

The Second Advent of Christ

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[Please Read and Circulate.]

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Bro. F. G. Brown's Experience.
ADDRESSED TO THE MEMBERS OF THE PORTLAND, N. H. BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.

ON ENTIRE CONSECRATION.

Dear Brethren—It is not in my power to visit you personally, as it would give the great pleasure to do; nor am I able to write you individually; you will therefore accept of this narrative, as especially prepared for yourselves.

I feel a great satisfaction in making this narration to you, brethren, because I have so long enjoyed your confidence and your love. You know me; and I believe still, as ever, you will candidly consider what I will now say before you. At our Quarterly Ministerial Conference, it has been one of our usual exercises to communicate to each other God's dealings with us since we parted; and now, brethren, as I do not expect to be present at your next session, let this speak in my behalf. I make this narration from no other motive, than that the grace of God may be magnified, and the power of his Spirit demonstrated. Let me premise that you are yourselves, brethren, enjoying much of God's presence, that prayer is your delight, and communion with God more to you than your daily food; that you know of the truths of our holy religion which you preach, by a powerful experience. And again, let me believe that you will not hastily reject what I declare that God has done for my soul, merely because you may never have seen and felt the same. I only ask that you will impartially and prayerfully ponder upon these things, and endeavor to ascertain whether the hand of the Lord be in them. Let me not believe that you will limit the Almighty, or that you will set up yourselves as judges of what it might be wisdom in Him to perform. On the assumption that we are all living in the very last days, that which I have of late experienced is very easily accounted for. I shall lay my whole heart open to you, brethren, feeling confident, that, however unintelligible, and even silly, the exposure might be to some, you will commend me, at least, for my honesty, and be disposed to put the most favorable construction upon what I may say.

The month of August last will mark more particularly the period in which my mind seems to have been conscious of any peculiarity of exercises. Ever since I commenced my pastoral labors, I have been aware that something was wanting to stimulate Christians to a life of constant faith and prayer, and to give to the great machinery by which light and salvation are propelled throughout the earth an increase of power. But it was at this time that I began to look about, and to realize, as never before, the apathy of the church in regard to evangelizing the world, &c. My soul fervently responded to the call made for a convention at Worcester, for the purpose of deliberation and prayer in regard to the neglected cause of missions; but circumstances prevented my attendance on that occasion. At our Association, which occurred shortly after, I felt called upon, with others, to entreat the churches to pity, and to send relief to the poor heathen; and expressed my heartfelt regret that I had not obeyed what once appeared to be my duty, and become myself a missionary. From all that I noticed, it seemed to me as though the whole American church were in a profound slumber on this subject; and I naturally inferred that vital piety must be at a corresponding ebb. From looking abroad, I came nearer home, and compared my own church with what I understood to be the condition of the churches of our own Association, relative to missions, and to the private duties of the Christian; and I found that my own people were in the advance of most other churches, as to all that gives dignity, beauty, and life to the Christian character. But still I saw a great lack among many of them. From my own dear church I turned to myself, and found that my own piety would probably suffer in comparison with that of some of my flock. I began to review my past life, and especially the few years of my ministry. This review awakened within me humility and pain. I knew that I could not be commended for the want of

severe intellectual labor, preparatory to the weekly performances of the pulpit—for it had always been my rule not to fall here, though I might as a pastor; but I could detect some unhalloved motives which had too long prompted my ministerial labors—a lack of confidence in God to own and bless the word preached—of faith in prayer—of nearness to God—of bold and soul-moving conceptions of God, of Christ, and of the Holy Spirit. I had always, from the time of my conversion, which was at the age of fourteen years, frequented my closet daily, and had enjoyed a measure of religion. But it was not until I entered the ministry, that I knew what it was to suppress youthful effervescence of feeling, and to govern self with the sternness of manhood: it was not until the holiness of my calling began to meet me, that I really began to walk with God. I now see by casting my eye over the MSS. of the sermons which I have preached since Sept. 1st, how my hungerings after the living God have been steadily increasing; and also the steps which I unconsciously took to bring me out where I found myself at the opening of this memorable year. I had tried to implore God to arouse the slumberings of the churches to an increase of zeal, of sacrifice, and of prayer in behalf of a perishing world, that he would in mercy revive religion in the midst of my own dear people, where it had so long languished, but especially that my own soul might experience more of the power of religion. We had not enjoyed a season of refreshing from on high for a long time, and I had begun to feel that God had nothing more for me to do where I was then located. After having labored on until I felt that I had exhausted all the means in my power towards effecting a change for the better, or in bringing about the conversion of souls, I began to cry to God to send some servant of his to my relief. I felt willing to stand aside to any one whom Providence should select for this work. In desiring a revival of religion, my own soul was hoping to share in its precious fruits. I had been accustomed, for a few years past, to spend a portion of my time daily in reading memoirs of pious individuals, and other religious books, such as would have a tendency to feed the flame of piety in my soul; but I never dreamed that it was in my power to attain to eminence in piety; supposing either that I had not begun early enough in life, or that there was some moral constitutional defect about me which would render it impossible. Often have I read of the holy ecstasies, and the triumphant faith, and the heavenly devotion of Payson, and Taylor, and Edwards, and many others, and thought that they were religious prodigies; and of course few could hope to be like them. I had heard of some around me who had had the power of God upon them to such a degree, as to lose their natural strength; but I had always doubted and strenuously opposed such things as realities. I ever deprecated all excitements, and preferred a religion that would give exercise and expansion to the reason and to the imagination. And yet whenever, which indeed was very seldom, I found myself in a meeting where much religious fervor was exhibited, my own soul would awaken and kindle up with holy fire.

On the fourth of January last, a ministering brother having come to my aid, a series of religious meetings were begun in the vestry of our church. No extra preparations or parade were made on this occasion: it had not even been announced that a protracted meeting was contemplated. As the coming of our brother among us was remarkably providential, I was watching for further indications of our Father's will as to the measures which should be used towards a revival of his work. On the following evening, the theme of our brother's discourse was Prayer: during the sermon, I noticed no very special interest among the people, nor did I feel any very strong emotions of soul myself, as a result of the discourse. Still I felt that the subject chosen was well timed, and at its conclusion knelt, earnestly desiring to lift unto God the effectual, fervent prayer which avails much. No sooner had I bent my knees before God, than my soul was at once

