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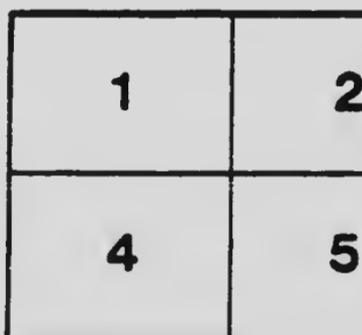
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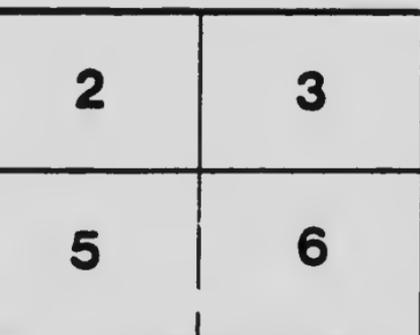
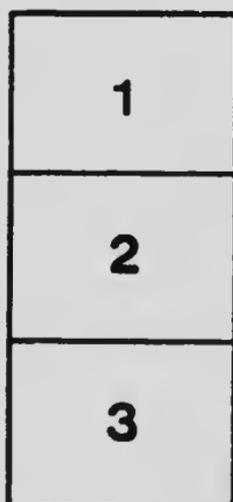
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HAR-MAGEDON

CHARLES LEO ABBOTT

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THE AUTHOR



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHILOSOPHY DEPARTMENT

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HAR-MAGEDON

OR

THE FIRST SEAL

(A *PLAY*)

By

CHARLES LEO. ABBOTT

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Semper ego Auditor Tantum ero, nunquam
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PREFACE

“ Can ye not discern the signs of the times ? ”

There is no doubt in my mind that the angels of Mons were actually present to turn the tide of one of the most critical periods in the world's history.

Since the great war, brought under God to such a successful conclusion, has been said by many eminent men to have been undoubtedly the battle of Har-Magedon, we would do well to seek further light from God's word upon the seven seals set forth in the Revelation of St. John.

The coming of the angels is here foretold. Their leader is called “ Faithful and True,” and is undoubtedly Christ.

The fact of angels coming among us is nothing new since God has sent many whose names are written in His Word in both the Old and New Testaments.

The angel Gabriel seems to have been one who was sent upon very special occasions.

In the New Testament, also, there are many such heavenly beings mentioned as

having already come among us, as well as many who are to come intermittently.

Of these I have made mention in this small book, carrying out their respective works; and also of the King or Angel over the Abyss being released and sent forth to destroy. He hath a name written in Hebrew as Abaddon and in the Greek tongue as Apollyon, meaning Destroyer. He goes unto the peoples of the East:

We may look for a great movement of stars according to the scripture narrative, and it may be that other "wise men" from the East will be first to note the signs of the times and follow the star as of old."

The angel Gabriel was sent on such a mission in Old Testament times, destroying the first-born both of man and beast, and sparing those who had the mark of God upon the door-posts of their homes.

Now we either believe the Revelation of St. John according to its position in the New Testament, or we place it among the later books written after the book of Daniel.

In the latter case the Book is none the less as prophetic as any of the books of God's Word, and therefore is to be studied as such.

While I do not claim to be setting forth the only true meaning of the Revelation of St. John, it has been my fondest hope that this small book may turn many plain Christian folk to a greater faith in the directing hand of God in our universe, and at the same time cause them to study His Word with reverence, both of which are sadly needed in our day.

I have not gone beyond the great movements to be expected among the Eastern peoples, because we can already see the eyes of the world turned thither. We can only take what God has given and apply it to our own day.

