But I beheld more! Dark restless shapes, strange and grotesque, were now treading down our fruited plain; the blood red stain came to the strength of their thigh. Calling out in agony of spirit I cried: "Oh God, are these indeed the grapes of wrath?"

I tell you now...the paleness of eternal grief was in the faces of these spectres of the night. Immediately behind them came the Devourer! Desolation was indeed the name of this scarlet scourge; for, the Wild Boar of the woods came out! And, the Beast of the Field was there.

Over this Bountiful Land, instead of The Plant of Renown, began to grow a brambled wilderness of thorns and thistles---The Heavens were now shut up, for there was no rain...'til the rivers of water thirsted!

Believe me---I stared in unbelief and horror as there sprang up here in this other Eden...one vast graveyard all unmarked. Then I saw too, THE VALLEY OF VISION. FOR THE BONES OF DEATH WERE ALL UNCOVERED! Not a breath of air stirred---for there was no wind!

My thoughts turned inward. I saw myself, a Preacher undone, an unprofitable Servant. All my workings of doings, efforts of strivings...That which I had created, my Ministry itself...crumbled before me into burned out dust and ashes...and, I wept many tears of repentance.

In that great aloneness, one WORD METANOIA (met-an-oh-e-o) pressed down over my being like a funereal shroud. Time after tine it came. It increased in strength in my mind 'till I wondered what that WORD could mean.

Meanwhile, a dreadful silence had settled over our Land---as if it were some harbinger of fearful doom. Was the Vine of the Earth to be reaped? Thrashing about wildly on my restless bed, I struggled for utterance... To warn my Brothers of this time of JACOB'S TROUBLE. Oh, how I cried unto God for surging, burning Words of fire! Words to shake the hearts of men..Bt I could only whisper a warning!

Then I saw and heard that single Eagle flying high in the sky above that mighty Mountain. The Eagle gave out a strange and forlorn cry, like the bleat of a sheep. And, with this: The Dawn came up like thunder! IT WAS THE DAY OF THE LORD! The Aurora Borealis passed away! For the sky from out the North was a boiling seething cauldron of Hellfire! I groaned out a warning as much as I could..."Out of the North it shall come!"

All but HOPE fled from my soul---Everything was being shaken, unhinged. When suddenly a voice that rang like hammer on steel sounded a blast in my ear. "None can blow the Trumpet in Zion without breath or vision!" In agony to respond, I spoke: "Oh LORD, I know it!"

Then looking up higher, I saw the Bright Light in the Cloud. A gigantic bolt of lightning, dazzling in glory came out the Eastern sky and raced across the whole heavens clear to the hinder Sea---I was petrefied. Then came the voice behind me saying: "this is the Way, walk ye in it. Preach the preaching I bid thee...BEHOLD, THY BREATH IS IN THE WIND!"

The vision ceased...I awoke, all bathed in fearful sweat--- 'twas then, I stood upon my feet and cried out with all my might....

"You have perverted the WORD of the LORD!
Let the Liberty Bell be tolled!"