let loose on Christendom his democratic atheistic spirit, all unmodified and alone, without the danger of a re-action following, in favor of order and perhaps even of true religion, (for religion, in some form or other the human soul craves after,) saw that an alliance was needed with his creature the Beast, and accordingly planned it in characteristic subtlety,—so the Beast perceived also its advantage, and accepted the alliance offered:—it being obvious that it was one intended to be open or more covert, according to circumstances; not perhaps without temporary quarrels, such as the better to mask the combination: and offering a double seduction from the truth and gospel of Jesus, according as their infidelity or a corrupt anti-Christian Christianity might best suit the character of the country, the times, or the individual.

It was after this that the unclean spirit from the mouth of the Beast, the Papal Antichrist, sped forth with that rapidity and power over the earth, that has of late years so astonished the minds of men.

Romish chapels and convents and colleges sprang up with increased rapidity over England. Conversions became frequent. The press gave its powerful aid to the cause. Roman Catholic reviews, magazines, and newspapers,—many characterized by exceeding subtlety of argument, and not a little display of learning,—as well as cheap religious controversial works, and tracts fitted for the multitude, obtained, and have ever since continued to obtain wide circulation among Protestants: and romances, and novels, and works on poetry, history, music, architecture, all of the same character, helped forward the movement.—Meanwhile in Ireland, Popery was rampant.

To the vast English foreign colonies the same spirit had now the opportunity of speeding forth in power; to India, Australia, New Zealand, the Cape, Canada, Newfoundland:—everywhere Romish bishops and priests, salaried by Government, though with instructions from the Pope, on their settlement organizing the Romish interests; seizing if possible on the education, influencing newspapers, and, in case of popular institutions, agitating for political power.

Nor has France less prominently in her sphere helped forward the unclean spirit from the Papal Antichrist:—at home admitting indeed conjointly more of the counter-element of infidelity resisting and opposing; but abroad helping the cause heartily even more than England: the English Government under the Reform Bill having only forwarded its interests in conjunction, and on the same footing, with those of the Protestant Church and Protestant sects of this kingdom; but France furthering them distinctively and alone. Alike in Algeria,

now a new Papal Episcopate, and Abyssinia, in Syria, and in Egypt; indeed throughout the territories of the Turkish empire generally, the unclean spirit from the mouth of the Beast has, under these auspices, made its voice to be heard with long unwonted power. The French flag waves over the Roman Catholic churches and convents of Syria. Democratic France boasts to be the protectress of Catholicism.

Other European Roman Catholic States have not been wanting in giving their support and aid to the movement; and that of the United States of North America may be mentioned as very prominently one of the foreign local scenes on which it has been exhibited.—Let me only further add, that, to mar the work of evangelic Protestant missions has been proved in every case one primary object of this spirit from the Beast's mouth issuing forth. And, on the whole, such has been its support,—funds to the amount of near £1,000,000 sterling a-year being now, it is said, the Papal revenue in aid of Propaganda objects,—and such in different foreign countries its prospects of success,—that both at Rome and elsewhere the expectation has been avowed, and with almost the sanguine hopes of the olden and palmy days of Popery that the prophecies of the latter day are about being fulfilled in its favor; when all nations shall submit to the Pope, all people do him homage, from the river even to the world's end.

I was next to speak of the unclean spirit from the mouth of the False Prophet, or clergy of the Romish apostacy.—Now I have under the last head anticipated much of what might perhaps have been stated under this. For if Rome and its popes have sent forth in their bulls and ordinances, their vicars apostolic and bishops, the missions and money of the Propaganda, their voice of Popery,—the Romish clergy have, as a body, taken it up: and themselves, even as if with personal interest and ambition in the matter, adopted the cry, and urged the cause forward. The distinctness, however, of this Apocalyptic symbol,—the distinctness I mean of its voice in the trio,—seems rather to require (as I have before said) that we should seek its fulfilment in the voice of the priesthood of the Apostacy, in so far as, while mainly supporting the Popery of Rome, it may yet have had a certain political independency, if not religious peculiarity. And such independency does in fact now attach, more or less, to the Spanish, Portuguese, and French clergy:—to the latter more especially, as members of the Gallician Church; a Church proud of its liberties, and not ultramontane in principle, but rather regarding General Councils as the seat of the infallibility of the Church, not individual popes. Yet do they all so hold, like as at Constantine, to the superstitions and false dogmas of the Apostacy, as to speak but one of the tone of the Western False Prophet;—the voice of a modified Papacy.

But we are forced, ere we quit this head, to look nearer home; and to ask whether, since independency to a certain degree, and distinctness of voice, is thus apparently required, in order precisely to satisfy the emblematic intimations respecting this spirit in the text, we may not among ourselves too have seen that which has answered to it. The warning cry of a watchman of our Israel, as well known for his spirit of love and benevolence as even for his zeal in the Christian cause, has been lately heard to denounce the modern Oxford Tractarianism as, in part, the very voice of the False Prophet in the text. Can this be the case? Is it really the voice of the unclean spirit, apocalyptically pre-figured as issuing like a frog out of the mouth of the False Prophet, that has been resounding these last eight or ten years

from the banks of the Isis? This is a grave question.

Certainly, if at the first there was much in it that to a discerning ear and eye seemed suspicious, there were indications also apparently of an opposite character. When the infidel revolutionary spirit swept like a flood across our land, (England,) combining and fraternizing therewith, swelled the torrent, the Oxford primary movement was against,—not for it. And hence in fact its early strength. It was looked on by the friends of order, religion, and the church, in times of fearful peril and agitation, as an ally of conservatism. And doubtless of its early supporters there were not a few that at the time so intended it, and foresaw not whither it would lead them. When a spirit of delusion goes abroad, its plans are not at once fully developed; and thus its agents and instruments are often at the first led blindfold. Satan may come in, we know from Scripture, even as an Angel of light. But the development has now at length been sufficiently clear and unequivocal. And painful as it is to me to write on the subject—especially considering how much there is of what is eminent and estimable in many who have more or less appeared to favor the doctrine,—I dare not shrink from avowing my conviction that Mr. Bickersteth is warranted in the warning-cry he has sent forth; and that the Oxford Tractarianism bears with it evidence of being in very truth one form of the voice of the False Prophet, pre-figured to St. John under the sixth Vial in the Apocalypse.

As to its theological character and doctrine, the first thing which strikes us (and it is indeed a most striking one) is, that it notoriously takes for its model, in respect of doctrine and practice, not the primitive age, so as is often most strangely and untruly asserted by its teachers, but that of the fourth and fifth centuries; an æra when the Church was greatly corrupted,\* and which the Apocalyptic visions designate as that of the first marked development of the apostacy:—nor this alone, but that it has selected for the primary and fundamental doctrines of its movement, that very dogma respecting the sacraments as the only, and in the case of baptism, the necessarily effectual means of communicating divine life to man, as well as that respecting the priesthood of their apostolic succession, as its only and its ex opere operato conveyancers, (to the destruction of personal spiritual religion, and supercession of the grace and Spirit of Christ, Himself directly and individually the illuminator and quickener of each dead soul,) which in the same pre-figurative visions of Patmos were noted with the silent reprobation of the divine inditing Spirit, as the primary and fundamental doctrines of the then incipient apostacy.—2. It appears that one of its next advances, still in close imitation of the early false teachers, (that germ of the False Prophet,) apocalyptically noted also, in the same and another picture of that primary age of apostacy, has been to doctrines of reserve on the atonement, and doctrines concerning justification, through which Christ was and is virtually superceded in his character of our atonement: as also to doctrines concerning the mediation of living priests, and of departed saints, through which He is equally superceded in his character of the Mediator for sinful men.—3. It refuses to receive as one rule of faith and practice the written word and commandments of God; a firm adherence to which is one constant mark of the true prophets and wit-

\* So the Bishop of London, in his late "Charge," p. 60: "Not the primitive Church, but the Church of the fourth or fifth century; infected as it was with the remains of Gnostic superstition, and the inventions of enthusiastic or ambitious men."

\* In Apocal. p. 975.

nesses for Christ, in the Apocalyptic prophecy: making them void, as did both the Pharisees of old, and the apostatizing teachers (or *germinating False Prophet*) of the fourth and fifth centuries, by the addition of another rule of faith and conduct; viz., that of its own traditions and the commandments of men.—4. It supports in no equivocal manner the *Papal pretensions and authority*, just as the full-grown Apocalyptic False Prophet did those of the Beast, from soon after the rise of the Beast's empire in the West:—inculcating the reverence due to the Pope of Rome, admitting his universal primacy, deploring the schism from him made at the Reformation, longing for reconciliation with him, even though it might have to be effected in the garb of penitence, speaking of his See as the Saviour's Holy Home, lauding its ritual and its missal, in contrast with the formularies and rites of the English Church, as the very spirit of devotion, and warding off from it and him, with the earnest and blind partiality of filial devotedness, all application to them of those too applicable prophecies of the Beast Antichrist, and his harlot Church on the seven hills.—5. It lays claim, just like the False Prophet, to the power of *working miracles* on the souls of men: \* in such manner indeed as actually to furnish a comment, not only on the text now before us,† but on a previous Apocalyptic statement also about the False Prophet's working miracles; in that case "before," or under authority from, the Papal Beast his principal.—6. It avows its allegiance to *Ecumenic General Councils*, (not exclusively of that of Trent,) even as to that which speaks the voice of God's Spirit, and possesses the Spirit's infallibility. \* \* And both excusing, and expressing desire for the re-enactment of those *penalties of excommunication and death*, with a view to the enforcement of the Church's decrees, which the False Prophet, described in Apoc. 13, inspired the Beast's Image to enact against all recusants or disobedient, in enforcement of its dogmas.—7. It professes its bitter enmity against the anti-Papal witnessing of Protestantism, and the Reformation of the sixteenth century.—(To be continued.)

### The Celestial Railroad.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

(Concluded.)

It would fill a volume, in an age of pamphlets, were I to record all my observations in this great capital of human business and pleasure. There was an unlimited range of society—the powerful, the wise, the witty, and the famous in every walk of life—princes, presidents, poets, generals, artists, actors, and philanthropists, all making their own market at the Fair, and deeming no price too exorbitant for such commodities as hit their fancy. It was well worth one's while, even if he had no idea of buying or selling, to loiter through the bazaars and observe the various sorts of traffic that were going forward.