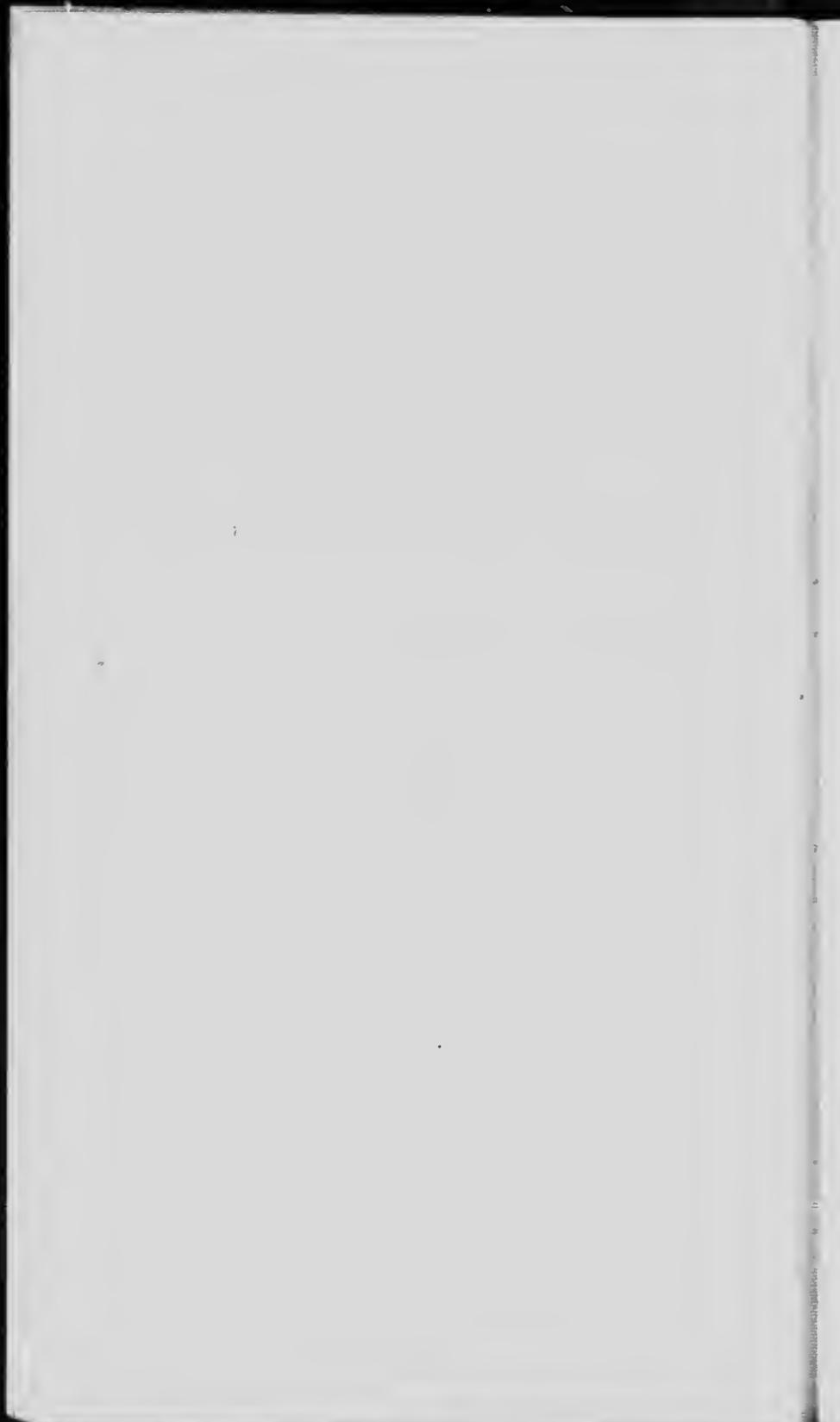
The League of Nations, it is hoped, will look well to our outer trenches, needing no repetition of the ten millions of dead in Flanders Fields to teach them the need of brotherhood, since by their past failure to vision this need they have sapped the life-blood of many strong nations.

Above all, the great Forward Movements of our Churches will carry this brotherhood ideal into all the world and, it is hoped, will strengthen the bond twixt the Church and the State.

THE AUTHOR.



PART I.



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

through the advancing gloom; the little flower gardens, the meadows and woods, blossomed afresh for the youthful fancy of those slipping moments, with the lilies and the violets, the roses, the bluebells, and the forget-me-nots; and just as the snowdrops seemed to peep up, emblems of a springtime in some distant clime where the frosts of destiny disappear, another scene rose upon the sight; mothers and wives and fathers and brothers called in vain for their return. They were slipping over the edge of life's earthly mountain into the Valley of the Shadow, where the crosses seemed a harvest in the gloom. Spirits and souls of men floated down the paths across the vale into the shadow of a great cross, which gave a wondrous strength to those upon the way. A faint halo came from behind the great cross, giving enough light by which to rise, and disclosing one of those ministering spirits with a rod and a staff from the good Shepherd, to aid them from strength to strength, from glory to glory, by the Spirit of the Lord. Flowers and spices decked the trails, all of which con-

verged in the cross which stood in the way, and the crosses of life fell away, as the avenue of approach wound round in sight of the shadow of the cross. Lilies-of-the-Valley sprang up at its foot, wonderfully fragrant, marvellously glorious, speaking of the glory that shall be revealed upon the road, the odours of which gave life and hope, calming the troubled spirit.

