

LE JOUR DE LA COLÈRE

OU

LA MAIN DE DIEU SUR UN EMPIRE

VISIONS PROPHÉTIQUES D'UN VOYANT DE JUDA

PUBLIÉES

PAR L'ABBÉ A. FATACIOLI

In omnibus his non est averius furor ejus, sed adhuc manus ejus extenta.

Après tous ces maux la fureur du Seigneur n'est point apaisée et sa main est encore étendue.

ISA. ch. IX. vv. 12, 17, 21.

PARIS

CHEZ GARNIER FRÈRES, ÉDITEURS
RUE DES SAINTS-PÈRES, 6, ET PALAIS-ROYAL, 215
ET CHEZ L'AUTEUR, RUE SAINT-ANDRÉ-DES-ARTS, 49

1856

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Paris De Soye et BOUCHET, imprimeurs, 2, place du Panthéon

THE DAY OF WRATH

OR

THE HAND OF GOD ON AN EMPIRE

PROPHETIC VISIONS OF A SEER FROM JUDAH

PUBLISHED
BY ABBÉ A. FATACIOLI

After all these things his indignation is not turned away, but his hand is stretched out still. Isa. IX: 21

After all these times the Lord's fury is not appeased and his hand is still extended. Isa. IX: 12

PARIS

CHEZ GARNIER FRERES, ÉDITEURS
RUE DES SAINTS - PERES, 6, ET PALAIS - ROYAL, 215
ET CHEZ L'AUTEUR, RUE SAINT - ANDRÉ - DES - ARTS, 49

1856

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Paris De Soye and BOUCHET, printers, 2, place du Panthéon

FORWARD (by *Nich Flüe*)

This publication of a manuscript originally was written by a Jew who converted to Roman Catholicism. It was written at the end of the 18th Century. The deceased Maronite Catholic wife of this author/seer named Zacharie (she evidently died at childbirth) convinced him before she died to convert to the one, true faith. He, in turn, convinced his father, Loammi to convert to Catholicism on his deathbed.

Zacharie lived a very ascetic life. After his daughter, Angelie, died in her teens, he apparently lived like a hermit; perhaps even like a Nazarite. e.g., John the Baptist. He eventually befriended an “Anchorite”, that is, another holy hermit. Shortly before he died, he gave a manuscript to the Anchorite of the visions and messages he purportedly received from God and asked this Anchorite to take it to a Catholic priest. The manuscript was written in French. The priest, Abbé Fatacioli, who received the manuscript had a publisher in Paris produce a book by the title noted above in 1856.

I recently obtained this book to review and scrutinize. First impression is, it is clear that the publisher did a somewhat average, if not poor effort of editing before publishing. It is clear to me that out of expediency or cost or whatever, the publisher made many sloppy decisions in transference of the manuscript to type. This includes, but is not limited to, incorrect sentence structure, incorrect use of pronouns, inadequate application of idioms, expressions, colloquialisms, compound words, and the proper ‘tense’ of verbs. I believe that the primary cause for this is probably the nature and condition of the manuscript itself, that is, its physical condition and the penmanship of the author.

In recent decades numerous Catholics, including priest, have referred to the prophecies and images in this book in a sensational manner without merit. In many cases they have not even read the book. Therefore, I decided to take on the task of not only translating the book from French to English, but also conduct an extensive editing process, hopefully, to represent what Zacharie the seer originally wished to communicate in writing. Upon reflection, I believe the effort is successful.

Like the Book of Revelations, this manuscript is apocalyptic. Also, the author uses many symbols which appear to mirror the images that exist in the Book of Revelations. This does not mean that this book is a derivative or convoluted copy of the Book of Revelations. On the contrary, it utilizes many of the images, for example, the ‘Dragon’, as a reference; providing a complementary explanation of the battle among God, the Angels, Devils, Anti-Christ and mankind over the course of human history, yesterday, today and tomorrow. I can say unequivocally that this book is very applicable to our troubled end times. I encourage devout Christians to take the time to read and contemplate the messages and images that this book offers.

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PREFACE

Everything that happens in the world, the smallest as well as the greatest things, those which man sees and understands, like those which he does not perceive or of which he sometimes persists in neither grasping meaning or scope, everything is the work of a sovereign will, everything reveals an invisible action but unique, universal, omnipotent, everything in a word happens and is done according to divine views and in the order of causes and ends eternal, or, as Christian doctrine speaks, for the greater glory of God, and for the reign of his Christ.

The Government of Providence, this is an old truth that can only be challenged by minds struck by a madness as singular as it is evident; this same government, exercised by and for Christ, with the aim of forming, as the Scriptures speak, in all the fullness of its mystical unity this body of which he is the head, with the design of leading towards the fulfillment of his holy and sublime destinies this Church which he instituted, and which forms, even here below, what the Gospels so often call the *kingdom of heaven* ⁽¹⁾, here is another truth which, in order not to be admitted by everyone, is no less certain, fundamental. It has been said for a long time after Saint Paul: everything for Christ, and Christ for God. There is the alpha and omega of all things past, present and future; this is the cause and the goal of all that was from the beginning, of all that will be until the end; this is the work of God, and outside of it there is nothing, nothing but indecipherable riddles, hopeless problems. So it is in this truth, and in it alone, that each of us can and must find an explanation, either for all the peculiarities of the secret history of his soul, or for all the social events here below.

Yes the reign of Providence, taking this word in its most intimate, deepest, most true, and the reign of THE ONE, *to whom everything was given*, and which he declared to be *the first and the last, the principle and the end* of all things, is only one same reign, established, exercised for the deliverance of man and for his salvation. To understand this, we will not have to suppose any Redemption, and we will see no further consequence that, without it, Providence would not, or, if one wishes, it would be, towards man, only what it is towards fallen angels, an eternal anger. Perhaps even, in this assumption, all perverted creature, that is to say, goes out of order, that is to say broken in the elements of his being, in the relationships of these elements either between them or with their common end, in this primary and essential harmony of the unity which constitutes, therefore, being, living, without real existence, and could no longer by that same, or at least no longer, if however it could, exist, in the face of the Creator

(1) *Sciendum nobis est quod, saepe in sacro eloquio, regnum coelorum praesentis temporis Ecclesia dicitur St. Gregory the Great, Hon. 12 in Evang.*

himself, than in the state of an eternally enemy power, if it had to be destroyed, annihilated: and who knows if not only as having to serve in some way for the rehabilitation of man and the triumph of the heavens, that the existence was preserved, after their fall, to the revolted spirits of darkness.

