

The Warning Voice of Time and Prophecy

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PREFACE

THIS work is designed to give a general outline of the foundation, rise and progress of the Advent movement up to the present time, showing that it was the work of God, also, its connection with prophecy, and the prophetic fulfillments upon which it is based. That the reader may better understand its application, let the mind go back to the time when the interest on this subject commenced, and then follow on in the course of the narration, to the present. Part I, takes us from the commencement of the work to the passing of the time in 1844. Its analysis may be told, in brief, as follows:

1. The Bible man's only guide. 2. The prophecies may be understood, and are given for our instruction, that we might "all keep pace with truth." 3. The signs of the last days in sun, moon and stars. 4. The state of the world just previous to the preaching of the Advent. 5. The first angel's message: "Fear God and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgement is come." 6. The prophecies of Daniel on which it is

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based. 7. The voice of Time, showing the fulfillment of those prophecies in the past. 8. A company go forth to sound the message, represented as a "pilgrim band, taking up their march." 9. The rejection of the message by the Nominal Church, hence, 10. The second angel's message: "Babylon is fallen, is fallen." 11. The disappointment of 1843, on account of which, "they all slumbered and

slept." 12. The Midnight Cry-2300 days, at whose end the Sanctuary should be cleansed, shown to terminate on the tenth day of the seventh month, 1844. (See Notes, in the last part of the book.) 13. The great disappointment at the passing of that time, and its immediate effects.

Part II, after giving an apostrophe to the "Blessed Hope," to which a few still clung, and were sustained in all their trials, casting not away their confidence, [Heb.x,35.]-continues the narration, showing the more gradual effects of the disappointment; viz: the numerous divisions which crept in and scattered the flock. 2. The Sanctuary is then explained, wherein lay the cause of the disappointment, and the past is established. 3. Thence we come to a farther development of prophecy: the third angel's message, and the prophecies of Revelation with which it is connected. 4. The Sabbath of the Lord. 5. An address to the Laodiceans-those who profess to be Adventists, but have lost all the life and power of godliness, not having followed along down the track of Prophecy

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--and to those who have given up all their profession, and gone back into the world. 6. A warning to the shepherds. 7. Watchmen, what of the night? 8. The Spirit manifestations, Satan's last scheme to deceive mankind. 9. A warning to the world. 10. Distress of nations. 11. The coming storm. 12. The time of trouble, and the seven last plagues. 13. The final battle, and 14. The Restitution.

It is not, however, the object of this work, to enter into all the minute details of the Advent faith; these may be found written out in other publications; nor can it be expected that a work of this kind would enter so largely into deep and close reasoning, as might be expected from argumentative prose pieces; but as it has become an undeniable fact that "earth's career is drawing near its close," that the scenes of time are almost finished, and that the destinies of all mankind will soon be fixed for ever, it is hoped that the following lines will be instrumental in leading some minds to examine the important subjects therein faintly outlined; that they may prepare for the fearful scenes now hanging over a sleeping world, and thus secure,

"Against the day of wrath, a safe retreat."

The great conclusion of the prophetic records, that the present system of things is soon to cease, that the Son of man will soon appear in the clouds of heaven, to gather his people to himself, and take vengeance on them that know not God, has become, as it were an axiom, a self-evident proposition. The Scriptures speak out too plainly on this point, and the signs of the present day, present too startling a fulfillment of the corresponding predictions, to admit of any doubt on this subject. Only those who are asleep to the nature of events transpiring around us, and their tendency, are indifferent about their termination. How then does it become all those who know these things to be truth, to do what they can to warn others. U.S.

THE WARNING VOICE OF TIME AND PROPHECY

O'ER all the moral world, where, otherwise,
No light would come, or through its midnight gloom

No cheering ray appear, to dissipate
The darkness, God has set a guiding star--
A luminary bright--whose rays divine
Should pierce the night--the deep'ning shades dispel,
Which o'er the earth in sullen silence brood.
Nay, more, a ray of God's own brightness, sent
Direct to man from off his radiant throne;
That those who gladly should the light receive,
And follow where it led, should here enjoy
A glorious foretaste of the bliss of Heaven.

It is God's Holy Word, immutable,
Through life's bewildering maze alone can guide
The wandering traveler to eternal rest.
Without it, man were lost--lost in the deep,
Dark labyrinth of dread uncertainty--
Where doubts distract, and fearful thoughts arise--
With nought his steps to lead, save the dim lamp
Of human reason, whose misguiding flame
Would serve to make the gloom still more profound,
The darkness deeper, and more keenly felt.
But 'twas not God's design to leave man thus,

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In error's devious paths, to grope his way;
So, through his Sacred Word, his will revealed,
And pointed out the narrow path, that bright
And brighter shines, e'en to the perfect day.
And none need err therein, nor is this world's
Vain wisdom requisite, or judgment deep,
Or reason proud; for in their loftiest strain,
These all are nought but foolishness with God.
The least the truth may know, so plain it is,
And known and followed, leads us through to Heaven.
Our daily course defined, and duty shown,
Indebted more to mercy infinite,
In that ere His designs he consummates,
Or mighty schemes perfects, or judgments sends
Upon a guilty world--man is forewarned.
And to his chosen ones, the prophets, men
Of holiness and truth--and worthy all
Of favors so divine--he has revealed
The secrets of his purposes and plans.
Yea, in their visions, he removed the veil,
The mysterious veil which o'er the future hangs,
And bade them look far down the stream of time,
Until that stream was in eternity's

Vast ocean lost.--E'en to the day
When this dark, weary, groaning earth, again,
In Eden glory shall rejoice anew;
The curse, the blighting curse, of sin removed,
And all its hideous progeny destroyed;
Until the righteous from all ages saved,
Rejoicing in the glory of their God,
And in eternal life through Christ the Son.

5

Shall round his throne their songs of triumph raise,
And then go forth--immortal forms and fair--
With shining crowns, and harps of glittering gold,
To dwell for ever on the earth renewed,
And praise for ever their Eternal King.--

And as they, wondering, gazed, and saw events,
Crowding upon events, in order come,
As the last *great event drew swiftly on*;
And saw mid mighty revolutions, as
They rolled around the world, kingdoms arise
And fall, as others rose and fell, in turn,
Until the *last great kingdom was set up*,
Which should not be destroyed, nor have an end;
Then troubl'd, asked they, when these things should be;
And then God gave them time, prophetic time,
That they might know--and so thro' them the world--
The times that God in wisdom has ordained,
His purpose to fulfill and end his plans;
And knowing, thus, might all keep pace with truth.
But man! unthinking man! how prone to err!
And let earth's vain allurements, like a mist,
Obscure the light, and misdirect his steps;
For when the path of truth too close becomes,
Too narrow and too strait, for worldly pride,
And gaudy trappings, vain, with which he loves
To deck his poor, frail tenement of clay,
Full soon he turns aside, to folly clings,
And in his own self-righteousness exclaims:
"I ne'er can think the Bible means, a line
So straight to draw, or standard raise so high;
As for myself, I can see nothing why

6

I am not with my friends on equal ground,
And just as good--as well prepared for Heaven."
And losing thus his guard, he lets his pride

Pass judgment on God's word, and shape his course;
Makes a criterion of his fellow men,
Instead of truth, by which to judge himself.

But hear him more, though farther yet from right:

"The visions, prophecies, prophetic times,
By prophets written of old, of standing long,
We cannot comprehend, or understand;
To us they're closed and sealed, and deep involved
In an impenetrable mystery;

Expressions figurative, denoting what,
Is something yet for man to ascertain;

Or if, indeed, in meaning literal,
Such a fulfillment we shall ne'er behold;

For what portends it, or proclaims it, what?

Why then in useless toil our strength exhaust,
On secret, hidden things, from which to draw
But idle, groundless theories, at best!

Live up to what of truth we already know;
This doing we are safe, and all is well."

O, peace and safety! Baneful sentiment!

Siren of death to all man's future hope;

For what in worldliness they wish might be,

They to their bosom fondly, blindly hug,

Till forced belief proclaims the phantom true.

'Tis this oft baffles conscience, stops her voice,

And makes men slumber on the verge of death,

Nor rouse themselves to see or know the truth;

Lulled by the Siren song to calm repose.

7

Has God for nought his secrets, then, revealed?

For nought his word bestowed on man, to guide,

Because in mystery so deeply veiled?

And have his servants prophesied in vain,

And poured their warnings on the empty air,

Since none their meaning or their import know?

Is such God's wisdom, or his judgment such?

Nay! 'tis not so; false reasoning! how absurd!

God is not mocked! nor are his works in vain!

And his eternal truth will stand, unmoved,

Nor in one jot or tittle fail, till heaven

And earth shall pass. Ay, it will triumph;

And as it onward moves, majestic, high,

Sublime, and sheds afar its radiance bright

O'er the dark waves of error, sin and death,

All, all who will, may then the light receive,

All who reject, alone the guilt must bear.

But God will have a people, who, above
The world's wild turmoil and unceasing strife,
By earth-born cares unbound, from passions free,
Shall ever on its bright unfading beams,
Their steady gaze direct, and heed it well.
And who with honest hearts, and pure, fit shrines
For his own precepts--holy, just and good--
Shall with unwearied steps, and fervent zeal,
Press ever on to where it points--to Heaven.

"The wise shall understand;" there it remains,
Bright on the list of his unfailing words;
And though men laugh and mock, and fiercely strive
With worldly wisdom, vain, to prove it false--

8

In living, flaming characters of light,
It still remains, "The wise shall understand."

Thus spoke the Angel to the Seer beloved:
"O, Daniel, thou, the vision close and seal;
The book shut up, *until the time of the end*;
For increased shall knowledge be, and to and fro
Shall many run; and then the wicked shall
Do wickedly, and none of them the truth
Shall know; but ah! The wise shall understand."

Time of the end! Time when the day draws near,
In which the finger of Almighty God,
The final period shall place to this
World's history: when the great clock of time,
Probationary time, which now has beat,
For near six thousand years, earth's rapid course,
Shall toll its final hour, and all merge in
The endless cycles of eternity.

Time of the end! Time then above all time,
That man the age should know in which he lives,
And throwing off the garb of worldliness,
A covering of righteousness and truth
Secure, with which to be protected then,
Will well become him in the day of His
Unmingled wrath, and awful vengeance dire,
Which day, appointed, God will surely bring.
For man to thus prepare, is wisdom true,
But folly, worse than folly, to defer.

Time of the end! When is it? Who shall know?
Who would not know, and so in time prepare

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For things to come? For man to strive to know,
Is wisdom too; then let us all be wise,
And for ourselves examine, if perchance,
The time foretold is not already here,
And we the very ones for whom to sleep--
On ruin's trembling verge to sleep--is fraught
With danger awful; thus to put far off
The evil day, till like a thief it come,
And take us unawares--the harvest past,
The summer ended, and our souls not saved.
Time of the end! Momentous, solemn time!
When signs and wonders shall be manifest,
To warn a world of its approaching doom.

In the last days, saith God, shall come to pass,
That in the heavens above, and earth beneath,
Great signs will I show forth, and fearful sights,
And wonders strange, in sun, and moon and stars;
For into darkness shall the sun be turned,
The moon her light withhold, the stars from heaven
Shall fall, ere the great day, and notable,
Of God shall come--when in the clouds of heaven
Shall they behold, with power and glory crowned,
The Son of Man descending in his ire.

Now of the fig-tree learn a parable:
When yet her branch is tender, and her leaves
She putteth forth, ye know the Summer's nigh;
So likewise *know*, when all these things ye see,
The Everlasting Kingdom is at hand.
For verily this generation--which
Shall all these wonders witness--shall not pass

10

Till all shall be fulfilled; for heaven and earth
May pass; but my words, never can they fail.

Clear are the signs, and plainly, too, foretold;
And who, when he shall see them take, in course,
Their stand amid the records of the past;
And mark what harmony exists between
Events of Time and words of Prophecy;
Who, then, will not exclaim, "The day is near,
The end approacheth, yea, is at the door?"
But do men thus believe? Alas! for truth.
Let history the mournful facts reveal:
There let men look, and looking, be condemned;

There let them read sign after sign fulfilled--
In unison with prophecy, fulfilled--
And then seek out with their devices strange,
What cloak they may to shield their unbelief.
The day has passed, the day of terror, when
The sun his glories veiled, and dim, withdrew
Behind the thick'ning gloom; when darkness rose,
And over mid-day brightness, giant-like,
His sable mantle threw--unfettered then,
With freedom stalked, throughout a frightened land.
And when the night came on, and fair, and full,
Down from her lofty throne, the moon refused
To give her light, the pall of darkness dense,
And denser yet became, e'en to be felt.
And not far back, among the wonders rare,
Of modern times, behold, in bold relief,
The fearful night, when fell the stars from heaven;
As her untimely figs a fig-tree casts,

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When fiercely shaken of a mighty wind:
When all the starry hosts, innumerable,
In wild confusion seemed, and sad dismay;
And countless myriads of meteors, bright,
Shot flaming forth, east, west, and north, and south,
Marking their swift career with vivid lines
Of coruscating light, which meeting oft,
All heaven appeared a net-work, bright, of flame,
And earth with floods of dazzling brightness filled.
And what, O, Sceptic! are those northern fires,
That from earth's icy regions fitful gleam,
And o'er the frozen zone together blend
Their fiery sheets, then to the zenith, dart
Their forked tongues, and, lambent, lick the skies?
And when at Learning's shrine, with firm resolve,
Ye bow devoted, with inquiries deep,
For some fixed law of Nature hidden there,
By which to solve such mysteries as these,
Why is she mute, and all your search in vain?

Thus have the sun, and moon, and stars received
Their mandate from His throne, and terror-clad,
Gone forth to do his bidding; messengers
Of his firm purpose, and unchanging will,
Have they fulfilled their mission, and fulfilled
It well; for as they each appeared, mankind,
Awe-struck and pale, their utter weakness felt,

Their insignificance, and trembling saw
The dreadful warning given; and many then,
The judgment day believed, was close at hand.
Well had they cherished that belief, and taught
Their children so, then had they had the truth.

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But no! No sooner is the terror past,
Than they tenacious to their idols cling;
Their idols--Reason and Philosophy--
Which gods with more idolatry they serve,
Than ever heathen worshiped, wood or stone;
To these they cling for aid, and as the signs
Of coming wrath, are, one by one dealt out,
Upon a sleeping world, they straight assign,
What they term natural causes, and explain
By philosophic laws, the wonderful
Phenomena; then to the world exclaim,
"'Tis clear, and all can be accounted for,
On scientific principles!" which means,
Interpreted, you're safe, sleep on! sleep on!
Thus poor, proud, feeble man unwilling seems,
To own an act of Heaven's almighty arm;
And doubts that aught within the universe
Can come, that human science cannot grasp,
Or human agency perform.
Here, then,
The nursery lies, of stubborn unbelief,
That springs full soon, rank and blasphemous springs,
Into its vigorous growth; this, the foul nest,
Where infidelity, undaunted, rears,
Her vile, infernal brood, which, harpy-like,
Corrupt the soul of man, blight, and destroy.
But let such learn this truth, ere time shall teach
The bitter lesson, with experience sad,
That all the theories mind can fabricate,
On human bases reared, though fortified
However much by science, or confirmed

13

By worldly wisdom, or adopted by
Earth's proudest sons--have neither power to change,
Or hasten, or impede, fulfillment sure,
Of written Prophecy; and as the signs
Are given, as such, and registered in Heaven,
Though the whole human race their truth deny,
And though all literature combine to prove

Them plain events from natural causes sprung--
In the stern judgment hour, will they rise up,
And witnessing against, condemn a world.

In the day of His preparation, then, ¹¹
With flaming torches shall the chariots be,
And in the streets shall rage, and one against
Another, in the broadways, jostle, they
Shall seem like torches, like the lightnings run.
Lo! how fulfilled! Ye, who behold upon
The iron rail, impetuous and swift,
The ponderous train, with fiery steeds, drawn on;
Or in the crowded streets, mark how the tide
Of busy action ceases, till, apace,
The heavy chariots have jostled by--
Through every wheel, and bar of polished steel,
Through every breath the panting engine draws,
The Prophet speaketh, and he speaks to you.
These are the chariots, these, with lightning speed,
And flaming torches, which, unanswered, say,
That God's great preparation day is here.
On Time's fleet pinions borne, silent and swift
Have ages circled on, till now the last

14

That this world's varied scenes shall e'er behold,
Is gliding by, unheeded and unseen;
And what an age! How bright, and yet how dark!
Enlightened, but yet heathen! Gilded by
Th' unclouded sun of science, 'neath whose rays
Mankind, victorious, have onward pressed,
Till e'en impossibilities, beneath
Their well aimed efforts, totter to their fall:
And men, exalted, well nigh think themselves
Some lofty beings, all omnipotent--
Yet mantled by a gloom of night, wide-spread;
For all are slumbering to the light of truth.
Behold a Church, divided and corrupt;
Chilled and benumbed, by cold formality;
And with the world joined hand in hand, while all,
Both Church and world together, are asleep.
The signs fulfilled, they heed not, nor regard
The voice of Time or Prophecy; the one,
Loud heralding that generation here,
And swiftly passing, which events has seen,
That just precede the coming Son of man.
The other, based on Heaven's immutable

Decree, proclaiming that it shall not pass,
Till all shall be fulfilled--but careless rest,
Unconscious of the fearful day at hand.
O, what can rouse them, ere the pent-up storm
Of fiery indignation, held in store
For an ungodly and a wicked world,
Shall on them burst in fury, and involve
In ruin, irretrievable and sure.

