

Rev. viii. 13.—And I beheld, and heard an angel flying through the midst of heaven,
WITH A LOUD VOICE,



WOE!

TO THE INHABITERS OF THE EARTH, BY REASON OF THE

FROM "THE MIDNIGHT CRY,"

A LITTLE MILLERITE.



EVERYBODY in those parts called it the "Holler." It was X—— in the Postal Gazetteer, and X—— Mills on the letters and papers addressed to its post-office. The mail-bag thrown off there from the stage running between what in the local dialect was called "Fonder" and the Fish House was a heavy one for so remote a clearing in the north woods of eastern New York.

That stage route, in the summer-time, was largely patronized by fishermen — gentlemen from New York and Albany chiefly — off for a Waltonian holiday along the trout streams of Sir William Johnson's old domain. Another class of passengers, going up and down the road in all seasons, were the preachers of the sect called Christians (pronounced *Christ-yans* by their Trinitarian contemporaries), grave-visaged men, to whom the X—— post-office was a kind of Mecca. The rambling building in which it was located was the publication house of the sect. There its weekly magazine was edited and printed, and much of its distinctive literature. The "White Pilgrim" was not unknown to the passengers on that stage route, a "Christian" preacher, whose white apparel and simple eloquence made him famous on his missionary circuit.

The quarterly committee meetings at the X—— office and the frequent conferences of the preachers gave the place a peculiar individuality. That was forty years ago, when postal rates were a considerable item to such a publication "Concern," and therein lay the secret of its location at the "Holler." Its editor and superintendent was the post-master. He was also the pastor of the only congregation in the place, a large one, made up of a few rich farmers, farm laborers, mill hands, and the employees of the "Concern." He was indisputably a man of affairs—a kind of Sir William Johnson in miniature, remembering the difference in the religious and moral character of the two men.

A low, wide dwelling-house, under great locusts, the woods behind the orchard crowding the apple-trees close to the door. Where else under the sun of the State of New York was it ever the fashion to paint window-sashes black, and outside doors all the colors of the rainbow? The house was a melancholy, bilious yellow; but such a glory of flowering vines as it was decked out with, such a smooth-shaven lawn all around it, and beds of pinks and double poppies and cock's-feather and the rest! The great stumps serving for fence-posts were hillocks of bouncing-bets and morning-glories.

Back of the pretty dwelling-house, in full sight from the road, was the "office." Its piazza had an appearance of holding fast to the top of the steep hill over which the building extended in the rear. A steep woody bank—a stream at the foot—little or nothing about the exterior of the building to indicate that it was a printing-office, book-bindery, editorial room, pastor's study, and district-school library.

It is there these reminiscences of a little Millerite properly begin. That house was my childhood's home. My father was the post-master, etc., of the "Holler."

As I remember X—— (and I have not seen it for more than forty years), it was far more prosaic than picturesque, with its dreary common on one side of the main street and a fire-blackened chimney standing in the midst of ruins and brambles on the other. The one discouraged store was usually closed. The roar of the saw-mill dam and the drowsy buzz of its saws kept up a certain atmosphere of activity; but the summers were short and the winters long—the knotty russets hardly gathered before the fences were under the snow.

The beauty of the "Holler" was in the "crik," a tributary of the little Sacondaga of Sir William Johnson's time,—vagrant of the forest that it was,—creeping stealthily out of the thicket as if to see what the mill was scolding about; never meaning to be entrapped into doing a bit of the world's work; rebelling at its moment's slavery to leap the dam for

WOE !!

WOE !!!

OTHER VOICES OF THE TRUMPET OF THE THREE ANGELS, WHICH ARE YET TO SOUND.