We must therefore, we repeat, in Providence, only dream of Redemption. God works in the world through his Christ and for his Christ; continually the divine breath passes through the earth which it sows with its creations, of which it constantly renews the face: and with each thing which it sees, the man can stop and say: There is the finger of God... *for ruin or for resurrection.*

However, divine action, thus understood, is sometimes more, sometimes less visible. At times it appears clear, it shows itself to be palpable in men and things; at other times it goes hidden, it walks in the dark, one would almost say jealous of its *incognito*.

But, something worthy of note! It is precisely at these same times when it shows itself most clearly, that this action seems to be the least noticed, the least recognized by men. Human wisdom then blinds minds: opposing the lights of truth, putting itself, so to speak, in open struggle with divine wisdom, it takes the place of the latter, it usurps its rights, and it receives homage. , worship, worship, due to his enemy, and prides himself on his own triumph.

The Jewish people believe in the Messiah, they wait for the *Desired of the nations*, he sighs for several centuries after his coming, he preaches it everywhere, he carries it, so to speak, in his bosom through all the lands of the peoples through which he passes in the midst of miracles without number, strong, terrible, victorious, protected by the hand of his God who covers him, as well as his wings of the orders of the cherubim that spread all around his ark and of the tabernacle⁽²⁾ surrounded by holy shadows of the holy place like that divine cloud which fills the interior of His temple, when the majesty of the Lord descended into the Holy of Holies to dwell in the house of prayer, in the midst of the chosen people.⁽³⁾ But when the same Messiah comes to Israel, full of grace, of strength, of light, Israel ignores Him, rejects Him, denies Him; where the Pharisaic wisdom finds in the pains and the holiness of the Cross only a dangerous *scandal*.

Rome becomes the mistress of the nations: she prepares without knowing it for Christianity, she opens all the ways to the Gospel. But when the travelers who carry the good news enter the bosom of the superb city, and there sow, with light and regeneration, brilliant miracles,

(2)*Siquidem cherubim expandebant alas super locum arcæ, et protegebant arcam et vectes ejus desuper. IIIReg., c. 7.*

(3)*Factum est autem, cum exissent sacerdotes de sanctuario, nebula implevit domum Domini, et non poterant sacerdotes stare...impleverat enim Gloria Domini domum Domini. IIIReg., c. 8.*

Rome is troubled, astonished: but that is all. One smiles or one gets angry, and the proud wisdom of the masters of the world discovers in the power and grandeur of the Cross nothing but weakness and *folly*.

And in our times, can't you see something similar? The triumphs of that same Cross towards which the world now seems to be walking in a way which appears, it is true, only in the eyes of those who examine and believe, but which is nonetheless real and certain, these triumphs promised, visible, perhaps imminent, have we not found a name for them, and the word *progress* has not served to denature the truth of things, to deceive, it must be said? To blind men to the scope of events, to the principles and relationships of causes, to the greatness of ends?

Progress! Certainly we have seen them, and a century which entered upon a triumphal chariot whose wheels were stained with blood and the top loaded with laurels, and which then advanced, still marching, sometimes in the midst of glories without name, sometimes through unparalleled disasters, trying everything, wearing out, devouring everything, often turning out of the way and letting oneself go on fatal slopes towards deep decadences, but stopping on the edge of the abysses, getting up and resuming his walk, still full of courage and vigor which one would not have expected from him; a century which has already seen a series of extraordinary events that it has never been given in any other epoch to produce, which has penetrated into the mysteries of nature and wrested from it so many secrets, which gave birth to all genres, in all orders of things, a mass of wonders, each more astonishing than the next, as different in nature as they are multiple in number, admirable in their brilliance, fruitful and useful in their application, which seems every day discover the real vein of the fine arts and come closer and closer to their true type, which has broken down the barriers of peoples, destroyed the differences of races, raised up, ennobled humanity by the fact or at least by the principle of the destruction of slavery, stopped in their march of the unbridled ambitions which, like a devastating torrent, threatened the world, and finally which began to open the ways of this old East, whose past was so beautiful, whose present is so sad, whose has it to come But it is for God alone that it is reserved to know the future..... a century which has made all this, and which, after all this, still walks, always opening new ones horizons, creating new wonders, because do not think that it is over: we are still walking, we are still walking - of course, this century, we admit, does not lack progress.

But what does all of this mean, and where are we going? Where will we get to? Is that all? Is this the only one, is this real progress?

When posterity has to judge this same century, do you know what it will discover there, especially, mainly? No doubt, we repeat it, they will find him great, greater perhaps than we find him ourselves; but they will also find that it was, after all, only a fruitful period of

transition. They will find that having touched on all the questions, he definitely did not resolve any; that by him everything was named, nothing was defined; that he walked, but that he did not reach the goal; that he opened the roads more than he walked them, and, to paint it all at once, that it's essential and distinctive character was a character of preparation. Preparation for what? The future and this same posterity will tell.

Yes, our century is a century of preparation: it has come by opening up new horizons, it is going away indicating new and greater perspectives, and it is going away leaving another century a great, a terrible legacy, glory perhaps, perhaps frightful misfortunes. But, glory or misfortunes, order and peace or catastrophes and ruins, what seems to have come out of all this is ... it is the Cross safe and sound, stronger, more glorious, triumphant in a word; it is Religion, powerful, victorious; it is the advancement, the development, the establishment - definitive perhaps - of this same reign of Christ of which we spoke earlier ⁽⁴⁾.

O man who is going to open this little book, before you break the seals, stop a moment. Collect yourself. First lift your soul to heaven; and ask in heaven for this gift of strength and wisdom, this light of the future which is called faith, because it too, faith, is a thing of the future ⁽⁵⁾.

See. Cities are born and develop as if by magic; the old cities, hitherto stationary, grow and extend as far as the eye can see; rapid transformations are taking place especially on the face of the earth: all the solitudes of the deserts have been excavated, studied, all the roads, opened, through the streets; in all directions, the entire globe has been crossed, explored, and there is no longer in it a single little unknown corner to discover, to find; from one end of the world to the other, communications have suddenly become universal, easy, rapid, instantaneous; spaces are abolished, continents close together, seas subjugated not only in their limitless surfaces, but also in their bottomless abysses through which passes, like a rapid wing of fire, silent but alive, the thought of man: the elements have transmitted all their power to us, nature has given us all its mysteries, and we would be said to have arrived at the moment when the whole of creation, putting an end to its ancient revolts, would finally be ready to submit to the yoke of the one who was given to him for *dominator*.

(4) *Adveniat regnum tuum.*

(5) *Sperandarum substantia rerum. S. Pau.*

But see again: peoples, some, young in desires, old in civilization, seized with unbridled passions, stir, torment, turn and turn between a burning circle placed on abysses; the others, new by age and the energy of their forces, yet all of a sudden aged by this same civilization into which they have fallen as one falls into an abyss, wake up, get up, move, push themselves, too full of a superabundant sap of life, or as if loaded with too heavy a weight. And in the meantime, people are worried and confused on all sides; we are looking at each other, waiting; we question ourselves, we listen, we are sorry, we step back or we advance trembling, we predict, we fear, we hope ... In the meantime nothing is solid: under our feet, the earth trembles ... And the horizon is always charged, and the future, always dark.