drawn out in inexpressible agony for the outpourings of the Spirit, and that God would come down among us in great majesty. Immediately I was conscious of feelings which I cannot better describe, than by likening them to the effect of electricity, passing through my whole physical system: the veil which had separated me from my God was through my whole physical system: the veil which had separated me from my God was now entirely torn away, my heart flowed out like water to Him in whose immediate presence, as never before, I now seemed to be. Having risen from my knees, I found the audience all bathed in tears, and a most awful solemnity pervading the house. I began to speak; first, inquiring who had been praying for me; and next, declaring, with great emphasis, that now God was going to bless us, and that my soul was evidence to it. I then proceeded to remark that it appeared to me as though our prayers had all been poor, murmuring, repining, fretting prayers—that we had not taken God at his word, and believed Him to be liberally disposed unto his children—we had not presumed upon his generosity and asked Him to do great things for us. I expressed my views in regard to myself thus:—That it appeared as if I had never prayed as I ought; that I had been in Jeremiah's dungeon all my life; that I had not had a place where to stand large enough for the sole of my foot; that I had just emerged from a dreary wilderness, into a vast and boundless field where all was beauty, and loveliness and glory. Such peace, joy and confidence now took possession of my soul as I cannot describe. Having resumed my seat, and finding myself variously affected with involuntary emotions of joy and of grief, and being still sensible of this holy celestial influence to such an extent, that every limb and joint in my body trembled, I became alarmed, and inquired of my ministering brother, who was sitting at my side, if he could tell me what it was that was then on me; or if he had ever seen an individual affected in like manner. As the time drew near for the conclusion of the meeting, I felt loth to leave the desk, and to mingle with the brethren, apprehensive that what I had been enjoying might be a delusion, and even though it were, I desired never to lose it. But what was my surprise, as I left my seat, to find that still my soul was filled with inexpressible pleasure, and for the first time in my life I cried out: "glory! glory!" and immediately sunk down, unable to stand upon my feet. I was sensible that I had never prayed for such heavenly manifestations as these, and on inquiry, soon ascertained to whose prayers I was probably indebted for what I was then enjoying. Again I felt a reluctance to leave the precious place of our worship, and then to enter the door of my residence, lest all these glorious emotions, and indescribable views of heaven, should vanish. Having arrived home, I gave myself up for a few hours to earnest and agonizing prayer, and to exalted praise and thanksgiving to God. My soul was filled with deepest agony for all who were preaching lies and false doctrine, and with faith and confidence in God, that he would hear my supplications, and now began a mighty work of grace in our midst. Such peace and glory as I now felt for eight and forty hours, human language cannot portray: heaven had come down to earth, and I had such bliss and transports, as I had never expected to realize even in the world of glory! I wanted an angel's powers, and an angel's trumpet, to make known all and to all just what my soul felt and beheld. I retired to rest on that night, and awoke in the enjoyment of the same celestial peace, and spent the day in weeping and rejoicing before God, in view of what he had done for so unworthy a creature of the dust as myself, and in exchanging sympathies and congratulations with Christian friends who called to see me.

It was intimated by one dear sister, who called at this time, that I had experienced the blessing of sanctification: the suggestion started me for a moment, and made me shudder, supposing that she meant to intimate that I was now perfect. I replied by remarking that I hardly knew what came to give to

what I had experienced; but should I select terms that would seem to me to apply just and only just that of which I was then conscious, that I would to these the baptism of the Holy Ghost—entire consecration—perfect love. These had always before been very odious terms to my ears, odious, only because they were used by a party or sect of Christians whom I regarded as exceedingly superstitious and fanatical. But I now felt that it was due to my God, and to the sovereign power of his grace, to own that he had baptized me with the Holy Ghost. I now felt the purest and strongest affection for all who were truly Christians, irrespective of names or of denomination. My sectarian feelings had all fled like dew before the sun, and I wanted to mingle at once with God's dear children, however poor or despised they might be, to unite my prayers and songs with theirs, and to tell them what wonderful things God had done for my soul. I saw that I had made an idol of my denomination, and had been too distrustful of the piety of other sects, and too jealous of their prosperity. My books and authors, that had yielded me so much intellectual delight, were now to me as chaff; they appeared as if sealed up, never again to be opened; everything earthly which I had fondly called mine, had fled away, and appeared to me as at this moment, of no more value than a bubble. A desire for distinction, the love of reputation, of honor, pride, were all gone, and I felt as though I loved God supremely, and that I could now not only reckon, but feel that I was dead indeed unto the world, and alive unto God. I professed to be taken out of the world; yes, to suffer ten thousand deaths, rather than to fall back and live where I had been living for the past years of my life. O, what a sense of condemnation and guilt! how terrible God! how hard to bear Christ's yoke! how anxious and distressed about the church, about poor godless men, and about numberless earthly things, all of which should have been left entirely with God! How many times I have looked forward with joyful anticipations to death which would end all this strife. I supposed that in these things, however, was the conflict of the Christian, and he must submit to them as a part of his warfare. But of no grace was I now more conscious, than that of humility. I felt like a young convert, child-like, weak, ignorant, and willing to be taught by any one who could tell me more about what I had experienced, and who would take me by the hand, and lead me into all truth. I could see that God had opened my eyes wonderfully, but still I felt as though there was much more for me to learn—that there was some truth undiscovered, and into the knowledge of which the Holy Spirit was designing to lead me. These convictions I expressed to a ministering brother, who called to visit me on the day succeeding the one on which I had been so greatly blessed; and O, how my soul yearned for some kind hand to lead me! I was inclined to suppose that I did not have a clear and full knowledge of the doctrine of holiness, and that it was some unpenetrated part of this grand Scripture truth into which I was yet to be introduced.

I now received, without a sweet, or any feelings of contempt, the Guide to Christian perfection. I devoured with avidity perhaps twenty numbers of this precious little work, and was highly gratified to find that there were so many Christians, of all denominations, who had had an experience precisely like my own; and, moreover, how greatly was my joy increased, to find that I could read my experience in the book of the Acts—that God had given me the experience of the primitive Christians, so that I could now know what they meant by "joy unspeakable and full of glory." There was, I could discover, however, a lack of faith in my experience, of which others, who had been blessed like myself, seemed to be better acquainted than I was. I wanted that faith, so as to grasp all God's promises as mine—so as to cry continually Abba, Father! and so as to make Jesus my Saviour. With particular reference to this end, I searched the Bible, in order to gain still clearer and more correct views of God, of Christ, and of the Spirit, soon I

begin to behold God as a being full of love, and who could have nothing but love for those who walked uprightly. I beheld Christ as my Saviour, who died for me as though I had been the only sinner in the universe; as my Priest, who had passed within the veil to make atonement for my sins; as my Mediator, who stood between me and the flaming sword of justice, and thus shielded me from destruction. I saw him as my elder brother; I looked at all the terms which were expressive of his endearment for his disciples: I contemplated him, on earth never turning away any supplication for temporal or spiritual favors, and even suffering a beloved disciple to indulge in the familiarity of reclining on his bosom; and I reasoned thus: Is he the very same Jesus now; he is the Saviour of all, especially of them that believe; why should he not love me, and do for me far above all that I can ask, or even think, if I will but yield to him, and fully believe in him? I labored to bring him near to me, and to conceive of him just as he was when he left earth for heaven. It was not long ere I could feel that he had made me truly one of his; he was present with me in my place of meditation and prayer; and again I was humbled in the dust at his feet, and could cry out: "My Lord, and my God!" I could now live by faith, day by day, on the love of God, without one care or solicitude for the morrow; the Bible became my only book of study, the Spirit of truth my only expositor. Indeed, I had a new Bible, a new Saviour, and a new heaven; and what was remarkable, I could now preach, for the first time in my life, without the aid of written sermons.

My investigation went on in regard to sanctification; I searched the Bible with reference to it; and then read Fletcher, Bramwell, Wesley, and others on the subject, until I was well satisfied, that, speculatively as we might, and dispute about terms as we would, the doctrine of holiness was a most prominent doctrine of the Bible, and that it was the duty and the privilege of Christians to arrive at a state, to say the least, of *conscious* purity; to be whom our hearts condemn us not; that we might have confidence toward God. I do not use the term Perfection; not because I have myself much difficulty with that expression, but because it is liable to be misunderstood. Entire consecration is less objectionable. My experience on this subject is now better to me than all my theorizing ever was. Six months ago, an angel might have reasoned with me, and I should have almost doubted whether Christians, at the present day, could enjoy such influences, experience such overwhelming emotions of souls, have such bright and glorious views of truth, and be so sanctified unto God. What I have experienced, brethren, is only what others have, and are experiencing all over the land. Converts and Christians who have long been on their way to the heavenly Canaan, have alike been filled with the great power of God, as on the day of Pentecost.