PUBLISHED IN BOSTON, 1843.

freedom; scurrying away in a foaming rage; shooting under the bridge of the main street straight into the meshes of the paper-mill, from whose black raceway it made a mad rush for the forest again; muttering, as one child interpreted its sullen roar, that it would never, never be heard from again. Then there was the belt of hoary pines watching the clearing from over the inner wall of beeches and maples—forever watching, it seemed to me, for some one to whom they could beckon, so melancholy were they with being left out there alone in the wind and the storm. It had been sweet waking some morning and finding them gone, if one had never known who cut them down. But the view of a spur of the Adirondacks from a near hill top was an important part of my life in X—; those far-off heights I dreamed of climbing some day.

Never a spire or turret in the place, nothing but the chimney in ruins for an architectural aspiration. The meeting-house, a mile or less through the woods from the corners, was one of those weather-palsied representations of Zion happily disappearing from the land. The school-house, a poor, lonesome, little red school-house, was a half mile away from the corners in another direction. To have concentrated the religious and educational institutions of X— nearer the post-office would have caused heartburning in the country round about, no doubt. The "Holler" could not expect to monopolize everything.

A commonplace picture, but a happy home, nevertheless. My father's good people were devoted to him, and he had no higher ambition than spending his days where he had found prosperity and honor. We children used to receive many presents, I remember, nor did we fall short of expecting gifts as a matter of course. Will anything ever bring the joy that came with a red flannel rabbit one old lady gave me when the story of the loss of my pet in a neighbor's trap caused so much feeling in the parish? These glimpses of the picture of my childhood are so closely related to what came to pass, they may hardly be spared from reminiscences of the fanaticism sweeping over that home like a withering blast.

II.

It was in the early summer of 1843 that my father became a convert to the doctrines of William Miller. He was in attendance upon Anniversary Week in New York when he heard the lectures upon the prophecies concerning the second coming, which led him to announce his decision to "leave all" and proclaim the "midnight cry." Leaving all for him meant severing his connection with the publication house, giving up his pastorate, burning his ships behind him, in short. But what need had he of ships if the world was to come to its end that year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-three?

My first remembrance of the "tidings" is hearing the doctrine ridiculed. Everybody was laughing at my father's believing what he did, calling him a Millerite, and asking to see our ascension robes. I can remember a consciousness that we had become *peculiar*—a thrust-out feeling which was very painful, a conviction that my father was unjustly and wickedly treated, and that by those he had believed to be his friends. If the world was to be burned up very soon, why should he not make it known? If he did not know the truth of the matter, who did? It was terrible to hear the subject laughed about. Father had taken us children into his study directly upon his return from New York, and, having prayed with us, had told us very clearly what was coming to pass, and that speedily. If we were good children, we would be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, when that terrible trumpet sounded and the mountains were falling and the dead coming out of their graves. We believed every word he said, and the end of one world came to us while he spake.

The excitement in the little settlement was something to be remembered. In the hail of ridicule and persecution my father's faith intensified of course. He could bear ridicule better than the pleading of near friends. We children heard it all, lived it all—what the committee said, what the congregation said, why so-and-so would not hear him preach his farewell sermon, and who had been converted to his new gospel, with all the

an 677 years B.C. and will end in 1843.

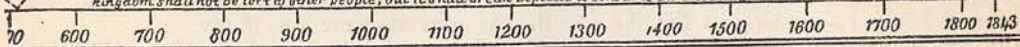
ernment from its connection with the people of God 158 yrs. B.C.

Prophetic calculation

2520	7 Times or yrs.
677	12
1843	84
	30
	<u>2520</u>

Here the ten kings rise & continue until the stone shall smite the Image on the feet & grind it to powder.
 Dan. 2. 34. 25. "Thou sawest till that a stone was cut out without hands, which smote the image upon his feet that were of iron and clay and brake them to pieces; Then was the iron, the clay the brass, the silver, the gold broken to pieces together and became like the chaff of the summer threshing floors, and the wind carried them away, that no place was found for them, and the stone that smote the Image became a great mountain & filled the whole earth."
 And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed; and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces & consume all these kingdoms & it shall stand forever. Dan. 4. 17.

ROME KINGLY
1335 YRS.



OF DANIEL'S VISIONS

HIMES, 14 Devonshire St. Boston.