Some of the purchasers, I thought, made very foolish bargains. For instance, a man having inherited a splendid fortune, laid out a considerable portion of it in the purchase of diseases, and finally spent all the rest for a heavy lot of repentance and a suit of rags. A very pretty girl bartered a heart as clear as crystal, and which seemed her most valuable possession, for another jewel of the same kind, but so worn and defaced, as to be utterly worthless. In one shop, there were a great many crowns of laurel and myrtle, which soldiers, authors, statesmen, and various other people, pressed eagerly forward to buy; some purchased these paltry wreaths with their lives; others, by a toilsome servitude of years; and many sacrificed whatever was most valuable, yet finally slunk away without the crown. There was a sort of stock or scrip, called Conscience, which seemed to be in great demand, and would purchase almost anything. Indeed, few rich commodities were to be obtained without paying a heavy sum in this particular stock, as a man's business was seldom very lucrative unless he knew previously when and how to throw his board of Conscience into the market. Yet, as this stock was the only thing of permanent value, whoever parted with it was sure to find himself a loser in the long run. Several of the speculations were of a questionable character. Occasionally, a member of Congress recruited his pocket by the sale of his constitu-

\* "If baptism be the cleansing and quickening of the dead soul, to say nothing of the Lord's Supper, they, Christ's ministers, do work miracles."—Tract 85, of the series published by the Tractarians.

† "These are the spirits of demons working miracles."

ents; and I was assured that public officers have often sold their happiness for a whim. Gilded chains were in great demand, and purchased with almost any sacrifice. In truth, those who desired, according to the old adage, to sell anything valuable for a song, might find customers all over the Fair; and there were innumerable messes of pottage, piping hot, for such as chose to buy them with their birth-right. A few articles, however, could not be found genuine at Vanity Fair. If a customer wished to renew his stock of youth, the dealers offered him a set of false teeth, and an auburn wig; if he wanted peace of mind, they recommended opium or a brandy-bottle.

Tracts of land and golden mansions, situated in the Celestial City, were often exchanged, at very disadvantageous rates, for a few years' lease of small dismal, inconvenient tenements in Vanity Fair. Prince Beelzebub himself took great interest in this traffic, and sometimes condescended to meddle with smaller matters. I once saw him bargaining with a miser for his soul, which, after much ingenious skirmishing, on both sides, his Highness succeeded in obtaining at about the value of sixpence. The prince remarked, with a smile, that he was a loser by the bargain.

Day after day, as I walked the streets of Vanity, my manners and deportment became more and more like those of the inhabitants. The place began to seem more like home; the idea of pursuing my way to the Celestial City, was almost obliterated from my mind. I was reminded of it, however, by the sight of the same pair of pilgrims at whom we laughed so heartily when Apollyon puffed smoke and steam in their faces, at the commencement of their journey. There they stood, amid the densest bustle of Vanity—the dealers offering them their purple and fine linen, and jewels; the men of wit and humor glibing at them; a pair of buxom ladies ogling them askance; Mr. Smooth-it-away whispered some of his wisdom at their elbows, and pointed to a newly-erected temple—but there were those worthy simpletons, making the scene look wild and monstrous, merely by their sturdy repudiation of all part in its business or pleasures.

One of them—his name was Stick-to-the-right—perceived in my face, I suppose, a species of sympathy and almost admiration, which, to my great surprise, I could not help feeling for this pragmatic couple. It prompted him to address me.

"Sir," inquired he, with a sad, yet mild and kindly voice, "do you call yourself a pilgrim?"

"Yes," I replied, "my right to that appellation is indubitable. I am merely a sojourner here in Vanity Fair, being bound to the Celestial City by the new railroad."

"Alas, friend," rejoined Mr. Stick-to-the-right, "I do assure you, and beseech you to receive the truth of my words, that whole concern is a bubble. You may travel on it all your life-time, were you to live thousands of years, and yet never get beyond the limits of Vanity Fair! Yea; though you should deem yourself entering the gates of the Blessed City it will be nothing but a miserable delusion."

"The Lord of the Celestial City," began the other pilgrim, whose name was Mr. Go-the-old-way, "has refused, and ever will refuse, to grant an act of incorporation for this railroad; and unless that be obtained, no passenger can ever hope to enter his dominions. Wherefore, every man who buys a ticket, must lay his account with losing the purchase-money—which is the value of his own soul."

"Poh, nonsense!" said Mr. Smooth-it-away, taking my arm and leading me off, "these fellows ought to be indicted for a libel. If the law stood as it once did in Vanity Fair, we should see them grinning through the iron bars of the prison window."

This incident made a considerable impression on my mind, and contributed, with other circumstances, to indispose me to a permanent residence in the city of Vanity; although, of course, I was not simple enough to give up my original plan of gliding along easily and commodiously by railroad. Still, I grew anxious to be gone;—amid the occupations and amusements of the fair nothing was more common than for a person—whether at a feast, theatre, or church, or trafficking for wealth, and honors; or whatever he might be doing, and however unseasonable the interruption—suddenly vanish like a soap-bubble, and be never more seen of his fellows; and so accustomed were the latter to such little accidents, that they went on with their business as quietly as if nothing had happened. But it was otherwise with me.

Finally, after a pretty long residence at the

Fair, I resumed my journey towards the Celestial City, still with Mr. Smooth-it-away at my side. At a short distance beyond the suburbs of Vanity, we passed the ancient silver mine, of which Demas was the first discoverer, and which is now wrought to great advantage, supplying nearly all the coined currency of the world. A little further onward was the spot where Lot's wife had stood for ages, under the semblance of a pillar of salt. Curious travellers have carried it away piece-meal. Had all regrets been punished as rigorously as this poor dame's were, my yearnings for the relinquished delights of Vanity Fair might have produced a similar change in my corporeal substance, and left me a warning to future pilgrims.

The next remarkable object was a large edifice, constructed of moss-grown stone, but in a modern and airy style of architecture. The engine came to a pause in its vicinity with the usual tremendous shriek.

"This was formerly the castle of the redoubted giant Despair," observed Mr. Smooth-it-away; "but since his death, Mr. Flimsy-faith has repaired it, and now keeps an excellent house of entertainment here. It is one of our stopping places."

"It seems but slightly put together," remarked I, looking at the frail yet ponderous walls. "I do not envy Mr. Flimsy-faith his habitation. Some day it will thunder down upon the heads of the occupants."

"We shall escape at all events," said Mr. Smooth-it-away; for Apollyon is putting on the steam again."

The road now plunged into a gorge of the Delectable Mountains, and traversed the field where, in former ages, the blind men wandered and stumbled among the tombs. One of these ancient tomb-stones had been thrust across the track, by some malicious person, and gave the train of cars a terrible jolt. Far up the rugged side of a mountain, I perceived a rusty iron door, half overgrown with bushes and creeping plants, but with smoke issuing from its crevices.

"Is that," inquired I, "the very door in the hill-side, which the shepherds assured Christian was a by-way to Hell?"

"That was a joke on the part of the shepherds," said Mr. Smooth-it-away, with a smile. "It is neither more nor less than the door of a cavern, which they use as a smoke-house for the preparation of mutton hams."

My recollections of the journey are now, for a little space, dim and confused, inasmuch as a singular drowsiness here overcame me, owing to the fact that we were passing over the enchanted ground, the air of which encourages a disposition to sleep. I awoke, however, as soon as we crossed the borders of the pleasant land of Beulah. All the passengers were rubbing their eyes, comparing watches, and congratulating one another on the prospect of arriving so sensibly at the journey's end. The sweet breezes of this happy clime came refreshingly to our nostrils; we beheld the glimmering gush of silver fountains, overhung by trees of beautiful foliage and delicious fruit, which were propagated by grafts from the celestial gardens. Once as we dashed onward like a hurricane, there was a flutter of wings, and the bright appearance of an angel in the air, speeding forth on some heavenly mission. The engine now announced the close vicinity of the final Station House, by one last and horrible scream, in which these seemed to be distinguished every kind of wailing and wo, and bitter fierceness of wrath, all mixed up with the wild laughter of a devil or a madman. Throughout our journey, at every stopping place, Apollyon had exercised his ingenuity in screwing the most abominable sounds out of the whistle of the steam-engine; but, in this closing effort, he out-did himself, and created an infernal uproar, which, beside disturbing the peaceful inhabitants of Beulah, must have sent its discord even through the celestial gates.

While the horrid clamor was still ringing in our ears, we heard an exulting strain, as of a thousand instruments of music, with height, and depth, and sweetness, in their tones, at once tender and triumphant, were struck in unison, to greet the approach of some illustrious hero, who had fought the good fight and won a glorious victory, and was come to lay aside his battered arms forever. Looking to ascertain what might be the occasion of this glad harmony, I perceived, on alighting from the cars, that a multitude of shining ones had assembled on the other side of the river, to welcome two poor pilgrims who were just emerging from its depths. They were the same whom Apollyon and ourselves had persecuted with gibes and taunts, and scalding steam, at the

commencement of our journey—the same whose unworldly aspect and impressive words had stirred my conscience amid the wild revels of Vanity Fair.

"How amazingly well these men have got on," cried I to Mr. Smooth-it-away. "I wish we were secure of as good a reception."

"Never fear—never fear!" answered my friend. "Come—make haste; the ferry boat will be off directly: and in three minutes you will be on the other side of the river. No doubt you will find coaches to carry you up to the city gates."

A steam ferry-boat, the last improvement on this important route, lay at the river side, puffing, snorting, and emitting all those other disagreeable utterances, which betoken the departure to be immediate. I hurried on board with the rest of the passengers, most of whom were in great perturbation; some bawling out for their baggage; some tearing their hair and exclaiming that the boat would explode or sink; some already pale with the heaving of the stream; some gazing affrighted at the ugly aspect of the steers-man; and some still dizzy with the slumberous influences of the Enchanted Ground. Looking back to the shore, I was amazed to discern Mr. Smooth-it-away waving his hand in token of farewell!

"Don't you go over to the Celestial City?" exclaimed I.

"Oh, no!" answered he with a queer smile, and that same disagreeable contortion of visage which I had remarked in the inhabitants of the Dark Valley. "Oh, no! I have come thus far only for the sake of your pleasant company. Good bye! We shall meet again."

And then my excellent friend, Mr. Smooth-it-away, laughed outright; in the midst of which cachination, a smoke wreath issued from his mouth and nostrils. While a twinkle of livid flame darted out of either eye, proving indubitably that his heart was all of a red blaze. The impudent fiend! To deny the existence of Tophet, when he felt its fiery tortures raging within his breast! I rushed to the side of the boat, intending to fling myself on shore. But the wheels, as they began their revolutions, threw a dash of spray over me, so cold—so deadly cold, with the chill that will never leave those waters, until Death be drowned in his own river—that, with a shiver and a heart quake, I awoke. Thank Heaven, it was a Dream!