15

Lo! now an Angel robed in radiant light,²¹
And with the rainbow crowned, whose face outshines
The sun, whose feet like fiery pillars seem.
Sudden appears, with message to the world.
There on his golden wings high-poised, he quick
Surveys the dubious field, and then begins
Majestic through mid heaven his glorious flight.
His is a sacred trust, and weighty his
Commission; for to him is given, to preach
The everlasting gospel, unto them
On earth that dwell, to every nation, tongue,
Kindred and people, while in thunder tones,
From his aerial height, he heralds forth
This proclamation to a world below:
"Fear God and give him glory; for his hour
Of judgment now is come, and worship him
Who made the heavens and earth, and who the sea,
And the unfailing founts of waters made."

Now man's arch enemy, the fiendish prince
Of this world's darkness, and th' obdurate foe
Of Truth and Love--whose sole delight, and joy,
And every aim is to oppose the plans
Of all-wise Heaven; and who with schemes deep-laid
Of blackest villainy, and wily snares,
Unseen, e'er seeks to entrap th' unwary feet
Of man, and by unhallowed arts, obscure
The plan of his salvation, and him rob
Of life eternal, and perpetual bliss--
Had come in fury down--for that he knew

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His time on earth was short--and all the hosts
Of his dark legions summoned to the field.
Their final work among mankind, to blind,
Corrupt, deceive, and with satanic spell
Wide o'er them thrown, prepare the nations for
The last great battle of Almighty God.
For their foul plot already had they laid

Too firm foundation, and were weaving fast
Their complicated webs for all the world--
Of every restless passion, earthly lust,
And bold and impious pride, and selfishness,
And hate, and strife, and all that e'er can claim
Its origin of earth, or aught below--
And fast were hushing every note of truth,
With dead'ning opiates, and with siren songs,
And fables cunning of a world's reform,
An age to come, a bright millennial age
Of peace, and happiness, and plenty, ere
The Saviour should to earth descend again.

Lulled by such groundless heresies, mankind
Were dreaming on of golden centuries
Now almost here, and worlds of carnal joys
And moral freedom, when the cry, "Fear God
And give him glory; for his judgment hour
Is come," rang forth from Heaven's own messenger.

Him first the Almighty on his throne above,
Foreseeing Satan's craft--the fatal aim
And sure results of his dark policy--
That e'en, if possible, he would deceive
The very elect--before him summoned, and,
While thus he spake, his lofty mission gave:

17

My plans are changeless, and my promise sure;
And now th' appointed time whereof my words,
By all my prophets since the world began,
Have been declared, that I to those who me
Should love, and serve, and honor, would restore
What man by sin hath lost--is drawing near
And hasteth greatly; but the people far
From me have wandered, and the nations all
Forgotten God; nor in remembrance hold
My promises, nor to my threats give heed.
Their thoughts are bent on evil; and on earth,
Which, since the curse, hath neither part nor lot
With things of Heaven, are their affections placed.
Nor from the unerring page, whereon I've spread
The mighty works of my omnipotence;
That they therein might read of boundless power,
And wisdom infinite, and majesty
Supreme, do they in reverence and awe,
Lift up their hearts to him who made them all.
And e'en those who, of truth, profession make,
Have for themselves, diverging paths sought out,

And theories framed discordant, and have made,
While serving party more than serving me,
A Babel of religion, and a mock
Of my great name and worship; who alone
Am worthy to receive eternal praise,
And unfeigned homage; for a God I am,
Holy and perfect; and in unity
Of faith and spirit must that people be,
Righteous and just and pure who call me Lord;
And zealous in my vineyard, to show forth

18

My glory, and my praises faithful sound,
Which is but due, if they to me would be
A chosen generation, and my own
Peculiar people, worthy to be called.
With man not always shall my Spirit strive,
And but a little longer shall for him
My mercy plead; when clad with vengeance, I
Will rise and shake the earth, yea, terribly,
For lo! with fire I'll come, and chariots
As with a whirlwind, and will render thus,
My wrath with fury, and rebuke with flame;
For thus I've spoken.

Thee, therefore, I ordain
The herald of my hour of judgment come;
To sound th' approaching consummation of
My plans, the promised restitution, near.
That the disjointed Church, now Babylon,
May be restored to unity and love;
That men may wake to wisdom, and shake off
The power of Satan, and may serve
And worship me in Spirit and in truth,
And with the Lord of lords may take their stand
In the great battle-day that draweth nigh;
For if so be, that they your message heed,
And do this, then, it well shall be with them.

Armed thus with sure authority, divine,
The Angel swift was winging on his way,
And with a mighty voice accomplishing
His destined errand. Clouds before him broke
And scattered, and dissolved; and as his tones

19

Reverberated through the vaulted sky
And rolled o'er earth, a thousand echoes back,
Gave deep response, a thousand voices took
The Heaven-born message and proclaimed the cry.

With newer life the moral system woke,
For now its stagnant pulse began to move,
And its long dormant heart began to beat.
And Prophecy and Revelation came,
And threw aside the mystic garb with which
They long had been enshrouded, and stood forth
In the clear light of day; and opened wide
Their volumes, and their contents bade men scan
And know their meaning; for the days
Through which 'twas told the Prophet, that the book
Shut up, should be, the vision closed and sealed,
Were all expired, and that time now had come
Whereof 'twas said, "The wise shall understand."
Who then are they, and what for them to know?
That which was closed and sealed, but now unsealed.
Hear, then, the vision, ponder and be wise;
For God has shown what must hereafter be.
Thus to the king the prophet Daniel spake:
"In Heaven there is a God, who maketh known
The secrets of the heart, and now to thee,
What in the latter days shall come to pass,
Revealeth; for thy vision and thy dream,
O king, are these: ³¹
Thou sawest, and behold,
Before thee stood an image mighty, and

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Its form was terrible, and excellent
Its brightness; for in peerless splendor rose
The lofty head of gold: the breast and arms
A massive mould of solid silver shone:
Brass the thighs and belly were; iron the legs;
Part iron the feet, and part were miry clay.
Thou sawest till a stone no hand could form,
Upon the feet, with swift descending blow,
The image smote; and then the iron, the brass,
The silver and the gold, e'en like the chaff,
Upon the hollow winds were borne away,
And in their course no place was found for them:
The stone a mountain rose, and filled the earth.
Thy dream is told; and we before thee now
Will make th' interpretation known thereof:
Thou art a king of kings, O king; to thee
A kingdom, power, and strength, and glory, hath
The God of Heaven given; and all the earth,
Where'er the sons of men, or beast, or bird,
May dwell, into thy hand hath placed, that thou

Should'st rule them all. Thou art this head of gold.
And after thee another shall arise,
A kingdom, but to thee inferior.
And yet a third of brass, shall o'er the earth
Bear universal sway; but to the fourth
Shall there be given the matchless strength of iron;
For even as iron breaketh and destroys,
So this shall break in pieces, and shall bruise.
But as there mingles in the feet and toes
The strength of iron, the weakness of the clay,
So shall, in part, the kingdom broken be,

21

And partly strong: but in the days while yet
These kings are reigning, shall the God of Heaven
His kingdom firm set up, which shall not be
To other people left, but shall consume
These kingdoms all, and stand for evermore.
The dream is certain and the meaning sure."
In the first year of king Belshazzar's reign ⁴¹
O'er ancient Babylon, to Daniel came
A dream and visions of his head by night;
Then he the matter wrote and spake thereof:
"I saw, and lo, upon the mighty sea,
The four great winds of heaven fiercely strove,
And forthwith rose from out the troubled deep,
Four beasts diverse; the first, with eagle's wings,
The kingly image of the lion wore;
Like to a bear the second seemed; the third
Was leopard-like, and from its back upreared
Four wings as of a fowl; its heads were four;
But lo! a fourth, from all the rest diverse,
And strong exceedingly, and terrible,
And dreadful to behold; great iron teeth
It had, and with its feet it stamped, and brake
The residue in pieces, and devoured;
And on its head ten branching horns it bore.
These I considered, till among them came
Another little horn--before whom three
Uprooted were--and eyes it had like men,
And had a mouth by which great things to speak.
And I beheld till thrones were all cast down,

22

And that High One did sit, whose garments were
Like snow in whiteness, and like spotless wool,
The hair upon whose head; whose throne appeared
The brilliant piercing flame with wheels of fire.

A fiery stream before him issued forth,
And thousand thousands to him ministered,
And lo! before him stood ten thousand times
Ten thousand, and the books were opened, and
The judgment set; the mighty beast was slain,
And to the burning flame its body given.
Then to the Ancient, came, of days, upon
The rolling clouds one like the Son of man--
And near before him stood--to whom was given
Dominion, glory, and a kingdom, that
All people, languages, and nations, him
Alone should honor, and him only serve;
For his domain is such, and such his power,
As ne'er shall be destroyed nor have an end.
One then who by me stood I near approached,
And asked--for I would know--the truth of all
These things; and of that fourth beast, hideous,
With teeth of iron, and brazen nails, and ten
Wide spreading horns, of whom three yielded to
The one that rose, more stout than all the rest--
Who, when I spake, thereafter freely told:
'These four great beasts four kingdoms are, that on
The earth shall rise; the fourth unlike shall be
To every other, and shall fierce devour,
And all the earth in fury trample down.
The horns, ten kings are, that shall spring from out
This kingdom, and another after them

23

Shall rise, diverse, and three shall he subdue,
And even against the Most High God, great words
And impious, shall he audacious speak,
Himself t' exalt, and in his towering pride,
By his own arbitrary nod, shall think
E'en times and laws to change, and 'gainst the saints
Of the Most High, relentless hate shall urge,
And with fierce war incessant, wear them out,
Until his time, allotted, shall expire.--
To them the kingdom under the whole heaven,
And greatness of dominion shall be given,
And so shall they possess it without end."

"Again I saw, and lo! there met my gaze ⁵¹
A two-horned ram, who westward pushed,
And north, and south; so that before him none
Might stand, or from his hand deliver, till
An he-goat from the west, o'er all the earth

Came furious; and high between his eyes
One horn bore notable, and in his might
The ram he smote, and overthrew, and brake
His horn in pieces, triumphed and subdued.
But his great horn was broken, and in stead,
Towards the four winds of heaven, four others rose;
Of which, from one, sprung forth a little horn,
Which towards the south exceeding great became,
And towards the east, and towards the pleasant land;
And to the host of Heaven waxed great; the stars
Down to the ground it cast, and stamped upon;

24

Yea, to the Prince, itself did magnify,
And crushed out truth and prospered, and was great.
'How long the vision?' (I their voices heard,)
Spake one saint to another, who replied,
'Unto two thousand and three hundred days;
And cleansed shall then the Sanctuary be.'
The two horns which thou sawest, of the ram,
The rulers of the Medes and Persians, are;
And the rough goat, of Grecia is the king,
Whose one great horn the first great king denotes.
And now, whereas, that broken, four stood up,
So shall four kingdoms from his empire rise.
Then shall a king of countenance most fierce,
And understanding phrases deep and dark,
Mighty in power, arise, and shall destroy
The holy people, and himself in heart
Shall magnify, and e'en stand up against
The Prince of princes; but he, without hand,
Shall soon be broken, and his rule destroyed."
Thus Prophecy, with quick perceptive eye,
Scans the whole future; and with one survey,
This world's existence; marks each forward step
In Time's swift journey, till he comes, at last,
Drooping and weary to his journey's end.
And earth's great kingdoms as they proudly stand
Successive on the way, has plain marked out,
Like mighty mile-stones on the road to Heaven;
That we, "poor pilgrims," we who ever tread
Th' invisible line which separates the dim,
Approaching future from the wrought out past,

25

Might, with our faithful Chart, the Word of God,
Viewing the ages Time has left behind,
To see what has been, know what is to be.

And ascertain our true position in
 The world's career, how near, or how remote
 From that fifth, universal kingdom, which,
 The King Eternal promises shall be.
 Where then are we in the prophetic chain?
 How much has been fulfilled, how much to come?
 Time's record stands; what therefore he has proved,
 Is proved indeed, and mortals may not doubt,
 Nor dare deny what he has marked "fulfilled."
 Hear, then, his voice, while he, infallible,
 Expounds, and clear, the words of Prophecy.
 "High-ranked, and first, among the nations, who
 Have ruled the world sole monarchs, and have swayed
 With undisputed scepter all its tribes,
 And multitudes and people, small and great,
 The golden throne of proud Assyria stands.
 From limit unto limit, far away,
 Of farthest earth, from bound to distant bound,
 Where'er man's dwelling rose, or form was seen,
 All owned her power, herself their only queen.
 And this was that to whom the Prophet said,
 'Thou art this head of gold,'⁶¹ the lion,
 Of the prophetic vision--but the words
 Of Heaven are firm established ne'er to fail;--
 This, therefore, yielded to the next that rose,
 The Medo-Persian, which the kingdom took,

26

And westward pushed, and north, and south, that none
 Might stand before it, or resist its power;
 In whose fierce conquests clearly we discern
 The image silver, the ferocious bear,

And (plain the Angel states) the two-horned ram.⁷¹
 Thus trebly sure with threefold witness has
 Th' Omniscient Ruler well confirmed his truth,
 Which *man* may not presume to overthrow.
 The third great empire now begins to rise,
 Grecia; slow like some stripling young at first,
 But soon, at length, e'en like a strong man armed,
 Through fire, and smoke, and blood, and battle dire,
 It reached the acme of the world's renown,
 And took the throne that ruled the nations all.
 Thus speaks the Prophecy: 'A kingdom, third,
 Of brass shall rise, and o'er the earth bear rule.'
 Behold it now! and in its rapid rise,
 Mark well the four-winged leopard, and recall,
 While yet you gaze, the Angel's words direct,

'The rough goat which thou sawest is the king
Of Grecia, and its one great horn denotes
The first great king, which broken, there shall rise
Four kingdoms in its stead.' And thus it was;
For Macedonia, Thrace, and Syria, sprung,
With Egypt, into life, each by itself,
When Alexander died. But they, too, passed,
And, thus, with them the world's third ruler fell.
But in the image, iron succeeds the brass,
The leopard yields but to a fourth great beast,

27

More terrible and fierce than all the rest,
A fourth great kingdom yet on earth must rise,
From all diverse; which, where do we behold?
Far westward lo! another dawn of power,
Another nation into being comes,
And plants on seven firm hills, its pillars firm,
The fountain of its strength; then onward moves,
Encircling nation after nation in,
Its rising course, increasing as it goes,
Till like a mighty avalanche, at last,
It sweeps, resistless, to the ends of earth,
And high in every clime, victorious, waves
The soaring standard of imperial Rome.
Of this fourth beast, each land had sorely felt
The crushing might of its great, iron teeth,
And heavy imprint of its brazen nails.
Ten toes the image had, ten horns the beast,
Fulfilling which, forsooth, ten kingdoms rose
From Rome's vast empire, three, indeed, of whom,
Uprooted were by that one little horn.
Yea, even that 'man of sin,' none other than ⁸¹
The bold, blasphemous rule of Papacy.
Thus does it correspond in nicest deed
To its prophetic symbol; this is he
Who fain himself would magnify above
All that is known of God in Heaven or earth,
Celestial honors does the Pope usurp,
And clothes himself with robes of deity.
And he has thought e'en 'times and laws' to change,

28

And 'gainst the saints relentless war has waged.
And now, where'er Catholicism lives,
Among the kings of earth, his power is felt,--
The iron amid the clay.--
Thus far I've gone;

Four universal kingdoms have I seen
Arise and fall, and of the last, behold
The crumbling fragments, only, now remain;
And but for one more kingdom can we look,
The endless kingdom of the God of Heaven.
The image have I followed, till we stand,
Even now upon the ends of its ten toes,
Full well matured and ready to receive
The fatal blow of that great 'Stone,' which, as
It grinds the whole to powder, fills the earth--
And next in order comes.
And I have seen
The lion, bear, and leopard all expire;
And now the body of that fourth great beast,
Waits but to perish in the burning flame.
The 'little horn' has risen, and in the face
Of Heaven has flung defiance; but his time
Is almost o'er, yea, his dread doom draws near.
Then to your Chart, and search the future well;
For that which is to come is no less sure
Than that which has transpired; I only speak
Unvarnished facts, and they can never lie."
Such is the voice of Time; and thus does he
And Prophecy e'er to each other call:
What this predicts, he hastens to fulfill.