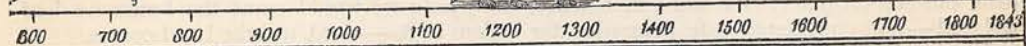
677 or 2450 yrs.

538	3 1/2 Times or yrs.
1260	12
45	42
1843	30
	<u>1260</u>

Time, times and the dividing of time, or 1260 years.

And the ten horns out of this kingdom, are ten kings that shall arise, and another shall rise after them, and he shall be diverse from the first and he shall subdue three kings. And he shall speak great words against the most High; and shall wear out the saints of the Most High; and shall think to change times and laws; and they shall be given into his hand until a time and times and the dividing of time. Dan. 7. 24, 25.

PAPAL ROME
1260 YRS.

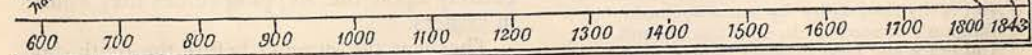


s. Dan. 8: 14.

508
1335
1843

1335 days. Daniel is he that waiteth and cometh in the thousand three hundred and five and thirty days. Dan. 12. 12.
 The 1290 days. And from the time that the daily sacrifice shall be taken away and the abomination that maketh desolate set up, there shall be a thousand two hundred and ninety days. Dan. 12. 11.
 The 1290 days is also represented by the little horn of the Macedonian Goat for it continued until the end, when it is broken without hand.

PAPAL ROME
1260 YRS.



worldly gossip about the struggle for the post-office and the editorship. Our going away from X—— to live in a great city, the little while longer that time should last, was a merciful diversion for us who saw a martyr's halo around our father's head.

Can any of my readers imagine, unless their early religious experience has something in common with mine, what it was for a child truly to believe all the little Millerite did: that at any moment, terribly near at the latest, there would come that fearful upheaval of the earth, that fiery rending apart of the heavens, and in the indescribable confusion of angelic trumpets, and the shrieking of the damned, God himself would descend with a great shout to burn up the world, the sea, and the dry land?

That was a faith sapping the well-springs of a child's joy—making its life like a path through a jungle; the wild beast, ready to spring, was surely in the thicket, and some day there would be an end of the dread of him. It was something that made waking in the still night a painful experience, and a thunder-storm a fearful ordeal, while every sunset brought the inner voice, "The morning may never come." When I think of the years I repeated in my child's prayer every night, "Have mercy upon me, O Lord, if you come before morning," I see how much in common I had with the little Hindoos; but they were never snatched from their beds at midnight to see a sign of Siva, the destroyer, coming down in his wrath.

There were notable saints among those Millerite children. "Millerite! Millerite! when are you going up?" was shouted at us from the market-place. We were, in a sense, isolated—not considered safe comrades for children whose parents were on the rock of respectable orthodoxy. We looked at the doomed world with wistful regret, and envied those children who did not go to a Millerite hall or a tent upon Sunday, but to a fine church with an organ. But then we were not permitted to forget that the "churches" were "Babylon," and that by and by Babylon would fall, and then would come our reward.

It was in the office at X—— that I remember seeing Father Miller, a gentle old man, shaking with palsy. That was the album and acrostic age. An old lady has shown me what Father Miller wrote in her album one day while he sat there in the office, surrounded by converts and opponents:

"Say, Maria, say, hath Christ thy soul redeemed,
And is thy Saviour by thy soul esteemed?
Religion's blessed spirit, doth this abound,
And grace and mercy scatter light around?
How stands thy reckoning with thy Lord and Friend,

'Midst wreck of matter when this world shall end?
Most Holy Father grant thee wisdom's power,
Amid the storm of wrath in that dread hour.
Rouse up the slumbering mind to watch and pray—
Salvation's coming, he will not delay—
Haste thee and meet him while he's on his way.
"WM. MILLER."