One more fleeting glimpse of earth's loved ones they received, and heard their sighing questions to Nature's Spirit coming it seemed through the hills and vales and over the paths of home in a sighing, resigned hope, taking the form of great gloom—dispelling questions, which seemed to be searching a true answer from the shades of the Valley of the Shadow. Floating clearly to them came these questions to Nature's Spirit:

SPIRIT OF NATURE

Spirit of Nature, dost thou know
What thoughts, what aspirations flow
Around thy glowing altar's fire,
Before Death's Angel lead them higher,—
Twixt souls that linger on thy breast
Ere crosses mark their shrine of rest?

Spirit of Nature, what is this
That marks thy sacred reign of bliss?
Is't some vast phantom spirit host
With greater power; and hast thou lost
The mellowed sweetness of thy face
To some vastly superior race?

Dost thou not see the sands of Life
Are drifting on the homeward shoal?
And dost thou feel yon bitter strife
That crimson many a popped knoll?
And canst thou breathe an incensed prayer
For those so calm, majestic, fair?

Then from somewhere among the crosses
down the vale, they heard the answer:

THE ANSWER

Yea, I have heard and sobbed, "How sad"!
Yea, I have known what thoughts they had;
And if you'll wander down the stream
Where roses bloom and lilies gleam,
Go through the woods and perfumed glens
And wander o'er the moors and fens;
In all the beauty thou dost find,
In all the sweetness on the wind;
Through all the myriad whisperings thrown
About the tangled spaces blown,
You'll see and taste, and hear me tell
Of all the boys you loved so well;
For nothing's lost, and in the spring
You'll hear all nature whispering.

Yea, I have seen where violets grew
Between the grasses running through
My loveliest face all marred and rent,
My flowery bosom shorn and spent.
But I will come again and bloom
Amid the crosses and the gloom.
I have not lost my power to strew
The graves with violets running through.

Yea, I have seen the waves roll high,
Have felt its crimsoned weight so nigh;
And from some group of violets there
Have cast my sweetest incensed prayer
Across the vast expanse of blue,
A breath for every son so true.

January 6th 1918.

The

Thus, also, did the Spirit of Nature speak to the soul of a Bishop as he drove along the winding way to a little country church which nestled among the flowers and shrubs that bloomed in luxurious profusion around its old Saxon structure and hallowed precincts.

When the ante-communion service had been concluded in all its wondrous solemnity, and the words of a beautiful hymn were being sung, the Bishop, at the words "Breathe on me breath of God," knelt down and in fervent prayer besought "The living, loving Father" to pour out upon him

the gift of the Spirit of Nature who beautified and sanctified creation in the morning of the world.

His text: "I shall not die but live," sounded a deep balm for other hearts than his own wounded one, as these sweet words of consolation were expounded as follows:

Those who are passing through the valley of the shadow have reached the veil where the truth of the hereafter shall begin to have a deeper revelation for them; where the moss-covered stones and tablets with their luring texts give place to the golden ones over which a hand moves silently; blotting out the handwriting of ordinances which was against them; obliterating the record of their lives, and writing over it 'The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin,'
"I shall not die but live."

This hope of immortality has been a flame of light that has ever shone in every sky, a tree of life that has ever blossomed, budded and brought forth fruit in the rocky soil, a guiding star that has ever led men to the new-born life of purity.

Eternity is graven upon the walls of every soul; the soul that shall spring forth

from the cold white ashes of the corpse; the soul that is calculated to be moved from place to place, and like the Arab's tent, is pitched toward the dawn, awaiting the light of the bright and morning star, then up and away.

"I shall not die but live." All life is a striving for expression; a reaching out after that which God has written in the universe with His very finger.

As these somethings become known to us; as we grasp in men's measure these somethings, we exclaim, "Oh God, I think Thy thoughts after Thee."