### The Mediator.

Before we conclude, we shall just advert to another sense in which the Mediator between God and man may be affirmed to have laid his hand upon them both:—He fills up that mysterious interval which lies between every corporeal being, and the God who is a spirit, and is invisible.

No man hath seen God at any time,—and the power which is unseen is terrible. Fancy trembles before its own picture, and superstition drops its darkest imagery over it. The voice of the thunder is awful; but not so awful as the conception of that angry being who sits in mysterious concealment and gives it all its energy. In these sketches of the imagination, fear is sure to predominate. We gather an impression of Nature's God, from those scenes where Nature threatens and looks dreadful. We speak not of the theology of the schools, and the empty parade of its demonstrations. We speak of the theology of actual feeling,—that theology which is sure to derive its lessons from the quarter whence the human heart derives its strongest sensations,—and we refer both to your own feelings, and to the history of this world's opinions, if God is more felt or more present to your imaginations in the peacefulness of spring, or the loveliness of a summer landscape, than when winter with its mighty elements sweep the forest of its leaves, when the rushing of the storm is heard upon our windows, and man flees to cover himself from the desolation that walketh over the surface of the world.

If nature and her elements be dreadful, how dreadful that mysterious and unseen Being, who sits behind the elements he has formed, and gives birth and movement to all things! It is the mystery in which he is shrouded,—it is that dark and unknown region of spirits, where he reigns in glory, and stands revealed to the immediate view of his worshippers,—it is the inexplicable manner of his being so far removed from that province of sense, within which the understanding of man can expatiate,—it is its total unlikeness to all that nature can furnish to the eye of the body, or to the conceptions of the mind which animates it—it is all this which throws the being who formed us at

a distance so inaccessible,—which throws an impenetrable mantle over his way, and gives us the idea of some dark and untrodden interval betwixt the glory of God, and all that is visible and created.

Now, Jesus Christ has lifted up this mysterious veil, or rather he has entered within it. He is now at the right hand of God; and though the brightness of his Father's glory, and the express image of his person, he appeared to us in the palpable characters of a man; and those high attributes of truth, and justice, and mercy, which could not be felt or understood, as they existed in the abstract and invisible Deity, are brought down to our conceptions in a manner the most familiar and impressive, by having been made, through Jesus Christ, to flow in utterance from human lips, and to beam in expressive physiognomy from a human countenance.

So long as I had nothing before me but the unseen spirit of God, my mind wandered in uncertainty, my busy fancy was free to expatiate, and its images filled my heart with disquietude and terror. But in the life, and person, and history of Jesus Christ, the attributes of the Deity are brought down to the observation of the senses; and I can no longer mistake them, when in the Son, who is the express image of the Father, I see them carried home to my understanding, by the evidence and expression of human organs,—when I see the kindness of the Father, in the tears which fell from his Son at the tomb of Lazarus,—when I see his justice blended with his mercy, in the exclamation, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem," by Jesus Christ; uttered with a tone more tender than the sympathy of human bosom ever prompted, while he bewailed the sentence of its desolation,—and in the look of energy and significance which he threw upon Peter, I feel the judgment of God himself, flashing conviction upon my conscience, and calling me to repent while His wrath is suspended, and He still waiteth to be gracious.

And it was not a temporary character which he assumed. The human kindness, and the human expression which makes it intelligible to us, remained with him till his latest hour. They survived his resurrection, and he has carried them along with him to the mysterious place which he now occupies. How do I know all this? I know it from his history; I hear it in the parting words to his mother from the cross, I see it in his unaltered form when he rose triumphant from the grave; I perceive it in the tenderness for the scruples of the unbelieving Thomas; and I am given to understand, that as his body retained the impression of his own sufferings, so his mind retains a sympathy for ours, as warm, and gracious, and endearing, as ever. We have a Priest on high who is touched with a fellow feeling for our infirmities. My soul, unable to support itself in its aerial flight among the spirits of the invisible, now reposes on Christ, who stands revealed to my conceptions in the figure, the countenance, the heart, the sympathies of man. He has entered within that veil which hung over the glories of the Eternal; and the mysterious inaccessible throne of God, is divested of all its terrors, when I think that a friend who bears the form of the species, and knows its infirmities, is there to plead for me.—*Chalmers.*

### Maria Louisa. No. IV.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

(Concluded.)

There are few events recorded in history, which appear to me more to be deplored than the result of the battle of Waterloo. The wars of Napoleon were in the main, undeniably, wars of self-defence. The unrelenting and persevering hostility with which England endeavored to combine the powers of Europe against the elected Emperor of France, has not a shadow of justification; and every day the verdict of the world, upon this subject, is becoming more and more decisive. With all the faults of Napoleon, he was immeasurably superior to the banded kings who were struggling, by his overthrow, to support the despotism of their thrones. Napoleon, during his short reign, did more for the promotion of civil and religious liberty, and for the elevation of the masses of the people, than all the combined kings of Europe have done for the last three centuries.—The prevailing impressions of Bonaparte are derived from the gross caricatures of the *English* historians—his inveterate foes. Can Lockhart and Scott, who write to flatter national vanity, and to please aristocratic ears, fairly delineate the character of the renowned enemy whom that nation has so long delighted to tra-

duce? As well may you expect the Quarterly Review fairly to describe republican America.

"When I heard of the result of the battle of Waterloo," says Robert Hall, "I felt as if the clock of the world had gone back six ages." The eyes of all nations were fixed upon the spot where the armies of Christendom were concentrating for the decisive conflict! On the one side were all the banded monarchs of Europe. On the other was Napoleon. The match was almost an equal one. A morning of the peaceful Sabbath ushered in the dreadful conflict. During all the long hours of that sacred day, till the sun was descending, the battle raged with sanguinary ferocity. At every point Napoleon was victorious, and the mangled, wavering lines before him, gave assurance that the eagles of France were again triumphant. Wellington, as he gazed upon his melting battalions, trembled before the genius of Napoleon, and wiping the cold sweat of agony from his brow, exclaimed, "I wish that Blucher or night were come!" The foaming couriers of the Emperor were on their way to Paris, with the tidings of victory.

At that eventful hour a black mass of thirty thousand Prussians suddenly appeared, headed by Blucher, and poured down like an avalanche upon the field of battle. The troops of Napoleon, exhausted by the Herculean toil of the day, and unable to resist this new onset, were, after the most desperate resistance, overwhelmed and swept away. All was lost. Maria, from the palaces of Vienna, looked on apparently with imperturbable equanimity, as the star of her husband's glory faded away on the field of Waterloo. His defeat relieved her mind from serious embarrassment. She moved smilingly amid the group of his exulting foes, and even appeared in public leaning upon the arm of the Duke of Wellington. There is no evidence that she shed a tear or experienced an emotion of regret, as her husband was borne, like a caged lion, to that barren rock which was to be his prison and his grave. Not one word of sympathy or tenderness was sent to him from Maria, as he bade adieu to every object he held dear upon earth, and entered upon a doom more intolerable than death.

Napoleon had hardly arrived at that dreary rock, where in misery he was to wear away the few remaining years of his life, when Maria Louisa, highly elated with her own good fortune, departed from Vienna in gilded chariots, surrounded with fawning favorites, to enjoy her possessions as Duchess of Parma. She affected no grief of bereavement and widowhood. Congratulating herself that her lines had fallen to her in pleasant places, and that she had a goodly heritage, she allowed no pleasures to be marred by unavailing regrets. Forgetting her imperial husband on that dreary rock which his sufferings have immortalized; forgetting her son, born to so exalted a destiny, more splendidly, but none the less ingloriously an exile and a prisoner in Vienna; she surrendered herself, with the most amiable philosophy, to all the enjoyments within her reach.

Colonel Neipperg, a Hungarian Count, had been appointed by the Austrian Cabinet to accompany Maria Louisa to Parma. He was to do all in his power to divert her mind from the grandeur from which she had fallen, and to lure her to all the public and private haunts of festivity. His task was easy and agreeable, and faithfully he performed his mission.

The silvery lake is gilded by romantic moonlight. The soft air of Italian summer invites to an excursion upon the water. The boat glides over the unrippled surface, which shows a concave of moon, and stars, and fathomless immensity beneath as above. Soft music, of flutes and still more liquid voices, floats upon the cool zephyrs. Maria reclines upon the cushioned seats, leaning upon the arm of Neipperg, and yields herself to the luxury of the hour. How can she send her imagination from that scene of enchantment to the foggy, storm-swept, rain-drenched rock, where Napoleon is imprisoned! A pleasure jaunt is planned to Genoa. The ducal chariot is drawn by prancing steeds, gaily caparisoned. Liveried servants, and outriders with glittering sabres and in rich uniforms, compose the splendid cortege. The brilliant vision sweeps along through the ever-varying scenes of sunny Italy. In the luxurious carriage of the young Duchess sits Neipperg by the side of Maria. They read, they talk, they sing. Looks of affectionate recognition are interchanged, and words of tenderness are uttered. Thousands of leagues of stormy ocean intervene between Maria and Napoleon. She can never see him again. Why, then, should she think of him any more. Marriage, says infidel Europe, is a partnership, to

be formed or dissolved at pleasure. My partnership with Napoleon, thinks Maria, is dissolved by his absence. Why may I not form another? The world will condemn, whispers an inward voice. Then I will not tell the world, thinks Maria. And she returns the pressure of Neipperg's hand. Maria wants counsel in affairs of state. Neipperg is at hand to give direction to her wavering purpose, and the cabinet council is prolonged late into the hours of the night. She wishes to stroll along the banks of the romantic stream, or ascend the mountain. The accommodating Count lends her his hand, and supports her by his encircling arm. Maria loves not solitude, and would avoid meditation. She would walk in the garden, but desires a friend, on whose arm she can lean, and who will beguile her thoughts. Neipperg is on the alert. They saunter lovingly among the shrubbery which fringes the serpentine walks, and recline, till the stars gem the sky, in bowers fragrant with the perfume of every odiferous plant. Oh! if one could only forget. Maria could forget. Maria was an Epicurean. The pleasure-loving philosophy is very comfortable to those who have no souls. The daughter of the Cæsars had no soul. Surrendering herself to all the seductions of momentary enjoyment, her slumbering spirit was undisturbed either by anguish or remorse. And yet the *living agony* of some minds is far preferable to the *dead repose* of others.