February, 1844, saw us moving away from X——, some of my father's old parishioners, converts to Millerism, carrying us and our goods in their big sleighs as far as Utica—a long journey, the weather bitter cold, the roads blocked with snow. It was a "shovel-brigade," and to cheer our hearts, father and the brethren would sing of "the coming" when they could. They left leaflets at many of the houses we passed,— warnings and expositions of prophecy,— and father preached at the inns where we stopped at night; but the converts were few, if any.

I remember looking back at the old house as we drove by the red pickets which seemed trying to get a good-bye glimpse of us over the drifts, thinking how soon everything would pass away with a great noise. But then my new bonnet was becoming, and I had a smart white muff—a stumbling-block to the good Millerite sister who could not see how father could have bought it, and the *last* winter so nearly over. But another good soul, a dim-eyed old lady who said she never expected to see me again until the grand "rizin'," had slipped a package of molasses-candy inside my muff. So, taking all in all, farewell to the "Holler" was not so depressing as it might have been.

I can hear my father answering in his calm, measured voice, when asked by the landlord how long we would want the house we had taken in R——, "Until the Lord comes." "If time lasts" was the condition of every anticipation and promise. Father brought little furniture for the new home, only what was needed for the free hospitality of a "Pilgrims' Hotel." The walls were covered with charts illustrating apocalyptic and prophetic visions—those realistic conceptions of the supernatural, bewildering one uninitiated in their mysteries. There was a difficulty in keeping a servant in the house, of course, which, with the unreliability and undesirability of the sisters as helpers in domestic affairs, gave my mother little time for attending the meetings—something she did not mourn over. Once, when rebuked for her absorption in the things of this life, she replied that the ascension of saints from her outlook depended entirely upon the stepping-stones they found in sinners.

That was the summer before the tenth day of the seventh month, the 24th of October,

the date fixed upon as the one clearly designated by the prophets of old as the time when all things of earth should be consummated.

It is needless reviewing the argument here. The leaders in Millerism were not illiterate men, but Bible students, who, as a rule, had filled pulpits of comparative eminence before "going into Millerism." The greatest accession was from the Baptists and the Methodists.

The fixing upon the tenth day of the seventh month, "and probably at the hour of even," was the full fruition of the literal interpretation of prophecy—of following the system as far as a literal interpretation could go. The literature of this phase of the fanaticism is abundant and creditable to the writers. The open followers of Father Miller that summer of 1844, the time "the tenth day doctrine" was received by them, exceeded fifty thousand in the United States. The declaration, "Of that day and hour knoweth no man,"—an obstacle in the way of many who admitted the theory in detail,—was removed by the explanation that by searching the Scriptures the believer was to *know*, could not help knowing, when the Lord was nigh. "When ye see these things, *know* —." Could they help knowing what they saw, what they could work out like a mathematical problem?

The few weeks remaining before the consummation of all things were devoted to assembling themselves together for watching and prayer, for combined effort in snatching brands from the burning. At the head centers of the fanaticism daily and nightly meetings were held in some large public hall, while the "big tent" traveled about the country with a force of preachers. The expectancy of the believers grew more and more ecstatic as the time drew near, and the lawlessness of the scoffer in deriding him increased. That the public generally was interested in the subject is proved by an examination of the newspapers of the day, several of them having a special column for "Signs and Wonders" and explanation of singular phenomena. Men's hearts seemed failing them for fear, lest Father Miller might be right after all.

There was no going to school for the children of the consistent Millerite that summer. Sending children to school was counting upon a future, was a denial of faith in the speedy coming. Considering what we had to contend with at school, there was little rebellion on our part. I for one have always felt indebted to the political demonstrations of that summer for saving diversion from prayer-meetings, baptisms, and solemn fast-days. It was the Polk-Clay canvass, and many and great were the processions with coons and cabins, and uproarious songs. The fast-days became

almost continuous as time hastened on, and to us children, at least, the milk and honey of the new dispensation seemed unreasonably postponed. I used to think it very hard that we were not permitted to go to the evening meetings, when the "scoffers" behaved unseemly; but mother would never consent to that, eager as we were to see what the papers described the next morning for the amusement of a wicked world.