Man is like an island in the midst of a great ocean, only the top of which is consciously active. The island is but a part, so is man. The great joy of man is to know that he is in the workshop of the Infinite, and being in that workshop he should not be afraid of heaven and eternity. It will mean only life, and more life, breaking out into grander living.

"I shall not die but live." When man makes that confession he immediately has a theology and a religion. He recognizes God's personality in the universe. The gods of the heathen are but idols. There

is no personality there. God's personality is eternal, and man has a personality which is also eternal.

The command is to seek God in the Kingdom.

There were two women. One said: "Go back." The response rang out: "Where thou goest I will go, where thou lodgest, I will lodge, thy people shall be my people, thy God my God."

The human heart instinctively lingers there. It is a holy place and the conviction is irresistible. God, too, is like that; faithful, loyal to the last. Or look at this. A man had a rebel son. One by one the things the father longed for in his son, had been lost. The hopes and fears of all the years had met at last. Or look again. One by one the ropes break, but the anchor of love holds on forever. He has just heard of the death of that rebel son, and king though he was, yet with blinded eyes and tottering steps, he seeks his chamber and sobs out: "O Absalom, my son, my son." God, too, is like that.

Then the king goes to his Father and cries out, "Have mercy upon me, O God, after thy great goodness, according to the

multitude of thy mercies do away mine offences."

The Empire has lost many who were faithful, loyal to the last, and is crying out: "Our sons, our sons." Thus does the anchor of love hold on forever.

Still the vision tarries for those remaining. Still we must, like David, learn the lesson of faith and patience. The full revelation still eludes us. Later we shall find peace, having fought it out.

Time alone can heal; time is the great revealer. We are ever in the presence of revelation; we are ever living on the verge of the unknown, with the vision still for an appointed time. "Behind the curtain of the known lies the perspective of the Divine reserve."

Sometimes we wonder, shall we live? The vision still tarries. As in the case of Jacob, sometimes a great many years intervene between the black day of sorrow and the glad day of rejoicing. "Look," said the liars, who brought home the blood-stained coat, and in consequence Jacob lived in sackcloth and ashes. It meant the dreariness and heart-hunger of years. Then the vision came and his heart rested. God

is His own interpreter and He will make it plain.

To-day, as we face severe times, and are led to let our glance range from the old creation, somewhere back in the dark abyss of time, to the new creation, somewhere and somewhen, beyond our bourne of time and space, may we let these words satisfy our thoughts: "I shall not die but live."

It seems to me that Moses must have cherished that thought when he gazed far out upon the land of promise and could not go over thence. But he was satisfied with the vision of the Heavenly Canaan. In our own times how like to him is our beloved Kitchener. Like Moses, he was a leader, raised up in a great seething crisis. He won first the hearts of the people and gave them the message, "Go forward."

Through desert lands, in silent thought, with no refreshing waters, did he move. He had in many lands, amid many peoples and scenes, forty years of preparation. During this time he let knowledge grow from more to more, mind and soul according well, he made one music as before, in our own times.

Like Moses, he was not allowed to go over thence and see the end. His aim was to break up the system of militarism, that He who is more than they might gather out and heal the nations, through the falling of the leaves.

The features of what lay ahead began to take shape. Gradually, like Israel's leader, he gained the broader view from the mountain top. Just as there was one step Moses could not take, so there came a step Kitchener was not allowed to take. He was content to "lay in dust life's glory dead," that from the ground in the future days, "there might blossom red, life, that shall endless be." . . . a life of perfect peace.

I wonder did Kitchener think of those words . . . "I shall not die but live."

We can in some measure picture the scene; the roaring of the tempest; the mighty billows tossing our hero; the tense moments slipping away, moments when vaster issues were visioned before his soul; and then the whispered "Peace be still," as he went to his sleep.

*"The mighty rock lies now at rest,
And the stars move slowly on heaven's breast."*

Like Moses again: "No man knoweth his sepulchre unto this day." He shall not die but live, and gaze upon the conflict from Mount Zion, having left his foot-prints in the sands of time. He shall live in the hearts of the Empire's sons and in the annals of the nation's histories.