After having obtained such new light on the Scriptures, and enjoyed such remarkable manifestations of the Spirit of God, I felt most deeply for you, my beloved brethren, and for all the ministers of Christ, that all who were called to minister at the altar might have the same power of God resting down upon them, so that their own souls might be refreshed, and that they might perform the duties of their office with more ease and delight. I beheld them toiling and weeping over the souls that were committed to their charge, and I longed to tell them how they might cast all upon God, and get such an anointing from on high as would give effect to all their ministrations. It appeared to me, that the great majority of them were in gross darkness. I wrestled and agonized in prayer for them; and O, how distressed was my soul for an inactive and slumbering church! I can now see that my distress was caused by something beside the discovery of the fact, that the doctrine of holiness had not a strong hold on the hearts of ministers and people. So important did the doctrine of sanctification appear to me, and I could see so vividly, as I thought, its connection with the conversion of the world, that I felt it might soon be my duty to go forth and make this the great theme of my preaching to the churches, or to devote the remnant of my life to the work of an evangelist, endeavoring to labor by Christ on a more extensive scale than ever. For it seemed to me that all my sympathies, and prayers, and toils, had been criminally restricted. As I had no tie to earth, and love for distinction had gone, I found that I had no sacrifice to make, but that toil, privation and suffering would be a pleasure, for Christ's sake.

was willing to be accounted a fool for my Master, and to bear with patience any reproach or persecution in defence of the gospel. I had always before thought much of preserving my good name, and enjoying the commendations of the community for my urbanity, frankness and inoffensiveness; and I here confess that the greatest injury that an individual could once have done me, would have been to speak ill of me. But now, blessed be God, while conscious of serving him who has redeemed me with his most precious blood, I care but little whether I have the approbation or the disapprobation of the world. I am now kept in perfect peace, while my whole soul is stayed on God. I sometimes feel as though I could stand unmoved amidst the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds; such confidence has my soul in the omnipotent arm of my Father and my God. Dear brethren, hurt not the oil and the wine; do not be guilty of attributing to the influence of the imagination, to the excitement of the animal passions, or to the agency of locusts, that which should be devoutly and solemnly attributed to the power of the Holy Ghost; bearing in mind that "the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power." If you reject these things, when they are confirmed by so many witnesses, with equal propriety might you discard the proofs of ordinary conversion. If you smile at such experiences, as I hope you will not, fear lest the ungodly ridicule as superstition and enthusiasm all that the young convert professes to experience, and thus the reality of our religion be questioned. If you will turn over the pages of the New Testament, you will find just such exhibitions of God's power there. And you will recollect, that those extraordinary manifestations of the Holy Spirit have often been made by us subjects of discourse. Let not then the natural reverence which we all have for antiquity, and the charm with which we invest everything that was peculiar to the first age of the church, lead us to extol and admire everything that existed in apostolic times, while we be guilty of rejecting the very same phenomena because we witness it with our own eyes, in these last days. Many can outgaze the carpenter's son as a more profound teacher of wisdom than ever Socrates was; applaud the eloquence of the fishermen, and throw all the enchantments of romance around the khalib in the manger; who, nevertheless, it is to be feared, would spurn to receive instructions from any man, however he might be filled with the Holy Ghost, unless he had been initiated into all the mysteries of science, had explored all the metaphysics of theology; and who, so far from condescending to make a stable their place of worship, would feel as though the Almighty was insulted, or could not be devoutly worshipped, unless in a granite or marble temple. But I wander from my subject; brethren, say not, "these men are filled with new wine."

ON THE SECOND ADVENT.

Let me now, brethren, invite your attention to a continuation of my experience on another subject. I was always opposed to the introduction into our pulpits and churches, of all the great moral topics which have agitated the minds of the community for a few years past. And I have thought myself more than fortunate, as you will know, in keeping them all out of our midst. Our little bark has safely out-ridden all the storms to which other churches have been exposed, and now which they have so severely suffered, as I should once have said. I believe I have never preached on one of those topics, and certainly I have never been the open advocate of any of them, unless it might be thought that I have of the cause of Temperance. Here, I confess, I have erred greatly. One of my main reasons for so doing, however, has been because I plainly saw that one exciting theme prepared the mind for another; and if one was introduced, a hundred might be, and so one could tolerate to what such steps might lead.

When the doctrine of Sanctification began to be generally discussed, I thought it a branch of that very tree which so much bitter fruit had lately been gathered. And when the doctrine of the second advent began to be preached, I thought it an offspring of the doctrine of sanctification, and that the friends of the former and of the latter would be the same. These convictions were strengthened on listening to several discourses by Mr. Fitch, which were pronounced by second advent sermons, but, in fact, discourses on sanctification. I thought him really dishonest; wickedly designing, under the cloak of the second advent, to palm off sanctification upon the churches. I publicly rebuked him for it, and left attendance on his lectures. Nor was I pleased with the two or three discourses which I heard from him on the advent near; I had even invited my own congregation to give him a hearing, supposing that he was a ripe scholar, and a profound theologian. But what was my disappointment and mortification on finding him, as I then thought, such an intolerable purveyor of plain texts of scripture. I can now see that it was myself that was abusing the plain declarations of God's most holy word; and he was persevering therein in my then opinion, because he did not depart from their literal meaning, and give them the spiritual interpretation which I had then sought to do.

I can now see, and am glad to admit, that the two doctrines are closely connected. Not that every Christian who believes in and embraces the first, will also

receive the second; because facts would not bear me out in this remark. But he who has been truly sanctified is better prepared to look at the doctrine of Christ at the second advent, with equanimity, boldness, and by the indwelling influences of the Spirit to sit himself down to the investigation of God's word on this subject, until he arrives at the truth; the ties are rent that once held him to earth, and he is not only willing, but anxious to soar away and meet Jesus in his descent from the skies.

I never directly preached against the doctrine of Christ's second advent; though I have often aimed incidentally to tear up some of the superstructure on which the foundations were endeavoring to build their theory. I had prophesied much against all who connected themselves with this cause. I received their books and newspapers, as I could not do otherwise without treating those unwisely who presented them to me. Some of these I read, more perhaps from curiosity than from anything else; just as one might look on and witness a contest between two pugilists, without feeling any special interest in the success of either party; others I carefully stored away, intending, at the expiration of 1843, to bring them to light again, and hold them up as a monument of religious folly; then, I was intending to correct with the foot of the fool the ignorant who had dared to exalt themselves above the level of the erudition of the pulpit. Brethren, do not be guilty of as great a sin, lest you provoke the wrath of the Almighty. Only one day previous to the great blessing which God conferred upon me, and of which I have spoken, I had declared that I would not be seen in a second advent meeting. Those composing them, were, I saw, as a class, of too low an order for me to associate with. I had no sympathy for their noise, and for their broken harangues. But how mighty is the arm of God to execute the promise and fulfill the oath! On the very next day after, so marvellous had been God's dealings with me, that I could not keep away from just such a meeting as I had heretofore despised. My soul wanted to give utterance to its emotions of love to Christ, and to all whom he had truly purchased with his blood; and now I was determined that the last vestige of pride should be crucified and driven out of my heart; if, indeed, any yet lurked there. Accordingly I repaired to the church where those despised of the people of the Land were holding a series of meetings; and there, to my surprise, I found many hearts, I told what great things God had done for my soul. I was now favorably disposed towards the doctrine of the advent near, and was willing to read on the subject, as I did occasionally, while I thought, weighed considerations, and prayed more.