How well grounded we children were in the prophecies! The book of Daniel was our story-book. We could play at "meeting," when the pranks of the scoffers were an outlet for our spirits; we could give for a sermon a fair version of Nebuchadnezzar's dream and the interpretation thereof, piling up books and boxes to represent the great wooden image on the preacher's stand at the hall, taking away kingdom after kingdom until nothing was left but "these last days," awaiting the stone cut out without hands. We liked to make pictures on our slates like those on the chart, and to work the mathematical problems of the 2300 days, the 70 weeks, the 1290 and 1335 days. We thought we knew something about "vials" and "woes" and "trumpets," and many things we must have grown grewsome in discussing.

The standard chart never pleased me half so well as that of a Canadian traveling preacher, representing the fulfillment of the signs of "the coming" according to his crude ideas of art as well as prophecy. For the darkening of the sun, there was a woman with a candle, looking up into a tree where what was meant to represent fowls were roosting at what we were told was midday. It was the spectacular display of the falling of the stars from heaven that delighted me most. They were coming down in a brisk shower, children running to pick them up and carry them away by armfuls. Under the picture was this verse:

"Do you remember what you see
In eighteen hundred thirty-three,
When you out of your bed did rise
And see the stars fall from the skies?"

It was a great trial to this brother that he was not encouraged to travel with his chart.

But the meetings as a rule were most wearisome to the little Millerites. Private judgment acknowledging no authority contended with private judgment that would be infallible authority. Naturally on the fast-days the saints even lost their tempers over disputed interpretations. That was the time we children would steal to the rear of the great hall, quite a company of us, and fall to chattering about worldly things, watching the great spiders in

their webs across the windows; or, if the discussion proved a long one, we would slip down the stairs and go rambling off among the mills of the neighborhood, down to the river's edge, and under the first arch of the aqueduct, hopping from one flat stone to another in the low, swift current, not far above the high falls. Only for Millerism, what had we ever known of the interior of those mills, or learned how far out we dare go on the water-table of the aqueduct?

Now, if the Millerites had ascension robes, how is it I never saw one? I well remember hearing them talked about. My ascension robe was something I was quite used to hearing inquired after. Father Miller took great pains to find one, but never succeeded. But the world is never going to give up its belief that the Millerites had long white garments in which they clothed themselves preparatory for "going up." The ascension robe has a place in history in spite of every effort to prove it a myth.

I remember that last day, but not as vividly as I should think I would. Perhaps its terrors had become so familiar to us children that, had they been realized we had met them with stolid composure. In my steadfast faith in my father's love for me I had found comparative peace. I knew he would never shake me from his arms into the fire, and I meant to have a firm hold on him when the crisis arrived. If anybody was saved he would be, and he would never be saved without his family. I kept very close to him as the time drew near, and so was not sorry that the dawning of "the tenth day" found him too ill to rise from his pillow. The strain upon his strength had been beyond his iron endurance. He called us to his bedside, and after a short prayer he sang:

"The last lovely morning,
All blooming and fair,
Is fast onward fleeting—
He now will appear."

That is my only memory of that day. I have no recollection of the high wind at night which snapped off the big Whig pole not far from our house—a terrible storm, frightening many into believing that the end of the world had truly come. Among the interesting incidents of that day, however, was the testimony given by a leading hatter in our city, to his faith in the end of the world before the morrow. Throwing open the doors of his place of business, he invited the crowd to come in and help themselves to hats, umbrellas, etc., which they naturally did. A baker in an adjoining town distributed his bread, cakes, and pies in the same way.