29

Such was the triple staff with which they bore--
Who took the message as it sounded forth--
Aloft the Advent banner, and unfurled,
To catch the passing breeze, its ample folds,
From which, in glittering characters, far shone
These thrilling statements brightly gilded there;
"The Lord is coming! Soon will he appear,
In flaming fire revealed from Heaven above,
The well-ripe harvest of the earth to reap--
His ransomed children all to gather home--
Who his appearing love and joyous hail--
But vengeance take on them that know not God.
That fearful day is near, and hasteth on,
That like an oven shall burn, when all the proud,
Yea, all that wicked live, shall be as stubble--
When earth and all the works that are therein,
Burned up shall be, and e'en the elements,
Themselves, shall melt with fervent, glowing heat."
Which to sustain, full many a proof had they
Decisive drawn, straight from the word of God;

And hist'ry all combined to prove it truth;
But high o'er all, illustrious, brilliant blazed,
These doubt-dispelling words, "Thus saith the Lord."
Around this standard there were gath'ring fast,
A fearless, faithful band, to bear it on.
Men paused and listened, and forgot awhile,
In mute suspense--while on their ears the loud
Alarm-notes fell--their fav'rite phantoms each;
And ceased awhile to dream their darling dream,
Of happy ages yet on earth to dawn.
Satan's whole fabric of deception, vast,

30

From base to summit shook, and promised well
To crash in ruin down; the Fiend saw this,
Alarmed, and trembled lest the world should all,
His foul, deceptive plots detect at length,
And flee his clutches safe; and fearful saw
Mankind awake around, and one by one
Break from his meshes, and themselves unite
With that devoted band, who Truth, alone,
Now sought to follow, and who, though they came
From sects diverse, all differences forgot,
And 'round their hearts drew firm the cords of love
And unity, and in one common cause,
To serve their coming Lord, united all,
The more to swell the warning o'er the world.
All this the Devil saw, from his high stand,
Where he o'erlooked the field, and gnashed his teeth,
And to himself, in quivering rage, thus howled:
"O, hateful band! O, most enraging foe!
Who thus should rise to thwart my prospering plans!
And intercept my best laid schemes! and wake
The world to their condition, and expose
My deep designs, and rob me of my prey!
Who thus should thrust their miscreated forms
Among mankind, and warn them of their state!
And so the fervent, strenuous efforts, all,
Of my most faithful emissaries balk!
And cheat me of revenge--ay! but revenge
I'll have; even on this odious band itself,
I'll wreak my direst vengeance; and will blow
My fiercest blast;--but not too openly

31

Must I the storm begin; else, all my plans
Will but themselves defeat, and only prove
A trap to take myself in; but I'll move

Beneath disguise most deep, that surest is.
 Full well the way I know in which they have
 Begun their journey, and it leads to those
 Bright seats of bliss, from which 'tis my sole aim
 To keep all beings--but the path is steep,
 The mark high-laid, and narrow, which remains
 For them to travel, better, thus designed,
 To suit my purpose; since they only make
 True progress while on that, alone, they move;
 Hence, with all arts unceasing, will I strive
 To keep them down below; or, if they still
 Will rise, a helping hand I'll lend
 And push beyond; if they're but off the mark,
 It matters not which side, my end is gained:
 Of their condition then, in just such ways
 Will I advantage take, as only I
 Know how, and drag them down.
 Now, then, has come
 The crisis. Where my batteries now to aim,
 I well perceive, with this unwelcome crew,
 Henceforth, is all my battle, all my wrath.
 This truth I then must haste t' oppose--but how?
 For well-laid plans alone can claim success;
 First, 'neath the guise of reason, I will brand
 'Delusion' on it; then will I incite
 Earth's mighty ones and great, against it firm
 Themselves to place, and when they arguments
 Have all exhausted, (and, indeed, they'll find

32

A small supply,) heap ridicule upon,
 And, thus, the people prejudice and blind.
 These causes well established, what effects
 Can come, but that unpopularity
 Should gather thick around, then scorn arise,
 Contempt and mockery, and finally,
 Uncovered persecution, unrestrained,
 And make men deaf to every warning given.
 But more than this--I e'en will dupe the Church
 Into my service; yea, the Church; to me
 Offenceless now; for though of godliness
 The form they have, 'tis all, and what care I
 For that? Nay, rather that delights me most;
 For 'tis a mockery of the Great Supreme--
 But 'tis the power I hate, 'tis that torments
 Me.--I around them strong the bands have knit
 Of worldliness; in that I well have done.

That is the cord by which I'll hold them down;
For I will strengthen now their love of earth,
Its pleasures and its forms, its pride and show,
Its luxury and wealth, and vain esteem--
And who but knows, if they this truth receive,
All these forgot must be? By stratagem,
I thus will take them, and they in my power,
A firm support will prove to all my plans;
For I will join professors and divines,
Church-men and worldly-men, drunkards and thieves,
And every being, vile, both heart and hand,
In one grand mass, to crush this rising truth.
Now will I go, and give instructions clear,
To all my legions; for my time is short.

33

And what I would, I quickly must perform."
This said, he straightway started to fulfill.
Meanwhile, their march the pilgrim band took up,
And higher raised their warning banner, bright,
And in a louder tone the message gave:
The earthquake rockings ran more violent
Through all the public mind, increasing still.
But now began t' appear alarming signs,
And unmistakable, that Satan his
Design was fast effecting, and among
The multitude was kindling fast the fires,
The baleful fires, of opposition 'round.
And now appeared great men, and high, far famed
For wisdom excellent, and judgment deep,
Who thought this growing move to quell at once,
With reason--nay, with common sense alone;
In this deceived they soon ran high ashore,
And as they floundered there, sung ridicule,
Themselves the most ridiculous of all.
And, ever and anon, the gath'ring frowns
Of that strange idol, Popularity.
Betokened coming storms, nor far away;
But nearer as they came, more firmly bound,
This body-guard of Truth, their armor on,
And with a firmer step their way pursued,
And with their broad two-edged sword, dealt off
Full many a blow mid error's advocates;
But still the shadows thicken; all around,
Commotion reigns, and views conflicting rise,
And mingling cries upon the air swell forth.

34

Delusion and fanaticism, all:
Some fight the truth, but yet a few defend,
And file away to join that company,
Who, heedless of the swelling waves around,
Proclaim, "Prepare! for the great day of God,
The day of wrath and vengeance is at hand."
But why, O Church, art thou indifferent?
Why, silent, gaze on movements such as these?
Does now the thought of that bright Coming One,
Professedly thy King, thy Lord, no joy
Or gladness to thy bosom bring? Is now
The message that he will so soon appear,
And recompense his faithful followers, all,
To you a joyless message? You, who are
Professedly his followers and his friends?
Is such the proof of all your love to Him,
Whom ye, with all your hearts, profess to love?
Or does the shadow of the gath'ring storm
Too dark appear, and ominous, to brave
Its rising fury; but bethink thee now,
Back to your predecessors look, and see
How fared they on their journey ages gone!
Mark! how the rack, the scaffold and the stake,
Stood thick along the thorny path they trod!
And think'st thou, then, on "flowery beds of ease,"
To reach the goal? Or has the world, at once,
So good become, that it will bear thee on,
Upon its shoulders, safe, to realms of bliss?
Or hop'st thou, thus, by mingling with the world,
It to convert? Be not deceived! The world

35

With truth and holiness wars ever, and
Against the power of God will ever rise!
And if ye, to convert it, would presume,
Convert at first its Prince, the Devil, then
There may be hope to bring the subjects in.
But know, O Church! thou now art Babylon!
Thy many sects, unlike, parties diverse,
Denominations strange and multiform,
Creeds opposite, conflicting theories,
And party zeal, and party spirit strong,
But ill comport with His plain words, who taught,
All his disciples one to be in him;⁹¹
Or with that Spirit, pure, of unity,
Which, in the heart of every Christian true,
Dwells paramount, and every action rules.

No such confusion reigns, no Babel, such,
'Mong those who follow Christ, and him alone.
"He that hath ears to hear, so let him hear,
What to the Churches saith the Spirit now.
Unto the Angel of the Sardis Church,
Thus write: These things, who hath the seven stars,
And who, of God, the seven Spirits, saith;
Thy works I know, and know that still thou hast,
E'en while thou yet art dead, a name to live;
Nor perfect are thy works before thy God;
How, therefore, thou hast heard, and how received,
Remember, and repent; and strengthen yet
What things remain, lest they shall also die;
For if thou wilt not watch, thief-like I'll come,

36

And take thee in an hour thou knowest not."
Such is thy state, O Church of Sardis! Now
Wake! therefore, and prepare to meet thy God.
This truth, alone, will thy dissensions heal,
This, to the unity of faith will bring,
This, only, lop the branches of thy pride,
And break the bands that bind thee down to earth;
Which severed must be now, or never be.
Now clearer still, the effects of Satan's plans,
Themselves develop, and the symptoms sure,
Of ultimate success, accumulate.
Now Popularity herself arrays
In open opposition, and draws forth
Her votaries all against; now turns adverse,
The sweeping tide of public sentiment:
A world all unprepared to welcome Christ,
Unwilling, all its pleasures to resign,
Its fabled dreams too readily resume,
And side away with Satan's mustering host;
Whom to arrange, he, crafty, now begins,
With art consummate, and well-practiced skill.
Many there are who hear the notes of truth,
"Start up alarmed," and fain would well regard;
But when their fellow-men they see oppose--
Whom more they fear, than fear to incense Heaven--
Their moral courage fails, and back they fall,
An easy prey to Satan's wily schemes.
Others there are, for whom earth's treasures shine
With attributes of deity; who gold,
That glittering dust, and lands, more value, than,

37

They value truth with all its promised joys;
All such with golden chains, Satan binds down,
To his infernal purpose. But behold
Yet others, who of themselves no root possess,
Nor yet belief, on principle well based;
Fickle; who, ere they for themselves reflect,
In matters new, trust to the word of man;
So, when some high-ranked one, respectable,
Upon the truth "delusion" brands, they straight,
With insolence unutterable, give vent
To jeering mockeries; o'er all such dupes,
And many such there are, foolish and proud,
Satan hangs fond, and with triumphant leer,
Leads them away among his company.
Another class there is, the very dregs
Of all humanity--unfit for Heaven,
A gross disgrace to earth, who of the low,
Are lowest; of the vile, the vilest; these--
As most congenial to their nature is--
Of their own will the hosts of Satan join.
Thus, some in one way, in another some,
Innumerable and various as mankind--
Unto the subject suiting well the means--
The Arch-Deceiver lures along his prey.
With this promiscuous host, where, well defined,
Reigned every trait of human character,
Where sins, the grossest and most glaring sins,
That ever planted in the heart of man
Their putrid nests, brooded and multiplied--
Where black corruption, 'neath exteriors fair,
Rooted and rankled--even as sepulchres,

38

Whitened without, contain but dead men's bones.--
With such a mass the Church, at last, chimed in,
T' oppose the message of her coming King.
A mass of men against the truth of God.
Thus with the Church, thus, but too fearfully,
Had Satan his designs accomplished now--
Too fearfully fulfilled his fiendish threats;
And in a fatal moment had he cast,
Too strong a snare, around her careless step.
Wandered from God! Deep, ay, too deep had struck,
And rank, the growth of pride and worldliness;
Even as some gnarled oak, its massy roots,
Far in the bosom of the solid earth
Strikes down, deriving strength invincible.--

Wandered from God! Their gaudy dress this proved,
And this, their love of show, and rich display,
And this, the gilded ornaments that hung,
Costly, but useless, in her synagogues.
And all the loves, ambitions, and desires,
And fears, and passions, base-born, of the earth,
With stealthy pace, into her midst had crept,
And sown their poisonous seeds, which wide around
Had shot pernicious root, innumerable,
Innumerable in size, and form, and strength,
And in the course they took, innumerable;
Each crossing each, and crossing others still,
Wove out their web, most complicate and thick,
Most strong, and most entangling, o'er the Church,
And thus was she close matted down to earth.
But long continue thus, the Church of God
Cannot; for Truth slacks not her onward pace--

39

Truth is not bound by earthly fetters down,
And he who follows Truth, must break them too;
So came the crisis--so the message came;
A cleaver by the Angel brought, direct
From God, her fettering bands to cut apart,
And her set free again; a medicine,
From Heaven sent down, which, if received, would purge
Free from her veins, the stagnate influence
Of Satan's opiates, and give new life,
New strength and vigor to her system give;
An incense, which, if offered in her midst,
The dead, corrupted air would purify,
Which now she breathed to suffocation near.
Such was the message, and its office such,
Would they the proffered gift but humbly take;
But ah! with one consent, they all began
Excuse to make, and pass the subject by;
The overwhelming flood of worldly cares,
No time or place for weightier subjects left;
Thus, soon they, as a body, closed their ears,
And shut their doors, and barred the message out.
At this denial of their faith, at this
Unchristian act, Truth turned away and wept--
A long, low, chuckle did the Devil give,
Of satisfied success; this was the act,
The trait'rous act, that sealed her destiny;
This rose to Heaven, and incensed Heaven, full soon,
With speediest messenger pronounced her doom;

He, following the first, wide through mid heaven,
This second message to the world proclaimed;

40

"Babylon is fallen, is fallen!" ¹⁰¹ dread words,
With solemn import full, and terrible
In meaning; message fearful, to proclaim
A fearful end; a sad description of
A sadder state: but forth the accents rolled,
Swelling in tone, and farther echoing,
They penetrated all her temples fair,
And from the gilded galleries where rose,
In worldly pomp, the measured anthem, deep,
Now beating back in mournful notes, and slow--
To which the vaulted ceiling, high, returned,
In corresponding tones, the notes again--
These startling words fell heavy on the ear:
Babylon is fallen, is fallen! At once,
With simultaneous impulse, thousands rose,
And broke, with her, their bonds of intercourse;
Left the dull place where they no food received,
No spiritual benefit, no life, no light,
Left and unshackled, free, themselves declared;
Free from her sects, unfettered by her creeds;
And they were free; for Truth had made them so;
She led them forth into the liberty,
To life, and light, on higher, holier ground;
And then they saw the moral wastes from which,
Their timely 'scape, they happily had made.
There stood her fanes of formal worship grand,
Her towers of wealth, her monuments of pride,
'Gainst which as fell the deep, portentous sounds,
The message of her fall, they trembling rocked--

41

As though some slumbering earthquake, far beneath,
Had sudden waked, to fierce convulsions given--
Would it had shook more mighty, till each soul
Was shaken from the lethargy that bound,
To see its true condition; but not so,
In Satan steps, with artifice most sly,
Advantage takes, and rocks them all asleep.
Lo! now on all her shrines there settled down
The speedy gath'ring death-mould, thick and fast;
A death-damp issued forth in all her aisles,
And all her lamps of piety and love,
Of godliness and truth, for ever quenched.
Behold, through all her courts, now reigned alone,

The blackest, moral darkness, deep and dead;
By one most fit described, as thus he sung,
"Silence how dead! and darkness how profound!"
As erst the Jewish Church, when they refused
The true Messiah to own, on earth had come,
At his first Advent, were rejected all--
So for denying that plain message now,
That he the second time would soon return,
God from the Gentile Churches turned away;
Withdrew his Spirit and forsook their midst.
Him they refused to own, he, therefore, them.
A moral change came o'er them, which, the most
Perceptive of their numbers soon perceived,
And in desponding accents thus deplored:
"On every breeze are borne the dolorous sounds,
As chilling as the northern iceburg's blast,

42

And like an incubus fast settling on
The timid, and the weak depriving of
Their energy, that lukewarmness wide-spread,
Division, desolation, anarchy,
The borders now distress of Zion's hill.
Nor long ago, and all the whole extent
Of our broad land, rang with triumphant peals
Of joy and victory, from christian hearts.
And is the scene so wholly changed become?
It is a fact, lamentable, from which,
Our eyes we cannot shut, that moral dearth,
And spiritual barrenness, alarming broods
O'er all the Church; such coldness as prevails,
Was never known, such lack of piety;
As worldly prospects, bright'ning, fast arise,
And manufactures grow, and commerce spreads,
So worldly-mindedness makes even strides,
Through all denominations equally."
Such is the testimony of themselves
They give; such the impression that was made
On some of her own members; thus were some,
At her sad destitution, well alarmed;
But conquered soon their fears, and, with the rest,
Fell in perpetual sleep--so Satan aimed.
Ah! when their state they saw, and thus bewailed,
Why fled they not themselves to join the band,
Of God's true worshippers, with whom was life,
And Christ's true Church? for such, indeed, he had--
To whom we now delight to turn again.

Thus, separate from the world, with all its charms,
And false allurements, spread but to deceive--

43

Thus having sundered all the cords that bound,
Within the precincts of a fallen Church,
The Advent Band still held its onward course,
Straight in the path of Truth: a glorious band,
Humble, devoted, true, their God, alone,
Striving to please, and trusting in his word,
That what he promises he will fulfill.--
That zealous band, to whom the Saviour speaks:
"Ye of the world are not, but from the world
I've chosen, ye therefore will they hate.--"
And who from those who have of godliness
The form alone, while they the power thereof
Deny, obeying the divine behest,
Had turned away; of this full well assured,
That all who in Christ Jesus godly live,
Shall persecution suffer, willing, then,
If aught they might endure for him their King.
But not from worldly malice, wrath and hate,
And open persecution, fiercely waged,
Are they, alone, sharp trials to receive;
Others there are, of sorts more fiery still,
Experience must prove; which e'en will make
Of their belief the firmest pillars shake,
And to their faith a test more searching prove,
Than simply to withstand the world's vain scorn.
Nor long for such will their experience wait,
Whose shadows now begin to dim the way.
Based on prophetic times, interpreted
As best they then perceived, firm trust had they,
That ere Time registered that year entire--

44

Then swiftly passing, they their fondest hopes
Should see fulfilled, and heaven would then reveal,
Throned on a golden cloud, the King of kings.
But Time paused not, to realize to them
Their expectations, which unanswered stood;
Hence, Doubt, fell canker-worm of Truth, crept in,
And striking boldly at the inmost roots
Of their belief, there gnawed assiduous.
Now in their path, with thorns already set,
This other thorn, blank disappointment, sprung.
And many who the world's assaults had borne
With strength heroic, this could ill sustain,

And, well nigh falling, staggered on the way.
And many, gazing vacant, wavering stood,
As some ship's canvass, idly fluttering, hangs,
When two opposing winds strive opposite.
Nor were there wanting some, who, quite aside,
Turned from the path, to join the world again.
And darkly lowering, o'er them settled now,
A chilling mist, uncertainty, which left
Them all at loss, unsettled, undefined;
Checked their bold zeal, and damped their ardor quite,
And dimm'd their vision, dubious with gloom:
While, multiplied an hundred fold, and strong,
The bland allurements, artful heaped around,
Betokened, sure, the ceaseless vigilance
Of their grand Foe, to turn them from their course.
Such, now, was their position; and while, thus,
Time swept along, a heaviness crept on
And weighed their spirits, till they all began
To droop and slumber--such as oft is wont

45

Upon the phys'cal frame to hold its sway.
Weary with watching, when the midnight hours
Stilly approach;--but destined now not long
T' assert dominion; for the hour draws on,
Which shall dispel all doubt, all heaviness,
Uncertainty and fear.
The hour came on,
And with it came, as on the whirlwind borne,
"Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out ¹¹¹
To meet him!" Then, swift as the lightning shoots
From cloud to cloud, quick as the thunder bursts,
Deaf'ning through all the air--so quickly ran
The spirit of that cry throughout the land,
So quickly utterance found in one great shout,
That, rising, shook, throughout, heaven's lofty dome,
"Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out
To meet him;" nor could a shock, electric,
Sooner have roused to life a faltering band,
Who now immediate from slumber sprung,
And with full many a cheer, rallied again,
With ten-fold vigor 'round their standard bright,
Now brighter, far, than ever, gleaming forth,
The Lord is coming, while all doubts and fears,
And ghostly shadows gath'ring fast around,
Scattered precipitate, with headlong route.
And Prophecy raised high her gilded page,

From which blazed forth, at once, redoubled light,
Clear as the sun, and unmistakable;
But most conspicuous, this, 'bove all the rest;

46

"Unto two thousand and three hundred days;
And cleansed shall then the Sanctuary be."
Then, waving her bright wand, time definite,
She pointed to, and said, "On the tenth day,
The seventh month, of eighteen forty-four,
This period shall end."