It should have been remarked, that at this time my mind was perfectly free from all care and concern. Brother H— conducted the series of meetings which we had soon determined on holding; Christians were exceedingly quickened, and many were seeking in their hearts and cried out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?" For about four weeks I did not myself preach a discourse. The minister's usual anxiety, which attends a revival, was not felt by me. I gave the church, souls, myself, and all into the keeping of God's hands, while I secluded myself in my study, in obedience to what seemed to be the movings of God's Spirit, searching the scriptures, and weeping and praying before God that he would make truth known to me. I was aware that there was some truth left, which my mind did not apprehend; and this conviction I expressed to a brother, a minister who called to see me on the day after I was so signally blest. I sought interviews at various times with the clergymen of the town, hoping that some words would be providentially dropt that would give me a clue to that for which my heart was anxious. But I always left them with disappointed hopes. At times I fancied that it might, perhaps, be my duty to unite myself with another denomination, where there might be more vital piety, more scripture truth, and a greater field for usefulness. But my views on the leading doctrines of the Bible were unchanged, and I did not and do not feel like sacrificing them on any occasion. Indeed, these doctrines, as held by our church, never seemed to stand out so prominently on the pages of inspiration as at this moment; they are all harmonious, beautiful, glorious. Well, I would ask myself, with what denomination can I unite? I could fix upon none, a connection with which I felt would satisfy the strong desires, and calm the restless feelings of my heart. Now my soul was all ecstasy and devotion, and then indescribable darkness and wretchedness would succeed. I wondered that my peace and enjoyment were not as deep and as constant as those of the others who had been baptized with the Holy Ghost; for I was fully conscious of arriving, in all things, to please my Heavenly Father; was much in prayer, and felt willing to submit myself entirely to the divine will. Never did I so feel my weakness, my inability to err, my need of the prayers of Christians. O, how I longed to say to each member of my church, and to every one who had access to a mercy-seat—pray for me; how my soul yearned to make known to my dear people my peculiar exercises of mind, that I might have their sympathies.

Greatly was my soul refreshed and comforted on one of our early meetings, on the first of February, during one of our early meetings, to hear a number of praying souls arise, and say that they had been deeply praying upon their minds that they must pray more than ever for the pastor. One of them stated that the burden of his own prayers had long been for me—that the moment he had undertaken to pray for himself, he almost unconsciously and involuntarily found himself praying for me. Three of these individuals were neither members of our church, nor believers in the doctrine of the second advent near, although devoted Christians, having come in to enjoy the season of revival. And now my soul could give like utterance to the feelings which I had for the minister, and that others were blessing my case continually up to heaven. Immediately when all bowed before God, and my soul wept and agonized before the Throne, that God would keep my feet from stumbling, take me into his hand, and reveal to me not only all Arabah, but show me what he meant by the peculiar Arrivings of his Spirit. On returning to my residence, again I took to pour out my desires unto God; and so once more my heart burst, and again I found myself, as on the first of January, in the aerial processions of Jehovah; fear and trembling, amidst all my raptures, while glory seemed to envelope me. At length, with an unfeigned heart and fervent spirit, I could give utterance to the effect: the glorious reign of Christ—my own

responsible connection with the accomplishment of his triumph over the wicked—lovely—lightning. Immediately, and for several days following, my mind was filled with overwhelming interests; so that these things might mean. Now, I thought I could interpret them in this way: God is about to convert the town, and perhaps a large portion of the earth—the day for a temporal millennium is fast dawning—I am to be used as an instrument in effecting these glorious things for Zion—my life is just at its close—all is to be done with the speed of lightning. Again: this was my interpretation: Christ is about to make his personal appearance; for the destruction of the ungodly, and the gathering home of the saints—I am to sound the Midnight Cry—the day of probation has just run out, and all are to be hurried into eternity—these things are to be closed up with the speed of lightning! Impressions of this kind were invariably made upon my mind, whenever I got near to God in holy, agonizing prayer; and whenever my mind wandered in regard to the near approach of Christ to reign on earth either temporally or spiritually, I was completely wretched; though previously I might have been in religious raptures. Frequently, when in prayer, I would have such heavenly manifestations, and such convictions wrought on my soul, that I would rise from my knees, and say to myself, "Christ was truly at the door." Still I had not studied the Bible with careful reference to the doctrine of the advent near. I thought the task to be a difficult one, and I did not feel that I had time then to enter upon it. But I could have no inward rest until I made a commencement.

I now began to search the scriptures, without note or comment, for myself. I took the chart used to illustrate the visions of Daniel, merely to aid in keeping everything clear and distinct before my mind. It was humbling, notwithstanding all that had been done for me to study the Bible with the aid of a chart, on which I had heretofore looked with so much contempt. The chart was the figure of a man in a certain attitude and then, in different postures, the figures of various and most hideous beasts! The repugnance with which I regarded that chart cannot be well conceived. I thought it to have been conjured up by some dreary, silly person, who was seeking to make everybody like himself. But why should I have had this deep rooted prejudice against those symbols? There is, in man, a being proud of his capacity, his gifts to God, and his desire to associate with angels; what symbol more appropriate; chosen to illustrate the occurrence of the greatest events which the world has or will ever witness! There is the lion, the lord of the forest, at whose roar man himself trembles and turns pale; and there are the other mighty beasts of the field, next to man in the scale of being; what symbols more appropriate than these with which to mark the scale of time? Those symbols, those pictures, hideous as they appear, why, they are the language of the Spirit. And supposing the chart were to be transferred to the page of the Bible, and recorded in the word of God, what kind of a scene would be presented before the eye! But the chart is in perfect obedience to the command of God: "Write the vision and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it." I was totally ignorant of just what the chart was designed to illustrate, and knew not what was the reasoning from it.

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

Having given the book of Daniel a thorough investigation, which I had never before done—supposing it that, if any other book of the Bible really taught the doctrine of Christ's speedy coming, these who were more aged, learned and pious than myself, would be likely to ascertain it; and that when they sounded the note of alarm it would be time enough for me to awake—I was astonished to find the mass of scripture testimony in favor of this doctrine. My mind had seemed to sympathize with that of Daniel throughout the whole vision; and I waited in fearful suspense for every word of explanation and revelation which the angel gave me; and, and adding, "and these words were confirmed in me." In the last verse of the last chapter of Daniel, my interest was overwhelming; and I asked, what do these things mean? They come here but a very partial reference to Daniel's people after the flesh. Daniel could not have understood them then. Had they been a plain, literal account of what was to befall his own people, he could not have been so amazed and astonished; he would have been readily comprehended the meaning of the angel's instructions. Besides, there are things in the book which cannot be interpreted as having a mere reference to the Jews; there is a mist, a veil, a darkness over the vision, and the words are obscure, and it needs to be. On the other hand, all is clear and harmonious, when it is applied to teach mainly the captivity and

the deliverance of the children of God, together with the setting up of the kingdom of Christ.