What does all this mean? What's going to happen? O man, say, say, has your eye not seen in the distance something coming, something vague, immense ... sinister ... something great, memorable, and triumphant? Say, say, have you heard that great noise advancing, the noise of the march of the world? And in the silence of your soul, this passing breath, the breath of God, have you been able to grasp it? The hours, were you able to count them? ...

And now open the little book. But be careful not to keep to the surface: read once, twice, more if necessary. Look deep down, deep down: There you will find something for you. Only do not get attached to the forms, even give them no importance. In all human things, forms are only the cover, sometimes the disguise of an elementary substance. You know what fashions are: Well, very often and in almost all things down here, shapes are not something else. Besides, what do you want? Don't you know what we do with a sick child, when we want him to take a bitter potion? A great poet has said it in more eloquent terms than anyone could offer you after him⁽⁶⁾. Have you not noticed what the man of the field does when he goes to sow his seed in the earth? He gets up early in the morning, he consults the sky above and the horizons far away, he looks, he listens, he examines, and if the weather seems right to him and his soil is prepared, then he chooses, according to the weather, the grain; which he needs for his soil, and he sows it. And the grain grows, and it grows, and it bears fruit. Whoever wants to do something useful, or who at least thinks that he should be such, is sometimes obliged to do what one does with sick children: and very often, the sower of the word cannot, must only act like the man of the fields.

So we offer, perfumed to the young child
A sweet licorice, the edges of the vase.
Meanwhile, bitter juices deceive and he drinks,
And he receives his life from deception.

Thus, a sick child is presented with the edges of a vase watered with a sweet liquor: happily deceived, he drinks bitter juice, and owes his life to his error.

To do something useful, or that he at least thinks it should be such, is sometimes obliged to do what one does with sick children: And very often, the sower of the word cannot, must only act as he does the man of the fields.

Open: Read the words of the prophecy ⁽¹⁾ - Wait. If your days are long, before you go to rest in your grave, your eyes may have seen some of the things that are foretold.

May the righteous gird up his loins: may he pray, may he bless, and may he wait. That the ungodly ... but no, that he rather turns to heaven; may he return, there is still time, may he return to his God: for the times are coming when, for the wicked as for the righteous, there will be no more hope, there will be no more of salvation than in God.

(6) Verba prophetiæ hujus. Apoc. B. JO.



PROLOGUE

The next day I went to the usual place for our talks. The day, beautiful at first, was soon disturbed by a rapid thunderstorm, and several times thereafter it changed its appearance and temperature. So is the day of man here below, this fleeting day of his life, full of painful vicissitudes and endless agitations. Serene and limpid at dawn, it quickly becomes troubled under the cruel breath of storms; then, endlessly enveloped in more or less thick clouds which a few quick and pale rays scarcely cross from time to time, it flows painfully, although very short, very fleeting; it flows in the midst of the stormy winds which carry it away, mostly black, dark and always agitated: and in the evening, at the hour when the silent twilights fall, with the slow and cold breaths, it dies out sometimes slowly and sometimes suddenly, in long and mysterious obscurities.

At the moment when the half-appeased storm let some rays of a rejuvenated sun flee through the half-open clouds, spreading in sprays of gold which floated on the slopes of the hills and on the damp and murmuring mountains, I saw the anchorite (*ed.: religious hermit*) come down from the heights of the mountain.

The venerable man, thus appearing to the summits of the mountain in one of those luminous gleams, and holding, leaning on his breast, the mysterious pages of the holy volume, was truly sublime. He looked like the famous traveler of the deserts, the God of Pharaoh, Moses, descending from the dazzling heights of Sinai, his forehead encircled with a crown of divine light, and bearing on his heart the eternal words of Jehovah. He arrived; he sat down opposite me under the green foliage of the ancient beech, and, after a few moments of silence, he said:

“Young man, my son, you already know ⁽¹⁾ the first of the last kings of Judah, Zacharie, the Jew of Armenia Major, converted to Christianity towards the end of the last century, and died in the first years of our century, after heroic expiations, in the religion of this same Christ whom his fathers disregarded, whom Israel formerly repudiated, in the bosom of this Church built on the motionless stone and against which hell will never prevail. A man with a great soul and truly Christian virtues; strange man doubtless by his character, his inclinations, his kind of life, strange, and by a vast genius of heart, and by infinite depths of feeling, and like by a mystery of inexhaustible, eternal sorrows, a sort of intimate, mysterious, profound fatality, reigning in the vague solitudes of a restless soul; but strange especially by the nature of the productions of his mind, which he calls, as you know, his visions, and which he recorded here, in the Book of the Seer, the only treasure he possessed in the last days of his life, and which he bequeathed to me,

closed and sealed, the day before his death, as his only friend and the only confidant of the secrets of his life.

By a mystery of inexhaustible, eternal sorrows, a sort of intimate, mysterious, profound fatality, reigning in the vague solitudes of a restless soul; but strange above all by the nature of the productions of his mind, which he calls, as you know, his visions, and which he has recorded here, in the Book of the Seer, the only treasure he possessed in the last days of his life, and which he bequeathed to me, closed and sealed, the day before his death, as his only friend and the only confidant of the secrets of his life.

“Since then, my son, these productions, which I must not qualify, have remained unknown to men: men are so little enlightened, so unwise, and so unjust. Delivered to their vain disputes, the visions of Zacharie. would have been, like all profound things, the subject of interminable disputes, the object of the most diverse, the most extravagant appreciations; they would have been folly for some, and for others a scandal, perhaps even, for some, an impiety. We had to wait.

“But at last the mysterious book has been unsealed; and, hitherto closed to all eyes, to you alone, my son, it has been opened. Perhaps it was still too early; perhaps, for a long time yet, the mystery would have remained buried in my heart, as the mysteries of the grave are closed at the bottom of the silent abode of the dead. But, my son, signs appear, signs where the wisdom of a blind age sees only security and triumphs: the world walks; irresistible powers are urging him on, and something immense already seems to be brewing. And then, on the way to my life, I met you, young man; I stopped in front of you; I thought you were serious; and, almost unwittingly, driven by I don't know what that betrayed my intentions, I opened the secret to you. Now I must not go back: full and whole must be the revelation.

(1) By what has already been said in the supposed interviews, where the anchorite established and developed, in positive, serious, classic forms, and through a whole system of theologically social principles and facts, a great truth , profound, all practical, and which could also be called all vital, linked as it is, by its nature, to the mysterious elements of life, to the constitutive principles of the human being, to the destinies of humanity; a truth which is light and power, which is walk and progress, which is goal and means, but which henceforth is also life or death for the future; for on its knowledge, or if one can speak thus, of its practical science depends the fate of modern societies.