True, Neipperg was a stiff, formal Hungarian soldier. The automaton manners of the camp had left their coarse impress upon him. One eye had been torn out by a bullet, and a black patch covered the deformity. He was twenty years older than Maria, and had no attractions of body or of mind to win a generous woman's love. The flexible heart of Maria, however, gladly sought solace for its voluntary widowhood with this unalluring courtier. Floating upon the current of self-indulgence, she endeavored with timbrels and dances to beguile life of its cares. Revelling in scenes of festivity, and luxuriating upon velvet sofas, she hugged her comforts, and heeded not the storms which howled around the eternal crags of her husband's prison. Consigning Napoleon to the grave of oblivion, and forgetting that she had ever been a wife, a mother, and an empress, she yielded herself to the seductions of each passing hour. And yet who, that has an emotion of honorable feeling, would not infinitely prefer to have been Napoleon, listening to the dirge of careering storm and dashing wave upon the sea-engirdled, mist-enveloped rock, rather than to have been Maria in her ducal palace, on the sunny plains of Italy, breathing the fragrance of violets, and lulled to slumber by the soft music of the lute. Maria! though thou wert cradled in the palaces of the Cæsars, it was indeed an ignoble spirit which chose thy frame as its tabernacle.

Yet, after all, it must be confessed that the soulless and the heartless glide *comfortably* through such a world as this. If they know nothing of the deeper excitements and nobler emotions of our nature, they are also saved from that intensity of suffering which, at times, will wring almost the life-blood from the sensitive heart. The terrific storm of temptation never "wrecks their sky." The anguish of conscious frailty or wrong-doing never lacerates their hearts. Like the stilled ox, they ruminate in sunshine and storm, and die in peace.

A secret marriage, it is commonly reported, was soon consummated between Maria and Count Neipperg, which was publicly recognized soon after the death of Napoleon. Three children have been the issue of this union. The eldest, a daughter, is married to an Italian Count, Grand Chamberlain of Parma. A son, the Count de Monti Nuevo, is an officer in the Austrian army. A second daughter died in infancy. Ten years ago Count Neipperg died, and Maria was again left widow.

When, a few years ago, the remains of Napoleon were brought from St. Helena, to repose upon the banks of the Seine, the eyes of the civilized world were directed to the sublime spectacle. The French nation arose, as one man, to do homage to the dust of their mighty Emperor. The gray-headed survivors of the Old Guard, who had proved faithful to Napoleon through all his reverses, came tottering to meet their beloved chieftain, now returning triumphant, though in death. The king, the royal family, the nobility, the people in city and country all came—a mourning nation—to honor the memory of Napoleon. A scene of surpassing moral sublimity, earth has seldom if ever witnessed. As in solemn pomp the remains of the Emperor were conveyed through

the streets of the capital where he had so often moved the most powerful of monarchs, all the sons and daughters of France bowed their heads in sorrow, as children weeping over a father's sepulture.

Maria, in her ducal palace, was at so short a distance from France that she could almost hear the muffled drums, the tolling bells, the booming of the cannon, and the solemn requiems by which the ashes of her husband were so mournfully welcomed to land over which he had so gloriously reigned. Under the majestic dome of the *Invalides*, which his own energy had reared, the body of Napoleon now slumbers, awaiting its resurrection.

But the widow of Napoleon could take no part in these impressive scenes. Maria discreetly decided to remain at home. And when a nation wept at the burial of her imperial husband, she sat listless in her palace, with unmoistened eye, and unmoved heart.

Had Josephine been then living, every eye would have turned to her. She would have been the prominent mourner; and sorrowing France would have bowed before her in veneration. One can almost see the faithful spirit of Josephine rise from the grave, to welcome her returning husband, and to invite him to slumber in death by her side.

A few years ago the young King of Rome, who had received from the Austrian Court the title of the Duke of Reichstadt, died, at the age of eighteen. He had been reared at Vienna, forgotten by his mother, and carefully guarded against all knowledge of the heroic character and achievements of his imperial father. As the name of Bonaparte was still a word of terror to the thrones of Europe, his untimely death was probably regarded with satisfaction by all crowned heads. It is not improbable that the son of Napoleon was borne to the tomb unaccompanied by a single mourner. His birth was hailed by the acclamations of every court in Europe. His death was unnoticed and unlamented.

On the 17th of December, 1847, came the closing scene in the life of Maria. She had passed through fifty-seven years. At the silent hour of midnight, with peaceful attendants around her pillow, she breathed her last, and departed to that tribunal where we all in turn must appear. The world had long forgotten her. She had neither enemies nor friends. Her death caused none to mourn, and none but those who inherited her estates, to rejoice. Requiescat pace.

"So live, that sinking in thy last round sleep  
Smiles may be thine, while all around thee weep."  
N. Y. Evangelist.

### I'm too Busy.

A merchant sat at his office desk; various letters were spread before him; his whole being was absorbed in the intricacies of his business.

A zealous friend of mankind entered the office "I want to interest you a little in a new effort for the temperance cause," said the good man.

The merchant cut him off by replying, "Sir, you must excuse me, but really I'm too busy to attend to that subject now."

"But, sir, intemperance is on the increase among us," said his friend.

"Is it? I'm sorry; but I'm too busy at present to do anything."

"When shall I call again, sir?"

"I cannot tell. I'm very busy. I'm busy every day. Excuse me, sir, I wish you a good morning." Then bowing the intruder out of the office, he resumed the study of his papers.

The merchant had frequently repulsed the friends of humanity in this manner. No matter what was the object, he was too busy to listen to their claims. He even told his minister he was too busy for anything but to make money.

But one morning a disagreeable stranger stepped very softly to his side, laying a cold, moist hand upon his brow, and saying, "Go home with me."

The merchant laid down his pen; his head grew dizzy; his stomach felt faint and sick; he left the counting room, went home and retired to his bed-chamber.

His unwelcome visitor had followed him, and now took his place by the bed-side, whispering ever and anon, "You must go with me."

A cold chill settled on the merchant's heart; dim spectres of ships, notes, houses and lands flitted before his excited mind. Still his pulse beat slower, his heart heaved heavily, thick films gathered over his eyes, his tongue refused

to speak. Then the merchant knew that the name of his visitor was Death!

All other claimants on his attention, except the friends of Mammon, had always found a quick dismissal in the magic phrase, "I'm too busy." Humanity, Mercy, Religion, had alike begged his influence, means, and attention, in vain. But when Death came, the excuse was powerless; he was compelled to have leisure to die.

Let us beware how we make ourselves too busy to secure life's great end. When the excuse cries to our lips, and we are about to say we are too busy to do good, let us remember we cannot be too busy to die.



## The Advent Herald.

"BEHOLD! THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH!"

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1848.

### "Swedenborg."

In reading the Posthumous Philosophical Tracts of SWEDENBORG, noticed last week, we were forcibly struck with one fact, which, to us, fully accounts for his subsequent supposed illumination.

The first tract is entitled, "The way to a knowledge of the soul;" and commences with: "Several years have now elapsed since I first conceived the design of working out the problems of *rational psychology*, or, what amounts to the same thing, of investigating the essence and faculties of the human soul, and internal senses." Again, he speaks of "all my long meditations on the soul and the body, and their reciprocal action and passion." Repeated expressions like the foregoing abundantly demonstrate that for many long years before he supposed himself mentally illumined, his mind was greatly absorbed in speculations respecting the nature, the form of existence, the mode of the subsistence of the soul; or as SWEDENBORG expresses it: in endeavoring "to display philosophically, analytically, geometrically, and anatomically, the entire animal kingdom"—including soul and body—"and its parts, with the functions and offices of each." This, he says, "is a labor of some years," and he adds:—"I hope after a few years to gain the end, and to be in a condition to declare the state of the soul, when its connection with the body is dissolved by death, and it is left to its own disposal."—p. 26.

It appears that at this time he had labored with the subject some years; and expected to consume years in the then future, before he should be in a fit condition to fathom the depth he would sound, or solve the problem he would work. To reach this condition, he hoped to fit himself by the most thorough scientific researches. Thus he extended his enquiries to all the organs, fibres, humors, and viscera of the body, to the ramifications, dependencies, and divisibilities of each—of "the visible and the ultimate, of the invisible and prior," of the "compound and simple." He pursues this course till he believes he has discovered where the soul lies hidden, what subtle globules of the various humors it affects, its nature, substance, &c.

Well, after studying the known, and meditating respecting the unknown, for many years, we find that he reaches a state of mental abstraction, which he fully believes is an illumination from on high, in which state are unfolded to his perceptions the mysterious unknowns, the misty, vapory, ideals which he had been so long in search of. The readers of his writings will be struck with the similarity of sentiments and reasoning existing between his pre and post illuminated states. There is the same mode of reasoning, the same views more fully developed. Now to us it is as clear as a sunbeam, that his fancied illumination was a mental hallucination, or abstraction, a *monomania*, bordering on a state of mind induced by *self mesmeric clairvoyant* action. We find persons in every department of thought, who by long thinking arrive at just such results in their several spheres of thought. No one can dwell upon a single idea for any length of time, without attaching peculiar, if not undue importance to it.

The late Rev. EDWARD IRVING, of London, was a case in point. It is a proof of the power of delusion over the human mind, when led astray on the subject of religion. He possessed a gifted and brilliant

mind, and was a good and devout man; and for a time was capable of winning thousands to the truth by his persuasive eloquence. Multitudes literally hung upon his words as they dropped from his lips. But after a time he became possessed with strange fancies. He believed that before the second Advent, the gifts of the apostolic age would be restored to the Church. He began to pray for their manifestation, believing they would follow in answer to prayer. Soon he and his followers honestly believed that they were endowed with power from on high, and divinely commissioned to speak in unknown tongues, to work miracles, to utter prophecies, &c. He followed these meteor fancies to an awful length. A short time before his death he thus confessed:—"We were *beguiled* to think that the full measure of the tabernacle of the LORD would be given to that church over which I preside as an angel, which was no less than the exalting of the angel into the place of CHRIST. I tremble when I think of the awfully perilous place into which I was thrust." Again he says: "I do repent and call upon the flock to repent with me. We were blinded—we were unwatchful, \* \* \* we were impatient of the government of the apostles and of the LORD in them. We sought independence as a church, and, but for the grace of God, we had reaped the very independence of SATAN. God saw that it was not in our hearts to do those things. He saw that nothing was further from our hearts; that we had been taken through our simplicity by the craft of the devil, and therefore he had mercy upon us."

In the days of MARTIN LUTHER, numbers rose up who, in all sincerity, conceived that they had become the special objects of miraculous endowment. It is sufficient to mention the names of HOFFMAN, NICHOLAS STORCH, BUCKHOLD, BATENBURG, DAVID GEORGE, &c., to recall heart rending assumptions of divine power which they presumptuously ascribe to themselves.