Now once again

List to the voice of Time, while he confirms
This statement, and her words establishes:
"The vision ye have heard, wherein was given
The time determined, and th' appointed days--
Two thousand and three hundred, at whose end
Cleansed should the Sanctuary be--unto
The Hebrew Prophet, Daniel, well-beloved:
To whom, while yet he understood it not,
Gabriel came swiftly flying, and thus said: ¹²1
'Thee understanding have I come to give,
And skill, O Daniel, that thou may'st perceive
The vision, and the matter understand.
Lo! seventy weeks upon thy people, and
Upon thy holy city, are cut off;
To finish full transgression, and to make
Of sin an end, and for iniquity
A reconciliation bring, and seal
The vision and the prophecy make sure.
This, therefore, know, that from the time wherein
The going forth commandment dates its birth,
Jerusalem to build, and to restore,

47

From that time shall there be unto the Prince
Messiah, seven weeks, and three-score weeks,
And two; and one week he, with many, shall
The covenant confirm; but soon shall cause,
In midst of this, the sacrifice to cease.'
Thus on the track are we directly set--
The track of Prophecy--with no false guide.
Thus to our hand is given, a giant-hold
Of the great chain, prophetic, whence we know
Where it begins, where, therefore, it must end.
While Artaxerxes, reigning, now had passed
Six times the measured space that spans, entire,
The four revolving seasons, and was yet

Within the seventh, then the decree went forth,
Jerusalem to build, and to restore.
Here, then, the point is, well defined and clear;
Here is the starting-post, deep-set and firm,
Whence to pursue our reckoning. Following down,
Along my course, the chain of Prophecy,
Through seven weeks, and threescore weeks, and two,
(Which my all demonstrating march has proved
Clearly to be prophetic weeks, of years;
Hence argues how the whole to understand,)
Behold, concurrent with the Angel's words,
The Prince Messiah, who the covenant,
Now to confirm, begins accordingly:
But farther on, three circling years and half,
(Of this last week the midst,) the sacrifice,
Behold, he makes to cease, himself for sin

48

Offering a sacrifice upon the cross.
Henceforth, an equal space, the week to end,
As from beginning to the middle reached,
Th' apostles still the covenant confirm;
'Till by the Jews rejected formally,
Lo! to the Gentiles, then the gospel turned,
And ended now the seventy weeks their course.
Here pause, and of our journey back, thus far,
Taking a retrospect, mark how we stand.
Lo! at th' appointed time, from the decree,
In order as foretold, see all fulfilled;
The Prince revealed, the sacrifice annulled,
The covenant its given time confirmed,
The Jews rejected, and the gospel turned
Unto the Gentiles; and of Prophecy,
At th' appointed time, ne'er can occur
A false fulfillment. Thus, then, may we know;
Rightly, at first, is fixed the starting point;
Since this, alone, will the conditions serve,
And satisfy the terms revealed therein.
This, then, the vision seals, and makes it sure;
This is the scale Eternal Wisdom gives--
That we fail not to understand the times
That God designs his purpose to fulfill--
By this fixed rule, to this established point,
What now remains, adding, conclusive gives,
When the appointed days shall terminate,
And cleansed shall then the Sanctuary be.
What further learned would be, from this now learn.

And the atonement type, where shadowed forth,
The cleansing of the Sanctuary stands,

49

The tenth day of the seventh month, heed well;
For this, that day, its antitype shall meet,
As at their times, others have done before.
True, then, we've found the voice of Prophecy,
When waving her bright wand, time definite,
As definite she spoke; this much is given,
For every honest heart enough to know;
For if men this reject, despise, and scorn,
And say that none can understand, then know,
Though from the dead one rose, they would not hear."
Much proof that these plain testimonies, thus
Given by Prophecy, confirmed by Time,
Deeply had had effect, abundant rose.
And to the seventh month, each eager eye
Now bent its steady gaze, as there it stood,
Like some bright beacon on a lofty height,
Lighting a dubious way; thither the band
Now bent their eager eyes with steady gaze,
Thither their earnest steps, with fervent zeal:
While yet the cry, tornado-like, swept on,
"Behold the Bridegroom cometh!" borne
Sheer through the land on every swelling gale.
The Press upraised its voice to speed it on,
And bounteous scattered, with unsparing hand,
Its winged messengers to swell the theme,
Free as the flying leaves of Autumn, sere.
And as, with lightning speed, went flaming forth
The Chariots of Nahum, speedily
They bore it forward on their destined way,
And left its echoes all along their course.

50

The lightning flashed along the wire, where, chained,
It waits on man the herald of his will,
And wrote it out in characters of flame.
Borne on the wings of wind, or steaming forth,
It rode across the ocean's crested waves,
And on to every clime its message bore.
Thus rose the Midnight Cry, thus spread, afar,
Through cities proud, and towns remote, and fields,
And listening woods, and unfrequented vales,
Which heard, and hearing, might have heeded too.
Firmly the followers of Truth pressed on.
Lowly and reverent-as now drew near

The day where centered all their faith and hope,
Where they reposed their confidence entire,
That this would close, for aye, the scenes of earth,
And consummate their hope, and crown their faith
With glorious success, and usher in,
Upon their view, scenes of eternal bliss.
Lowly and reverent, as this drew near,
Before their Sovereign King, prostrate they fall,
Of him to gain acceptance, and themselves
Prepare to meet him, now so soon to come.
More wholly, thus, they their affections wean
From things of earth; all controversies heal,
All wrongs forgive, and of themselves, and all
They may possess, a consecration make,
Total to God, and his ennobling truth
For who but saw, with but a hasty glance
Over the past, that all those days wherein
Blank Disappointment, cold and gloomy sat,

51

On every brow, were but a dash between
Prophetic words, to make the meaning clear?
Think not indifferent all this while aloof
The foes of truth, calmly beheld the move,
Or let it silent, or unheeded, pass;
Malice and hate, deep seated, and intense,
Lit up within their hearts, their scorching fires,
Which raged ungovernable, and thro' them wrought
Full frequent acts of violence and shame.
So when God's children, oft, for worship met,
To lift their hearts to him in prayer and praise,
And speak that Spirit forth, with which he filled,
To overflowing, their devoted souls--
For he his glorious cause did freely own,
With such out-pourings of his Spirit pure,
And of the Holy Ghost such rich descent,
As rise o'er every age above compare--
While thus assembled to adore their God,
In concord sweet, and unity and love,
The fierce demoniac yells of Belial's crew,
Rang 'round discordant, o'er the songs of truth.
And as they journeyed on, from every side,
Fell on their ears the harshly mingling din,
Of scoffs and mockeries, ridicule and scorn;
Which weapons only to their foes remained;
For in the open field, in contest fair,
Based on the testimony of God's word,

Long since their ablest champions silenced were,
With ignominious route; the two edged sword,
So bravely wielded by these pioneers
Of truth, whose blade with subtlest keenness pierced,

52

They quailed before, unable to endure;
Nor wished but once its naked edge to tempt:
Glad if they might but reach some distance safe,
To shield themselves, and be content to urge
The rabble on, to open deeds of hate.
All this but served to strengthen in the faith,
These candidates for life eternal more;
Who ever bore in mind, that perilous times,
In the last days, shall come; ¹³1 when men shall be
Of their own persons lovers, covetous,
Blasphemers, boasters, proud, from parents due
Obedience withholding, and of all
Natural affection shorn, incontinent,
Unholy, thankless, and accusers false,
Breakers of truce, and fierce, of all the good
Despisers, heady, traitors to their trust,
Of pleasures greater lovers than of God;
Who have of godliness, the form, but all
The power deny--from such, turn ye away.
When such as these they numberless beheld,
And waxing worse and worse, seducers saw,
And evil men deceiving and deceived--
Heedless their warnings--while unnumbered signs
Thickened around, and rose upon the way--
Signs, such as Inspiration's pen defines,
As certain tokens, and precursors, sure,
Of the great day of God--then on their faith
Stepped they entire, to wait the near result.

53

Up to the seventh month, meanwhile, the world,
Under Time's rapid hand was rolling on,
Nearing th' appointed day; the warning notes,
"Behold the Bridegroom cometh," closing up,
Speedy and faithful, now, their destined work;
A company to summons forth, prepared
And waiting, longing, for their Lord's return:
And works, than which nought louder speaks, their faith
Now seconded, and gave their witness in.
Wide spread throughout the land, ungathered fruits,
Ready long since to swell the Winter's store,
Than words could do, louder, by far, proclaimed,

"The Lord is coming;" while the fields, unrealed,
Nodded their heads of yellow grain, and sere,
As if t' affirm, "The Lord is at the door."
Such was the faith, through deeds made manifest,
That all things common made, and with the world,
All dealings closed, and only did prepare,
And only looked to the appointed day,
When they for better scenes the earth should leave.
Such was the faith, through deeds made manifest,
Enraged the wicked, and condemned the world;
Whom mixed emotions ruled, of doubt, and hate,
Suspense, and rage and fear--as near'd the day,
More anxious waited as more near it drew--
For proof, they could not answer, that the Lord
Then would appear, had plenteous been given;
And on the tables plain the vision had
Been made, ¹⁴¹ that even he who runs might read--

54

And for th' event, a band preparing now,
They saw, their faith by works revealing, and
Themselves, they saw, well warned and faithfully.--
Not so, whom faith and hope led on, the saints:
They, with full confidence assured, and bold,
With glorious hope, and expectation high,
That from foreknowledge spring, and living faith
That they should then receive their rich reward,
Joyous awaited the approaching hour.
Meantime the distance shortens; weeks depart,
Weeks, intervening, dwindle into days,
Which soon alone remain, while brighter burns
Hope and the love of God, among the saints,
And from their ranks, songs of thanksgiving rise,
And shouts of praise, up to their glorious King,
Whom they so soon caught up will be to meet.
In such proportion, so much fiercer, burns
'Mong all the wicked, malice, wrath and hate,
Though fearful, lest the warning yet be true.
To hours are days reduced--to moments hours--
Fast sifting through the ceaseless glass of Time;
Till dawns at last the much expected day;
In dead suspense and breathless stood the world.
The wise prepared it found, and waiting then
To make their exit to their glorious home;
But ah! it passed away, and, waiting, still,
Left them all here; no King from heaven appeared;

The world breathed easier and calmly Time's
Great wheels moved on, unstopped, and undisturbed.

55

Now other sights than unity and love,
Prepare to see, and other sounds to hear,
Than songs of praise, and harmony and peace;
For saddening sights now crowd upon the eye,
And on the gale now saddening sounds go forth.
The time pass'd by, but bro't no outward change!
Heavy the blow came down, with crushing weight,
On that devoted flock, as if 'twould send
Hope, reeling, to its grave; and faith destroy;
And to destruction scatter all belief;
And blot out trust in truth or prophecy.
Through every trusting heart, like some keen shaft
With triple barbs it pierced: and tore away,
A shield from off their breast, and from their grasp
An anchor wrested; while they stood exposed,
E'en as shorn lambs to the bleak, wintry blast.
This Satan saw, and glad, and with a howl,
Of joy, in part, at their defenceless state,
And part in hope of desperate revenge,
Goaded his legions on to furious charge.
Ah! then how from their wrathful eyes of sin,
Glared horrible the demon; how they hurled,
How spitefully and venomously hurled,
At holy innocence their poisonous darts,
Of sin-constructed calumny and lies.
Ah! then with what malicious insolence,
From their foul lips they breathed their bitter taunts,
And sneeringly, "not gone up yet?" inquired.
But how upon their open fronts fierce blew
The raging hurricane of worldly scorn,

56

Revilings, and reproach, and falsehoods foul--
Which, even the Father of all lies himself
Ashamed would be to own, but these his imps
Most greedily devour--pass by; for these
Were weapons, not the worst--would they had been,
But they were not, as shortly will appear.
As one, who, heavy stunned, confounded stands,
Bewildered, speechless, so the band now stood;
But thus not long; for their condition, soon,
They to examine narrowly, begin;
The cause to search, why thus forlornly left
In this, so sudden, unexpected, state,

Shieldless, defenceless, and unmailed against
 The direst blow of Disappointment's dart.
 Of all the past a retrospect they take,
 And close examine all the way they've come.
 The grounds of their position they review,
 And re-review; and all the causes sound,
 And sound the reasons of their bold belief.
 Yet nought to militate against the Word,
 Do they discern, or yet, the hidden cause
 Of their sad disappointment ferret out.
 Perplexing thoughts, perplexing queries rise;
 Are then the days whereof the Angel spoke, ¹⁵¹
 Rightly commenced, or rightly followed down?
 Now hist'ry, searched most thoroughly at first,
 Was searched again, more thorough than before.

57

The Word of Truth was searched, and prophecy
 With prophecy compared, and side by side
 With history, and history all proved,
 And prophecy all proved, that all was right.
 There stood the days, a mighty pillar, firm,
 Grounded secure upon eternal truth,
 Nor can it hence be moved, though 'gainst it all
 The battering-rams of Satan fiercely play--
 Rightly commenced, and therefore ended now.
 If ended, then, why do the wheels of Time
 Still roll along; and why no King appear,
 Flaming from heaven to close the scenes of earth?
 Who can this mystery solve? Satan makes haste,
 And answering this, thus whispers in their ear:
 "This is a mystery never will be solved;
 Wholly astray, thus far, have ye been led,
 Deceived by lying teachers; time has proved
 Your views all groundless, and your theories false;
 And that the prophecies man cannot read.
 Come back, then, to your station, where remain--
 If ye'll but turn, and give these idle tales
 Up to the winds--respectability,
 And wealth, and honor; nor thus longer make
 Yourselves ridiculous before the world."
 Ah! then, that grisly demon, Treason, burst
 Wide through their ranks, and furious havoc wrought,
 While grim, old Unbelief, with awful front,
 And hideous visage, with his war-club made
 Most murderous assault; and far around

58

His hateful daughter, Doubt, insidious crept,
To poison truth, and stir sedition up.
Then wild, wild, work was there in an evil hour.
Many with sacrilegious hand, and rash,
(What madness siezed!) their garb of righteousness,
Spotless and pure, to countless fragments stripped,
Stripped from themselves, then blindly back again
Into the mire of worldliness deep plunged.
Others, rash hands, nor sacrilegious less,
Upon their own belief laid violent,
And wildly tore it into ruin down;
Then from the sad remains as wildly turned,
And gave themselves up to the world again.
And many too, (say of what fiend possessed?)
With impious daring trampled to the ground
All faith, and trampled hope, and cast aside
All confidence, and raised their voices, high,
To censure now the way they once had praised,
And call it error's path, delusion-paved;
And urge, with gestures vehement, the rest
To turn with them, nor longer be deceived.
But yet a few, a faithful few remain;
Whom Treason cannot move, nor Unbelief,
Nor Doubt corrupt, nor Satan's glossy lies;
Who, as becomes the humble saints of God,
Without a murmur, to their trust prove true;
Who, from the wasting sights around, now turn
Their sorrowing eyes, and from the fearful sounds,
Their ears, and, with a saddened heart, still cling,

59

PICTURE AND TEXT

Firm to their glorious hope, and look to God.
Thus hold, a little while, ye sons of light!
For God will soon, as ye shall hear anon,
His own expounder prove, and make all plain;
For ne'er will he his people thus lead forth,
To disappoint and let them perish then;
But yet, a second time, his hand will set,
To save a remnant of the scattered flock.

