

HAR-MAGEDON

OR

THE FIRST SEAL

PART I

In the Valley of the Shadow, with the shades of death falling, as the leaves fall from the tree of life in the Paradise of God for the healing of the Nations, came seven souls about to depart for the beautiful journey up the paths of Paradise. A short distance from the Valley of the Shadow the flashes of the big guns still streaked across the horizon, where the Nations were being fashioned as clay in the hands of the potter, upon the spinning loom of freedom.

The scenes were changing fast as these souls sank deeper into the shadow of death, and the memories of other days took the place of the memories in the making. Old home scenes floated in the gallery of the mind; bright home fires glowed brighter