There is a being now figuring in New York as the ELIJAH that was to come, and he has sixty followers—valiant men, including women. Their delusion began in believing such a being was to come at this time; dwelling on this, they at length embraced him as the one. We do not, however, class him with SWEDENBORG; for his blasphemer is evidently as knavish as he is foolish; we speak only of his deceived followers as deluded. (We beg pardon of the *Investigator* for ever claiming him.)

There was another ELIJAH in New York city some years since, (1829-1834,) who was entirely self deceived. We refer to ELIJAH PIERSON. He was a gentleman of pleasing manners, and of a truly pious and benevolent disposition. This benevolent heart greatly desired the conversion of the world. As a preparatory step, he dwelt much on the practicability of converting the city of New York. He wished to kindle a blaze in New York that the universe would see. On every other point he was perfectly rational; and in this it was evident from his whole manner that he was most sincerely and earnestly bent upon it. He affirmed that the immediate conversion of the whole city would be the prelude to the conversion of the whole world. It was the theme of his daily conversation and nightly dreams. He was a man of fervent prayer, and with his wife, who was a congenial spirit, had a sincere desire to do good. They wished only to spend their lives in cultivating the Christian graces, and in works of universal philanthropy and benevolence. They labored in the Sabbath schools, among the convicts of the Greenwich prison, and among the degraded women of the Five Points for whose spiritual reform their exertions were instant, in season and out of season. Nor were their labors entirely unattended with good results.

Not being seconded, as they thought they should have been, by the churches, in their efforts to convert the city, they began to feel that the operations of the Christian world were too slow for them,—that the faith of others did not extend far enough. On this they naturally felt that they had made farther advances in the divine life than other Christians. The next step was to feel that God had peculiarly honored them in blessing them spiritually more than he had others. Being a man of fervent prayer, he was now prepared to believe that He who answered by prayer answered by direct revelation, and the audible agency of the Holy Spirit; and he has left on record the audible answers which he supposed he received. He continued preaching, and converts were added to his flock. These he gathered around him at Bowery Hill, which he believed was the kingdom of God on the earth commenced, and he entertained the opinion that he had been specially called to the office of the priesthood, and received special intellectual and spiritual endowments for that office. We

will here remark, that he was a gentleman of great wealth; and some of our readers in New York may remember him, some twenty years since, as a successful merchant in Pearl-street.

Mrs. PIERSON had now been taken sick, and about the middle of June, 1830, her physicians signified to Mr. P. that he had no expectation of her recovery. He then thought, that as "man's extremity was God's opportunity," he would try how far God would interpose in saving her life in answer to prayer—even at the risk of being thought crazy, and having his name cast out as evil. He would shelter himself under the word of God. He anointed her with oil, and prayed for her recovery. He said: "It seemed the LORD said, 'SARAH, thy wife, shall recover.'" On the next day, according to his own statement, as he was proceeding down Wall-street in an omnibus, God spake to him, and said, audibly, "Thou art ELIJAH, the Tishbite. Gather unto me all the members of Israel at the foot of Mount Carmel." In a few days after the anointing, his wife died. Preparations were made for her funeral. Mr. P., however, declared there would be no funeral, but a resurrection. He seemed to be fully persuaded that she would be on that day restored to life again by the prayer of faith. The respect felt by the community for the deceased, called together a large number at her funeral, a majority of whom were females. There were several clergymen present one of whom gave the following account of the scene:—

Mr. P. "approached the coffin with a measured and solemn tread, and with deep solemnity, and a hollow sepulchral voice, read the following passage from James 5:14, 15: 'Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil, in the name of the LORD. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the LORD shall raise him up.'

"Having read the passage, and looking round upon the audience, with deep and solemn emphasis, he added, 'This dear woman has been anointed in the name of Israel's God, and in obedience to this divine command; and I believe that God will fulfil his promise.' He then repeated the last six words of the quotation several times, emphasizing the word 'shall' with great force and feeling, and proceeded to argue that the whole passage was to be understood *literally*, which he affirmed to be its certain infallible meaning as revealed to him, and to that dear woman, (pointing to the corpse,) and in this faith, he said, she died. He then related a remarkable *revelation* made to him in a carriage as he was coming out from the city a short time previous, and declared, that the same *revelation* was simultaneously made to his wife, then nigh unto death. He stated that the word of the LORD came to him and commanded him to have faith in that promise, and in that faith conform to the conditions, and the promise should be fulfilled. When he arrived home, he found his wife anxious for his return, and she told him, without hearing anything from him touching the extraordinary communication from heaven which he had received on the way, that the Holy Ghost had directed her to instruct her husband in the faith of St. James's testimony, and assured her that she should be raised.

"Mr. PIERSON farther proceeded to say, that finding that the *moment* she had received the revelation was the *identical time* when his manifestation was communicated, he felt it his duty, and so did that dear woman, (again pointing to the corpse,) to do as the LORD had commanded them. He accordingly collected together a number of pious friends who were in the faith, and they proceeded literally to anoint her body with oil, and pray over her, trusting in this promise, 'The LORD shall raise him up.'—And though her physicians had told them that she must die, for the consumption had destroyed her lungs, yet they knew the LORD, the Heavenly Physician, could heal the sick, and even raise the dead; and they had strong faith in His word, that if they anointed her, and prayed, the promise would be fulfilled, for 'the LORD shall raise him up.' In that faith, he repeated, that dear woman died. And after exhorting all present to exercise similar faith, and affirming in the language of the SAVIOUR, 'she is not dead, but sleepeth,' he commented on the wickedness of unbelief, and the sin of doubting the word of God. He then unequivocally declared, that whereas, the elders of the church had anointed her with oil and prayed over her, if she were not raised up *to-day, now, on the spot, the word of God falls to the ground*. But expressing his full confidence that the miracle would be performed, for the strengthening of the faith of his disciples, and that the mouths of gainsayers might be stopped, by her instant resurrection, he invited all present to unite with him in prayer. He then spread forth his hands over the coffin, closed his eyes, and began a solemn and impressive prayer. The following sentences he *repeatedly* used, with most impassioned feeling, and with very little variation of language. 'O LORD God of Israel! thy own word declares that if the elders of the church anoint the sick and pray over him, the LORD shall raise him up. We have taken thee at thy word; we have anointed her with oil, and prayed the prayer of faith, and thou knowest in this faith the dear woman died, and in this faith we, thy children, live. Now, LORD, we claim thy promise!—God is not man that he should lie, and if this dear woman is not raised up this day, thy word will fall to the ground; the promise is null and void; and these gainsaying infidels will rejoice, and go away triumphing in their unbelief. LORD God! thou canst

not deny thyself. Thou knowest we have performed the conditions to the very letter. O LORD, now fulfil thy promise—now, LORD—O, let not thy enemies blaspheme—show that thou hast Almighty power—thou canst raise the dead—we believe it, LORD. Come, now, and make good thy word, and let this assembly see that there is a God in Israel!' Thus he continued to pray with a loud voice, and great effort, for nearly an hour, when he closed and sank down into a chair, apparently much exhausted, but yet with the calmness and serenity of perfect and entire conviction. The manner and matter of the prayer had evidently a wonderful effect upon the audience. The attention of every one was riveted upon the preacher, and all eyes save those of the afflicted and weeping relatives were fixed upon the coffin, as anxiously as though they themselves had yielded to the delusion, and were expecting to see the lifeless body rise up in full health and vigor before them. In the course of the enthusiastic effusion, a number of ladies stood around the coffin, looking intently for the miracle, and occasionally touching the face and hands of the corpse, expecting to discover signs of returning life. The effect of the whole scene is described as having been paralyzing. A breathless silence prevailed. They looked at each other, and even the clergymen present seemed to know not what to say."

One of the clergymen wishing to break the spell on them, arose and remarked with emphasis—"Yes, this beloved and lamented Christian shall rise again—at the resurrection of the just! for it is the promise of God, that all who are CHRIST'S, he will bring with him at his coming." He explained the passage in JAMES, and added, "The LORD will raise her up, but not to-day, nor to-morrow; yet dying in the LORD, ye shall have part in the first resurrection." Mr. P. seemed to be lost in devout contemplation, and sat with perfect confidence, awaiting the moment when his prediction should be verified by the restoration of his wife. But after waiting a long time, he interposed no objection, when the friends removed the body, and laid it in its narrow bed in the church-yard in Amity-street. On his return to the house, he had her sleeping apartment tastefully arranged, and procured every delicacy of which she had been fond, avowing his belief that she would arise at midnight. The day following, he still insisted that she would rise again. God, he said, had promised it, but had not specified the particular day. He now believed it would take place on the next Sabbath morning at sunrise, and actually repaired to her grave to receive her embrace. On every other subject, his mind was as regular and as sound as it ever was. In all business matters, he was as accurate and acute as ever. But the idea that his wife would be raised, did not forsake him for months; and he fancied he had frequent conversations with her unclothed spirit.

He continued to believe that God had chosen him as the ELIJAH who was to precede the Messiah. In 1832, one ROBERT MATTHEWS, from Albany, came to Mr. PIERSON'S, and claimed to be Messiah, or rather, the Father of spirits—Deity himself—before whom Mr. P. had been the ELIJAH to prepare his way.—This MATTHEWS was a joiner at Albany. In 1828 he went on one occasion to hear the Rev. Mr. KIRK, then of Albany, but now of this city. On his return home, he appeared to be greatly excited, declaring that he had never heard anything like preaching before, and sat up the greater part of the night repeating passages from the sermon. He became more and more excited, and adopted strange views respecting his living. He would eat nothing but fruits and vegetables, began street preaching, let his beard grow, assumed the name of MATTHIAS, claimed to be a Jew, and roamed all over the Union. When he came to New York, Mr. P. was in a proper state of mind to receive him in his assumed character. MATTHIAS declared that he was the Spirit of Truth,—that it left the earth at the death of the MATTHIAS mentioned in the New Testament,—that the Spirit of CHRIST entered into that MATTHIAS, and that he was the MATTHIAS of the New Testament, who had risen from the dead; and that as CHRIST at his second appearing, he was God the Father, and had power to do all things, to forgive sins, and communicate the Holy Ghost to such as believed in him. He announced that the kingdom of God on earth began at Albany in June, 1830, and that the day of grace would close in December, 1836.

Mr. PIERSON readily received him as the Messiah, whose forerunner he was, and thence concluded that himself was truly JOHN the Baptist, who was beheaded, returned again to earth. Quite a little number believed in MATTHIAS, among whom were several persons of wealth, who placed all their earthly substance at his disposal. He assumed a most gorgeous style of dress, and in his pontifical robes, he made a frequent display in Broadway, seated in an elegant carriage, drawn by splendid horses.

