

PROGRESS

The cave men fought with their knotty fists,
And clubs that were tipped with stone;
With heads held high, and with fearless eye,
They guarded their rights alone.
They hacked at beasts that were huge and fierce,
They prowled where their stores were piled,
And they died at last, and their spirits passed,
While the War God looked—and smiled.
Long ages passed, and archers came,
With arrows and pliant bows;
They crouched in lines, 'neath the mountain pines,
And slew as the reaper mows.
And all the spears of the armored knights
Flashed bright as a shining sea;
And people died and their spirits cried,
While the War God laughed in glee.
They fight today, and the bullets new
Are shaped like a needle fine;
And cannons roar on the ocean shore,
While blood flows red like wine.
The airships flutter against the sun,
To shoot at the frightened earth,
And birdmen die in the heavy sky,
While the War God shouts in his mirth.
—Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., in
Christian Herald.

THE DESTINY OF OUR NATION

U. S. Will Share in European War If Alleged Vision of Wash- ington is Fulfilled

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST

The Washington Vision explains itself, and as will be seen, in reading the original document, it rests wholly upon two individuals: Anthony Sherman and Wesley Bradshaw.

It will be noticed that Anthony Sherman was the only living person at that time to whom Washington had told the vision. Calculation shows that Sherman was about eighteen years old at the time of the vision, and the providence of God had kept him to an age of 99 years, to tell the vision just before the opening of the Great Rebellion, the second peril mentioned by the angel woman.

The third and last peril clearly indicates a future invasion of our country by the old World. The drift of events and Bible prophecy indicate that a great combination of powers will be the actor. This is already being indicated by the allied armies now fighting in Europe and Asia.

Notice also in the above that the description would seem to show that the Third peril was the greatest, while the interpreter declares the Second to be. What means this but that by united action and a work of righteousness the nation may escape the third peril, or lessen its force.

The Washington Vision

Originally Published by Wesley Bradshaw—Copied From a Reprint in the National Tribune, Vol. 4, No. 12, December, 1880.

The last time I ever saw Anthony Sherman was on the fourth of July, 1859, in Independence Square. He was then ninety-nine years old, and becoming very feeble. But though so old, his dimming eyes rekindled as he gazed upon Independence Hall, which he had come to look upon once more before he was gathered home.

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Let us go into the hall, he said. I want to tell you an incident of Washington's life—one which no one alive knows of except myself; and, if you live, you will before long see it verified. Mark the prediction, you will see it verified.

From the opening of the Revolution we experienced all phases of fortune, now good and now ill, one time victorious and an-

other conquered. The darkest period we had, I think, was when Washington, after several reverses, retreated to Valley Forge, where he resolved to pass the winter of '77. Ah! I have often seen the tears coursing down our dear, old commander's careworn cheeks as he would be conversing with a confidential officer about the condition of his poor soldiers. You have doubtless heard the story of Washington going to the thicket to pray. Well, it was not only true, but he used often to pray in secret for aid and comfort from God, the interposition of whose Divine Providence brought us safely through those dark days of tribulation. One day, I remember it well, the chilly winds whistled through the leafless trees, though the sky was cloudless and the sun shone brightly, he remained in his quarters nearly all the afternoon alone. When he came out I noticed that his face was a shade paler than usual, and there seemed to be something on his mind of more than ordinary importance. Returning just after dusk, he dispatched an orderly to the quarters of the officer I mention who was presently in attendance. After a preliminary conversation of about a half hour, Washington, gazing upon his companion with that strange look of dignity which he alone could command, said to the latter:

Washington's Vision

"I do not know whether it is owing to the anxiety of my mind, or what, but this afternoon as I was sitting at this very table engaged in preparing a dispatch, something in the apartment seemed to disturb me. Looking up, I beheld standing opposite to me a singularly beautiful female. So astonished was I, for I had given strict orders not to be disturbed, that it was some moments before I found language to inquire the cause of her presence. A second, a third, and even a fourth time, did I repeat my question, but received no answer from my mysterious visitor except a slight raising of the eyes. By this time I felt strange sensations spreading through me. I would have risen, but the riveted gaze of the being before me rendered volition impossible. I essayed once more to address her but my tongue had become powerless. Even thought itself suddenly became paralyzed. A new influence, mysterious, potent, irresistible, took possession of me. All I could do was to gaze steadily, vacantly at my unknown visitant. Gradually the surrounding atmosphere seemed as though becoming filled with sensations, and grew luminous. Every thing about me seemed to rarefy, the mysterious visitor herself becoming more airy, and yet more distinct to my sight than before. I now began to feel as one dying, or rather to experience the sensations which I have sometimes imagined accompany dissolution. I did not think, I did not reason, I did not move; all were alike impossible. I was only conscious of gazing fixedly, vacantly at my companion.