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

When I found it admitted, on all hands, that the seventy weeks were weeks of years, and that near the expiration of 483 years Messiah the Prince was cut off according to the vision; the inference appeared both natural and necessary, that the days should be considered as prophetic days or solar years; and finding that events corresponding exactly to those referred to in the vision, were engraved on the broad page of history, and harmonized perfectly with those in the vision; and seeing that if the last chapter of Daniel did not teach the final resurrection and judgment, no chapter of the New Testament did; that the days in the last verse of that chapter included the continuance of those great events which Daniel himself is witness; and that if it were otherwise, this chapter does not contain evidence on which to base this controversy; it has always been supposed, then, it seemed to me to be a very strange appendage to affix to the vision which included events which had transpired centuries ago—a wonderful leap from 161 B. C., when Antiochus died, or 68 A. D., when Nero died, to the time of the judgment, &c.—I accordingly felt that I must give way to the clear and sober convictions not only of my understanding, but to the more solemn convictions of my soul, to which the truth was now applied with unpeakable power. Still I sought for intelligible evidence on which to base the contents of the book of Daniel with other portions of God's word, by the signs of the times in the natural, political, the commercial, the moral and religious world; and I thought that if we had not, and were not witnessing these signs at the present day, then my imagination could not conceive of those signs spoken of by our Saviour could possibly be, and it would relieve my mind much to see an individual sit down, and with pencil and brush delineate them any better than they had already been exhibited.

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

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

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

And now, my dear brethren, I feel so confident that the judgment is just at hand, that the great moral drama of earth is just over, and that in a very few more months, at least, I shall see my Jesus descending from the skies, that I feel as though I could stand up alone in the face of all Christendom in defence of his glorious God; he has wrought his law in my very soul; he has given me the evidence of it there. Ah! that is significant language! O that I had seen those things years ago! How have I been in such a dungeon all my life! What a Babylon, what a Babylon I have been inhabiting! Like the feet and the loss of the image, which were part of clay and part of iron, so the world, our country, philosophy, religion, are a perfect compound. Religious truth has become curiously complicated, and distributed and divided around among all the different orders of professing Christians, each having a portion of the truth; while Christians in general have the truth of Christ as one's great object of hope and salvation; but what denomination has most of the love of Jesus—most of vital godliness, I know not; this seems to be like the blood which is not confined to any one portion, but spreads and diffuses its vital power throughout the whole body. I must say that the religion of Protestantism, as it is now held, is, to use the weakest language, mixed with a little atheism, and deism, and Unitarianism, and Universalism, and philosophy, and mysticism. I am grieved to

say it, but it is even so. Many of our dear brethren almost deny the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead—the body is to rise, if it all, in some ethereal, invisible form, and heaven and earth and all below, intelligences are of the same subtle nature. With many the judgment, to a great extent, is at the destruction of Jerusalem. And then, too, Christ comes the second time as he comes to every man the second time when he dies. Whereas Paul says that he shall appear the second time, when he comes, "without sin unto salvation." O, I am confounded at our past ignorance of the word of God, and at our awful abuse of its doctrines. We have spiritualized them all away, and we have made the never life nor tangibility, and there is hardly a solitary word left to us in the Scripture, but it is a life of holiness, and in drawing the poor soul up to heaven! Where is the Christian's God, the Christian's Savior, the Christian's Comforter, the Christian's Bible? O, to weep tears of blood! The Bible, the Bible! The Old Testament we have all, long since, thrown over to the carnal Jew; and as to the New Testament, we have given him a good proportion of that too, and the rest is distributed among Christians, philosophers, and scoffers. O, what a pity! How it has pained my very soul for the past few months! Where are the Christian's Bible?

And now, where are the Christian's Bibles, which have dared to speak the truth FEARFULLY, without any regard to popular opinion, station, and at the peril of their life, reputation and influence? Come down into the streets of this blazing Babylon; enter the houses of merchandise, and the gorgeous palaces of the professed disciples of our dear Master, who had not where to lay his head; and then look abroad and see a heathen world plunging down to hell! O, this is this primitive Christianity? What do we seek that Christians are going to convert the world? What are the energies of the Christian church all paralyzed, and there is hardly the least signs of life in the spiritual body as a whole; and yet some tell us that the temporal millennium is to commence this very year, or hereabouts; and perhaps in the next breath, that the treasury is exhausted that candidates for the field have withdrawn their names, that the missionary has settled down in utter sleep, finding it worse than useless to cry out, "Convert and be saved!" while it is boldly confessed that we need a "History of Moral Stagnation." And it is very so.

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

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

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

In the midst of such a clanking of opinions on this subject, I want light; I want a guide; and I feel that I must make the Bible that light, and the Spirit that guide, and learn and decide for myself. I do not set myself up haughtily and arrogantly as a teacher of those who are so much my seniors, and for whom I have not as yet lost my reverence. I am only reading God's word for myself, and I hope that I shall teach it with as much purity as I receive my portion. If I have I have indeed an interest in the judgment and wisdom of my superiors. There is only one respect in which I think that I have the advantage of those who differ with us on the great question of Christ's Advent; it is that God has vouchsafed to me the aid of the Spirit of truth to lead me into all truth, and to show me things to come.

the word of God. I have not read Mr. Miller's lectures, neither know what they are. As to any mortification or chastity which it might be supposed that I should feel, would time prove my error, I have only to say, that if a vestige of pride is yet lurking in my heart, I desire its total destruction. Yea, more, if I am deceived, which I do not believe, I am perfectly willing to be held up to the world as a subject of religious fanaticism. In this way I may subvert the cause of religion, by being a warning to future generations, to be careful how they handle the word of God.

But it may be said that I am laboring under a delusion, that all this is visionary and fanciful. In relation to this charge, I must refer not only to the east of my mind, which would sooner incline me to scepticism than to fanaticism, and sooner subject me to the slow progress of my reason than to any sudden impulses of feeling; but to the brief history of my life, brethren, as you are acquainted with it. You know that I have always been a conservative on all the great moral topics of the day, and exceedingly fearful of all "isms." And as for being deluded, I cannot allow. I know that the devil is always busy, and for fear of attributing either to the devil or to Satan, I have thought to be attributed to grace or to God's Spirit, that all my life long been in bondage. Must I throw away all good impressions and influences for fear the devil may have originated them? In the present instance I am deluded, then I was deluded 14 weeks since, and 16 years ago, when first converted to God. The same kind of arguments by which I satisfy myself that I was ever converted, I urge in order to prove the reality of what I experienced at the opening of this year; and in like manner I prove the genuineness of what I have again experienced by what I then said, and each were perfectly correct. If it will be contended that I am deluded, then I would humbly ask, how may I know when my prayers are answered; when I am under the influence of God's Spirit, and the leadings of the spirit of truth? In despair I must cry out—I am like a vessel at sea, with the storm beating, the winds raging, the waves dashing, the stars obscured in impenetrable darkness, the helm gone, and chart and compasses good as useless. Have we forgotten some of the first principles of our faith? Has God left us to such a total uncertainty, as to be no more mindful of the safety, comfort and good of his children? The Spirit and the Word agree in what I have seen and felt; and I feel as though it would be next to the commission of that sin which hath no forgiveness, either in this world or in the world to come, to go contrary to the Bible as I now read it, and to the Spirit which now influences me to give the midnight cry. It is far, far easier for me to believe than to disbelieve that Christ standeth at the door; and that I am under the influence of the good Spirit of the evil spirit. Could the devil so soon come, and fill my soul for days and weeks with such unutterable peace, joy, and glory—give me such nearness to God in prayer—make me willing to leave all that Christ's sake—to endure the loss of the friendship and esteem of my dear brethren—to be accounted as "stupid"—and willingly to stand and suffer the scoffs and sneers of both the wicked and the professedly religious? Will not Satan be likely to lose more than he can possibly gain by such a maneuver? I must hazard the issue, in connection with many whom I am gratified and surprised to find have had an experience just like my own on this subject; they are good men, whatever may be their views.