He maintained his power over them till 1834, when Mr. PIERSON was taken with violent fits and died. MATTHIAS was strongly suspected of having

poisoned him, and was tried for his murder, but was acquitted. Some of his other followers, being taken suddenly sick, suspected they were poisoned by him, and, his wealthy followers failing, the establishment was broken up.

We have been thus particular in the details of this case, that the successive steps by which Mr. PIERSON, dwelling continually on a single idea, was led to the extent he was, might be seen. His course was the natural result of being led away by a single idea. The books abound with cases in close coincidence with that of Mr. PIERSON, where persons, otherwise in a healthy state of mind, from peculiar circumstances, became impressed with a belief in visions and revelations, and of holding intercourse with spiritual beings. Till within a few days of his death, Mr. PIERSON was shrewd and intelligent on every subject save that of religion.—

Those who have had opportunities of studying the operations of the "mind diseased," all testify to the singular phenomena connected with insanity, that often the hallucination is confined to a single point; while on every other subject, the person is perfectly rational. It does not follow, because Mr. PIERSON became crazy on the subject of the world's conversion, that it is to be charged to that doctrine. Monomania is that form of mental hallucination, in which the mind is absorbed by a single idea, and may arise from various causes,—frequently having no connection whatever with religious subjects. The causes, the direction, and the results, are as various as the structure of the mind, and the pursuits of men. It is dangerous to start a single mind in a wrong direction; for such a person, if possessed of reputation for sanctity, will be sure to draw others away with him.—Numerous cases in illustration of this might be cited, but our limits forbid. Those familiar with the history of some in the Advent cause, know how certain crotchety minds have run, some in one direction, and some in another, having no reason for their course of conduct but the engrossment of a single idea, which, being the only one they have, seems to them the greatest of all thoughts, and they follow it wherever it may lead. Such men have been aptly compared to young calves let out from close confinement: each one starts off at full speed in whatever direction its nose happens to be for the time being. Cochranism in Maine, Witchism in Salem, the biting epidemic among the nuns of the 15th century, the trembling among the Quakers, the shaking among the Shakers, the falling, jerking, and barking exercises among the Presbyterians in Kentucky, the Perfectionism of Vermont, the convulsions of the Pythian priestess, the contortions of the Sybil, the great variety of convulsive and cataleptic phenomena among the devotees in India, and among the spinning and dancing dervishes of the Mohammedans, may be traced to some single cause. Diseases of the mind are as contagious and infectious as those of the body; and they are much more difficult to be cured. The mind will become so twisted and distorted, that the mental functions seem to be actuated by laws diverse from those of sane minds. On Scriptural questions, men frequently become so mentally inverted, that the most plain and positive declarations look to them like mere inferences, and the most distorted sophisms like plain declarations. They see proof conclusive in what is no proof, and no evidence in the most logical deductions. Such men regard themselves as standards of wisdom and doctrine, and denounce as unlawful striving, any argument that vitiates their own ratiocinations; as apostacy, whatever has not wandered with them; and as human policy whatever action may vary from their own. But this has nothing to do with Swedenborgianism. We have involuntarily wandered from our subject, by seeing the erratic, melancholy, injudicious course that so many wandering stars have persevered in, until their carcasses are strown along as wrecks on the shores of the sea of fanaticism.

We have shown, we think, that the mind, pursuing a single idea, is liable to become unduly interested in it and warped by it; that SWEDENBORG did thus pursue the cherished idea of his life—of finding the psychological relation of the spirit to the body;—that he finally thought he communed with the spirit of the unseen and the eternal; we have also shown, we think, that his case was not a solitary one. JOANNA SOUTHCOTE and JACOB BEHMEN fully believed they were thus illuminated, BEHMEN fancied at one time he was "surrounded with a divine light for seven days, and stood in the highest contemplation of the kingdom of joys." The only differences existing between the case of SWEDENBORG and that of numerous others, we conceive, consists in his superior moral and literary acquirements. As Mr. PIERSON was perfectly sane on all business matters, so was SWEDENBORG on all literary questions. He was a profound scholar and a man of pure morals. These

qualities have thrown around his writings, in which he unfolds his views of the unseen, a dignity and grace not found in those of others, and which never appears in the senseless drivellings of the lower class of those who fancy themselves illuminated. This has given him a place in the hearts of his followers infinitely elevated above others. But we are forced to compare his teachings, as we do others, with the revealed truths in the inspired word. Wherein he or others depart from that, they have no light in them. Anything which is peculiar to him, we therefore reject. The Bible, and that alone, must be the Christian standard of faith. All creeds must be based on that alone.

### Address.

The committee to whom the preamble and resolutions of the New York Conference of Advent believers—re-asserting their position in faith and duty, with its reasons—were referred, to be embodied in the form of an address for the consideration and action of this Conference, present the following:—

The preamble contains several propositions, in view of which the resolutions proceed to defend the position taken by the Adventists as not unauthorized; to mark the favorable bearing of the recent engrossing developments of Providence among the nations on their position; and to urge the call thus made to us by God, to a careful preparation for the expected events for ourselves, and a faithful discharge of our duty to the world.

The several propositions of the preamble express what the Adventists hold in common with all professed Christians: the points on which the great mass of Christians in our day cease to stand on common ground with Christians of former times; while the resolutions briefly define the position which as Adventists we feel bound to occupy. 1. The Adventists, with all professed Christians, believe that God has given a revelation of his will to men: they believe this revelation is contained in the Bible. And this is the only source of light to which we look, to be guided in reference to the future. 2. Christians generally believe also that God has made known in the Bible the history of the world, more or less clearly, to the end. So the Adventists believe.

3. Christians in all past ages have also generally believed that the prophetic outline of the world's political and moral history given in the Bible, extends to the end of the world; that some of the chronological periods connected with this outline also extend to the same point; and that the period immediately preceding the end would be marked by the signs spoken of by our LORD. We also believe in all these particulars as Christians of all past ages have believed. But how many professed Christians have left this common ground, so long occupied by those professing the faith once delivered to the saints, ungratefully and profanely sneering at their "weakness," in thus contending for that faith?

4. As nearly all writers, prior to our own days, who had any claims to being considered competent for such a work, except some known Jews, Jesuits, and neologists, had shown that the prophetic outline of the world's history, with the periods it contains, must be well-nigh fulfilled; and as our own age has witnessed events, which were generally looked upon at the time of their occurrence, as a fulfilment of the signs spoken of by our LORD, the Adventists, as all the world know, have been looking for some years with special interest for the Son of God from heaven, to judge the world, to raise the righteous dead, to make all the righteous immortal, and to accomplish the promised restitution of all things, which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began. But in maintaining this position, we are like the early Christians, everywhere spoken against. Thus we take, at the outset, common ground with all Christians; but as we advance from point to point, to what we must consider the only consistent practical result, one clan after another diverge from the "old paths"—the well-tried highway—till the great mass have forsaken the old landmarks, and those who hold fast the primitive profession of faith, in this time of trial, must stand alone. Thus the only consistent scriptural ground that can be occupied at the present time by Christians, is now very generally abandoned by them.

An *why* is it so? Whatever the answer to this question may be, one fact all must admit, there is a most deplorable mistake, "an awful delusion," somewhere. Certain we are, however, that we have not taken our position, expecting by so doing to promote our worldly interests. All these interests would lead us to take a different course. If we have departed from the faith and worship of the gospel, it has not

been to worship "golden calves." We are equally certain, that, if we are mistaken, the grand principles and details of our mistake have been cherished as the truth by Christians in all past ages. Nor can the views of our opponents offer us anything better; if the word of God does not mean what we suppose it does, who can tell us what it does mean? Nor do we thus stand out separate from all other professed Christians, because there have not been reasons enough in number, to cause us to give up our position: for all classes of our brethren have spoken, all have presented their objections and reasons for not standing with us, as if we were the ones who had departed from the faith, the only ones in danger; and have called upon us to come back.—To their objections and reasons we have listened in all sincerity, and with much patience, for no men could give up an unwinning post, as to this world, more gladly than we should have given up ours, if we could have been shown that it did not involve our duty and our salvation. But none of these numerous reasons have made it appear that we had taken an unauthorized position; and so, having obtained help of God, we continue unto this day, witnessing to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets did say should come. All that has been said against us and our position has been said before against those whom we know were in the right; and certainly such objections cannot prove that we are wrong.

The question at issue between us and our brethren who differ from us, though so much has been written and said that is foreign from it, is a very simple one. As we have always bowed to the authority of the word of God, as the only standard of faith, duty, and experience, the only question to be settled is this: Have we mistaken the meaning and application of this standard, so as to lead to a wrong practical result. As this question has never been considered, only to treat it in a way that would overthrow all Christian faith, that happened to be unpopular, we have felt bound to hold fast the position to which better reasons had brought us; and as we have held fast, God has been pleased to sustain and keep us; and now has given tokens, we believe, that places our position in such a light that it will need but little more argument or labor on our part to show that it is in accordance with the word of God.

On the question of definite time, in the application and calculation of the prophetic periods—which has been made so prominent, because it was the point chiefly assailed—we were guided by the most worthy chronological authorities in the dates adopted, and felt bound to act in reference to them as if they were the true dates, though we were aware that other authorities gave later dates for the same events by several years. And if the date for the birth of our Lord, now universally received, is the true date, though there appears to be no evidence of its truth, only that all the world believe it,\* the periods in the 8th and 9th chapters of DANIEL, applied to the same events to which we have always applied them, would bring us to a termination probably yet future. And who can doubt that, if the surprising events which have taken place among the nations of the old world, within a few months past, had taken place in 1843 or 1844, the interest in the speedy coming of the LORD would have been universal and overwhelming?

How often has the statement of Mr. MILLER, giving his views of the condition of the world about the time of CHRIST'S coming, been made the theme of the boldest scoffing and ridicule? We will here give it: "The seventh and last vial of God's wrath will be poured into the air about the year 1840, if my former calculations are correct, when this judgment will have a quick and rapid circulation over the whole globe. Like the air, it will pervade every kingdom, circulate into every nation, sow the seeds of anarchy in every society, and disorganize every bond of union among men, except the gospel." This reference to the question of time, by Mr. MILLER, like all others by him, will show how much justice there is in the charge made against him of "fixing the day and the hour." It shows also what a state of things he expected just before the end. And how much like it is the state of things at the present time, among all nations where "the gospel" has been rejected or perverted, and its power is not felt, as a "bond of union;" especially those nations who have been the most distinguished by their power, privileges, and blessing under the gospel; whom God has held specially responsible, and has made the subjects of special providence and of judgment in the prophecies? Their political organization, relations, character, and geographical locality, it has been believed for more than a thousand years, are clearly described; the godly and worldly parties in these nations, with the long contest be-

\* We have never seen any evidence to question that date.—Ed.

tween them, and the historical development of the contest down to the final catastrophe, when the scene of man's probation closes; the obligations to God dishonored, the blessings abused, the calls of God disregarded, and disciplinary judgments inflicted and blindness under them, the high-handed rebellion persisted in by the antichristian rulers of this world, and the delusions by which they were to be blinded to this danger, and finally prepared for their doom, are believed to be also laid before us in the inspired programme.