"Young man, prepare your mind, pay attention: you are going to hear amazing things. We spoke in our last interview of a modern nation, great, powerful, proud above all - superb and barbarian colossus, raised between the dark regions of the north, like an immense scandal, like a living, inexorable threat, in front of the whole world who contemplates it with fear, and who, sooner or later, in a final and supreme struggle, must take it hand to hand and stifle it, or else fall stifled itself, under the double embrace of barbarism and slavery, and perish ... in the night of error and dissolutions.

"Now, Zacharie seeing him claim to have seen the future of the colossus. First of all, he predicts great escalations. He promises prodigious developments and innumerable conquests; but then he announces inevitable misfortunes, catastrophes without example and without name He threatens divine vengeance and a dismal, total, final ruin. This is what the *son of Judea calls his prophetic visions*, to which he gives the title of: *Words of prophecy on the superb empire of Aquilon* (***Ed: Technically, the Roman God of North wind and winter; but this prophet actually is referring to Russia***); this is what he wrote here with his own hand (*and saying these words, the anchorite opened the Book of the Seer*), and it is, my son, what you are going to know today.

"These truly amazing predictions of the man of Judah are divided into two main parts, or two visions. The two visions took place at two different times; but the object of both is the same, for it is always the empire of Aquilon that the prophet has in view: his iniquities and his conquests first, his fall and his unparalleled ruins. It nevertheless touches from time to time to another more serious, higher subject, the illumination of the East, the conversion to the true religion of all these peoples sitting today in the valleys without the light of death: a precursor sign of those memorable events which will precede the end of things and the dismal consummation of time.

But it is, I say, only from time to time, and as if in passing, that the prophet touches on these great truths, which are not yet the object of a separate prophecy here. However, the further he goes, the more his visions seem to become positive and clear on this subject; and at the end he sees, he contemplates, standing, upright and firm, surrounded by strength and glory, crowned with dazzling splendors, in those same places where she lies overthrown today, in the midst of servitude and degradation, the Cross, sign of triumphs. So, filled with feelings of admiration, gratitude, joy and love, all stirred by a sacred enthusiasm, and as if taken by a divine intoxication, at the sight of these glorious things of the future, he intones a song of praise and blessings to the great God, to Jehovah the Lord, and it concludes."

In their form, these prophecies, so surprising in so many ways, are, my son, as strange as their author. These are not the holy books; it is nevertheless something which resembles them: it is a series of paintings, descriptions, teachings, reproaches, threats, thrown with a certain ardent precipitation, interspersed with a kind of apparent disorder which seems to denounce

the approaching great events, gloomy or heroic, but inevitable. The style of the prophet is sometimes lively and rapid, sometimes painful and embarrassed; the turns are varied and multiple, sometimes brief, incisive, nervous, sometimes clear, easy, slender, and sometimes also hard, agitated, incomplete, risky, one could even say extravagant. His predictions become, as he advances, more frequent in number, closer in time, more assured by purpose, more defined by form, darker by images, and ever stronger and more striking in truth, and always more accelerated and more threatening.

It is often interrupted, unnecessarily breaks the order of ideas and things, leaves incomplete sentences or unfinished pages, and passes, without visible transitions, from one object to another, sometimes turning away from the path, and sometimes rushing there as with violence. We feel that his agitated hand trembles under arduous inspirations, and it seems that he is advancing, leading the world before him towards something immense, solemn ... or final.

"So much for the form, my son; but as to the substance, I have already told you, and I repeat it, I must not touch it in any way. Zechariah claims that it was God who spoke to him, and who revealed to him all the things he announces. Now this should be enough for you to make you understand that, on such a subject, I must refrain from any reflection; that even, above, I must not have an opinion, or, if I had one, it must not be manifested. I am simply the reader here: it is up to you, my son, to listen, and then to make of this writing the case that you reasonably believe you ought to do, to draw from it the consequences which will seem most just to you. I abstain from pronouncing: for, in such delicate matters, the mistake and perhaps the crime are too easy and too serious for me to allow myself to say: That is; so that I allow myself to preach what could be only a truth, but one of those sacred, inviolable, terrible truths, which man cannot touch with impunity, and which only a supreme authority can establish and sanction; one of those obscurely holy truths, given to our time like an enigma, or thrown into the future, like a formidable problem which the future alone can undertake to resolve.

"However, my son, I must point out to you something which is now a fact. It is because already part of the events foreseen and announced by Zechariah, all those which related to the time already elapsed since he prophesied until our days, have been fulfilled from point to point, have occurred such as he described them, with a frightening continuation, with a deep sequence, and in a visible order of truth which strikes and which astonishes.

"Now, if it is true that the perfect and total fulfillment of forthcoming predictions, which could in no way enter into the order of human forecasts, is ... a ... guarantor ..."

Undecided, disturbed, fearing to have said too much, the old man hid in a sort of vague and indistinct stammering, the rest of his sentence, which he ended with a few incomplete and unintelligible words, and his voice was lost in the silence of a lazy distraction, or a deep

meditation. This ruse did not escape me; but I pretended not to have noticed the indecision and embarrassment of my interlocutor.

I had already noticed, from everything he had just told me, that the old anchorite of the mountain was not far from believing that his Book of the Seer was a true inspired book, and that Zacharie was one of those scary men who should appear towards the end.

There were many things about which I needed some explanation. I did not know, among other things, whether or not the seer's book contained other visions of prophecy than those of which the anchorite spoke to me and that he was going to reveal to me; and supposing that he contained others, I could not guess either if the old man reserved to let me know them later, or if he wanted to let me ignore them forever.

Regardless of all this, I did not allow myself any questioning, too eager as I was to hear the prophetic revelations of the first of Judah's last seers, and I waited.

So, after a few moments of deep and severe silence, during which I could notice that the old man's mind seemed to be absorbed and lost, so to speak, little by little, in the inner solitudes of a gravely preoccupied soul, emerging as from a dream, and as if completing a sentence already begun: "It will be then," he said in a loud and inspired voice, that the lamp of Jacob will awaken in Israel, and that the great days will approach. "

And lifting the mysterious book within sight, he began to read.