"This is the last issue of this sheet" was the beginning of a leading editorial in one

of the Millerite papers that week. "Before another week has passed, the Lord will have descended from heaven and the judgment of this world will have been consummated." The faith that put that into type was in earnest. One naturally looks for the next week's editorial: "We are yet on the shores of mortality, but He is at the door. He has given a few days more for the trial of our faith. All is in accordance with the parable of the Ten Virgins. When they had arisen and trimmed their lamps there was still to be a season when the lamps of the virgins would be going out. How could that be without a passing by of the tenth day? Until that time the lamps would burn. There must be a season wherein the foolish may give up their faith. The tarrying time is given to show us how exact the Lord is in fulfilling the letter of his promises."

And the days went on and on. The seventh month was followed by the eighth, the year went out, and another came in. And still He did not come after the manner the Millerite had foretold.

The ranks of the believers were thinned by the disappointment. There was a falling away from the faith with many, a going back to Babylon. But the backsliders were the passive minds as a rule, not the bone and sinew of the movement. The hymn sung by the steadfast during that "tarrying time" floats mournfully down from the past:

"How long, O Lord, our Saviour,
Wilt thou remain away?
Our hearts are growing weary
With thy so long delay."

They turned to their well-worn Bibles and found abundant consolation in hitherto unnoted missing links of prophecy, chronological chasms, mistaken renderings of the Greek text, miscalculations evolved from the difference between Jewish time and Roman time, etc., etc. They did not slumber, nor suffer their lamps to go out.

Hundreds of the believers who had given their all for the sounding of the "midnight cry" were homeless and penniless when the winter of 1844 came upon them. The scoffers they had warned of sure-coming destruction were merry with full barns, while the ungarnered harvests of the prophets were rotting under the snow. Jonah watching the sky above Nineveh is the type of the disappointed Millerite. Oh, how different had it been with Noah had he builded in vain!

Yea, verily, all things continued as they were, and there was a persistence in that continuance which strangely had little effect upon the confident expectancy of the remnant of the believers—a remnant represented in one of the important sects of Christendom to-day,



Wm. Miller

FROM A PAINTING BY W. M. PRIOR.

a body whose members see in every important political event a fulfillment of prophecy, who read their newspapers Apocalypse in hand, and will tell you just how the future map of Europe is laid out by the prophets, and where the battle of Armageddon will be fought. They have lost the name of Millerite. Their fundamental doctrine is the old one of fanaticism, the literal interpretation of Holy Scripture according to private judgment.

The effect of Millerism upon the religious sentiment of to-day, the trend of the world's thought, is not so insignificant as might be supposed. Its effect upon the aggregate is the evolution of its effect upon the individual, upon the children of the followers of William Miller in particular. The Christ of my childhood was not the loving Christ of my later years. He was an offended judge, coming to burn up the world, and how I wished he might be driven out of the heavens, his throne taken by one who would let the world go on as it was! Not until I was a girl in my teens, and one of a merry set at boarding-school, did I lose that sickening dread with which for years I had fallen asleep.

It was at that time I almost ceased saying my prayers, glad when I could forget their omission. Then came the Sahara of Skepticism; how else had been reached the path to a certain faith?

The children of the Millerites are indebted

to their early experience for a quickening of their inner life, which, forced and unnatural as it was, proved their after-salvation from formal acceptance of religious teaching without questioning or doubt. They are to be found, as a rule, identified with orthodoxy, and are characterized by a healthy independence of thought, a tendency to probe for the fundamentals of doctrine. I think it may be said of them that they have a wholesome aversion to the literal interpretation of Scripture, the letter that killeth, as it killed much of the joy of their childhood. "According to that system," they say, "the world would have come to an end in 1843 or 1844. There would have been no help for it." To them Millerism was a spiritual cyclone, clearing away the thick fog of naturalism.

"We cannot understand," wrote Theodore Parker, "the mental and religious state of men who saw the divine in a serpent, a cat, or an enchanted ring; yet each religious doctrine has some time stood for a truth. It was devised to help pious hearts, and has imperfectly accomplished its purpose. It could not have been but as it was. Religious history is a tale of confusion. But, looking deeper, we see it is a series of developments, all tending towards one great and beautiful end, the harmonious perfection of man. Each form may perish, but its truth never dies."

Jane Marsh Parker.