

# A Vision of Armageddon

## CHAPTER I.

### THE DREAM—A FORECAST OF EVENTS.

Picture to yourself a bright, sunny afternoon, in the merry month of June. The birds flitting about among the shady maples and sturdy old pines; billing and cooing; poising on some slender twig to pour forth their songs of love, which echoing through the hills, and caught up by the murmuring brooks, float away down the banks of the Ottawa, and on to its flowing, eddying stream, in one grand theme, ever telling of Time and Eternity.

In such a locality, a young woman, of not more than twenty years, had thrown herself carelessly upon the grass in the shadow of the tall pines, which studded a long-drawn lawn, that sloped from a large, well-built house, of ancient architecture, to the river below.

Clad in flimsy white, the beautiful form of this maiden, stood out in graceful lines against the rugged, old pines, which had stood as a back-ground for the beauty of many generations.