*Ed.: **Anchorite:** More than a hermit, in Christian terminology, a man who has sought to triumph over the two unavoidable enemies of human salvation, the flesh and the devil, by depriving himself of the assistance of their ally, the world. The natural impulse of an earnest soul to withdraw temporarily or forever from the tumult of social life is sanctioned by the examples and teachings of Scripture. St. John Baptist in the desert and Our Lord, withdrawing ever and anon into solitude, were examples which incited a host of holy men to imitate them.*

PROPHETIC VISIONS

OF

ZACHARIE THE SEER



FIRST PROPHETIC WORDS ON THE EMPIRE OF AQUILON

I

1. The Lord spoke to Zacharie the son of Loammi (*Ed. 'not my people' the figurative name given by the prophet Hosea to his second son by Gomer the daughter of Diblaim, (Hosea 1:9) to denote the rejection of the kingdom of Israel by Jehovah*), the son of Debelaïm, the son of Judah, who was the daughter of Odaïa, who was the daughter of Hanania, ruler of the religion and teacher in the synagogues, of the races and the scattered tribes of the people who are no longer the people of God.

2. And he spoke to him at the time of the great pontiff of Rome, Pius in name and seventh in number, in the third year of the reign of the great Caesar of the West (*Ed. Napoleon*), who nurtures great projects in his heart and who is the genius of battles, and in the sixth year of the reign of the Prince of Aquilon (*Ed. Czar Alexander I*), whose scepter is lifted like a rod of iron over infinite peoples, and who wears a sign on his head, a sign of his plans and his hopes.

3. And Zechariah saw twice the visions of the future at that time, and the true, great, terrible things which are coming and which will happen in the last days; and he prophesied against the superb empire of Aquilon, once and again, on the twelfth day of the month of Sivan, which is the twenty-seventh of May, and on the twelfth of the month of Tisri, of the same year, which is the twenty-seventh of the month of September.

4. Now, the second time he saw on the empire of Aquilon, it was at the hour of none of the second day which comes after the Sabbath, when he was sitting between the ruins of a city ancient of Syria, Palmyra the beautiful, daughter of Solomon.
5. But the first time was at the prime hour of the day that shines first after the Sabbath day; and he was prostrate in the *Cave of Prayers*, which is near the house of his ancestors, at the foot of Ararat in Armenia.
6. There he had gone, according to his custom, at dawn, to offer his prayer to the Lord; and as on that day he had participated, in the communion of saints, in the sacred mysteries of the heavenly bread, which is the bread of life, and which is the ineffable consumption of love, his prayer was more fervent than ever.
7. And as he prayed, he felt his soul widen. Now, suddenly, when the first rays of the sun appeared, spreading like long golden arrows in the plain of Ecs-Miazin (*Ed. Persia*), his thoughts and his views, suddenly transformed, grew without measure, and he felt a feeling of immense and sweet tranquility, like the serene beatitudes of heaven; after which there entered him a happiness capable of shattering his being, if the Lord had not retained him in existence.
8. Then the son of Judah was caught up in the spirit, and he saw: and what he saw is written with his hand here in the *book of the seer*, for it was thus commanded to him.
9. And he who saw, and who wrote these prophecies, is Zechariah on July, who was blind and infirm, and who was first among sinners; but then he heard *the Echo of Calvary* ⁽¹⁾, and he was overcome by the spirit of grace, passing through the paths of the land of Aram, where was Damascus, the city of miracles;
10. And he was brought back to the fold of the pastor who is the holy and Catholic Church, the wife of Jesus of Nazareth, son of Mary, son of God; and he entered under the law of grace which is a light and gentle weight, and which is the law of Christians:
11. But he still prays the Lord to forgive him his errors and his sins, and to look on him with mercy, and to cover him with his protective hand: for in him he believes, and this is in him that he hopes.
12. May the Lord God be blessed, and be glorified, today and always, and to ever and ever!

II

1. Visions on the land of Boreas, on the empire of Aquilon, on the superb throne, and on the powerful and hard scepter.
2. Visions of the crown of pride, which fed on vapors, which was drunk on wine, and which sits, drunk and foolish, on all the lofty mountains and on all the beautiful hills.
3. Man is born and he dies; and during the short time he lives on earth he has many infirmities: but, of all his infirmities, the greatest is weakness of sight.
4. He sees little with the eyes of the body, he sees even less with those of the spirit; and the eye of his heart, concentrated in the narrow horizons of life here below, sees, does not know, and only pursues shadows, which are often errors and always vanities.
5. Therein lies the principle of man's weaknesses, of his misfortunes, of his crimes: for, if he saw, he would not be free except in good, and he would be invincible; if he saw, his disjointed and disordered forces would unite towards a goal, and, returning to divine order, his passions would be what they should be, holy sources of virtue and peace.
6. Now at that time the Lord God suspended in me, Zechariah the son of Loammi, which means no my people, this weakness of sight; and he made me see with the eyes of the spirit; and it was as if I saw with the eyes of the body.
7. From east to west, and from south to north, I saw all the space of the earth; and as I gazed upon the vast earth, a voice which was not heard according to human sounds, but which was a voice and which spoke, meditated: Look.
8. And without her indicating to me what were the object, the place, the things on which I had to focus my sight and my attention, I understood; I turned my gaze to the icy waters, and I stopped him on the great empire of Aquilon, which contains tribes without number and countries without limits.
9. I beheld him, seated between the two worlds from the east to the sunset, and over all nations, and among all rivers, and in the midst of all seas, from the bed of dark seas ⁽¹⁾ and the lands of the sons of Mahomet, to Zemlya (*Ed. Islands and peninsula in the Arctic*), the new land, and to the coasts of the Lapps, and to all the still shores of the Lazy Ocean;

10. From the New World Arctic Circle and the seas of China and Japan, land of the rising sun, to the Sarmatian Ocean, and the Polish swamps, and the icy shores of the Finmarck (*Ed. northern Norway*) lakes.

11. Now everywhere, endless space, I saw stretched out and lowered like great curtains of black darkness spread in clusters of fearful shadows over the whole surface of the superb empire.

12. And the curtains kept getting darker, and they kept unfolding more and more. But beneath all that darkness my gaze entered, and I saw visions.

13. Only, before I saw what was within the black darkness which spread and widened ceaselessly, I felt myself tremble like one who is near an abyss, or who is going to face a terrible danger.

14. In fact, what I saw made me shudder.

(1) This is the name the Hebrews gave to the Black Sea and the United Caspian Sea.

III

1. I saw a horrible, shapeless, huge monster. It was a dragon of such form that the depths of the dark underworld must contain.

2. Now, at the same time that I saw him for the first time, in the present moment and in the present state, it seemed to me to see him in an indefinite succession of past time, and this in a way that I cannot no longer understand now.

3. Even in this past time, I thought I had known the monster very small, barely nascent, and in a state of weakness and weakness like those of an animal devoured by long hunger.

4. I also seemed to have seen him, in this past time, grow and walk forward, always ascended, sometimes by a man and sometimes by a woman, who stimulated him, always pushed him, and become, as he the man and the woman pushed, always stronger, always bigger.