PICTURE

THE WARNING VOICE OF TIME AND PROPHECY. PART II

HAIL Blessed Hope! fair daughter of the skies!
Whose lustrous wings with holy radiance glow,
And o'er whose brow the circling halo plays;
Who, with excessive glory dipped from Heaven's
Great fount of bliss, dimmest the things of earth,
And ever through Time's dun and shadowy vale,
On to the glorious restitution, and
The Paradise of God--the hills of rest--
Pointest the Pilgrim's eye, cheering the way,--
Now doubly cheer, and smoothe their rugged path;
Now of its piercing sting rob every thorn,
And blunt the dart of disappointment keen;
Them stumbling raise, and drooping animate,
And to sustain each trial them assist;
With healing balm their open wounds restore,
Their weakness aid, and sinking spirits buoy,
And in their breasts untiring vigor plant,
Till they those scenes, to which thy beauty points,
Shall reach, at last, and rest forevermore.
This is the Christian's hope; and this e'er since
By sin man first eclipsed the sun of life,

62

And brought up dark the heavy glooms of death,
Wrapping the earth in deepest, doleful night,--
This in the Christian's heart, while struggling on,
Groping his way through Time's dark wilderness,
Has ever forward to an endless day--
The glorious light of heaven--pointed serene.
With this sustained, the willing martyr, oft,
Has stood amid the fierce devouring flames,
Nor felt their pangs--in holy visions wrapt,
And pointing to the gem-encircled crowns,
That, like a glory galaxy, surround
The resurrection morn, robs the dark tomb
Of all its terror, and of victory, death.
On this relying, and by this inspired,
Supported, strengthened, cheered with courage on,
Still firm they stood, who disappointment's shock,
Heavy and crushing had so bravely borne,
And round their faith still sacred guard preserved.
For this had they renounced a worldly name,
Honor and wealth and every earthly joy,
And moved far out, in expectation high,
To meet their King; and now when trials came,
And keen affliction's furnace fiery burned,
'Twas meet that to the Blessed Hope they still

Should cling; and though thick darkness for awhile
Their way encompass, and their vision close,
Keep strong their confidence in God, nor think
Him of his promises forgetful now,
Or yet, in strength, unable to perform.
And well they did thus steadfast to endure;

63

For soon amid the dark encircling clouds,
To cheer their hearts, and guide their steps aright,
The angel-form of Truth again was seen.
Many the paths, and devious, that, ere now,
Had been sought out; paths that led darkling on
Wide from the way of truth: these had been sought
By many, and by many entered far,
As paths of light, but leading ever on
From dark to darker, gloom to gloomier still.
And this they might have seen, and back retraced
Their steps of error; but they still pursued
Illusions vain, saying they had the truth,
And had the light; pretensions strange and wild,
Since it was but the false, deceptive glare
Of Satan's torch-lights, shining to deceive.
And is the reason asked why thus they moved?--
Because in trial's hour, dark and severe,
When for awhile obscurity and night
Their steps enveloped, and their pathway hid,
They leaned on earthly aid,--most needful then
Of aid, support, and guidance, from above,--
Relied on worldly wisdom to mark out
The path of truth, and henceforth lead their steps.
Not trusting, or forgetting then, that God,
Would in due time, his own expounder prove.
In his own order make all clear again;
But on the words of men depended, sole,
All that was dark to lighten, doubt to clear,
And trusted to themselves to go aright.
Thus moving, wide they erred, as likeliest was;

64

And missed, of truth, the straight and narrow path;
For human wisdom with contortions wild,
And ill-yoked fancies, groped through many a way
Devious and blind, and wrought strange theories out;
Nor was each way its followers wanting, or
Each theory advocates; sincere, perhaps,
But fearfully misled.
So was the band,

Once firm in unity, and strong in love,
And moving in harmonious numbers on,
Divided, now, and torn, and scattered far;
By those, who, at the first unwelcome shock,
With mad infatuation turned them back,--
Not more than by slow-paced divisions, which,
Through the short lapse of time crept numerous in,
And wrought sad fissures in their bonds of faith.
Yet still those firm, and trusting few remained,
Who, to receive aught that bore not the stamp,
The seal of living truth, firmly refused;
Patient to wait God's own appointed time
His cause to move and lead them on again.
And soon that time drew on nor lingered more;
When, through the gloom, the angel-form of Truth,
Appearing, brought them joy, and beck'ning, showed
That on, right onward still, their journey lay.
Praise God for light ye saints! ye faithful few
For light and truth your voices lift in praise,
And ceaseless thanks; light from God's holy Word
When all around was dark, unseen and blank,--
God's holy Word a lamp to lighten still!--

65

Unerring, holy light! to break the gloom
And ever onward gild the path of truth.
Lo! now the thick'ning clouds begin to break.
Beyond which other clouds shall never rise;
Henceforward now your rising path grows bright;
The last deep gloom that ever will enshroud
Your earnest steps, or check your holy zeal,
From either hand retiring, rolls away
Its heavy folds, and leaves your future course
For ever clear; rise, then, and wend thy way
From out the vale of darkness, moving up
The hill of truth, and larger prospect there
Shall greet thy vision; there shall ye behold,
Tinged with a heavenly light, that will admit
No shade of error, all thy journeyings
Thus far, and at one view, the way-marks, all.
Upon thy pathway set.
The past is safe!
Time with his iron pen, unerring, has,
In characters indelible inscribed,
On his eternal scroll, its every act,
And move, and step in order as they were;
And those who wish t' obliterate them now,

Or have them thought as meaningless and small,
May wish and vainly wish, and with the sands
Of error scour, and scour in vain, and strive
To blot them out; they only will bring forth
The characters more bright and clearer still.
They were not small, or meaningless, those moves
Along our journey, they were mighty moves,
Deep fraught with meaning, mighty in effect.

66

Which felt will be through all eternity.
Nor are Time's records, only, seen through these,
Or his voice only heard; for Prophecy
In concert joined, and with him step by step,
And hand in hand, moved on, and there has left,
With his past scenes, predictions verified.
'Tis not in vain that ye have toiled thus far,
Nor are your labors, known amid the past,
Useless, as things that have accomplished nought.
Much has been done, for ever done, and well;
And much accomplished in its proper time,
And proper order, once for all fulfilled.
Now wisdom learn from past experience,
And in each onward move, and impulse given,
Behold the hand of God that ordered all;
And learn through all our course, the stream of time
Has fast been narrowing down, and God's great work
Resistless moving on,--his mighty plans
Rolling with ceaseless certainty unto
Their great fulfillment, final and complete.
Th' appointed days expired! and think ye now,
Because to man no outward move appeared,
The words of God's eternal wisdom failed?
His plans proved fruitless? or his purpose vain?
Not so! a great and mighty change there came,
And, in fulfillment of God's certain will,
A mighty work, and great, was there performed.
For our High Priest, the Holiest entered then,--
The Holiest of the Tabernacle true,--

67

And verified God's word, eternal, stood,
That cleansed should then the Sanctuary be.
No proof had yet been given, or reason found--
Nor was, indeed, much proof or reason sought,
Or thoroughly the question e'er discussed,
Taking for granted what they should have proved,--
Why earth, or portions, aught, of earth, should be

A Sanctuary called, a holy place;
Nor could aught in God's sacred Word be found,
Substantial evidence, that it was so,
Or e'en a place where once it thus was named.
But while we saw it not, our learned foes,
Searching through every nook of hidden lore,
For some objection, valid, to our cause--
Some which would stand alone,--this missed withal,
Nor ever once, on this, presumed attack.
But on the Word of God, firm rock of truth,
We might have laid foundation surer, far,
On which to rest our hope; and might have learned
That Heaven contained the Tabernacle true, ¹⁶¹
By God, not man, a Sanctuary pitched;
Of which the earthly house, the typical,
Was but a pattern given, whose services
And ministrations all th' example served,
And shadow of the heavenly things themselves.
Great was the change when first the type, on earth,
Its antitype, in Heaven, reached, and there,
Thenceforward, were its services performed.--
So now the change was great, when was commenced

68

The final work, and short, remaining, sole,
To once for all the Sanctuary cleanse,
And seal the destinies of all mankind.
Which done, will Christ a second time appear.
His saints to crown with everlasting joy.
Then has no tittle failed, tittle or jot,
So far, of God's immutable decrees.
For man's short foresight Time has made amends.
And taught that in the event, and not in time
Lay the mistake, corrected plainly now.
Thus far has God sustained and led us on,
His hand has guided and his Spirit cheered;
His is the glorious truth and will prevail;
More have we now, our whole belief to claim.
More to encourage, and of truth assure,
And in our hearts undying hope inspire,
Than ever yet upon our vision rose;
For we have seen, with our own eyes have seen.
Prophetic words fulfilled, and scenes foretold,
Accomplished,--all, God's plans developing,--
Scenes, but the short forerunners of the great,
And final consummation soon to be;
And with a thrill of joy, and gladdened heart,--

Emerging from the vale of doubt and gloom--
We now behold that still our course was right,
Right in all leading fundamental truth,
And in our earnest toil, through days gone by.
In word and deed we did God's holy will.
Two angels, forth from God commissioned, to
Make known to slumbering guilty man his will,

69

Have loud through heaven their messages proclaimed,
Fulfilled their mission, and their work is done.
A third yet follows them--a third and last--¹⁷ 1
To man a final call of mercy given--
In whose loud voice, warning of woe to come,
An obstinate, and blinded world may read,
In letters of vindictive wrath, their doom:
"If any man the beast shall worship, and
In hand or forehead shall his mark receive,
The same the wine of God's unmingled wrath
Shall drink, wrath without mixture poured into
His cup of indignation, and with fire
And brimstone, in the presence of the Lamb,
And of the holy angels, shall he there
Tormented be, and rest not day nor night,
Who serve the beast, and who his image serve,
And of his name the fatal mark receive.
Here is the patience of the waiting saints;
Lo! here are they who God's commandments keep,
And keep the faith of Jesus Christ the Son."
The holy Seer, upon the lonely isle
Of Patmos, tranced in vision, saw the years,
The future years, of earth before him pass:
And 'neath prophetic symbols spanned events,
Most prominent along the stream of time,
The mighty offspring of unceasing change,
Of revolution, anarchy, and war,
That fill earth's catalogue of wo and death.
So has he given, in panoramic view,

70

Kingdoms and thrones, and empires, men of sin.
And powers of darkness working mightily,
And warring 'gainst the saints of God most high--
Has given that men might listen, and learn, and be
Instructed of events now soon to come.
"I stood upon the sea-sands, and behold,¹⁸ 1
Up from the rolling sea, a beast arose;
And seven heads it had, and had ten horns,

And bore ten crowns thereon, and on its heads,
Were daring written names of blasphemy.
And unto it was given a mouth to speak
Great things and blasphemous, and bold, against
The God of Heaven, his name and Tabernacle
To desecrate and them, above, that dwell.
And power upon the saints to him was given
To wage relentless war, and overcome.
And all on earth that dwell, whose names
In the Lamb's book of life are written not,
Shall worship him-to him the knee shall bow."
Time in his onward march, with outline bold,
Has this destroying power (thus symbolized)
Developed in proportion strong and full.
The world beheld it, when the world beheld
The man of sin revealed, and saw the power
Of Papacy, bold and blasphemous rise,
And over all that may be called of God
Himself exalt, and raise against the saints
A bloody arm of persecution strong.

71

"And lo, another beast I then beheld,
Out from the earth arise; and like a lamb
Two horns he had, but as a dragon spake.
And he great wonders doeth, e'en to bring
Fire down from heaven to earth in sight of men.
And by those miracles which he had power
Before the beast to do, deceiveth them
That dwell upon the earth, that to the beast
They should an image make, and causeth all
Both small and great, rich, poor, and bond and free,
In their right hand or in their foreheads bold
To bear a mark, and none save only such
As bore his mark or name might buy or sell."
So will the powers of darkness league their bands,
Combine their forces, and with rule most strong,
With laws and with decrees, compel mankind
Themselves t' array against the God of Heaven.
With two horns like a lamb a beast arose--
So with two leading forms a power has risen,
Two fundamental principles, than which
In all the earth none can be found more mild,
More lamb-like in their outward form and name.
A land of freedom, pillared on the broad
And open basis of equality;
A land reposing 'neath the gentle sway

Of civil and religious liberty.
Lamb-like in form, is there no dragon-voice
Heard in our land? no notes that harshly grate
Upon the ear of mercy, love and truth?

72

And put humanity to open shame?
Let the united cry of millions tell,--
Millions that groan beneath oppression's rod,
Beneath the sin-forged chains of slavery,
Robbed of their rights, to brutes degraded down.
And soul and body bound to other's will,--
Let their united cries, and tears, and groans,
That daily rise, and call aloud on Heaven
For vengeance, answer; let the Slave reply.
O land of boasted freedom! thou hast given
The lie to all thy loud professions, fair,
Of justice, liberty and equal rights;
And thou hast set a foul and heinous blot
Upon the sacred page of liberty;
And whilst thou trafficest in souls of men,
Thou hurl'st defiance, proud, in face of Heaven
Soon to be answered with avenging doom.
More fully, soon, shall yet this dragon-voice
Developed be, and louder yet shall speak;
More fully as the consummation nears,
And all the wicked, wickeder become,
The good more good, more holy, just and pure;
When he against the followers of truth
Shall lift his voice and vent his furious rage.
Whoe'er the beast shall worship, and his mark
Receive, the vials of God's wrath shall drink;
Here is the patience of the saints, and they
Who God's commandments keep and faith of Christ.
In his high daring, and exalted pride,
The man of sin in rivalry of Heaven's
Unchanged and fixed decrees, has fabrics reared

73

With his seal sealed, stamped and accredited;
For he has aimed a fierce and deadly blow
Against Jehovah's just and holy law.
God, in the beautiful order of his works,
Guided by wisdom infinite, and love,
Supreme, to man, gave him a day of rest.
The first six days of time were all complete,
Each with its list of the Almighty's works,
And, fair, creation stood, a monument

Of his eternal and unbounded power.--
 Six days were past; the seventh came and brought
 Quiet through all the earth; for her
 Creator rested; yea, the seventh came,
 And from a God of holiness and love,
 Of purity and righteousness and truth,
 Received a blessing, and by him was claimed,
 Above all days, his own; and on its brow
 He placed his sacred seal, and hallowed it.
 Illustrious, thus, the holy Sabbath stands;
 Link most divine, connecting earth with Heaven;
 A sacred chain, inseparably inwove,
 With man and time, God and eternity.
 Illustrious, thus, the holy Sabbath stands;
 Fair in its glorious origin, divine;
 And to mankind a bright attendant given,
 To shed o'er them its blessings through all time;
 And as each weekly circle fast revolves
 Down Time's swift current, point the world to Him,
 Who, from the void, made heaven and earth, and prove,
 A glad remembrancer of God to man.

74

Nor only thus: on Sinai's cloudy top,
 The Sovereign Monarch of the universe
 Came down; lightnings and rolling thunders deep,
 Clouds, and the mighty trumpet's swelling tone,
 Were his majestic heralds; and before
 The awful presence of its Maker, earth
 From all her lowest depths recoiled and shook--
 He spake: and while all Nature veiled her face
 Before his mighty majesty, made known
 His law to man,--his ten commandments sure.
 And thus, in plainest terms, as is most just
 To herald mightiest truth, this precept ran:
 "The Sabbath-day remember: in six days
 Shalt thou thy labor do, and all thy work;
 The seventh is the Sabbath of thy God;
 Then shalt thou rest, and all within thy gates:
 For in six days the Lord made heaven, and earth,
 And sea, and all therein, and on the seventh,
 Rested from all his work; wherefore, the Lord
 Then blessed the Sabbath-day and hallowed it."
 So clear has God made known his will to man;
 So firm established his eternal law.
 And his beloved Son, when he came down
 To walk with men, on earth, in mortal form,

And offer pardon to their fallen state,
In accents mild, declared, of righteousness
And truth, "Think not that to destroy the law,
Or prophets is my aim; not to destroy,
But to fulfill, I come." So will they stand,
God's precepts, all, immutable, and just;

75

And when exhausted are the years of time,
Then coeternal with eternity,
Will they remain, throughout God's realm adored.
Satan's vicegerent on this sin-cursed earth,
Here aims, malicious, with his poisonous dart,
And lifts his viperous tongue, blaspheming God,
And Heaven, and loud, in lying phrase, most bold,
Proclaims to earth with all her tribes and tongues,
"Changed is the Sabbath: and no longer, now,
The seventh, but the first day shall ye keep."
Change most absurd, most villainously false,
Satan's most artful scheme to turn mankind
Away from God, and most successful too.
The mass of all the multitudes of earth,
O wondrous strange! have lent a listening ear,
And sanction by their works the lawless act;
Cling to the change, cling most tenaciously,
And worst of all, strangest, and most absurd,
Most opposite to reason, light and truth,
They, in their blinded bigotry, maintain,
That God has done it.
God has plain declared,
I never change. The world aloud proclaims,
Proclaims by practice which the loudest speaks,
That he has changed. He, in his truth, affirms,
I will not alter what my lips have spoke.
The world returns, by word and practice, both,
That he has altered his eternal law.
But still do they with bland hypocrisy,
Profess to follow Christ, and follow truth;

76

But to their own profession give the lie,
And to their God, and heap up for themselves
Treasures of wrath against the latter day:
Low to an institution of the beast
Bow down, but slight the Royal law;--intent.
In hand or forehead, to receive his mark,
But shun the seal, the holy seal of God.
So lies mankind deep buried up in sin;

So in a thousand forms of error steeped.
God in his infinite mercy, once again,
Sends them a warning ere his anger comes.
And while is heard the loud third angel's voice,
Now rolling forth its burden on the world,
All who have ears to hear, so let them hear.
'Tis the last call that ever shall be heard
From mercy's lips; when this shall cease, there comes
A dismal, doleful night, in which will gleam
No ray of pardon for a fated world.
Closed then shall be, for aye, probation's book;
And the appointed ministers of God's
Dark vengeance, rise and execute his will.
'Tis the last call a guilty world shall hear;
This will the straight, the separating line,
Between those who their God shall serve, and those
Who serve him not, bold and distinctly draw.--
The final gathering call, that shall search out
The lost and scattered sheep, who wander now,
Without a shepherd on the mountains drear,
That bids each soul return, where'er the flock
Were driven in the dark and cloudy day--