The field on which the most distinguished actors in the grand moral drama were to perform their part, is pointed out by several portions of prophecy, as the territory occupied by the kingly fragments of imperial Rome—the last great earthly kingdom that was to exercise supreme control in the affairs of the world. Their moral character in the sight of God, and their destiny, are illustrated by comparing them to Sodom, to Egypt, and to the city where our LORD was crucified—Jerusalem. But it would require volumes to bring out the full meaning of this comparison! What portions of the earth, in the times of unperverted prosperity referred to, were like "the plain of Jordan," said to have been as "the garden of the LORD," before the overthrow of Sodom? like the fertile valley of the Nile—"the granary of the world?" or like Palestine—"a land flowing with milk and honey?" So these nations which were to be so signally condemned in the final judgment were to be distinguished by the bounties of Providence. What religious privilege could be like those derived from the society of the priest of the Most High God; and of ABRAHAM, a prince, a prophet, and so noble a specimen of religious character, that he is called the father of the faithful and the friend of God? from the presence and governmental administration of that most distinguished, and most worthy child of Providence, JOSEPH? from the mighty words and deeds of the learned, self-sacrificing, wonder-working, heaven-favored lawgiver and prophet, MOSES? and from a residence in that city which, while it was the centre of all that was sublime in wisdom, splendid in art, glorious in arms, attractive in wealth, charming in beauty, or renowned in fame; of all that was lovely in peace, or terrible in war, that was known to the world, was also the theatre on which was displayed the interest that was felt for man in heaven, for more than two thousand years! In a similar manner would these nations be favored in the religious privileges granted to them.—(To be continued.)

BRO. I. R. GATES has been laboring in Maine a few weeks past, and, we are happy to learn, with good results. BRO. T. SMITH, a true yoke-fellow, has accompanied him, and rendered him essential aid. BRO. G. writes, that the cause is rising in the East. Many who have been astray are returning home with sincere hearts. We wish all such to understand that none can bid them a more hearty welcome than ourselves. We say this because some have feared from our faithfulness in denouncing extravagance in time past, that we should not welcome them back. We bid all sincere hearts thrice welcome. BRO. G. has visited Lincolnville, Exeter, Belmont, Searsport, Bangor, &c.

His concluding note we think not best to publish. If any have complaints against him, let them take the gospel rule. He is ready to meet all such, and do them ample justice. This is all he can do.

FOR SALE.—We have a lot of good settees which we wish to sell. If those of our friends who are fitting new places of worship need them, they would do well to call and see them. We also have several meeting-house stoves, a pulpit, and other fixtures, that might come cheaper to our friends in this vicinity than they could get them elsewhere. The Advent Society being about to remove to Chardon-street Chapel, it has no use for these articles. The Society is somewhat embarrassed, and we hope to relieve ourselves by the sale of these articles. Those who want them, will address JOHN EMERSON, Treasurer of the Advent Society, No. 9 Milk-st., Boston.

NEW WORK ON THE PROPHECIES. By JOSIAH LITCH.—We shall publish in a short time a new work from the pen of Bro. L. It will contain about two hundred pages, and will be an important work for the Advent cause at this time. It will contain a discourse he delivered in Boston, at the Conference, which has been called for by many that heard it. We shall give due notice of its publication.

THE MODEL OF ANCIENT JERUSALEM.—This interesting illustration of Scripture is soon to be removed from the city. Those who have not seen it should lose no time in securing the rich benefits to be derived from it.



to be on its journey;—"There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God." The eye of faith is destined to be superceded by actual vision, and the desire of the heart to embrace its long-expected good: "Which hope we have as an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast." This language implies a journey; but has the voyager no port in view as he sails upon the wide expanse of waters? Surely. Behold the beauty of this figure. See yonder vessel bounding over the billowy deep, laden with the wealth of the Indies; it meets with adverse winds,—storms and tempests, as though filled with the instinct of life, dash and howl around it as if to turn its noble prow from its distant home-bound coast, or to plunge it forever beneath its angry waves. But still its course is onward; and ere long the well-known light-house is espied, the smooth channel is entered, the port is made, the faithful anchor is cast overboard, and grappling with the unseen earth, the proud ship is brought along the wharf, where it discharges its precious freight. How much like the voyage of the Christian: comparatively a long one, attended with labors, and watchings, and privations, and conflicts; but it is a sure one, and a profitable one; its anchor is always needful, and often used ere the journey is complete. But never is it so valuable as at its journey's end, where, under the greetings and acclamations of kindred and friends, it is quietly moored in the haven of blessedness. My friend, has your hope an anchor? Do you feel its strength,—its moving power? When sorrow sweeps over you, when your all of earthly good is wrecked, does a voice, as if from the invisible world, send courage to thy sinking soul—"Hope thou in God?" Are you receding from this world,—from these treacherous, delusive shores,—from these poisonous, though exhilarating gales, to a brighter—an eternal world? O, bear then the fatigues a little while longer; unless greatly deceived, we shall all soon be at our anchorage together, to be buffeted no more, to sigh, and weep, and die no more forever. The prospect brightens every hour, though to the eye of the inexperienced, or unskilled, there seems no sign of land; no sail is in sight, and the sea seems as turbulent as ever. Yet the gracious pilot is on the lookout, and will soon be on board to relieve of every anxiety, and conduct them to eternal rest.—(To be continued.)

#### Conference in Washington.

BRO. HIMES:—The Conference in this place (notice of which was recently given in the "Herald") was attended agreeably to appointment; and at the request of some of the brethren in attendance, I give you a few items in reference to it, which may be interesting to your readers. The services were well sustained by Bro. Plummer, Pearson, Sherwin, with addresses from others.

The leading subjects presented were, Salvation, in its full import, and final completion; the Resurrection, the hope of the Christian; the assurance of it—faith in the word of God; its character—literal and identical; its manner—exemplified in the resurrection of Christ, he being the first fruits, was, according to the type, a sample, in his resurrection, of what the saints will be in theirs;—his also a pledge of theirs. Then will the throne of David be given to the rightful Sovereign, and the land of promise to its rightful heirs—the children of Abraham by the same faith and obedience. While the kingdoms of this world were represented emblematically to the eye, as well as historically to the understanding, to have passed successively away, till the crumbling fragments of the last temporal kingdom await the dash of that stone which is to complete its dissolution, and "the kingdom, and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High;" the renovated earth bloom again,—not an ethereal heaven, but a substantial dwelling-place for corporeal beings, who, redeemed from corruption, as the earth from the curse, will forever enjoy the presence, and share the glory of their exalted Redeemer. And these things were shown to be not illusions of fancy, or the imagery of fanaticism, but the simple, rational view given by God in his word; the truth of God, at which Infidelity alone could consistently scoff. These soul-stirring, heart-cheering truths, were listened to with delight by every waiting soul, and with respectful attention and apparent interest by the whole audience, which, on the second day, nearly filled the house. Whether the truth made any abiding impression, remains to be seen.

The Adventists here, though few in number, and at present passing through some of the severest trials of these perilous times, enjoyed the season. They are united among themselves, meet weekly, and enjoy the labors of a faithful brother, who resides among us. And though we have need of stronger faith, more ardent love, deadness to the world, and consecration to God, yet we ardently pray, and desire the prayers of our brethren, that we may obtain complete victory, and with all the faithful soon enjoy that peaceful kingdom which will be established when the kingdoms of this world shall have reached the destination to which they are so rapidly tending.

C. STOWE.

Washington (N. H.), June 18th, 1848.

#### Letter from Bro. W. Watkins.

DEAR BRO. HIMES:—Bro. Osler closed his work with us on last Sabbath evening. He goes to a more extended field of labor. He has been able, fearless, and indefatigable in the proclamation of the Advent message. Of this our public halls, nay, the public market-house, thronged with the different sects and parties, from time to time, will bear ample testimony. He has the good wishes of the little flock he has left for the present, and their prayers for his success will accompany him wherever he may go. His last ser-

mon was delivered in the hearing of an unusually large and interested audience. Of course many were strangers. The fearful events of the age, and the still more fearful future, of which they seem but the ominous precursors, have aroused many from their slumbers, and disposed them to hear with candor the glad tidings which hang upon the lips of the Advent messenger.

In view of the past, it was but reasonable to conclude, that Adventists could regain but a very small share of the moral influence which they once wielded, unless the great Head of the Church himself should, in some way, vindicate his servants in the testimony they had borne. This, I think, he is now doing; and if ever there was a time in which we should look up and lift up our heads, knowing that our redemption draweth nigh, that time is emphatically now. It is as clear as the sun, irrespective of the movements among the nations, that we cannot but be right in contending earnestly for the faith once delivered unto the saints, and in cherishing the hope which animated patriarchs, prophets, and apostles:—the hope which inspired with unwonted courage and fortitude those who had trials of cruel mockings and scourgings, of bonds and imprisonment;—who were stoned and sawn asunder, were tempted, and slain with the sword;—who wandered about in sheep skins and goat skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented (of whom the world was not worthy);—who wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth. We cannot be wrong in treading in the footsteps of these ancient worthies,—in laying our reputation in the dust for the Son of man's sake,—in living as pilgrims in a world whose friendship is enmity with God,—in counting our lives not dear unto ourselves, so that we may finish our course with joy. What did not the ancient martyrs of Jesus endure? and for what? Why, for that which was seen by them "afar off;" for that which we see is nigh, even at the door. "They all died in faith, not having received the promises; but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth." Shall we, then, who are standing on the crumbling precipice of time, fall short of them in that which appertains to a qualification for the glories of the coming kingdom? more especially when

"Signs there's no mistaking,  
Proclaim Messiah near?"

"Cast not away, therefore, your confidence," believers in the Advent near, "which hath great recompense of reward; for yet a little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry." Remember the words of your Lord: "No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." "Remember Lot's wife."

Baltimore (Md.), June 15th, 1848.