5. And as he grew and walked forward always, always, it was the very extremities of his body that stretched out, unfolding unceasingly in all directions, in surface and in depth; but the center was stationary and it never moved.

6. And its limbs extended on all sides, but sometimes mostly to one point, and sometimes all over to another point: so that it had already become immensely extended at the time of my vision, when I saw with the eyes of the spirit and where I thought I saw with the eyes of the body.
7. And yet I saw that it was still growing and developing every moment, and every moment it took on immense, threatening proportions.
8. And he that rode him at that time, still whipped him, and pushed him without ceasing: and the dragon increased, developed, and multiplied still; and from all sides his body attacked all the lands of the nations; and its strength, and its audacity, and its projects grew, developed, multiplied again and again.
9. So a cloud, like a point, shows itself vague and indecisive on the distant horizon: then the winds of the sky push it rapidly, and it comes spreading its increasing wings, and it comes, and it envelops the valleys and the mountains. :
10. So was the horrible dragon, which already covered much of the earth.
11. But as I did not see why or how the monster was walking and growing in such a disproportionate way, the mysterious voice which had first spoken to me, and which was still there near me, meditated: Look at the underside of the dragon and look at its flanks.
12. So I looked at the dragon's underside, and looked at its sides; and saw the mode, and the causes, and this is what I saw.

IV

1. He lay down, like reptiles, between mountains and rivers and seas, and on all lakes, and on all cities, and on all the steppes; and he occupied a portion of new America, and a very large portion of ancient Asia and Europe, daughter of Japhet (*Ed. One of the three sons of Noah, who migrated to eastern Mediterranean region.*) in various climates, and under several suns.
2. Already under him he held the seventh part of the inhabited earth, and over him the seventh part of the sky was covered with darkness.
3. Now this is how his body was composed: it had two wings, and two tails, and four feet, and a tremendously large belly, and a horribly large head; but I did not see him having a breast, for he had none.
4. The two wings were extended from east to west, like the wings of death and like the shrouds of sepulchers: and the right wing was extended towards the west, and the left wing

towards the east; and their fatal shadow, weighing like fiery chains and the night of hell, covered a thousand unfortunate peoples.

5 From the unknown mountains of Koluchas (*Ed. Bohemia*) and these forests lost in the cold solitudes of the new world, to the Sarmatian ocean and the Suevi Sea and Cauca land (*Ed. Region around left bank of Danube, Valea Strâmbă River*) and Hierasus (*Ed. Ukraine/ Romania*), in the countries of Getae (Bulgaria/ Romania) and Cimbri (*Ed. Germanic tribes, e.g., Jutes*) and Scandinavians.

6. But the right wing was less extended than the left wing, and it was greedier and more agitated.

7. The feet were broad and hooked: two were found attached to the lower part of the body, near the confluence of the tails, one on the right and the other on the left; and both tore the land of the countries around them.

8. And two were attached to the upper part of the body at the junction of the neck with the head, one on the right and the other on the left; and they fell back obliquely on the two lateral sides, stiffening with fury.

9. And one tore the lands of Sin and the desert lands where reigned Djenghuiz-Khan (*Ed. Believe a reference to Genghis Khan*) and Timour-Lenc (*Ed. Mongolian ruler of Samarkand who conquered Turkey*); and the other, with its claws, bit with fury the edges of ancient Thrace, and the remains of unhappy Java, and all the European borders of the empire of Mahomet, making especially great efforts against the Bosphorus of Byzantium and of Hellespont (*Ed. Narrow passage, Dardanelles*).

10. Then both feet threw back towards the north the shapeless shreds of all these torn lands.

11. But with great dread, at the end of the northern regions, I saw the two tails of the monster enter and get lost in the still ocean.

12. 'Sometimes rolled up in an uninterrupted series of rings, they played on the surface of the waters; sometimes they relaxed, immense, horrible, fleeing with shrill whistles in the northern latitudes, in the vague obscurities of these limitless seas, which a reckless mortal cannot explore without being punished for his audacity. But you never saw the ends of the tails, because they were always hidden and lost at the bottom of the chasms.

13. On the side opposite the tails I saw the head, an object of horror and terror: it was lowered over all the countries of ancient Taurida (*Ed. Crimea*) and the famous Colchis (*Ed. Western Georgia*), and over the two seas of storms.

14. Opened, panting, full of foam and blood, it swallowed up, like a terrible abyss, the waves of the two seas which it then threw back with its tired mouth, together with foul vapors, on all opposite lands of Asia Minor and the country of Iran, from Lydia to Hyrcania (*Ed. modern-day Iran and Turkmenistan*) .

15. And all the members of the dragon were engaged in their consuming labor; and they advanced, and they extended without ceasing; but the center of his body was not moving, and he always remained in the same place.

V

1. But behold, I saw other signs in the monstrous dragon: the Lord made my gaze very penetrating, and I saw all the things which were hidden and which were not revealed, dark mysteries taking place in the shadows, and invisible to human eyes.

2. But men will one day know all of this: I have been told to see and reveal the dreadful mysteries; and the nations will see that they have been a thousand and a thousand blown away by the monstrous dragon, for it was necessary that it fled thus,

3. This is what I saw: the whole mass of the dragon's belly was painted with an infinite number of colors, the background of which was a light yellow dotted with spots, some black, others red, like spots of mud and of blood. And all this mass was soft and smooth, and there was no principle of motion in it.

4. Now, in the place where the navel of the animals is, I saw in the dragon a frightening vision: I saw there drawn, in a way that cannot be described, an immense circle all black, black in its outline and black in its surface.

This part of the dragon, all dark and inaccessible, was the most horrible to see. Sometimes the dark circle remained motionless: it was when, tired by its works of death, the monster fell for a moment, motionless and as if lifeless, or when, at the sight of a prey, it fell down for a moment, stopped, suspended, attentive, meditating on his dreadful meditations.

6. Then the aspect of the dark circumference describing itself in his body, as in the midst of putrid marshes a well filled with black mud and filthy animals appears, made you tremble; you thought you saw, full of sinister things, a dark abyss, containing devouring depths.

7. Sometimes the movements of the breath stirred up in all the interior of the black perimeter, immense folds which passed, passed, in rushing waves, over the quivering surface.
8. And sometimes, with fury and impatience, the whole dark orbs stirred. Resembling then an immense sphere, which moves, oscillating and disconcerted, between subterranean revolutions; appearing as a tormented abyss that opens and closes, dragging into its entrails where nameless murmurs pass devoured beings, it whirled around in the midst of stormy bubbles enveloped in dreadful obscurities, and created horrors that the seer's eye could hardly bear.
9. There was the heart of the dragon.
10. After that I saw all around the black circle, and in all directions to the extremities of the limbs, an infinity of other circles, of various colors and of unequal size, meshed with each other, and s 'always imprinting on their own, as the immense body developed, to the extreme and ever increasing parts.
11. But the outermost of these circles were still more or less incomplete in their outline, which was broken by the extremities of the limbs as by cutting arcs.
12. Some even, especially on the western side and the south side, only showed the beginnings of curves which were still vague, but still advancing and becoming more and more clear.
13. And with the circles came the dragon; and his strength, and his audacity, and his projects grew at the same time as his body, and developed, and multiplied, always, always, always.