In months and years gone by, the preaching of Christ at the door has resulted in the conversion of souls, who still adorn their profession. If the preaching of this doctrine is calculated to frighten sinners into religion, and to make spurious converts, then is the preaching of future punishment, when disconnected with this subject, liable to like objection. And if the doctrine that Christ is about to leave the mediatorial seat, is calculated to lead to insanity, then should the doctrine of the final judgment be a proscribed theme, on the same ground. And the friends of evangelical religion ought to beware how fast they give up the religion of Christ. Should time continue, and their work run on as ever, they will have to meet their enemies under circumstances new and strange, but which they will have the satisfaction of knowing have been of their own creating. The fortifications of and which they have lastly thrown up as a seeming defence against one enemy, will be washed away by the first storm that sets in from the opposite quarter.

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

And now, dear brethren, I take my leave of you; and in so doing, let me ask you, as friends to me and to the cause of truth, will you account for what I have experienced? I disposed to reject all natural phenomena, as indicative of Christ's coming, as Christian philosophers will you account for the present religious phenomena in the moral heavens? How is it? I have never read the experience of any soul on this subject, and I read my own experience in theirs. Here are ministers of the gospel, and Christians of all sects, in all parts of our land, without any previous knowledge of each other, exercised alike by the Spirit and power of God, and led into the unshaken belief that the Judge standeth at the door. And asking as yet advanced by their opponents can persuade them to the contrary?

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

And now, brethren, often have I wept and agonized in prayer to God for you. You have my heart; I love

you; and because I love you, I want you to see the truth. You have labored anxiously and faithfully for God, and now I want you to lift up your heads and rejoice, for your redemption draweth nigh. You need not be assured that it is not in my heart to harbor the least feeling against those who do not see the same; I can sympathize with them in their blindness—what so I ever was, and should be now, but for the sovereign power and unmerited grace of God. I can truly say that I never had the least selfish or least strong convictions that they will soon be started from their slumbers. If ever there was a time when every minister of Christ should practically think, examine, study and independently act, now is that time. They hazard souls more than we do for if Christ should suddenly come how many poor souls will they be the occasion of destroying? Brethren, how I tremble for your own individual responsibility at this interesting period! Will you suffer one soul to perish through your indifference to the cause of truth? Brethren, I have written hastily and familiarly. I have left much unsaid, and some things unsaid as such. By a reference to page 26, you will perceive that I allude to one brother in particular, who had two weeks and months prayed much for me, although we had had but a partial acquaintance. He knew not, as he has since confessed, why he should have such feelings for me. But when God so signally blessed me at the opening of this year, then with a heart full of emotion and tears gushing from his eyes, he said God had heard his prayers, and made all plain to him. I have learned too, that many praying souls had agonized in prayer to God for me, that my eyes might be opened to the momentous truth of the approach of our Lord to gather home his children; and they had gained an entrance at a throne of grace that their prayers were accepted, and should be answered. My own people had felt, and publicly declared their convictions, that persecution and suffering awaited me for the truth's sake; and hence their prayers ascended to God in my behalf little thinking as well as myself, from what quarter, and on what ground, the trial and pain would come. Their impressions were well founded; the fiery trial has overtaken me, but as I have said, so now say, let the storm come; I was never before worthy of persecution. God, however, is my daily support and consolation; and I am thankful to be one to suffer for his sake; for I have the promise that if I suffer with him, I shall also reign with him. And now it is my prayer that this brief narrative of God's gracious dealings with me, may be best to your everlasting good.

May the grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ be with you all forever. Amen.
Boston, April 19, 1833. F. G. BROWN.

MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL AT THE LAST DAY.—Soon shall we appear with our respective charges before the judgment seat of Christ. What a scene will then open between a pastor and his flock, when all his official conduct towards them shall be scrutinized, and all their treatment of him and his gospel shall be laid open; when it shall appear that an omnipresent eye followed him into his study every time he sat down to write a sermon, and traced every line on his paper, and every motion of his heart, and followed him into the pulpit, and watched every kindling desire, every drowsy feeling, every wandering thought, every reach after fame. Ah, my dear brethren, when you hear on the right hand the songs of bursting praise that you ever had existence, and on the left hand, behold a company wretched spirits, sending forth their loud lament that you had not warned them with a stronger voice, will you not regret that all your sermons were not more impressed, and all your prayers more agonizing? How deeply are you scared with thunder than the rest, around which a thousand dreadful beings, with furious eyes and threatening gestures, are venting their raging curses! It is an unfaithful pastor, who went down to hell, with most of his congregation; and those around him are the wretched beings whom he has decry-ed to death. My soul turns away, and cries, give me poverty; give me the curse of a wicked world; give me the martyr's stake, but, O my God, save me from unfaithfulness to Thee and to the souls of men.—Dr. Griffin.

DR. WEEKS.
With all the Doctor's erudition and skill in opposing the doctrine we advocate, there are not probably fifteen members of his own church or congregation who are not believers with us. Perhaps, however in justice to the Doctor, we should say that his average congregation does not probably exceed from ten to fifteen hearers, and some of those, among whom is one of the Deacons of his church, to our personal knowledge, are strong believers in the doctrine of Christ's speedy coming.
—Glad Tidings.

OUR OPPONENTS.—One good reason why our opponents have so little success in opposing the doctrine of the advent, is, that there is no agreement among themselves. Every water among them who has attacked our system, has not only had the doctrine of the advent to contend with, but has had to tear in pieces the arguments of those who had preceded him on the same side. They have no confidence in the arguments of each other, and therefore, those who have opposed that side of the question, have produced but little effect on the public mind.

THE SECOND ADVENT OF CHRIST.
CLEVELAND, JULY 12, 1843.

Next week we commence publishing Miller's Lectures, and begin a new volume—a favorable time to subscribe. Those who do not believe with us, may wish to procure a copy of these Lectures. City subscribers will receive their papers by the carrier. Our terms are 25 cts for twelve numbers.

BRO. BROWN'S EXPERIENCE.

Let no Christian fail to read this interesting experience. If you never intend to read another word in a Second Advent paper, be sure and read this. It is new. It is apostolic. Read it, and seek for a similar blessing.

NOTICE TO LECTURERS.

A Bro. from the East, in consequence of ill health, and other causes has left Cleveland for the state of N. Y. He left with the publisher of the Second Advent Books and Papers designed for the destitute portions of Ohio, Michigan or Canada, which any one who feels that he has any thing to do in the Lord's vineyard, can take and dispose of as the Lord may direct. Conditions made known by T. H. Sinead.

FOUND.

We have a Penell found on the Camp Ground. The owner can have the same by identifying it.

AN APPEAL.