77

That shall unite in unity of faith,
A remnant, tried, and faithful to their King;
Who keep his words, his statutes and his laws;
Who o'er the beast victorious, shall at last,
Enter the City through its pearly gates,
And taste the marriage supper of the Lamb.
Ye from whose eye cold disappointment's mist
Still shuts the light of truth; whose weary feet
Still find no footing firm on which to rest,
Nor to your honest, searching hearts find food,
Return ye, come, and heed the light of truth,
That shineth in the darkness clearly now.
Ye over whom the flood of worldliness
Again has rolled, and loaded, with its cares,
Your spirits down, and turned your vision from
The living glories of the Blessed Hope,
Arise yet once again, and to the help
Of God, against the mighty, lend your aid.
Ye who are blindly, calmly settling down,
Into a state of cold indifference,
Fast losing life, and energy, and strength,
And now perform before your sovereign King
A lame and lukewarm service--heed the call

That bids you rouse to life and onward move.
Laodiceans! hear, with listening ear,
The message which to thee the Spirit brings:
"These things th' Amen, the true and faithful saith:
Thy works I know, that neither cold nor hot
Thou art; would that thou wert; wherefore will I,
In thy lukewarmness, spue thee from my mouth;

78

For that thou art, thou sayest, increased in goods,
And rich and needing nothing, knowing not,
That poor, and blind, and miserable thy case,
Wretched and naked is in sight of Heaven.
Thee do I counsel gold to buy of me,
Gold tried with fire, that yet thou mayest be rich;
And raiment, that thy nakedness be hid;
And to anoint thine eyes, that thou mayest see.
Be zealous and repent! Lo, at the door
I stand and knock; if any hear my voice,
And open unto me, I will come in;
And him that overcometh will I grant
With me to sit upon my throne, as I
Have overcome and share my Father's joy."
Ho! all ye scattered ones, who ever once
Stood on the side of God and fought for truth,
Into whatever lone and dreary path,
The cloudy day and dark has seen you stray,
Return around the standard of your King!
'Tis the last rallying-call that bids you come!
The last recruiting officer that Heaven,
To bid men join its army, e'er shall send,
Is out upon his final mission now;
Ere, then, too late, enroll your names again,
To aid the glorious cause you once did love.
The bright remembrances of former days,
Bid ye return--thoughts of the holy joy
That filled your souls while struggling for the truth
In scenes gone by, bid ye return--the sun,
Fast counting off the numbered days of time,

79

Telling how swift the coming end draws near,
Bids ye return--and loud the rolling earth,
Trembling beneath its weary load of years,
Palsied and old, like one who seeks the grave,
Bids ye return--and louder still the voice
Of Heaven's last messenger to sinful man,
Deep in its warning tone, bids ye return,

And fight the battle through and win the prize.
O that a soul should perish now, who e'er
Has borne the cross and trod the heavenly road!
Should almost reach the blissful land of rest,
Then turn, through disappointment, from the path
Should brave the conflict 'till 'twas almost o'er,
Then lay their armor by, and miss the crown!
Should, with the Golden City just in view,
Yea, almost on its threshold standing, turn
Away from truth to error's poisonous cup.
Ho! all ye wandering ones, who ever once,
Stood on the side of God and fought for truth,
Who've borne the cross and trod the heavenly road,
Who e'er have felt the holy love of God,
Within you burn, and fed on heavenly food--
Where will ye find it now? Whence will ye draw
Subsistence for your hungry, starving souls?
Whence will ye seek it? In a godless world?
Behold it drenched in sin, alien from God,
Full of all lust, iniquity and pride,
Driving deliriously on to death!
And hope ye then for spiritual comfort there?
Whence will ye seek it? In a fallen church?

80

Behold it dead, a withered, lifeless thing,
Enveloped deep in shades of moral death!
O'er which the baleful fires of that most Heaven
Insulting sin, a cold formality,
Sheds its sulphurous glare, and makes the gloom
More hideous still! There will ye seek for food
And take the husks that fain the swine would leave?
Will ye protection seek, and watchful care
From those vile shepherds, who the fleece secure,
And starve the flock, to clothe and feed themselves?
Thus saith the Lord; "unto the shepherds, woe,
Of Israel, who thus their charge abuse.
Ye eat the fat; yourselves ye clothe with wool;
Them which are fed ye kill; ye have not healed
The sick, the broken have not bound, nor yet
The weak made strong; nor have ye brought again
That which was driven away nor found the lost.
So saith the Lord, I am against you now;
And at thy hands my flock will I require."
Howl O ye shepherds! for the God of Heaven
Hath raised his voice against you. Wail aloud!
For soon your day of retribution comes;

Day, when a strict account will be required,
Of all thy stewardship, and ye must speak
For all the trust committed to your charge--
How ye have led the flock the way to Heaven,
And taught them in the precepts of God's will,
And fed them with the words of holy truth.
And when at last the dark, th' avengeful day,
Of God's long stifled wrath shall sudden burst
And wake them unawares to meet their doom--

81

Them whom your honeyed words have lulled to sleep
And cries of peace have soothed to calm repose--
How shall ye answer for your duty then?
How shall ye answer for the blood of souls
Whom ye have blinded from the light of truth?
When undeceived they find at last that ye
Have smoothed with stealthy hand the way to death,
And charmed them on with fatal, siren songs,
Have spoken pleasing words, heedless of truth,
And warned them not against the day of wrath,
Which finds them, now, all unprepared and lost--
How shall ye bear their looks of agony,
Their piercing gaze of utter, wild despair?
How shall ye bear the wail of beings lost,
Lost through your faithlessness, upon the ear
Fall heavily in shrieks of burning wrath?
How shall ye hear them, loud, with curses deep,
Upon your heads heap up eternal loads
Of unabating, everlasting wo!
O faithless, guilty shepherds, great, indeed,
And heavy, is the account you soon must meet;
Of souls unwarned to flee the wrath to come;
Of truth unsought, or yet if sought, untold;
Of warning lessons God in mercy sends,
In lying phrase smoothed o'er to words of peace.
Ye who would seek for spiritual food and life,
To feed the soul, ye will not find it here!
Whence will ye seek it? One straight path there is,
One narrow path, where, seeking, ye may find;
Where Truth a few firm followers leads along
Towards the gates of Heaven; around whose steps

82

The Bible, God's unerring word, is still
A shining light.--Lo! here are they who keep
The faith of Jesus and commands of God.
All other paths distract and lead astray;

All else upon its front, conspicuous, bears
The brands of error, deep; howe'er so much,
Satan, with all his arts, may strive to shield
The fatal impress from the public gaze,
The blazing light of truth will pierce the veil,
And all may read in no ambiguous phrase,
The clear exposals of the ways of sin.--
All else the seed and fruit of discord bear,
And mixed confusion strange around them reigns;
And from the thousand crooked winding paths,
That weave their long, serpentine courses on,
Through all the world's great Babel, each pursued
By some charmed multitude of dreamers fond,
Rushing a thousand ways--a thousand notes,
Discordant rise, and unharmonious sounds
Fall harshly on the ear. The traveler, who,
Seeking the land of bliss, inquiry makes,
What signs of promise beam upon the way,
Hears but uncertain, contradictory notes,
And faint responses from the darkness come.
Watchman! what of the night? Alas, upon
The walls of Zion stand no watchmen now,
Faithful to duty; they who on the towers,
The high watch-towers, have stations taken, and
Should read the signs of the approaching day,
Upon their faithless watch, have fallen asleep,
And all who in them trust, are sleeping too;

83

Deep is their sleep that has no consciousness;
Yet as they sleep they talk--they talk of peace--
Talk, as they dream, of peace and safety sure.
Traveler, inquire again; others there are,
Who have proclaimed that day was drawing near,
That time's dark night was wearing fast away--
Who, with the lamp of prophecy, once told
The traveler where in Time's career he stood--
Perchance they may your wandering feet direct;
Watchmen! what of the night? Voices we hear,
A few faint voices from the ambient gloom;--
"Where once we were, we thought indeed we knew,
But 'tis a mystery now we cannot solve."
Watchman! what of the night? "We do not know,"
The drowsy watch replies; "that once we knew
The time of night, we thought; but we were then
Mistaken, and the matter cannot mend."
Traveler, read'st thou aught here to cheer thee on?

To plant fresh courage in thy drooping heart?
To quell thy rising doubts, dispel thy fears,
And give thee knowledge of the coming day?
But once again inquire; around his truth
God yet has watchmen true, to shield it well;
To tell how wears the weary night away,
And mark the tokens of the coming dawn.
Them let the traveler hear, and onward press.
Watchman! what of the night? "Traveler, the morn,
The morning cometh! also comes the night!"
The morning cometh! bright, bright, glorious morn!
That ushers in a cloudless, endless day;

84

Morning, whose holy light, shall sweep the shades
Of sin and death away; and with them flee
Their noisome brood that in the darkness lurk:
The glorious restitution morn that brings
The weary saints all home from pilgrimage,
To rest in lovely bowers of peace and joy.
Traveler, faint not, nor slack thine onward pace;
Lo, o'er the way, tokens of that glad morn--
Gleams of its bright approach--already rise.
There cometh, too, a night; a night to sin,
A night to sinners, deep, and dark, and dead;
A moonless, starless, rayless night, that may
Not hope for morn; for morn it ne'er shall see:
Night when no sighs, nor penitential tears,
Or prayers shall gain acceptance, and avert
The threatened wrath of an insulted God:--
They shall be swept both root and branch away,
And dark oblivion evermore obscure
Their very names and memories, and blot
Their forms from out the universe of life.
Traveler, heed well thy steps! around thy way
A thousand ministers of Satan stand--
His last and desperate effort--to obstruct
Thy course; to blind, confuse, deceive, thy mind;
Around thy feet a thousand snares they spread;
Heed not their fables, though they clothe them fair,
In high and sounding phrase of comely form.
Truth seek, truth follow; that shall lead you right;
That light alone, will show you where to tread;
And O, beware, through all thy pilgrimage,
Lest on thy hand or brow the beast shall press

85

His fatal mark. Keep God's commandments, and
The Faith of Jesus; so shall you escape
The bitter vials of the final plagues,
And in the coming storm a covering have;
In troubles deep, a refuge sure; and God,
Safe to the hills of rest will bring you soon.
Here may ye find, ye worn and weary ones,
The truth of God that satisfies the soul:
May come, and with the remnant share, when they
Shall reap the rich reward of duty done.
Into the field, the Prince of darkness, now,
Brings up his last reserve; weaves his last web,
The crowning act of his deceptive scheme;
A fraud that on the sympathies of man
Takes hold, and with a fatal sorcery
Soon draws him in the snare, and binds him fast;
A deep-laid plot! that at the very roots
Of truth and true religion, strikes most deep;
That tells the world, that, in its onward march,
It has progressed beyond the word of God;
And now must wisdom learn direct from Heaven,
Which the departed spirits of the dead,
Bringing from thence, communicate to earth.
Would men but read this truth, and as they read,
Believe, believe as 'tis most plain expressed,
That the dead know not anything, ¹⁹1 a shield
They then would have against the foul deceit:
But as it is, their own belief, itself

86

Erroneous, but serves to lead them on
To error, farther yet from God and truth.--
Spirits they are of devils, who go forth ²⁰1
Unto the kings of earth, and all the world,
Working with miracles, to gather them
Unto the last great battle-day of God.
Direct from realms of darkness do they come,
Though welcomed much as ministers of light;
Speak most blasphemous falsehoods boldly forth,
Received by many as unerring truth;
And in the very bosom of the Church,
Are planting now a fatal footing firm;
Yea, in the sacred desk, so firmly shut
Against all news of Christ's approaching reign,
These emissaries, vile, of Satan, stand,
And with all lying wonders, and deceit,
Set openly at naught the Saviour's power.

So is the Church, in her delusive dreams,
Hugging a poisonous viper to her breast;
Calmly unconscious, nursing in her midst,
A deadly reptile venomous and fierce;
Destined full soon, alas, to feel its sting.
Soon will the mighty angel cry through heaven,
Babylon the great is fallen, and is become,
A dwelling-place for devils, and a hold
Of every spirit foul; polluted cage
Of every low, unclean and hateful bird.
Such is she hasting daily to become.
And there was heard another voice in Heaven,

87

Saying, Come out of her my people! that
Ye of her sins be not partakers, and
Receive not of her plagues; for unto heaven
Her sins have reached, and her iniquities,
Hath God remembered; therefore shall her plagues,
In one day, mourning, death, and famine come.
Come out of her my people! yea, saith Christ,
A few names even in Sardis, yet thou hast,
Of garments undefiled, and they shall walk
With me in white; for they are worthy all.
Come out of her my people! lo, her cup
Of deep iniquity is almost full,
And now not distant, far, her plagues await.
And when they say, familiar spirits seek, ²¹¹
And wizards, dark, that mutter and that peep,
Should not a people then look unto God?
For, shall the living seek unto the dead?
Among my true disciples seal the law,
Among them bind the testimony sure.
If not in harmony with this they speak,
Know then that nought but darkness in them dwells.
In this behold another sign to show
How surely all events are working on,
And mark how near the consummation draws;
Yet in their evil hearts, do men delight
God's plain and certain Word to still pervert;
And from loud messages sent to proclaim
That evil cometh on the wings of wind,
They read bright tokens of approaching good.

88

O hypocrites! why can ye not discern
Signs of the times; and why cannot ye read
The plain hand-writing on the walls of heaven!

Ye sons of men! Ye multitudes of earth!
Traveling each way but that which leads to Heaven;
Seeking intent with fervent, tireless zeal
For everything but truth; chasing each dream,
Each phantom of the enchantments, false, of earth,
That flits across your path; now in the wild,
The mingled tumult of the giddy chase,
A moment pause, forgetting earth, the while,
And cast one honest, serious, solemn thought,
One full reflection on your blind career.
Ask if the world, with all its raging floods
Of dark iniquity, and loathsome sin,
Holding the words of God in proud contempt,
And warring hard with holiness and truth,
Can long be suffered thus to hold its course;
God, and the voice of Truth, loud answers, No!
Ask--in the wisdom of Jehovah's works,
And righteousness of purpose, if he e'er
Visits mankind in judgments, unforewarned;
The world oft punished sore in ages gone,
For frequent deeds of guilt, will answer, No!
And answer more; that with the warning comes
Space for repentance, and beseeching calls,
And earnest, loud entreaties Mercy sends,
To urge men to accept the way of life;
That when God's wrath descends, they perish not:
Warnings, alas, too oft unnoticed, all,
And calls of Mercy slighted and abused.

89

Behold the days of Noah! behold, and fear,
When God a warning sends, to heed it not.
Long with this guilty race did Mercy plead;
Long was the message sounding in their ears,
Of coming wo, and swift approaching death;
And oft were they entreated to return
From ways of wickedness and turn to God:
As oft in vain; for every warning note,
Slighted, if not despised, died on the air.
Infatuated race! they still must buy,
And sell, and plant, and build, and lay in store;
Must follow still th' illusive charms of earth,
E'en though a flood of wrath hung o'er their heads.
They would not turn, would not accept of life;
But blindly, madly rushed on certain death.
Ill-fated race! God, faithful to his word,
Poured on their stubborn heads th' appointed doom;

And, lo, they knew it not, e'en till the flood
Came furious down, and swept them all away.
As were the days of Noah, so, too, shall be,
The days which shall reveal the Son of man. ²² 1
Another instance take, of good refused;
Of love, and truth, and mercy proudly scorned;
Of warning words, mocked and forgotten then;
Instance where men have died the death of fools,
Through their own stubborn heedlessness have died,
As best they did deserve, and was most just.
Doomed were the cities of the plain, for deeds
Of grievous sin, and deep, unequalled guilt.

90

But not unwarned they stood, though warned in vain,
Nor unentreated, though they heeded not;
They ate, they drank, they builded, bought and sold,
And deeper plunged in worldliness and sin:
Soon came the fires of God's fierce anger down,
And, as themselves had chosen, consumed them all.
A righteous few, a remnant, only, fled,
Fled for their lives, escaped, and so were saved.
As were the days of Lot, e'en so shall be,
The days wherein the Son of man shall come.
So at the flood, and so at Sodom's doom,
Were men forewarned; behold, a mightier scene,
Greater, by far, than these, is at the door;
So does a louder warning tell it near.
O faithless generation! if the signs,
Which ye have seen, and which ye now may see,
To mark the last expiring years of time,
Had but been seen in days before the flood,
They had repented soon, and turned to God.
Had but the cities of the plain beheld
The half of what ye see, they all had left
Their deeds of wickedness nor perished then.
Will ye then still press on the way to death?
Still chase the illusive dreams of earthly bliss?
Still let a mote of earthly pleasure hide
Away from view, worlds of eternal joy?
Still let a few short unsubstantial days
Of fleeting time, laid in the scale, outweigh
Eternity's long years of glory bright?
Let reason, for awhile, her long usurped
Dominion gain, and once direct your thoughts.