"Look and Learn"

"Presently I heard a voice saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn.' When at the same time my visitor extended her arm eastwardly. I now beheld a heavy white vapor at some distance rising fold upon fold. This gradually dissipated, and I looked upon a strange scene. Before me lay spread out in one vast plain all the countries of the world, Europe, Asia, Africa and America. I saw rolling and tossing between Europe and America the billows of the At-

lantic, and between Asia and America lay the Pacific. 'Son of the Republic,' said the same mysterious voice as before, 'look and learn.' At that moment I beheld a dark shadowy being like an angel standing, or rather floating in midair between Europe and America. Dipping water out of the ocean in the hollow of each hand, he sprinkled some upon America with his right hand, while with his left hand he cast some on Europe. Immediately a dark cloud raised from these countries and joined in mid-ocean. For awhile it remained stationary and then moved slowly westward until it enveloped America in its murky folds. Sharp flashes of lightning gleamed through it at intervals, and I heard the smothered groans and cries of the American people. A second time the angel dipped water from the ocean, and sprinkled it as before. The dark cloud was then drawn back to the ocean, in whose heaving billows it sank from view. A third time I heard the mysterious voice saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn.' I cast my eyes upon America and beheld villages and towns and cities springing up, one after another until the whole land from the Atlantic to the Pacific was dotted with them. Again I heard the mysterious voice say, 'Son of the Republic, the end of the century cometh, look and learn.'

The Second Peril

"At this the dark, shadowy angel turned his face southward, and from Africa I saw an ill-omened spectre approach our land. It flitted slowly and heavily over every town and city of the latter. The inhabitants presently set themselves in battle array against each other. As I continued looking, I saw a bright angel, on whose brow rested a crown of light on which was traced the word 'union,' bearing the American flag, which he placed between the divided nation and said, 'Remember ye are brethren.' Instantly the inhabitants, casting from them their weapons, became friends once more, and united around the National standard.

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The Third Peril

"And again I heard the mysterious voice saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn.' At this the dark, shadowy angel placed a trumpet to his mouth and blew three distinct blasts; and taking water from the ocean he sprinkled it upon Europe, Asia and Africa. Then my eyes beheld a fearful scene: From each of these countries arose thick, black clouds that were soon joined into one. And throughout this mass there gleamed a dark red light by which I saw hordes of armed men, who, moving with the cloud, marched by land and sailed by sea to America, which country was enveloped in the volume of the cloud. And I dimly saw these vast armies devastate the whole country and burn the villages, towns and cities that I beheld springing up. As my ears listened to the thundering of the cannon, clashing of swords and shouts and cries of millions in mortal combat, I again heard the mysterious voice saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn.' When the voice had ceased the dark shadowy angel placed his trumpet once more to his mouth and blew a long and fearful blast.

"Instantly a light as of a thousand suns shown down from above me, and pierced and broke into fragments the dark cloud which enveloped America. At the same moment the angel upon whose head still shone the word 'Union,' and who bore our national flag in one hand and a sword in the other, descended from heaven attended by legions of bright spirits. These immediately joined the inhabitants of America who I perceived were well nigh overcome, but who, immediately taking courage again, closed up their broken ranks and renewed the battle. Again amid the fearful noise of the conflict, I heard the mysterious voice saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn.' As the voice ceased, the shadowy angel for the last time dipped water from the ocean and sprinkled it upon America. Instantly the dark cloud rolled back, together with the armies it had brought, leaving the inhabitants

of the land victorious.

The Passing of the Last Peril

"Then once more I beheld villages, towns and cities springing up where they had been before, while the bright angel, planting the azure standard he brought in the midst of them, cried with a loud voice: 'While the stars remain, and the heavens send down dew upon the earth, so long shall the Republic last.' And taking from his brow the crown on which was blazoned the word 'Union,' he placed it upon the standard while the people, kneeling down, said 'Amen.'

"The scene instantly began to fade and dissolve and I at last saw nothing but the rising, curling vapor I at first beheld. This also disappearing, I found myself once more gazing upon my mysterious visitor, who, in the same voice I had heard before said: 'Son of the Republic, what you have seen is thus interpreted: Three great perils will come upon the Republic. The most fearful is the second passing which the whole world united shall not prevail against her. Let every child of the Republic learn to live for his God, his land and Union.' With these words the vision vanished, and I started from my seat and felt that I had seen a vision wherein had been shown me the birth, progress and destiny of the United States."

"Such my friends," concluded the venerable narrator, "were the words I heard from Washington's own lips, and America will do well to profit by them." —Wesley Bradshaw.

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