VI

1. What I saw after this was even more appalling.
2. In the center of the great black circle, there lay the mystery: from this region of horrors sprang a thousand and a thousand branches of flesh and bones, spreading on all sides, some outstretched in an arc, others in arrows or spiraling, and all moving in a thousand different ways, going out and stretching out without measure, or re-entering themselves and standing invisible, according to the dragon's will, views, and interests.
3. And these innumerable branches, enclosed in the circle of darkness, and all moved by subterranean springs, were some like the tails of a serpent, and others more or less like the arms of a man and more or less like lion's feet but the monster most often made use of the former.

4. Now those which were made like the feet of a lion and the arms of a man were the organs of action; and they affected pomp, strength, and a great apparatus of domination; and the dragon used them to snatch the prey of the weak and the crippled, and of the fearful, and trembling, and foolish.
5. The lion's feet are without nerves, said the mysterious voice to me which was near me, and which was the voice of the Lord.
6. And where is the strength of the dragon and the principle of its development? But I saw that the mystery was in the serpent's tails, which are the dragon's speech organs: for the dragon's strength is in deception; and he deceives by his concealed and seductive words; and serpent tails are the true tongues of the dragon.
7. And I saw that all these tongues, which the monster kept hidden from human eyes, or which he threw, sometimes partially and sometimes all together, when he wanted to mortally wound, were adorned with beauty, justice and power: and from it came insidious sounds and caressing voices.
8. But these treacherous instruments of desolation and death were by no means what they appeared to be; and they looked nothing like what they really were.
9. For they were adorned apart from ostentation with all the beauties, all the grandeur, all the virtues, and they imposed.
10. And their interior, which remained hidden and invisible, at the bottom, well at the bottom, was seven times covered with seven envelopes; and these envelopes were all gilded; and it was the angel of the depths who had forged them out of the first essences of evil, and who had delivered them to the dragon, that he might deceive the earth and conquer it.
11. And each tongue had seven envelopes, and each envelope was impenetrable; and one was under the other, around each tongue; and the dragon knew how to discover them and show them all together: but the interior, hidden at the bottom, well at the bottom, never appeared.
12. Now on each envelope a name was written; but I saw that the name of the first six was a double name, and the name of the seventh was a single name.
13. Now I saw the names written: and on the first, that which was outside, I saw written: meekness and purity of intention; and on the second: protectorate and patronage; and on the third: wisdom and fidelity; and on the fourth: liberality and modesty; and on the fifth: kindness and justice; and on the sixth: freedom and innocence; and on the seventh: religion.

14. But all these names were deceitful and treacherous, true names, and this is what the seven envelopes were:

15. The first envelope was cunning, the second depredation, the third deception, the fourth corruption, the fifth hypocrisy seven times multiplied by hypocrisy,

16. The sixth, tyranny holding in shreds of a white garment, which she worked with the sons of the seven deadly sins coupled with those of cruelty, false promises, treason, perjury, and sin against the 'Spirit-Paraclete.

17. And the seventh, something in the shadows that I could hardly disentangle, and which was like a ghost's hand playing with the sacrileges, throwing the Holy of Holies into the mouths of filthy animals, and giving them to the devil things from heaven.

18. But after that I saw what was under the envelopes: there were like darts with a sharp reddish point; and the stingers remained hidden under all the envelopes, like the tooth of the asp under the poisonous gums.

19. Now each tongue had its stinger, and each stinger ran underground under the seven envelopes forged by the angel of the abysses with the first essences of evil, from the sharp reddish point to the great black circle where the dragon's heart was, and where the tongues and the shells and the darts took root.

20. Who can tell the mode of tongues made like the tails of snakes, either when the monster held them invisible under his belly, or when he unfolded them in moving spirals, or that he launched them, stretched towards their goal, going out all bringing their poisoned features, and extending to enormous distances, beyond the vast body and outside the deployed limbs!

21. Lord, who will save the inhabitants of the earth from the power of the dragon? Who will save them from the power of tongues, the seduction of envelopes and the point of darts?

22. The voice of the Lord was heard near the prophet Zacharias and said to him: The mystery is locked up in tongues: there is the principle of the strength and the development of the dragon; but it is still and above all in the sign he has on his head, and in the name he bears written on his forehead.

23. So I looked at the head of the dragon, and I saw engraved thereon a sign which is great on earth and in heaven and in hell; and I looked head-on, and I saw there written a name written which causes all to bow down on earth and in heaven and in hell: and the name written was the name of the Savior of men, and the engraved sign was the standard of the peoples, the Cross.

24. But the name was only begun, and it was not completed on the dragon's forehead; and the sign was forged, and it was engraved backwards on his head.

25. And thus engraved, this sign was spread over the whole body of the monster, running, in red lines and pale and black, from the head to the end of the two tails lost in the seas:

26 For the dragon caused the overturned cross to pass under the great black circle, where he held it chained and debased, among sacrilegious obscurities, among the mire of all iniquities, and under the chains of all tyrannies.

27. Then he showed her ostentatiously; and he called her with his unclean voices, and he touched her with his bidding tongues made like serpent's tails; and, pretending to adore it, he used it to make his conquests.

28. But the Cross was everywhere overturned, and it could not be raised; and the name was only begun, and it was not completed on the dragon's forehead.

VII

1. At this moment the dragon, suddenly seized with sudden terror, and as if tormented by immensely stormy passions, rose entirely.

2. He rose up on himself, he developed, he showed himself to my eyes as he was, and seeing him all at once, inside and outside, above and, I could contemplate him in all the magnificence of her horribly sublime beauty, that is, in the fullness of her nameless deformities.

3. His feet stiffened; his mouths filled with foam and blood; all his tongues strained; rising under immense boiling, the great black circle swirled rapidly on itself; the two tails whistled ominously across the depths of the still Ocean, and rushing like a furious breath, the poisonous breath threw fiery storms into the dark seas.

4. Then, the whole mass of the belly, coming to reveal itself to the eye with the infinity of its circles all turning together in their tormented and changing orbits, around the great circle of darkness, offered the image of a firmament dark filled with sinister comets, which would roll without order, bloody and decomposed, in dark spaces.