Yes, I am led to whisper,

*"May I be laid
Where I may see the glory, from some shade."*

At the words: "And now unto God the Father, etc." the seven souls on their way to Paradise came to a place where the ivy still clings to the battle-scarred walls around the nave of a vast church where wailing souls, caused by a gentle wind' seemed to remind one of the days when ghosts walked and flitted about such places. It was to this sacred spot that there came the souls of those who wandered seeking rest and finding none; . . . spirits in search of the consolations of spiritual communion at the altar, which still stood in the ivy-clad nave, where spiritual communion doth ever radiate forth.

One there was who stood in spirit at the steps of the altar, dressed in the full

robes of a bishop. The altar was laden with the supper of communion; the moon shone full into the nave through the broken roof of the great church, and enveloped the spotless linen of bishop and altar with its shining phosphorescent glow.

Into these hallowed precincts came seven souls so lately from the fields of France that they had not found the paths of Paradise. The first thus addressed the bishop: "Who art thou?" The voice came floating softly with a sob of infinite welcome in its tones, "I am footprints in the sands of time." Again the question rang out: "Is this the way to the paths of Paradise?" The answer floated back: "The paths of Paradise are found at the altar, where the Holy Communion begins, but the way is long, and narrow is the road that leadeth thither; and the light is dim but enough there is by which to rise."

"You must therefore know many things."

"I am footprints in the sands of time, and I bear this message. You have lately left the field of strife; you have been partakers of the banquet of Har-Magedon; you have drunk of the wine of the wrath

of God, outpoured upon all nations; you are now removed from the first stage, and you must come unto a certain knowledge of the truth of the second."

There is no evil with God; time was with God in prehistoric glory, and there were many stages of glory in the limitlessness of His eternal and abiding Presence before the morning of the created world; there existed certain spirits who were eternal influences about His Presence, and many of them are still with Him; but some are without, though still under His all-seeing Presence.

There was always free-will power among the spirits eternally with God, and you are now about to hear the cause of the presence of evil in the world; since there was a free-will power among the dwellers abiding with God; there was always an eternal longing for a share in the most perfected stage of glory with God and was God's alone; evil was not with God, neither was evil in the limitlessness of God's presence, but the free-will of those eternally with God, determined them in an effort to assert their eternal power, over that free-will power, which God possessed Himself, in the highest

degree, in the *sumnum bonum* stage of glory.

Being inferior in power according to their state, they were unable to overcome God and attain to His almighty glory; therefore no longer feeling satisfied with their own stage of glory, they held council as to the best way in which they might assert that power still remaining to them; with the result that conflict began against God, and has continued to this day. You, O spirits, are among the first thousands to tread the paths from Har-Magedon to the paths of Paradise, and with multitudes to follow, you will see the free-will power of God at work in the destiny to which the whole creation moves.

God, having gathered the nations unto Har-Magedon, is now about to work out the destiny of the world through human means. You, O wandering spirits, draw near and take the spiritual supper of the Lord, and drift softly and pleasantly in that strength unto Paradise; lo, see the eternal throne and Him that sits thereon and know that the great book in the lap of the Eternal is about to be opened; behold the scene set for the staging of those puri-

fying processes through which man must move toward his final destiny, and the setting forth of that "one far of divine event to which the whole creation moves"; behold the seven seals are contained in "The Book."

The waning moon lured long shadows across the vale—shadows that drifted imperceptibly farther and longer, rising, falling, converging, trembling, softening the broken outlines of trail and mound, until the spirit vale seemed filling with the river of dusk; when there appeared a faint glow as of the shades of a setting sun, and they found themselves topping the first crest of a great mountain, towering up and up from the vast valley which now lay lighted below the slopes. Like Moses, they were about to behold the future events of earth, from some mountain crest, as they went on their way where God taketh all souls. They later beheld seven spirits like unto themselves, but having power to proceed through space, and not following the straight and narrow way that leadeth unto life, and they heard a voice say, "These are the seven spirits sent forth into all the

world which return to the opening of 'The Book'; and another voice said, "The Book is humanity gathered unto Har-Magedon, and the seals are its destiny divine; whereupon an angel touched the great harp. God and the company sang a new song, saying: "Worthy is Christ to open the book and to loose the seals thereof, and to read man's divine destiny which is about to be consummated, for He was slain, and did purchase unto God by His blood, men out of every tribe and kindred and tongue and people and nation." Rev. 5: 9 and 10.