This number closes volume two. It is all paid for—nothing over. We have the most abundant reason to bless the Lord. This week we publish 6000 copies, the most in a very important number. We have published 23,000 papers during the progress of the second volume, which, added to the number published before, amounts to 112,000 papers which have been spread over Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, &c. It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.

Now the question respecting sustaining the paper through another volume, should time continue, comes home to those who BELIEVE that the time of our Lord's second advent is NEAR AT HAND. We have no time to lie on our pillows. Up! O we there and a spirit of consecration of soul to the Lord's work on the part of Christians generally, who are thus looking, as has been recently exhibited by two brethren, this appeal would not be needed. They have consecrated their all, trusting in the never failing promise, "Go good, and verily thou shalt be fed." We believe, when our Lord does come, that these two brethren will be commended more than some of our dear brethren, who fear to launch out so freely on the sweet and precious promises of God. Dear brethren and sisters, do you want to experience the blessing Bro. Brown speaks of? Practical consecration of time, talents, property, every thing, in connection with that kind of confidence which the beloved disciple exercised, will effect it. When this is done, you will be enabled to say, as did one of the dear brethren alluded to above, "I bless thee, heavenly Father, because thou hast cleansed me from a love of the world." O if the dear brethren and sisters could feel the sweet and precious emotions of the soul that is thus fully consecrated, the world and its treasures would seem to fade away as things of little worth—the call we now make would not then have to be repeated. Dear friends, do you not realize that our precious Saviour's near approach, is as clearly taught as the doctrine that he will save unto the uttermost all who will come unto God by him? When he comes all dress will be purged away; but he has said, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Are you acquainted with many whose experience partakes of the character of that of Bro. Brown, that are not literally poor in the things of this world? Poverty does not occur, but earthly possessions often hinder the shedding abroad of that ocean of love in the soul. Is this not true in your experience?

One of the brothers referred to, some months ago, consecrated his means to the Lord; afterwards he had misgivings, retained what he had, got in the dark, and thus continued till the camp-meeting in Warrensville commenced. He there presented himself as an impenitent sinner, found peace, consecrated his all again, has done works meet for repentance, and is now in the sweet liberty where with Christ makes his people free. Dear brethren and sisters, go and do likewise, and you will have a blessed reward.

THE TRUTH MAKETH MANIFEST.

During our meetings in the city (Rochester) the following, among other strange incidents, has occurred. A lady a native of England, after hearing of Christ's speedy Advent proclaimed, has confessed under the writings of a guilty conscience, that she committed a murder in England fourteen years ago! She expresses a strong desire to return to England, and there pay the penalty due to human laws.—Glad Tidings.

BRO. FITCH

Has returned from the East, and will preach, the Lord willing, in the Congregational Church in this city, next Sabbath. He expects to spend some time in the West, and labor to show the people the reasons of his hope he has that he will soon see the Lord Jesus Christ coming to redeem those who put their trust in him.

CAMP MEETING.

"They were all with one accord in one place."
To those who may not have been privileged to attend the meeting lately held at Warrensville, a short account by one who felt it good to do there, may be interesting. The weather on Wednesday, the day designated for the commencement of the meeting, was unfavorable, and consequently nothing more was attempted than to complete the arrangements which were not fully matured, but upon the day following a goodly number came together, and the exercises were commenced. Ah, there was prayer throughout that great, deep earnest prayer, and it was solemn and sweet to the soul, as it came breaking upon the ear from every side. Never shall I forget the workings of my soul as, after an early morning ride, we went out way through the dense wood, and ere we could reach the supplies, their voices of earnest supplication laid upon us. There they were, all low before the Lord—one circle near, another further—"little flock" 'tis true, but joying in the glad tidings of the kingdom now at hand—the king whom they have followed through trial and through scorn, soon to appear in glory. And their prayer arose for preparation for a work all broken at the cross, and a consecration of soul, body, and spirit to the Lord—and for those who stiff, these who are "ready to perish," that Jesus might yet save some. Ah, thought I, as that favour now looks down upon them, will his heart warm to chiding or rebuke that they dare love and look for his appearing, that they wait his coming with more eagerness than they watch for the morning in which night has been a weariness. And will he turn from them with loathing and contempt, as all their brethren do, because they think his blessed word, in which alone they trust, has taught them that his coming is at hand?
To me it seemed a sacred spot, and full of Jesus. Most evidently was his spirit there to bless; and some there were who testified that they had shared that blessing in its fulness as they had not done for years. Oh, it were sweet to wait upon the Lord, to plead his promises of grace so full and sure—but think of these. How should their souls have leaped within them, expecting soon to see Him face to face, whose love for them had cost him of suffering, agonizing, and death of scorn and agony—to see Him honored as the King of kings and the Lord of lords—the bleeding Lamb become the acknowledged ruler of the world he had so loved.

Alas, think you not that here, in God's own forest temple, with his works around, above them, and man's work's about out, His spirit in their souls and resting on their labors, they could joy in God; and this "looking for the glorious appearing of our Saviour Jesus Christ" should be to them more precious, more a thing of life, of full reality? And so it was: none could regret this gathering in the grove for worship, but those who came with hearts not fully tuned in harmony with the great theme, or as mere lookers on. There was a blessing too for those who never knew the love of Jesus—none, (a skeptic who had doubted and denied religion and the Bible, until a strong publication of the warning cry, "Behold he cometh," fell in his way, which, by the blessing of the Spirit, convinced him that the Bible is of God, and this doctrine one of its great foremost truths) was there from a great distance seeking the Saviour, and he found him whom he sought; and others did, how many we know not, but "the Lord knoweth who are his." Many who had seen the brightness of the light becoming dim, arose and trimmed their lamps, and are now, we trust, going forth to meet the Bridegroom, ready to enter in. It was truly refreshing to hear the rich experience of the love of God in the soul, and the workings of the Spirit, during the examination and the embracing of this doctrine. Surely the work of the Spirit, according to those who oppose this doctrine, must be all deception, or this is the truth of God, for it has been set home to many hearts with the same power and teachings as are the truths of the gospel plan of salvation, when the souls are first awakened to its danger and its duty. It was emphatically "one Spirit," and "they were with one accord in one place"—but not "all"—why came ye not up to the feast, brethren, sisters? We regretted it, and fear you will have cause to do so.

We heard not a word from our African friends, and were daily expecting them, and also Bro. McGee. Many towns in which we are assured there are those who love the appearing of our Lord, and are looking for it, were not represented. Why was it? Let us not forget brethren, sisters, the command to "extol our names daily, and so much the more as we see the day approaching." "Seeing that we look for such things, what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness." Oh, let us beware, "let at any time our hearts be overcharged with surmising and disputations, or cares of this life, and so that day come upon us unawares."

C. M. S.

MORE BIBLES BURNT.

The following is an extract of a letter from a clergyman in Mexico, Oaxaca county, N. Y.:
There is a settlement in one corner of our town, of some twenty or twenty-five families of Roman Catholics. In the absence of their Priest they had intermingled with the protestants, had received Bibles and Testaments, and attended school with their children; and I believe in some instances, in the sabbath school. But their priest came and a change came over the scene. A spirit of hostility was aroused in the bosoms of the Romanists; their children were forbidden to attend school with protestants; their Bibles were brought together, with a spirit congenial to the act, and burned in the street, as a sacrifice expiatory for their transgressions in having received such a polluted and polluting book, as the Bible. Thus were destroyed some twelve or fifteen Bibles and Testaments, in our neighborhood, and some three or four in another adjacent neighborhood.—Protestant Vindicator.

