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BEST-SELLING AUTHOR OF *THE HARBINGER*

THE
HARBINGER
II

THE RETURN

JONATHAN CAHN

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THE HARBINGER II by Jonathan Cahn
Published by FrontLine
Charisma Media/Charisma House Book Group
600 Rinehart Road, Lake Mary, Florida 32746

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Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data:

An application to register this book for cataloging has been submitted to the Library of Congress.

International Standard Book Number: 978-1-62999-891-6

E-book ISBN: 978-1-62999-892-3

20 21 22 23 24 — 98765432

Printed in the United States of America

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Contents

Part I: THE RETURN

1	The Return of Nouriel	3
2	The Girl in the Blue Coat	8
3	The Return of the Prophet	13

Part II: THE UNREVEALED

4	The Gate	21
5	The Towers	27
6	The Wall	32
7	The Selichote	37
8	Foundations	43
9	The Night Address	49
10	The House by the River	56
11	The Mystery Ship	64
12	The Parasha	69
13	The Birds of Prey	82
14	The Watchmen	89
15	The Land of Two Towers	95

Part III: THE MANIFESTATIONS

16	The Man on the Hill	101
17	The Harbingers	112
18	The Babylonian Word	120
19	The Withered	127
20	The Ninth of Tammuz	134
21	The Hidden	143
22	The Image	155
23	The Handwriting on the Wall	166
24	The Judgment Tree	173

THE HARBINGER II

25 Tophet183
26 The Convergence195

Part IV: THE COMING

27 The Children of the Ruins203
28 The Shakings206
29 The Plague213
30 The Return230
31 The Winds of April239
32 The Western Terrace248
33 The Island255
34 The Lamb262
35 The Day of the Watchman271

About Jonathan Cahn283
Notes287

*What you are about to read will take the form of a story,
but what is revealed in the story is real.*

Part I

**THE
RETURN**

Chapter 1

The Return of Nouriel

WHERE DO WE begin?" he asked.

"How about at the beginning," she replied, "with the seal. You come into possession of a small clay seal with ancient inscriptions. You have no idea what it all means. You begin searching. In the midst of your search, you come across a mysterious man. You don't know his name or where he comes from. You don't know how he knows things he shouldn't or couldn't have known. You speak of him as 'the prophet.'

"He tells you the meaning of the seal. And so the mystery begins. How am I doing so far, Nouriel?"

"Perfectly. I don't think you have any need of me."

"He gives you a second seal in exchange for the first. You have to try to unlock its meaning until you see him again. Your encounters with the prophet happen by what appears to be coincidence or some supernatural agency. But one way or another, he's always there at the exact time and place. And in each encounter the full significance of the seal is revealed. Each seal leads to another revelation, another puzzle piece in a still larger mystery. All together there are nine seals, nine mysteries, and nine revelations."

"Keep going," he said.

"The mystery centers on nine harbingers, nine warnings of coming judgment, calamity, and destruction, the signs that appeared in the last days of ancient Israel. But the mind-blowing thing is that those same nine harbingers have now reappeared in modern times...on American soil, some in New York City, some in Washington, DC, some involving objects, events, utterances, even American leaders, and with eerie precision and without anyone orchestrating them. And as in ancient times, they give warning...now to America."

She paused for a few moments, waiting to see if he would interject. But he was silent, so she continued.

"At the end of all the encounters, mysteries, and revelations, the

prophet reveals that you were born for a purpose now to be fulfilled. He charges you to spread the word, to reveal the mystery, to sound the alarm.”

“The call of the watchman,” he replied.

“And that’s where it left off, what you told me that night.”

“Yes.”

“And you did what the prophet charged you to do. You spread the word of it. You committed the revelation to writing...in the form of a narrative.”

“The narrative was *your* idea, Ana...to change the names and details of what happened until it became a story through which the mystery would be revealed and the warning delivered.”

“And you had never written a book before.”

“No. I had no idea how to do it. But it was as if the book wrote itself. The words just flowed onto the pages.”

“Most books never get published, but yours did. I never heard how it all happened.”

“The week I finished the manuscript, I was scheduled to fly out to Dallas. The flight had a layover in Charlotte, North Carolina. While waiting for the connecting flight, I closed my eyes, bowed my head, and prayed for God to intervene, to send the message to the world.”

“And what happened?”

“I opened my eyes. There was a man sitting to my left. He wasn’t there when I closed my eyes. He turned to me and said, ‘So what’s the good word?’”