With the opening of the first seal there came down the mountain an angel, clothed in white and sitting upon a white horse, being accompanied by a throng of followers. These, the spirits saw, seemed to burn through the golden dusk that had settled down into the valley of the shadow, and to permeate it with a silvery glow. Trees, shrubs and harvests of crosses, seemed to glow like the silvery maple in the Land of the Snow.

Passing moments revealed a faint pallor spread over the vale, till it lay like a ghostly sea, interspersed with floating armies, which

seemed to be swimming ever nearer to each other; armies that rode and armies that walked, that wavered and shifted with a sort of dreamy restlessness, as if trying to evade the ever-brightening tide of silver, which emanated from the silvery army on white horses, as they went forward against one of those onrushing masses; and as the silvery light burned away the last bit of golden dusk, He that sat upon the white horse drew His bow and shot. The streak of silver floated like a meteorite through the sky, turning all to green where it struck in front of the oncoming hosts, whose horses turned and whose men ran back from the silvery vale, whose bottom drank up the shades of silver, leaving but a small river far, far below, and the valley but a dim outline where the battle had been.*

The first seal was thus opened, and He that sat upon the white horse is called " ' Faithful and True, ' and in righteousness doth He judge and make war." Rev. 19:

11.

"The armies that followed Him upon white horses (Rev. 19: 14), were the armies of Heaven, and they fought for the honor

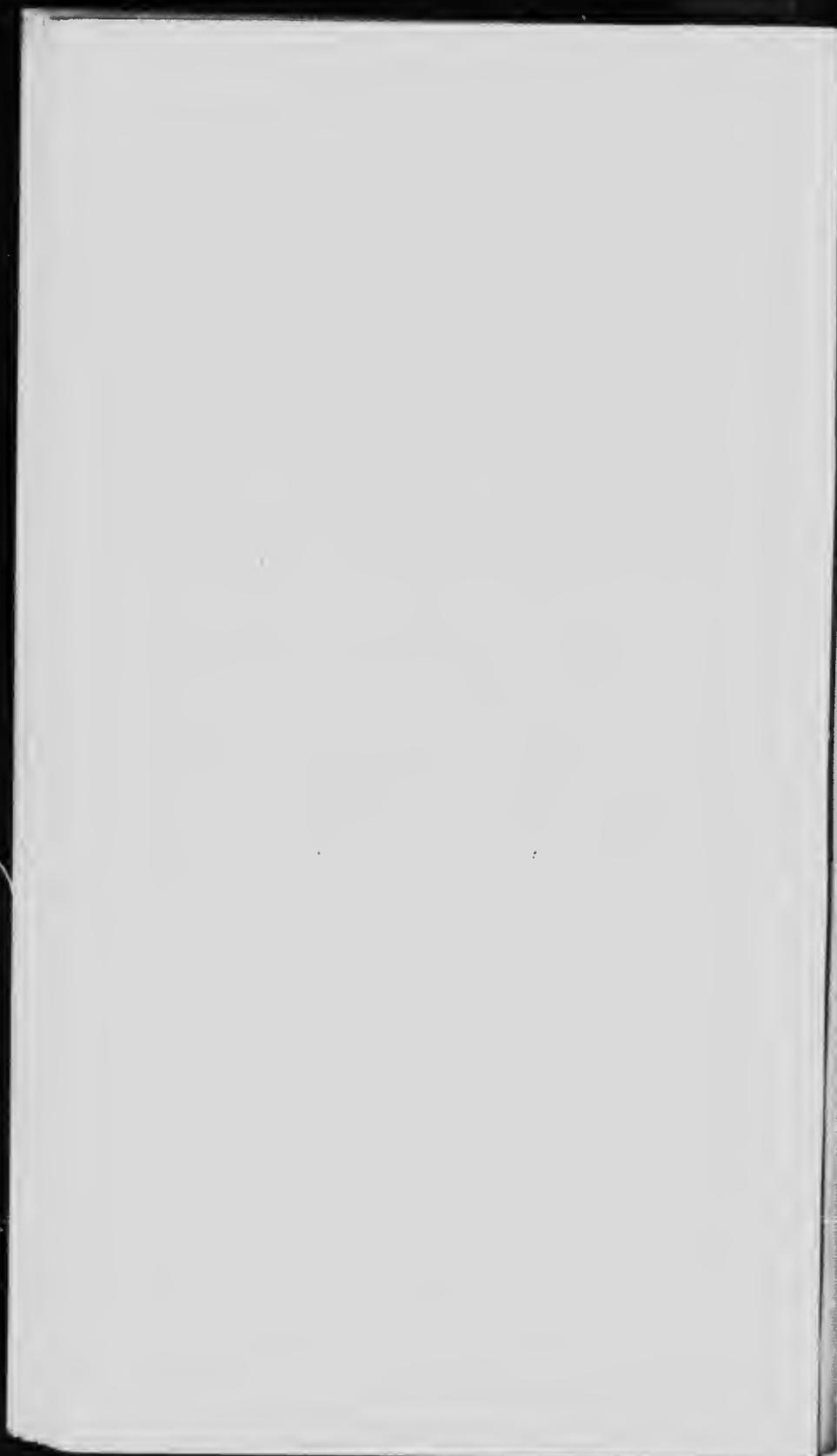
* The battle of Mons.