BRO. CHARLES FITCH reached the city (Rochester) yesterday, in good health, and commenced his lectures last evening, in the Tent. In consequence of the high winds which are constantly interrupting our meetings at the Tent, arrangements have been made for commencing meetings at Talmans' Hall to-morrow, at half-past 2, P. M., where Brother Fitch will continue a consecutive course of lectures each day and evening for a number of days to come.—Glad Tidings.

For the "Second Advent."

LETTERS FROM PRES. WEEHLE AND BRO. HAMLIN.

Dear Brother Fitch—Since the time of my communication, which appeared in one of the March numbers of the "Midnight Cry," I have been mostly occupied in preaching the doctrine of the second advent near. Including the last Sabbath in March, I delivered a course of lectures at Lowell, in the Baptist church; a multitude attended, the meetings increased in interest, and at the conclusion of our remarks between 40 and 50 persons requested an interest in the prayers of the church. Since that time nearly 30 individuals have been hopefully converted, among whom are the names of some Universalists. The second field of my labors was Millfield, Athens county, Ohio. At that village, and in the neighborhood, I delivered eight lectures to large and attentive assemblies. Many persons embraced the views of the speedy coming of Christ, and a small number resolved to make their peace with God. Leaving that town, I proceeded to Athens, Athens county, Ohio, where I continued nearly a week, lecturing to an interesting and attentive audience. Before leaving, I called upon those who were desirous of seeking salvation, to signify the same by kneeling, when the request was complied with by a large number of anxious souls. The fourth place of my labors was at Nelsonville, Hocking county, Ohio. In that town I delivered six lectures. The assemblies on the Sabbath were large, and much interest seemed to be awakened on that subject through the entire community. On my return to Beverly I lectured in the Presbyterian church at Amesville. The doctrines were favorably received by many, and I trust some good done. I had delivered a course of twelve lectures at Beverly. What fruits may flow from these protracted exercises I am not yet able to judge. The seed sown through this region is beginning to spring up. On Friday evening last (June 9th) I commenced a series of lectures in McConnellsville, my time was limited and I was obliged to leave the place on Monday. In the last named town I was received with marked attention by the citizens, and treated, by all the denominations, with that courtesy peculiar to the christian character. The assembly on the Sabbath was very large and attentive. Bro. Hamlin can give you any further information you may desire. My principal object in writing, is, to request help in this important field. The field is the valley of the Muskingum river, embracing some large towns, favorably located for the spread of information. I am yet alone (so far as I know) in a region of nearly 100 miles in diameter. It is true some ministers have in part embraced the doctrines, but they do not make it their only business to proclaim the midnight cry. There are, however, among the private members of the different denominations, a number of believers. Can you not come, or send some aid? I know you will if possible. We are anxious to have a protracted advent meeting so soon as help can be had. The people want information. No papers of any amount are circulated in these parts. Please inquire further of Bro. C. R. Hamlin. J. P. WEEHLE.

Hudson, June 27, 1843.

Dear Brother Fitch—While on a tour south I met with Bro. Weehle at McConnellsville, and, although a stranger to me personally, you may be assured that, after having read the article from his pen in the Midnight Cry, I could hail him as a brother. President Weehle's labors at McConnellsville will do much good; he succeeded in sweeping away the mist which had gathered before the minds of the good brethren in that place, as well as elsewhere, on the subject of a temporal millennium and the return of the Jews. Said a good Bro. in that place: "I will give it up, for I am satisfied that there is no foundation for such theories in the word of God." I learned from many others that their views had undergone a change also. I am rejoiced to see these prophecies falling out, for I find that just as fast as a little light is thrown across the paths of Christians, they (almost without exception) cast away those

false theories and begin to enquire, "where are we now," and, blessed be God, they begin to look for the second appearing of the blessed Saviour, and are ready to say, "come Lord Jesus, come quickly." Dear Brother, cannot you visit the valley of the Muskingum speedily! truly in that region the "fields are white to the harvest," and, as Bro. Weehle says, the laborers are indeed very few. The door is wide open for doing good; and no people have heard very little, and read less, on the subject, a protracted meeting held, say at Beverly, would doubtless do an untold amount of good. Yours, in expectation of the speedy second advent of Christ, C. R. HAMLIN.

THE SEVENTY WEEKS.—In 1630, a dispute occurred in Poland between some distinguished Jewish Rabbins and the Catholics, respecting the 70 weeks. The Rabbins were so hard pushed by this argument that proved Jesus to be the Messiah, the time of his sufferings being at the end of the seventy weeks, that they broke up the discussion. The Rabbins then held a meeting and pronounced a curse upon any Jew who should attempt to ascertain the chronology of this prophetic period. Their anathema was this, "May his bones and his memory rot who shall attempt to number the seventy weeks."—Signs of the Times.

The President of the United States rode to the late celebration of the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument, with a negro slave holding an umbrella over his head!

William Miller at home.

found him fast recovering. His health has improved much in three weeks. He is now able to walk about his house. He thinks he will soon visit his friends. His mind does not seem to be at all affected by his sickness. His faith is strong. The time has not yet arrived, to which he has been looking, for the event which is to come in the dispensation of the "fulness of times," though he thinks it can be but a few months distant. He expresses deep sympathy for his fellow laborers, knowing that they have to contend with the powers of darkness, and a worldly minded church.

"His house is the Pilgrim's home. I had been there but a short time, when he manifested his hospitality by inquiring if my horse had been taken care of. We freely exchanged views on the prophecies, and conversed on the coming of our Lord.

"I said to him, that I had not seen that high wall around his farm that I had so often heard of. He said that Mr. Tilden, who was present, would go with me to look for it. So we took a walk round the farm. There is some common stone wall, like that on all the farms in the vicinity. The land being stony and uneven, it is as cheap as any other fencing. Though his farm does not bear the marks of neglect, I saw no recent improvements, except one common gate. The buildings are in good condition, and every thing in order. It is worked by his sons—plain, industrious farmers—who support his family, and pay him a small sum yearly for his personal expenses. His house, like a number of others in the neighborhood, is a good two-story house, with green blinds, the front and ends painted white. The furniture is plain, being all made for use, not for ornament. I saw nothing extravagant. In one room is a shoe maker's bench, used by one of his sons, who is a cripple.

"Brother Miller occupies one of the lower front rooms, where he has his bed, a few common chairs, his old book-case and clock. In the other room is a portrait, painted some twenty years ago; a large diagram of the visions of Daniel and John, painted on canvases, some like the miniature one in the last part of his book. The most elegant article in the house was a Bible, presented by a friend in Boston. The farm with the improvements are the product of a great many years of hard labor and economy. Every thing connected with it seems to indicate that he believes what he preaches. He worked on his farm, studied the Bible, became convinced of the truth, and then declared it, fearlessly, to his fellow-men, (travelling, in most cases, at his own expense,) and they have, in return, said all manner of evil against him falsely.

"I have written the above, not to sound a trumpet, nor because the truth is responsible for the reputation of any of its advocates, but that the readers of the Midnight Cry, and all who are willing to know the truth, may have the means of contradicting the foolish falsehoods with which multitudes are willingly deceived. A. SPAULDING."