91

Let wisdom speak; true wisdom, not of earth,
Gross, unrefined; but wisdom pure, that springs,
Fresh from the fountain head of light and truth.
Think on the wondrous works and purposes
Of God! Scan from beginning earth's career,
And see if now it draws not near its close.
Mark how she scarcely staggers on with near
Six thousand years upon her aged back;
Feeble, and old and worn, with wan disease.
Behold the scenes with which, in earnest truth,
She writes her coming end. The field explore
Of prophecy; and prophecy compare
With history; events foretold, mark well.
And what have past consider, and be wise.
Will ye not read and flee the wrath to come?
Room there has ever been, and e'er shall be,
That those who wish to doubt, may doubt; a place
Where unbelief may set its cloven foot:
So may ye now, tall structures rear against
The truth; but ah, ye'll find too late, alas,
Ye've only made firm gibbets for your souls.
See ye no tokens in the present age
Of fearful portent, which, with raven wing,
Dark o'er the future cast their dismal shade?
Ay! mark them well, in glaring forms, and bold,
Of guilt and deep iniquity and sin.
With many a sounding epithet, and high,
Are fair encomiums bestowed upon
The age that is--an age of light, they say,
Of rare, unprecedented, cloudless light;
Of sciences unequalled, and advance

92

In arts of every form, unknown before:
So do loud cries of progress and reform,
Swell on the air; and men are all content,
To shut their eyes and hear, well-pleased, the cry,
"The world is growing better!" and know not
That swift destruction now is on the track.
Do ye not see that 'tis the very dregs
Of near six thousand years of filthiness?
The settlings of corruptions gone before?
Mark ye not how the powers of darkness work
With all their signs and lying wonders now?
And Satan with all modes, all forms, all ways,
Of black deception, hasteth to perform
His last, deep work of malice 'gainst mankind?

Will ye then let the peace and safety cry,
Still lull you on, till universal death
Shall ope its hideous jaws, and quick devour?
Will ye still slumber on the crater's mouth,
Nor heed its deep convulsions, till, at last,
Ruin's wide vortex draws you helpless down?
Will ye still blindly say that since the days
Wherein the fathers fell asleep, all things
Continue as they were, and yet inquire
Where is the promise of your Lord's approach? ²³¹
Behold the angry nations! lo, their wrath
Among themselves is stirred; e'en as wild beasts
Each other watch with glaring 'vengeful eye,
And many an angry snarl, so do they cast,
Each upon each looks of resentment deep,

93

And sleepless jealousy; with angry brow,
Cloudy and dark with wrath, they wait to launch,
Upon each other, fierce, their bolts of death.
Have ye not witnessed Famine's meagre form
Stalking abroad among the tribes of earth,
And sporting with their suffering and wo?
Have ye not witnessed giant Earthquakes rise,
And 'neath their ponderous tread proud cities crush,
And raze, with proud contempt, the works of man?
Have ye not marked the Hurricane unbound?
The wild Tornado's furious, sweeping course,
Exulting proudly in its youthful strength?
And rushing Floods and hideous Pestilence,
And Fires with towering crest blazing aloft,
Mocking the feeble implements of men?
And countless in their forms, Misfortunes, dire,
Crowding unwelcome 'cross the path of life?
Have ye not witnessed these, as if they all
Were practicing to bear their part in some
Great, crowning, fatal, last catastrophe?
Ay, thus it is; the Son of God hath said
There shall be signs above, and on the earth,
Distress of nations with perplexity. ²⁴¹
Waves roaring, and the sea, and men's hearts faint,
And failing them for fear, when they but look
For those things which are coming on the earth.
From all these signs draw ye no lessons then?
And know ye not that soon, full soon there comes
A time of trouble such as never was?--

94

And there was heard a voice thro' heaven, aloud,
Saying, Wo! wo! wo! to earth's inhabitants, ²⁵¹
By reason of the other voices of
The angel trumpets, which are yet to sound.
Two have already sounded, and two woes
Are past; behold the third woe cometh soon.--
With wisdom then heed well the incipient steps
That mark its swift approach; these are the paths,
The avenues that lead direct into
The great arena of the battle-day.
Dark o'er the earth, a storm is rising fast.
With lowering front it comes, gloomy and still,
In aspect terrible; as if all wrath,
All boundless fury, all destroying power,
Were all combined and centered there for some
Great work of devastation and of death.
Deep is the shade of gloom it casts o'er earth;
While now a universal hush, as still
As dwelleth in the chambers of the dead,
Waits its approach; a hush that just precedes
The awful fury of the bursting storm.
And will ye this regard, this little space
Of peace and quietness and plenty, as
A token sure of good that's yet to come,
And calm your fears with thoughts that all is safe?
Know, then, destruction comes, ye cannot 'scape.
A few discerning minds, lights of the age,
The great men of the earth, of judgment sound,
Of foresight strong and clear, but take a glance,

95

A hurried glance into the future dim,
And shuddering drop the vail; they durst not scan,
Nor meditate the scenes in embryo there;
But with foreboding looks, and stifled voice,
They say man cannot the results foretell.
Man need not do it; for the Word of God
In plainest terms thus tells the issue true:
At that time Michael shall stand up, the Prince
That standeth for thy people, and a time
Of trouble shall there be as never was.
Then shall thy people, all whose names are found
But written in the book, deliverance share.
O, sinners! ye who stand before the storm,
Heedless, without a shelter, ere it burst
In fury down, a place of refuge seek.
Heed the third angel's voice, lest he shall close

His mission soon, ere you obey his call.
O haste, while yet our great High Priest remains
Within the Sanctuary's holiest place,
Shortly to finish there his final work--
Haste and repent, that all thy sins may then
Be blotted out, nor find remembrance more.
And lest the voice of Mercy suddenly
Shall cease to plead, heed her entreaty now.
This know--tho' you, tho' all the world shall stand
All unprepared to meet the avenging day,
'Twill not delay; for God hath purposed it,
And at the appointed time 'twill surely come.
Lo, on the ear, at intervals, now falls
The distant murmurings; as though e'en now
The struggling wrath was but ill stifled there;

96

And ever and anon, the watchful eye
Sees, fearfully flashing through the dark expanse,
Gleams of the piercing fires that lay behind:
Nor will they long be stifled; earth shall feel
Their blasting fury in a sudden hour.
Oft has the Prophet's eye, when far away
Through the long vista dim of future years
He cast a searching glance, upon this time
Rested intent; and fervently he cried,
"Alas! alas! that day! for it is great!
And like it there is none." "O would that thou
Wouldst hide me in the grave, in secret, till
Thy wrath is past." "Come ye my people in
Thy chambers enter, round thee shut thy doors,
Until the indignation passes o'er;
For lo, the Lord, the Lord omnipotent,
Ariseth from his place, and cometh forth
To punish sore the guilty sons of men
For their iniquity, and earth shall then
Disclose her blood, and hide no more her slain."
O world! O devotees of fashion! O
Ye glittering sons of pride! Ye worshipers
At pleasure's empty shrine! of what avail
Will it soon be that ye have followed here
The paths of worldly happiness? What joy
Will the reflection bring, that ye have thrown
Your years away in chasing empty dreams--
When the time comes that ye will feel the need
Of other comfort than the world can give:

When on your unprotected heads the wine
Of God's unmingled wrath is being poured:

97

When ye are writhing 'neath the withering curse,
The seven vials of the final plagues;
Without one ray of hope to penetrate
The dark horizon of your bitter wo.
How will the pangs which keen reflection gives,
Pierce thro' your soul! while thoughts upon the past,
Like "waves of wormwood" in their bitterness,
Roll o'er your mind: thoughts of the time while yet
Mercy's sweet voice was heard, and there was left
A way of refuge for the sinner then:
Thoughts of the oft repeated warnings given,
And earnest, long entreaties, urgent calls,
To take the way of life, to flee from death,
To leave the paths of sin, and turn your steps
To holiness and truth; and thus secure,
Against the day of wrath, a safe retreat:
Calls which ye might have heeded, if ye would,
And won the rich reward, eternal life.
How will the sad realities then rise,
The appalling sense of your condition, lost,
Before you, dark, like mountains of despair,
To sink you down in utter hopeless wo!
Thought that no act of penitence, sincere,
Can save you then, or mitigate your doom:
Thought that no prayers, however fervent breathed,
Nor sighs, in agony of spirit raised,
Nor tears, nor supplications, e'er can reach
The throne of grace; for Mercy, wearied long,
Insulted and abused, has now retired;
And Christ, our Mediator, who has stood
That men might seek repentance, and long time

98

Has held the arm of righteous vengeance back,
Now pleads no more; but leaves the world exposed
Before the hot displeasure of her God.
Then shall have gone the fearful mandate forth,
"He that is filthy, filthy let him be!
He that is holy, holy may remain!"
Then shall the sword of vengeance gleam on earth,
And glut itself unsheathed in brother's blood.
Restraining grace departs, nor longer sheds
Its holy influence through the hearts of men;
While they, abandoned to the workings dark

Of their unhallowed passions, and transformed
To demons fierce, among themselves shall do
Strange deeds of blood and untold wickedness.
Each man against his neighbor lifts his hand.
Friend looks on friend, with glaring, murderous eye,
Inveterate foes; the proud, the rich, the gay,
Who have believed the lying tales of peace,
And calmly dreamed that all was well with them,
Awake, and find, too late, their dreams were false,
And shriek for help; but shriek in vain; for they
Must drink the cup their heedlessness has filled
With bitter draughts of suffering and wo.
Ye whom the soul-polluting sin of pride,
Forbids that ye should be the followers now
Of Jesus, and his humble servants join--
How will ye bear it, then, to find yourselves
With fiends, the vilest of the earth, most low,
Who never think of pity, mercy, love,
And peace; most miserable, most devilish; for
God's Spirit strives no more with fallen man?

99

Then shall dire pestilence among you stalk,
That walks in darkness; and in noon-day's light,
Destruction waste you down; ye shall behold
A thousand at thy side, at thy right hand
Ten thousand fall; nor shall thy hoarded wealth,
Silver, or gold, that day deliver ye.
A day of trouble and distress 'twill be;
Of wasteness and of desolation, drear;
A day of darkness, heaviness and gloom;
And God will haste and speedy riddance make
Of all the wicked dwellers in the land.
Wroth with the remnant of the woman's seed,
Who God's commandments keep and Jesus' words,
Shall be the dragon; and pursue with war;
But they, alone, will God's protection share;
In his pavilion shall they all be hid;
Beneath the shadow of his wings abide:
His truth shall be their buckler and their shield:
Terror by night they have no need to fear,
Nor pestilence, nor noon-day's wasting death:
Nigh to their dwelling plague shall never come:
And in the final trying hour, will God,
With his almighty arm deliverance bring.
Ho, all ye people, now associate
Yourselves! Assemble and prepare; for lo,

The battle-day of Armageddon comes!
War, with his iron heel, shall scour the earth,
And drink the blood of millions; anarchy,
Among the angry nations plants his throne,
And in the horrid discord revels wild.
Come all ye fowls that fly in midst of heaven,

100

Gather yourselves together, that ye may eat
The flesh of captains, and the flesh of kings;
Of mighty men; of rider and of horse;
Of all both small and great, and bond and free;
For now the Beast, and all the kings of earth,
With all their armies, have arrayed themselves
To war with him whose name is Lord of lords.
'Tis the last conflict of the banded powers
Of darkness leagued against the Word of God.
Desp'rate and fierce 'twill be--the wine-press of
The anger of God's wrath--and blood shall flow
E'en to the bridles of the horses' mouths.
Then shall the long usurped dominion which
The Prince of evil holds upon the world,
Forever cease; himself dethroned; for lo,
A mightier than he has said the word,
And He whose right it is shall come to reign.
Once did the Saviour come, lowly and meek,
To pay the penalty for guilty man,
And point the way to never-ending life.
Once more he comes; but not as then he came;
He comes a king, to whom all power is given
In Heaven and earth, and all dominion given;
With honor crowned, and in the glory of
His Father, clothed with heavenly majesty;
For flaming vengeance on the nations, armed;
And all Heaven's holy angels him attend;
He comes victorious, he comes to reign;
To rule the nations with a rod of iron;
Descending with the loud Arch-angel's voice,

101

The trump of God, and trembling earth shall reel,
And quick before the lightning of his eye,
The wicked perish and consume away.
The dead shall hear his voice, the righteous dead
Who living served, and dying, sleep in him,
Shall hear and rise, with immortality
Then clothed upon, and with the living saints,
Immediate changed, corrupt to incorrupt,

By shining angel bands be gathered up
To meet the Lord, and realize their hope.
Then shall this mortal, immortality
Put on; then shall the Lord, the righteous Judge,
To all who his appearing love, first give
The crown of life; and all the saints receive
Their harps of gold; and on the sea of glass
With fire commingled, standing, sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb, and sound the notes
In one triumphant strain, of victory.
Then through the massy gates, each gate a pearl,
Enter the City, bright, for them prepared,
Decked with the glory of its maker God;
And like a jasper stone, the light thereof,
As crystal clear; and all whose holy streets,
With purest gold, even like transparent glass,
Are dazzling paved; which ever fair reflect
Bright back again the living gorgeousness;
And never-fading splendors ceaseless glow;
And beauty answers beauty, deep'ning still,
And grandeur, grandeur, ever leading on
Through scenes of glory, new, ineffable.
There stands the throne of God and of the Lamb,

102

With light encircled, unapproachable;
Whence rolls its ever pure and crystal stream,
The river of life, on whose eternal banks,
From either side, and high o'erarching stands,
Bright in possession of its living bloom,
The tree of life, in fadeless majesty:
Whose golden fruit with silvery-blended hues,
Twelve kinds it monthly yields, freely for all;
Of glorious immortality, sure pledge.
Radiant in light the holy City stands;
Nor hath it need of moon, or shining sun;
For God's surpassing glory lightens it,
And through its gates of pearl, night never comes.
And he who sat upon the throne, hath said,
Behold anew all things do I create: ²⁶1
Heaven hears the word, and earth, and blooms afresh
In all its Eden beauty, as when first,
At the Almighty's will, it sprung to life;
Ere man's revolt had breathed a blight upon
Its pristine glory and its vernal bloom.
Once wert thou fair, O Earth, in loveliness;
Once full perfection bore through all thy forms;

And vigorous stood, and fresh in youthful strength;
But ah, not long; man in his rashness siezed
The fatal fruit, and trespassed God's commands,
And broke the barrier of thy defense:
From hence thy history and thy life grew dark.
A visible pang of death through all the works
Of shuddering nature ran; all that was once
So fair, so good, so lovely, so adorned,

103

Beneath the scorching breathings of the curse,
Distorted, withered, faded, drooped and died.
Sky, once serene, with sombre tempests lowered,
And muttering, frowned on earth a gloomy frown,
And cast o'er all her works a dismal shade.
Among the beasts, peaceful, so late, and tame,
War sprung; and savage howls were heard; and blood
Thirsted for blood, and raged, and fought, and strove.
The birds their songs of harmony and joy,
Forgot; and at the eagle's piercing scream,
Tremblingly heard, and quick affrighted fled.
And Peace, and Loveliness, and Beauty, took,
With sad, reluctant step, their final leave;
And some few foot-prints, faint, some shadows, dim,
Were all they left on earth; thistles and thorns,
Where once they trod, in dread abundance sprung,
As if to mock their former, glorious reign.
Man opened thus the gaping flood-gates, wide,
Of Sin and Death, who inward rushed, apace,
With all their direful retinue, deformed;
Loathsome disease, with countless hideous shapes,
And keen and racking pains, and cheerless grief,
Misfortunes, and a thousand eating ills,
That eat the happiness of life away;
These, Adam thus let in; these him destroyed;
And these, on all his offspring down the stream
Of time, have ever busy warred, and fixed
Their deadly fangs, and worn and wasted down,
Till Death, e'er active on his ceaseless rounds,
Comes in at last to gather up the spoils.
Thus do they hasten on both man and beast.

104

And thus all living, and all lifeless things,
Down through the crumbling alleys of decay.
And must this ever be? Must ever thus
God's glorious design frustrated stand?
Not ever! for mankind's Redeemer, he,

The Son of God, the Second Adam, will,
What our first parents lost, doubly restore.
He Sin and Death will conquer and destroy,
And raze each vestige of their baleful reign;
And close, for aye, their flood-gates, wide, of wo;
And Nature's face renew, and far remove
The fetters of the curse from all her works;
And Peace, and Loveliness, and Beauty, call
Down once again from their abodes of bliss,
To range in glory o'er the earth renewed.
In youthful freedom, then will earth again
Rejoice, its fetters broken, and its voice
Long choked by Sin and Death to notes of wo,
Shall rise in anthems loud of grateful joy.
All shall be Eden, all be paradise,
The garden of the Lord; abundantly,
With joy and singing shall the desert bloom,
And blossom as the rose, and Lebanon's
Bright glory share, and Carmel's excellence.
The solitary places shall be glad; ²⁷ 1
For in the wilderness, thus saith the Lord,
The cedar will I plant, the shittah tree,
The oil-tree and the myrtle, and will set
The fir-tree in the desert, and the pine

105

And box together, that they all may see,
And know, and understand, that I, the Lord,
The God of Israel, have created it. ²⁸ 1
The signet of the curse, thistles and thorns,
Now seen no more, shall be forgotten; and
Fair in their place the fir-tree shall come up.
And for the brier, the myrtle tree shall grow;
And streams of laughing joy, shall fresh break forth
Within the desert, and a smiling pool
Shall the parched ground become; the thirsty land,
Well-springs of living water gushing forth.
No poison-breathing swamps, nor marshes foul,
With noxious breath pollute the crystal air;
Nor dark sulphurous tempests rend the skies;
But all shall lovely be, all shall be pure.
The trees shall clap their hands, and fields shall smile,
Bright in the cloudless sunshine of their God,
And fear no blasting storms, nor fear decay.
No turbid waters in the streams shall flow,
But fountains, pure, make glad the face of earth.
All with abundance swells; in tree and flower,

And shrub, and creeping vine, and clustering fruit
And lawn and fertile field, behold no lack.
Thus to its primal purity restored,
Thus glorious and beautiful shall be
The earth renewed, the saints' eternal home.
And then shall be the tabernacle of God
With men; and he himself shall dwell with them,
And be their God and they his people be.