#### Letter from London.

DEAR BRO. HIMES:—I have been anxiously awaiting the arrival of the parcel containing the large Diagrams of the Visions of Daniel and John, also the Chart and other publications, as advised by your letter, which I received on the 15th April last; but they have not yet come to hand. I am the more anxious to obtain these Diagrams, &c., considering, as the time approaches, that they may become instruments of usefulness in promoting the great and glorious enterprise in which we are engaged. At the same time, I beg to say, that I should be glad of the new Tracts on Prophecy, mentioned in the "Herald" of the 19th February last. I also wish to be favored with your directions as to whom I should remit the money for them when they arrive.

Your health, I earnestly hope, is now fully established, and that you are equipped again for the service of your divine Master. The harvest truly is great, but alas! the laborers are few. The gathering clouds in the horizon of the whole continent of Europe show a mighty tempest shortly to be poured out. But who is ready to "sound the alarm in Zion?" The loud and long-worn cry of "Peace, peace," still issues from watchmen who "teach for hire." On the other hand, there are even some, who, strange to say, look for the Lord's appearing, and yet are eagerly contending as to who has the best lamp to light them to the Marriage Supper, heedless of possessing that divine light so essential to guide them to the banquet. May you, my dear brother, still be comforted and encouraged by the grace of God to persevere.—Remember the Christian's motto, "He that endureth unto the end the same shall be saved." Slacken not, therefore, I beseech you, in your speed to obtain the "crown of life," but with more than redoubled vigor press onward; put on the whole armor of God, and once more fight,—once more conquer, and then shall you behold His face in glory.

I am truly thankful to see so many valuable articles in the "Advent Herald," warning men to "search the Scriptures." We there find the strongest admonitions against idolatry. But what is more common than to see the very advocates of Christianity leaning on their fellow-men for guidance in the way of truth, without even a thought of appeal to that precious treasure, which, under Divine guidance, is the only sure means of obtaining a knowledge of all truth. To place any dependence on man, and not full dependence on God, through the merits of Christ, for such knowledge, is to become an apostate indeed, and the most gross idolater.—"Cursed is the man that trusteth in man, and maketh an arm of flesh his stay. But blessed is the man who trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is." How invaluable, how rich a blessing! May you, my dear friend and brother, ever be found leading men to God, through the medium of his Word, and looking for that blessed hope, until the effulgent morn of the resurrection shall transform you into the very image of your glorified Redeemer, King, Lord, and Creator.

London, June 1st, 1841. R. ROBERTSON.

#### Letter from Antigua, W. I.

DEAR BRO. HIMES:—You are by this time accustomed to receive letters from strangers, (in the flesh,) and doubt not but you will with pleasure receive another. To inform you who I am, let it suffice to say, that about sixteen months ago I embraced the Second Advent faith, through the instrumentality of our dearly beloved Bro. L. D. Mansfield; and have found it to be the best of doctrines, for it harmonizes with the Bible, and shows me the saints' inheritance. Suffer me through your paper to tell to others the good I have derived.

Dear brethren, this faith makes my Bible a new book; I can now understand it for myself, without going to others to ask what this or that text means; for I am persuaded, that if God does not mean what he says in the Bible, then no man on earth can tell, when he has not told us himself; especially in these days, when "the vision of all is become as the words of a letter that is sealed." It teaches me to love all men, and to consecrate myself, and all that I have, to the service of God. It keeps me from laying up treasures on earth, and shows me where to lay it, even where thieves cannot enter, nor rust corrupt;—to count all things below as dung and dross. It teaches me to pray, like John, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." It makes me, like those of old, "to turn from idols, and serve the true and living God, and to wait for his Son from heaven." It makes me a new creature: old things having passed away, and all things become new. I now find peace, love, and joy in believing. I now look for the saints' inheritance—the new heavens and earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

I have been often told that the Americans are the greatest fanatics in the world, and that the insane houses in America are full of Millerites. Well, if only fanatics and insane people believe as I do, I shall never desire to be otherwise; for I am determined to believe God, though all men become liars.

Dear brethren, let us not rest with anything short of entire sanctification; "for yet a little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—"Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord." "Say among the heathen, The Lord reigneth: the world also shall be established, that it shall not be moved; he shall judge the people righteously. Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof. Let the fields be joyful, and all that is therein: then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord: for he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth: he shall judge the world with righteousness, and the people with his truth." ("Thy word is truth.") Ever keep in remembrance, that there is a crown of righteousness laid up for all them that love the appearing of Jesus. Let us ever pray, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly;" and like David, "O that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion!" "Though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry." It is our duty to pray for the King of kings to come, and establish his kingdom; for the Lord has said by Ezekiel, "I will yet for this be enquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them." Ours is a glorious hope,—all that God can give, and all that man can desire.

Finally, beloved brethren, remember us here at the throne of grace, when you are assembled together in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. Pray for us, that the word of God may have its proper effect, in sanctifying us, and that we may be enabled, through Jesus, to endure unto the end, that we may be saved. Pray that God may give us boldness everywhere (as opportunity offers) to exhort sinners, in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God. For my own part, God being my helper, I shall endeavor to do all I can, not to raise a sectarian church, but to make disciples to Jesus, by preaching the gospel. Remember us; for it is said, "If two of you shall agree on earth, as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."

I have heard it asserted, that the Adventists make divisions in the church of Christ. But I cannot believe it; for Christ is not divided. So long as we follow the Bible we cannot be divided; for there is but "one body" and "one Spirit;" also "one hope, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is over all, and with you all, and in you all."

I am, dear Bro. Himes, yours in the blessed hope, loving, waiting, and praying for redemption by our coming King,  
WM. LEWIS.

#### Letter from Bro. R. R. York.

BRO. HIMES:—I was much instructed in reading in the last "Herald" the remarks on the word "heaven." I have long desired to have a good understanding of the word, especially since I have believed that the future inheritance of the saints will be on the earth. The article I allude to has not given me all the light I wish to obtain, and therefore I make the following enquiries, which I would like to have you, or some one, answer, if you can.

If "heaven," in its primary import, denotes the firmament, and not a particular locality, where do you think Jesus was when Stephen saw him at the right hand of God? Mark says, "He (Jesus) was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God." Paul says of himself, that he was caught up to the third heaven. Where was this? or what does the passage mean? The inheritance of the saints is said to be reserved in heaven. And the Lord Jesus Christ has told us to lay up treasure in heaven. Do these, and other passages of like import in our translation, mean the world to come? or a place, or locality, now the abode of God and the Lamb? And I should like to know what the Savior means when he says, I go to prepare (future tense) mansions for

you; when in another place it is said, that the kingdom was prepared (past tense) from the foundation of the world? It seems to me, that a correct understanding of these passages would help us to see more clearly the meaning of some other parts of God's word. [Note 1.]

Now that I am writing, allow me to ask, if many would not very naturally infer from your remarks on the importance of the Conference sessions, that you think that all who do not attend such meetings are enemies to the cause of Christ, and seek to divide, scatter, and devour? [Note 2.]

North Yarmouth (Me.), June 12th, 1848.

Note 1.—We remarked that heaven "primarily denotes the firmament;" we also added, that "by accommodation it was used to include all space beneath and within this concave, and also the vast unlimited space without and beyond it." Christ ascended into heaven; he went into the vast space without and beyond the firmament, and sat down at the right hand of God. In what part of space that is, we know not; but because we cannot define the exact locality of angelic residence, it does not follow that such does not exist. The centre of spiritual existence may be called heaven, because in thought to reach it, we have to penetrate the firmament which intervenes. The "third heaven" was a conventional phrase among the Jews, which distinguished the place of God's immediate presence from the firmament and starry regions, to both of which the term "heaven" is applied.

Note 2.—We did not allude to those who do not attend, but to those who, whether present or absent, are enemies to all the plans, purposes, and instrumentalities, by which the cause has from the first been advanced, and who, secretly or openly, by innuendo or direct opposition, would gladly scatter and devour all who advocate united action.

#### Extracts from Letters.

From Derby Line (Vt.), June 22d, 1848.

DEAR BRO. HIMES:—Bro. Litch has done much good among us;—he was the very man we needed in Canada at this trying hour. But SIMON HALL, formerly of Maine, is not the man we wish to have, and regret to see his appearance here. We hope our brethren everywhere will refuse to receive him into their houses, or bid him God speed. He causes division wherever he goes by his unchristian course, and holds that we are in the kingdom of God, day of judgment, and other absurdities, too numerous to mention. He also preaches and practices promiscuous foot-washing and holy (or rather unholy) kissing.—Should this meet his eye, he may be assured he will do us a favor by speedily returning to some place where he has done all he can, and alter his course, or live on the dying coals of his wild-fire. We are doing well in Canada, and need no one to make divisions for us, or bring in the heresies which he preaches. I do hope our brethren in Canada East and elsewhere will look out in season.

J. CUMMINGS.

From Providence (R. I.), June 5th, 1848.

DEAR BRO.:—The brethren from this city in our conference meeting last Friday evening, expressed their gratitude to God for the delightful privilege of meeting so many of the scattered ones at Boston.—To me it was a pleasant sight, to see brethren of different views join together in one united action, to advance the one common, all-glorious cause of the common King. I see now, that in reading the communications of different brethren in the several papers, I should make a distinction between hard arguments and hard words.

Bro. J. S. White gave us yesterday afternoon a soul-stirring discourse on the two resurrections.—Surely that principle that sweeps the first resurrection into spiritualism, or thin air, undermines those principles with which we have so long defended ourselves against the errors and darkness of the professed Christian world around us. May God add his blessing to the late united effort to advance his cause, is the prayer of your unworthy brother,

G. H. CHILD.

From Northboro' (Mass.), June 16th, 1848.

BRO. HIMES:—I wish to inform the brethren of the sickness of Bro. C. R. Griggs. He was a faithful preacher of the word, but is now laid aside from his labors. His disease appears to be consumption. His impression is, that his work is about done; and I have reason to fear that it is so. My only hope is in him who has almighty power, who is able to heal the sick and raise the dead. If it be for God's glory, I pray that he may recover. Bro. Griggs is in rather embarrassed circumstances; he has debts soon due, and will be unable to meet the demands against him. Brethren who have to spare, would do him a great favor by rendering him some assistance. The brethren here are doing all they can for him, but they are mostly poor. Bro. Griggs' Post-office address is Westboro', Mass.

V. STREETER.

From Fitchburg (Mass.), June 7th, 1848.

DEAR BRO. HIMES:—We are glad of the visit of Bro. Litch to this place; we think the cause of our coming Lord is strengthened by it. There seems to be an increase of interest in the minds of some to examine these things. Our meetings are yet small, but are increasing in numbers. We have but a little strength, but we hope there are a few names even in Fitchburg who have not defiled their garments.

Yours in hope, A. H. BRICK.