“A bit mystical for an opening line.”

“A bit mystical of an encounter,” he replied.

“So what did you talk about?”

“It was small talk...at first. But then his tone changed. He stared intently into my eyes and spoke with a sense of intense urgency. ‘Nouriel,’ he said, ‘God has given you a message...and a book. It’s from Him. And He’ll send it forth to the nation and to the world. And your life will be changed. And you’ll be known.’”

“It sounds like your encounter with the prophet,” she said. “It’s what you wrote about in the book, at the beginning of the story. You’re sitting down in a public place with a man sitting to your left. He turns to you

and starts a conversation. Then he speaks to you prophetically. And it leads you to bringing a prophetic word to the nation.”

“Yes, except this happened *after* the book was written.”

“And he couldn’t have known?”

“No,” said Nouriel. “No one could have known. No one had read it yet.”

“So who was he?”

“A man of God, a believer, who just happened to have been scheduled to be on the same flight and who just happened to sit down next to me the moment I prayed that prayer.”

“But how could he have known what he knew?” she asked.

“How could the prophet have known what he knew?”

“Did he ever tell you why he gave you that word?”

“He told me that when he sat down next to me, the Lord told him to give me a message. He was reluctant but finally spoke.”

“And what happened next?”

“Not long after that encounter, I received a communication from the president of a publishing house. He told me that the man at the airport had shared with him of the encounter and of the book I had just written. He had no idea what it was about, but he was interested.

“And that’s how the book went out to America and the world—not by the hand of man, but by the hand of God.”

“So it was by a supernatural encounter that the revelation became a book and went forth to America. So how many people read it?”

“Many.”

“How many?”

“I’ve been told millions.”

“And everything changed for you, Nouriel, just as the man at the airport told you it would. Suddenly you’re known. You’re speaking across the nation. You’re being interviewed. You’re appearing on television and all over the web. You’re in Washington, DC, speaking to leaders in government. Pretty heady stuff. It could make one forget his humility.”

“No,” he said. “I know it’s not my doing. If anything it humbles me.”

“That’s good,” she replied, “because it doesn’t just happen. A man who doesn’t know how to write books writes a book about nine harbingers of judgment, and millions read it. It doesn’t just happen.”

“None of it just happens,” he replied.

“But it had to,” she said. “It was what the prophet told you would

happen. It had to happen because the word had to go forth as it did in ancient times.”

And then she was quiet, as was he. She reached over to grab a cup of coffee that was resting on the edge of her desk, brought it to her lips, and began sipping on it. But she didn't take her eyes off of him. She was hoping to see some reaction, some trace of an expression that would convey more than she was getting. There was a cup of water on his side of the desk, but he wasn't touching it. He was staring into the distance as if in deep thought. And then, finally, he spoke.

“OK, Ana, why?”

“Why what?”

“Why did you ask me to come? In all the years since I first came here to tell you what happened, you've been reluctant to broach the subject.”

“I didn't want to get in the way.”

“What do you mean?”

“The whole thing was so beyond anything I had ever heard of. It was like dealing with a sacred object. I felt I shouldn't touch it. But I watched everything from a distance. I read your writings. I watched you on television. I searched for you on the web. I just felt I couldn't approach it.”

“All the more, it begs the question ‘Why now?’”

“Because,” she said, “I had to know.”

“You had to know what?”

“You did what you were supposed to do. You completed the charge. The word went forth.... So what now?”

“What now?”

“The book revealed the signs and warnings of a nation in danger of judgment. It was the beginning. There has to be more. Where are we now?”

“You want me to reveal what's *not* in the book?”

“Have there been other revelations?”

“Nothing other than what the prophet told me.”

“And you haven't seen him since then? And there've been no more mysteries, no more revelations?”

He didn't answer that, but put his left hand below his chin and looked downward. His lack of response intensified Ana's interest. She held back from saying anything, waiting instead for a response. But instead of answering her, he got up from his chair and walked over to the huge glass

window, through which the light of the afternoon sun was streaming in, and just stood there, staring out at the skyline of the city.

“So there’ve been no more revelations?” she asked again.

“I didn’t quite say that,” he said without turning his gaze from the window.

“Have you heard from him, Nouriel? Since you finished writing the book, have you heard from the prophet?”

It was then that he resigned himself to the possibility that telling her might be part of the plan.

“One might say that,” he replied.

“One might say that you’ve heard from him?”

“Yes.”

“How?” she asked.

Finally, he turned to her.

“He returned.”