and justice, and peace and righteousness of the cause which we have in hand." Thus spoke a voice unto the spirits who saw again the bishop who was named "Footprints in the sands of time." Continuing, he thus addressed them: "You have partaken of the spiritual supper of the Lord; you have seen the opening of the first seal, and the King of Kings, and His armies fighting our cause. Draw near therefore and follow me unto your appointed place of rest."

As they were passing unto their place in the third Paradise of God, before quite losing communication with these things here on earth, a bishop man, miles away received his answer, seeing, it seemed, once again, the faint perfected form of his son, who died for old England's faith in the Grace of God.

End of Part I

PART II.



PART II

Up the ancient way to the highest peaks of the paths of Paradise these seven souls pass many who are fearful lest they pass not the great bridge over Hades, the Kinvad bridge to Paradise, where the wicked fall and sink to the depths below.

With hearts overwhelmed, they are led to the rock that forms the foundation of the bridge, and there they meet Hebrew and Greek guards who show them the bottomless pit, about to be opened.

Zadok, the Hebrew guard, bids them wait till the fearful ones walk over the bridge; and gazing far out they see only a broad way leading to the eternal hills beyond, which cast their ever-changing shapes athwart the path, now glowing in the purest rainbow colors, now sparkling green, now a golden mass, then once again leaving only the great wide path over the immense gulf which has swallowed up the rainbow tints.

Then Zenophon, the Greek guard, points to those about to enter the broad bridge path, saying: "See, they are nearing the

end of their golden dream; soon they will awaken to the realities of a just Judgment, which awaits them when that seal shall be opened. Behold, the end of the golden dream, the bridge narrows to nothingness for them; the tablet which floats in space, shimmering in the blue mists, contains the counsel given to those who followed after pleasure, and riches and power, till they exclaimed: 'We have need of nothing'; that counsel thou knowest, though thou canst not discern its writing at this distance. It reads thus: 'I counselled thee on earth, to buy of me, gold tried in the fire, that thou mightest now be rich; and white raiment that thou mightest now be clothed in righteousness; and that thy nakedness might not appear; and to anoint thine eyes that thou mightest see; but now thou art wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked.' Rev. 3: 17-18.

"See, they faint by the way, having no strength to endure unto the end; they fall into nothingness, and again the bridge is broad and the way is plain for you."

"Do thou tell the rest, Zadok."

Zadok—"Aye, indeed, they fell by the wayside; they robbed the widow, withheld

their tithes; they robbed the Lord of Hosts, they stole the affections of wives for their husbands, they seared their consciences, they provoked the Holy One of Israel, and they would not see, they would not discern the signs of the times.

“And now behold! There cometh one lone figure apart from the thronging of those far, far below. A mighty pressure stays their swifter approach, while he comes to see the vision he but dimly saw in the distant sphere from whence he comes.”

Looking down they saw the flowery plain and smelled the odor of its heavenly breath, while a thousand mighty spheres moved swiftly into space, with a wailing sign, to fall from the heaven which rolled away into space; and a still, silver-noted voice rang clear upon the awful silence, saying: “Clothe ye those who wait, with the white raiment”; and white robes were given unto them, and it was said unto them that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow servants also, and their brethren that should be killed, as they were, should be fulfilled. Rev. 6: 11.

Here they had sweet rest in the presence of him who came with the bearing of a great

leader; one who was sacrificed that the ideals of a mighty nation might live again for a little space.