106

There shall all tears from every eye be wiped;
Sorrow and crying there are never heard;
There death comes not, and pain shall be no more,
Nor sin shall ever there an entrance find;
For lo, the former things are passed away.
Haste then, O Earth, haste and fulfill complete,
The appointed circles of thy gloomy course.
Time in his warning voice, proclaiming loud
That his last trembling sands are falling now,
Has a sweet tone for thee; it tells, thy years
Of mourning, wo and grief are closing fast;
It tells thee that the deep, dark stains of blood,
With which, from age to age, thy soil has been
Disfigured, shall be washed away; that thou
Shalt shortly lay aside thy garments old,
And stiff with gore, and stained with many a scene
Of man's foul deeds, iniquity and crime;
And soon 'mid crowning scenes of war and blood,
Of fire and smoke, thy dark career shall close.
Then Prophecy takes up her golden harp,
And rolls enraptured numbers o'er the theme,
The matchless glories of thy second birth,
When Christ shall reign and God be all in all.
Ye raging Storms, that rend the sky in wrath,
And hurl your thunderbolts of death upon
A world below--with all your strength rage on!
Soon comes the time when ye shall be no more.
Ye Earthquakes strong, gaunt Famine, Pestilence,
Disease and Death--perform your wasting work
Of desolation yet a little while;
For on you soon eternal night shall fall.

107

Ye blighting Breaths that creep o'er Nature's face--
Ye pestilential Airs, that fix your grasp
Upon earth's fairest spots, and rankle there--
Ye old Waste Places, who delight to hold
In sullen gloom your solitary reign--

Enjoy your cheerless work while yet you may;
For soon your places shall be known no more.
Ye hosts of Evil Passions, who have reigned,
Offspring of Sin, within the hearts of men--
A little space is left you yet, to rule;
To urge men on in wickedness; but lo,
Your days are numbered, and your tomb prepared.
In the great, final day, all these shall die
A death that has no hope of life again.
So will earth's Great Restorer renovate,
And overturn and purify, till not,
In all his wide domain, one lingering scar
Of Death's defacement stays, or mark of Sin;
They with their works for ever, now, destroyed,
And in the universe renewed, for them
Will ne'er a secret lurking place be found.
Thus will at last, the dire effects, in full,
Of man's first disobedience, be repaired,
And all that then was lost, doubly restored;
God's great design fulfilled, that earth should be
The bright abode of man sinless and pure;--
For then will all, all the redeemed of men,
Through Christ the Son, to God be reconciled,
And never more, in word or act displease;
But crowned with songs, and everlasting joy

108

Upon their heads, reign with their glorious King;
For in his beauty, as he is, shall they
Behold him there, and to his glorious form,
Fashioned, be like him then. Corroding fear,
On perfect joy that every bosom swells,
Wages no war; for Peace, in heavenly garb,
Wide o'er the earth her holy wings shall spread.
Blood thirsts no more for blood, nor enemy,
Crouches to man in beast or serpent now.
The poisonous tooth and deadly sting, shall here
Be known no more; and on the aspic's den,
The infant child unharmed shall gleeful play.
Peace with her golden scepter rules the world:
The lamb fears not to see the wolf approach;
The leopard with the kid shall calm lie down;
The calf, the fatling, and the lion young,
Together; and a little harmless child
Shall lead them all; for nought shall there destroy
In all my holy mountain, saith the Lord.
Hail Earth renewed! Celestial Paradise!

Fit dwelling place, with all thy loveliness,
Thy long reproach for ever wiped away,
And fairer now than when at first thy God
Pronounced thee good--fit dwelling place, so pure,
So beauteous, so adorned with smiling peace,
For all the saints, all the redeemed of men;
Who through thy gates, immortal City fair,
Thy gates of pearl, will freely enter in,
Where violence and riot never come,
And walk thy bright and dazzling streets of gold;

109

And to the stream of life, the crystal stream
Fast by the throne of God, have access free;
And from the tree of life, high arching o'er,
Pluck the eternal fruit and eat and live;
And in thy glad'ning smiles, O King of saints!
Glory unspeakable possess; for in
Thy presence bright, there fullness is of joy,
At thy right hand, pleasures for ever more.
Lift up your heads, and shout aloud for joy!
Ye heirs of glory! your redemption comes!
Your day of glorious triumph draweth nigh!
Ye on whose brow already care has worn
His furrows deep, fresh courage take; for soon,
A crown of life shall shed its lustre there.
Let hope spring up anew to cheer you on;
For you are taking now the last sad steps
Within this wilderness of darkness drear.
O Church of Philadelphia! Christ hath said,
Before thee have I set an open door,²⁹ 1
And none can shut it; for thou yet hast left
A little strength, and thou hast kept my word
And not denied my name; lo I will make
Them of the synagogue of Satan, who
Profess that they are Jews, while they are not;
And they shall come and worship at thy feet.
And that thou hast my word of patience kept,
Therefore will I preserve thee from the hour,
The strong temptation hour, which soon shall come,
On all the world to try the sons of men.

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Lo! I come quickly! Hold fast what thou hast
That no man take thy crown; for unto him
That overcometh, will I grant to be
A pillar in the temple of my God.
Then lift your voices loud and sing ye saints!

Sing honor, praise, and glory unto God,
 Who gives us foretaste of the coming joy
 To cheer our weary way; who grants so great,
 So precious prize to crown so short a race.
 Soon in the holy City shall we strike
 Our golden harps, to glory's anthems tuned.
 Earth's toil will then be done, earth's care all o'er.
 Its woes, its griefs, its passions and its tears,
 All gone and all forgotten; while we raise,
 With seraphim and high arch-angel joined
 In silver tones our hallelujahs, loud,
 Wide o'er the fields of bliss; and Heaven shall ring
 With high hosannas, and sweet notes of joy;
 While we ascribe, glory, and power and might,
 All power, all glory, and all majesty,
 Blessing and honor to our God, and to
 The Lamb, who hath redeemed us by his blood,
 To reign with him in glory evermore
 And share his blessing, ages without end.

NOTES

As some passages of this work may not be sufficiently understood, a few notes of explanation, in this place, are deemed proper.

Page 7, 27th line. "The wise shall understand." Dan.xii,10. This chapter shows conclusively, that, at the time of the end, the "words" should be unsealed, and the wise should understand. Verse 4 says, many shall run to and fro, and *knowledge* shall be increased. Knowledge on what? evidently, on the subject previously spoken of; namely, the vision which was to be closed up until the time of the end.

The signs of the last days in the Sun, Moon and Stars, (pages 9, 10 and 11,) may be found predicted in Luke xxi,25; also in the other Gospels. Their fulfillment has now become a matter of history. Much testimony might be adduced in regard to them, but, for want of room, a few statements only are here given.

"The 19th of May, 1780, was a remarkable dark day.--Candles were lighted in many houses. The birds were silent and disappeared. The fowls retired to rest. It was the general opinion that the day of judgment was at hand. The Legislature of Connecticut was in session at Hartford, but being unable to transact business adjourned."--*President Dwight, in Ct. Historical Collections.*

"*Dark day of May 19, 1780.*--The sun rose clear, and shone for several hours; at length the sky became overcast with clouds, and by ten o'clock, A.M. the darkness was such as to occasion the farmers to leave their work in the field, and retire to their dwellings; fowls went to their roosts, and before noon, lights became necessary to the transaction of business within doors. The darkness continued through the day: and

the night till near morning was as unusually dark as the day."--*Gage's History of Rowley Mass.*

The night after the dark day of 1780--"The darkness of the following evening was probably as gross as has ever been observed since the Almighty first gave birth to light. I could not help conceiving at the time, that if every luminous body in the universe had been shrouded in impenetrable darkness, or struck out of existence, the darkness could not have been more complete. A sheet of white paper held within a few inches of the eyes, was equally invisible with the blackest velvet." *Mr. Tenny of Exeter, N.H., quoted by Mr. Gage, "to the Historical Society."* "Some have described it as 'Egyptian darkness that might be felt.'"

Signs in the Stars--Stars Falling, etc. "The Connecticut Observer, of Nov.25, 1833, copied from the Old Countrymen, reads as follows.--We pronounce the raining of fire, which we saw on Wednesday morning last, an awful type, a sure forerunner, a merciful sign of that great and dreadful day, which the inhabitants of the earth will witness when the sixth seal shall be opened. The time is just at hand, described, not only in the New Testament, but in the Old. A more correct picture of a fig-tree casting its leaves when blown by a mighty wind, it is not possible to behold."

"The 'Lancaster, Pa., Examiner,' says, 'The air was filled with innumerable meteors or stars....hundreds of thousands of brilliant bodies might be seen falling at every moment....sloping their descent towards the earth, at an angle of about 45 degrees, resembling flashes of fire.'" "The 'Salem Register' speaks of their being seen in Moca, in the Red Sea."

"The extent of the shower of 1833, was such as to *cover no inconsiderable part of the earth's surface*, from the middle of the Atlantic on the East, to the Pacific on the West; and from the northern coast of South America, to undefined regions among the British possessions on the North, the exhibition was visible, and everywhere presented nearly the same appearance."--*Prof. Olmstead, Yale College.*

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"And what, O Skeptic are those norther fires," etc. Those mysterious appearances, commonly known as the "Northern Lights," are found upon examination, to be of but recent origin. They can be authentically traced back only about a century and a half. We know of no reason why they may not come under the head of "Great signs in the Heavens."--See *Advent Review* and *Sabbath Herald*, Vol.III, Nos.12 and 13.

Page 24, 26th line. "And earth's great kingdoms, as they proudly stand Successive on the way, has plain marked out."

That is, Prophecy has marked out the four great kingdoms which should arise on earth ere the Lord of Heaven should set up the fifth universal kingdom which should not be destroyed, nor have an end. These are all in the past. Assyria, Persia, Grecia, and Rome have each fulfilled their part in the great prophetic chain, and we may know, then, that the end of this present world, is next to come, and Christ set up his everlasting Kingdom. No human sophistry can avoid this conclusion.

Page 27, 18th line. "Ten Kingdoms rose from Rome's vast Empire." These were,

1. The Huns, arose A.D. 356. 2. The Ostrogoths, 377.--3. The Visigoths, 378. 4. The Franks, 407. 5. The Vandals, 407. 6. The Sueves and Alans, 407. 7. The Burgundians, 407. 8. The Heruli and Rugii, 476. 9. The Saxons and Angles, 476. 10. The Lombards, 483.

Page 32, 26th line.

"For I will join professors and divines." etc.

It is a notable fact that all classes of people from the theological professor, down to the lowest frequenter of the dramshop, joined hands in opposing the Advent doctrine. Truly, Pilate and Herod were made friends. Page 40, 15th line. "Thousands rose, And broke with her their bonds of intercourse."

It is estimated, that, during the move of the second angel's message, fifty thousand persons left the Churches.

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Page 43, last line. "That year," i.e. 1843.

Page 47, 14th line.

"While Artaxerxes, reigning, etc., was yet within the seventh."

The seventh of Artaxerxes is unanimously placed a.c. 457. From this point, 69 prophetic weeks, (483 prophetic days--483 literal years,) bring us to A.D. 27, to the "Prince Messiah," when Christ began his ministry. This was the beginning of the seventieth week. Three years and a half later, in the Spring of A.D., 31, the midst (middle) of this seventieth week, he was to cause the sacrifice and oblation to cease, which he did by offering himself upon the cross; when the Jewish ordinances, the sacrifice and oblation, *ritually* ceased. Three and a half years more, the last half the week, bring us to the Autumn of A.D., 34, when the 70 weeks or 490 days, or years, terminate; which date harmonizes better than any other with the turning of the apostles to the Gentiles.

Page 48, 25th line. "By this fixed rule," i.e. that a day symbolizes a year, as is shown by the fulfillment of the seventy weeks. "To this established point," viz: A.D., 34, (Autumn,) "what now remains adding," etc., i.e. what remains of the 2300 days. We have seen that 490 of them brought us to the Autumn of A.D., 34, and we have 1810 left, which added to that point, bring us to the Autumn of A.D., 1844, when the whole period terminates; and "*then shall the Sanctuary be cleansed.*"

5 lines below.--"From the atonement type."

See Lev.xvi,29,30.

Page 49, 2nd line. "For this that day its antitype shall meet, As at their times others have done before."

On this point we reasoned as follows: "That as the paschal lamb, which was slain on the fourteenth day of the first month, met its antitype in the death of the Lamb of God, on that day, [Ex.xii,3-6,46; 1Cor.v,7; John xviii,28; xix,36,] and the offering of the first-fruits on the sixteenth day of that month, met its antitype in the resurrection of Christ, on that

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day, the first-fruits of them that slept, [Lev.xxiii,10-15, 1Cor.xv,20,23, Matt.xxviii, 1,2,] and the feast of Pentecost met its antitype on the day of its occurrence, [Lev.xxiii,15-21; Acts ii,1,2,] so the cleansing of the Sanctuary in the seventh month, [Lev.xvi,] at that time in the year when the 2300 days would end, we believed would meet its antitype at the end of that period."

Page 49, 28th line. "Chariots of Nahum," i.e. the cars. Nah.ii,3,4.

Page 50, 7th line. "Thus rose the Midnight Cry, thus spread." It has been objected, that the proclamation of the Advent was too limited to be a fulfillment of prophecy; but we have authority that it has been to every missionary station on the globe.

Page 50, last line but two. "For who but saw that all those days," etc., "were but a dash between prophetic words to make the meaning clear?" i.e. who but saw, that in order that the Advent movement might be likened to the parable of the ten virgins, [Matt.xxv,] there must be a tarrying time. "While the Bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept. And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold the Bridegroom cometh." etc.

Pages 66 and 67. "For our High Priest the Holiest entered then-- The Holiest of the Tabernacle true, And verified God's word, eternal, stood, That cleansed should then the Sanctuary be."

Here was the cause of our disappointment: in misapplying the term, Sanctuary, and not understanding the work to be accomplished at the end of the prophetic periods. We had supposed that the earth was the Sanctuary; that its cleansing would be when "the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth, also, and the works that are therein shall be burned up;" [2Pet.iii,10,] that, consequently, before that, Christ must come and gather his people to himself; therefore we looked for our Lord at the end of the days. But upon examination we learn that the work to be accomplished was in

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heaven; that Christ our great High Priest was then to enter the Most Holy Place of the true Tabernacle which the Lord pitched and not man, and make an atonement for his people. This we are clearly taught by the types, in the example and shadow of the heavenly things. Lev.xvi; Heb.viii,ix. For a full exposition of this subject, the reader is referred to a recent work on the Sanctuary and 2300 days, by J. N. Andrews.

Page 94, 6th line. "Two woes are past, the third woe cometh soon." It is generally admitted that the second woe closed with the falling of the Ottoman Empire, Aug. 11th, 1840: an event which was predicted two years before its occurrence; and the voice of inspiration now is, "The second woe is past; and behold, the third woe cometh quickly." Rev.xi,14.

Page 109, 19th line. "Before thee have I set an open door."

When Christ, in 1844, changed his position to accomplish the work of cleansing the Sanctuary, the door leading into the most holy, was then opened; while that of the first apartment was closed. This is the work which John saw when he exclaimed, [Rev.xi,19,] "And the temple of God was opened in heaven, and there was seen in his temple the ark of his testament." To this open door, all those may come for salvation and pardon, who have not sinned away the day of

grace; for here in the most holy place of the heavenly Sanctuary, before the ark containing God's holy law, our great High Priest is now ministering for us. This has been his position since 1844; while the third angel with the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus, has been giving the last message of mercy to a guilty world, and pointing out the way of escape from the wrath to come. Soon this message will cease for ever: Mercy will linger no longer for heedless man: the work of atonement will be finished, and the great decree passed upon all flesh: "He that is filthy, let him be filthy still, and he that is holy, let him be holy still." Till then, he that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

- ¹ Nah.ii,3,4.
- ² Rev.xiv.6,7.
- ³ Dan.ii,28,31.
- ⁴ Dan.vii.
- ⁵ Dan.viii.
- ⁶ Dan.ii.
- ⁷ Dan.viii.
- ⁸ 2Thess.ii.
- ⁹ John xvii,21.
- ¹⁰ Rev.xiv,8.
- ¹¹ Matt.xxv,6.
- ¹² Dan.ix,23-27.
- ¹³ 2Tim.iii.
- ¹⁴ Hab.ii,2.
- ¹⁵ Dan.viii,14; ix,24.
- ¹⁶ Heb.viii,2.
- ¹⁷ Rev.xiv,9.
- ¹⁸ Rev.xiii
- ¹⁹ Ecc.ix,5.
- ²⁰ Rev.xvi,14.
- ²¹ Is.viii,19.
- ²² Matt.xxiv,37.
- ²³ 2Pet.iii,3,4.
- ²⁴ Luke xxi,25.
- ²⁵ Rev.viii,13.
- ²⁶ Rev.xxi,5.

²⁷ Is.xxxv, 1,2.

²⁸ Is.xli, 19,20.

²⁹ Rev.iii,7-13.