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Listen my children...I, Joseph Jacobson speak for your edification. For as the LORD liveth, whatsoever the LORD saith unto me that will I speak.

*Let U.S. Pray!*

*"Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and shew my people their transgression, and the house of Jacob their sins."*
*Isaiah 58:1*

Last night I passed in sleepless dream...

T'was not the work of an idle brain, reaching out for restful sleep. Instead---All the world passed through my mind, in dismal vision vast. Oh! I cannot forget while life shall last...

For in the dead of night; with no shining light...save a dim and glaring lamp, I saw the solid earth...your land and mine, as if in travail.

The very ground on which I lay, trembled mightily; as if from deep down vulcanic shocks. The sound was like the end of the world!

For it seemed the Pillars of Earth, our very foundations were out of joint! Great primary stones were being upheaved from below...removed from out their places and tossed about like tiny pebbles by powerful forces. It was as if Creation itself groaned for deliverance!

Above the awful rumbling noises rising out the black abysmal depths of the pit below, my ear caught the shrill sound of a famished Eagle, crying in the night...as if over her lost brood. T'was mysterious, foreboding--- and a shivering fear came over my soul!

Then, with half-opened eyes, my soul took the wings of the wind; East and West, North and South I wandered, all across the land. And, it seemed I was but a roving nomad..."rootless" as I drifted to and fro, forth and back over this land of promise...AMERICA.

I beheld chaos and destruction, everywhere! Great whirlwinds were being raised up from the coasts of the earth, and I beheld the Mountain quake! Off beyond me, to my left---somewhere deeper in the night was a garish glare...and the cities of the Nation fell...becoming the habitation of demons and satyrs; I saw the dark tents of Egyptian wickedness was there.

The sky from the far East and out from the North---Ominous already, reddenned and flared up with bloody flames...and the living Chariots of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse rumbled across our land.

I cried out a warning in horror; but I had no breath for alarm...only a low moan escaped my lips....

[Cont. p.3]