Again Zadok spoke, saying: "It is the sacrifice of such as these, the giving of the best lives of those who dwell below, that carries forward the human creatures from whence they came to their final destiny."

As he finished speaking, the falling spheres showered upon one great disc below and the whole space became aglow with them, being brightest of all in the east, where there glowed a waving mass of shimmering silver sparks far away, slowly dividing into glowing silver drops, like the dewdrops on the moonlit sward. The mountains twisted into writhing, many-colored bands of light across the space, and the islands sparkled with diamond tints as they moved through the silver-green seas, while over all there reigned a vast bow from the throne amid the eternal hills across the mighty bridge, to the crystalline seas below; and then this mighty play, staged, and viewed from another world, sank slowly into nothingness, as a tinkling of Nature's music from some rippling trout stream

gently fades upon the moving fisherman's ear.

Now Zeus, ruler of the lower air, came forth and bade the four angels who came unto those arrayed in white robes, that they go and hold the four winds, that it rain not, neither blow upon the earth; and Zenophon recalled the part he played so well in the destiny of humanity, in the days so far distant.

Again a mighty voice rolled out in trumpet tones:

"Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees, till we have sealed the servants of our God in their foreheads." Rev. 7: 3.

Then he who came alone, as an elder and leader, from the great nation, said unto us: "Who are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?" and the answer came: "Sir, thou knowest, these are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, and He shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Rev. 7:13-end.

Then came upon all who were resting there a silence that was felt, and they

groaned in the spirit by reason of that calm, while a mighty star like a roaring glacier tumbling into some vast cañon, broke the stillness, as it streamed away to fall upon the rivers and fountains of water that shimmered by reason of its golden light as it rushed below; and then a darkness such as of an hour before a dawn, settled and blotted out the vision like a curtain falling before a hushed, thrilled audience.

Turning, those arrayed in white robes saw again the vast bridge span stretching before them, and below there arose a smoke, which darkened the spaces and the earth seemed burning as with fire, yet was not consumed.

The smoke ascended from the bottomless pit, opened by one of the gods of Zeus, who hath a name written in the Hebrew tongue, called Abaddon, known to Zeus and Zenophon as Apollos the beautiful, ever young, therefore remaining "Unto this last," and whose hair was ever flowing in the winds as the hair of women.

He thus addressed the destroyers: "To you I am known as Abaddon and Apollos. I never die. I remain unto the end, and now take my place upon the stage which

is set for the final destiny of the sphere below. I come from the city of Abathes, being without depth, a place therefore vast enough to contain all those thou shalt destroy. My palace is known as Hebetes, the abode of the ever youthful, who tarry till the coming of the Lamb of God. Rev. 9: 8. I go to the nation whose hair is as the hair of women, who dwell in the east, and who shall destroy in part and torment those who have not discerned the signs of the times. They are a people who are well known for their torture, a wise but heathen people, looking unto the heavens and studying the stars, absorbing all that the world can teach, yet giving no sign; followers of those who shall destroy with the use of human means, because of the works of other nations who follow not the Lamb of God, yet seem so to do; whose god is gold and silver and brass and stone and wood. Rev. 9: 20.

Those thou shalt destroy and persecute, yet shall they live; they shall suffer because they forgot the ideal of brotherhood.

Ye who know me as Abaddon, know well in the Hebrew tongue the meaning of "Sirs, ye are brethren, why do ye wrong one to

another"; and ye to whom I am known as Apollos appreciate the glorious fact that the Lamb of God, "made of one blood all nations to dwell upon the face of the whole earth; these will not repent, though the remnant should war again against them; yea, though another sacrifice should be made, yet would they not repent; though another ten million dead in Flanders Fields should lie, yet would they not learn that the life of their sphere is brotherhood; therefore thou shalt cause them to be afflicted, only hurt not those who have the mark of God in their foreheads."

"Some day thou shalt see, O ye of the white raiment, the end of these things, but thou art commanded to rest here, amid these eternal hills, till all things shall be fulfilled; and now ye of the flowing hair, let us be going, for my time has come and I go with thee to gather out the tares in this great time of Harvest, swiftly to be gathered in, because:

"This one life reacheth onward still,
And soon our eyes shall see
The far-off fact our dreams fulfill
Of glories yet to be."

THE END.