5. A world of devastation, a black abyss crossed by livid rays of a thousand thunderbolts fleeing and extinguishing ceaselessly in the night of always, a frightful hell filled with chains of fire and eternal disorders, are hardly the figure of things that Zechariah saw in the horrible monster which is the dragon.

6. Now as soon as I noticed all these things, the voice of the Lord repeated: In tongues is the mystery, and in the center of the great black circle are the causes; for there is the heart of the dragon, and in the heart of the dragon is the kingdom of evil shut up.

7. But the cause and the occasion are still in the sacred sign which he wears on his forehead and on all the other parts of his body. His conquests are not over, and he will walk again, and he will always grow, until the great day, which is the day of righteousness.

8. In that day my hand will be lifted over him: and he will tremble with anger, and he will howl in despair, and he will be struck with great plagues, and he will be covered with wounds of the sword, and he will sit in it. Humiliation, and shame, and pains, and death: but after that my hand will not withdraw, and my arm will always be raised.

9. Now the word of the Lord fell upon the world: threatening and formidable, His voice thundered and passed, and from echo to echo it spread over all the face of the earth.

10. And I saw that it entered into the ears of the dragon which were open, and which gathered all the winds of the east and the setting; and I saw her run and wave like a wave all over her back.

11. And she said: (*Ed. Emphasis in Bold*) **Woe to the dragon! And she said: Woe to the empire of Aquilon!**

12. **So I noticed and understood one thing: I understood and saw that the dragon was really the empire of Aquilon** (*Ed. That is Russia*).

VIII

1. After that I looked at the back of the monster; and on the northern side, but towards the west, near the Gulf of Venèdes, on the mire of an island formed by the waters of a river, I saw a great throne surrounded by several triangles and a great number of circles of thrones, placed in an amphitheater, one around the other, and one lower than the other, as well as the decreasing steps of a ladder.

2. And on the great throne sat a man; and on the lower thrones were also seated beings who seemed to me men: and all held chains and whips in their hands.

3. And the man who sat on the great throne wore on his face a mixture of contradictory things: imposing forms, a haughty countenance, a hereditary and despotic pride, and, at the same time, a certain sweetness of character rather defined. .
4. He had the arrogant habit of command, superb demeanor, contemptuous language; he also had a clever mobility of features, and something suspicious, worried about his future, impatient and irascible against all resistance, furious, inflammable, subject to stormy passions, and great temptations, and all the lusts of the mind.
5. Then all this was in him dominated by unbridled ambitions of heart, and by a usually very pronounced taste for tyranny.
6. And yet there was at the same time in this man, who was king, and who was the prince of Aquilon, a sort of natural goodness, some inclination to virtue, and even a certain piety.
7. It would have been said at certain moments that on his lofty throne, a perilous seat, a region subject to continual storms, he found himself in spite of himself, and against the ways of his nature.
8. Even sometimes, looking at the sacred sign, which was on the head of the dragon, and which was also in his hands, as well as in all the places of his empire, which claims to be orthodox, but which is nothing else than the horrible reign of darkness in which sits the dragon, son of Satan, the man of the great throne seemed to listen to the voice of his conscience;
9. And in passing inclinations, he seemed to want to straighten out the reversed sign; but soon he stopped and evil took over, for everything in him was subject to ambition. Besides, those who were seated at his feet on the lower thrones and whom he tyrannized stopped him in the ways of good: they in turn tyrannized him.
10. Now at that time I saw that they were all busy. And this is what they were doing at the moment: the man of the great throne, who wears on his face a mixture of contradictory things, continued the work of those who had preceded him on this throne;
11. And he continued the work of him who had been seated there before him, but who afterwards fell into the disturbance of the head, and died of death;
12. And those who were seated on the little thrones continued the work of those who had preceded them on those same thrones; and all together they were busy pushing the dragon's head towards the South:
13. They brought it up upon the towns, and the towns, and the rivers, and the mountains of ancient Albania and Iberia, and upon the waters of Pishon (*Ed: One of the four rivers Tigres,*

Euphrates and Gihon), and upon all the land of Hevilath (*Ed: a.k.a., Havilah, of Genesis2, an area in either southwest or northern Arabia where precious metals are*), where gold comes from;

14. As also on the side of Cerasonte (*Ed: Black Sea region of Turkey*), and of Sesame (*Ed: Afghanistan*), and of Chalcedon (*Ed: Ancient town of Bithynia, in Asia Minor, today a suburb of Istanbul*), and of Heraclea (*Ed: Island in Aegean Sea, today called Iraklia*), and towards all the lower coasts of Ascenez (1), the dark sea.

15. And the horrible head grew and advanced upon the lands of Hevilath where gold comes from; and it suffocated all the countries which it was going to acquire little by little: but it could not reach the lower coasts of Ascenez, the dark sea.

16. Now this is what the dragon and all the men of the thrones behind him were doing at that time. But this is what they are going to do, and these are the things that are going to happen: for the Lord God, who sees and knows, speaks and acts, has revealed the future to me.

(1) The Black Sea, in the language of the Scriptures. (*Ed. Also named after son of Gomer, Ash-Kenaz. Area includes Phrygia and Bithynia.*)

IX

1. Things of the future, which the Lord showed to Zechariah at the time he prophesied, and which are coming soon.

2. At that time I heard a great noise coming from the West. It was coming far away, accelerated, like the rolling of war chariots and the sound of belligerent trumpets.

3. The dragon, who was busy pushing the southern part of his right wing forward, and tearing up all the mouths of the Isler with his right foot, stopped; he suspended his murderous work; he listened: then, with a mortal shudder, all his flesh trembled; but soon he gathered courage, and he waited.

4. Then I saw that a man was running up from the southern end of the left wing. He was coming to the king of Aquilon, and he walked in haste, speaking agitated words; but you couldn't understand what he was saying.

5. Now this man was an inhabitant of the desert of Karizm (*Ed. a.k.a., Karakum Desert or "Black Sand"*), in the deserts of Turkomania (*Ed. Turkmenistan, a country of west-central Asia east of the Caspian Sea*). He lived between dark caves, from which he came out only to wander alone and in the shadow of the nights, through uninhabited places, or to speak sinister words.
6. His head was all bald, his forehead pointed, his mouth wide, his eyes without lids, sunken little set, and his lips over which a bitter smile constantly passed, extended to his chin and to the ring. .
7. When he wandered through uninhabited and dreadful places, he always spoke to himself; but he never spoke and thought nothing but ruins, devastation, misfortune, and his word was only a dark and ferocious sneer.
8. He called himself a pastor and a prophet, and he called himself the guardian angel of the superb empire which is the same as the dragon; but it was none of those things.
9. Was it a soul among those who dwell in the deep hells? No: for it was the son of sin which is the sin of Aquilon, and the father of sins and death which are the sins and death of Aquilon.
10. Now I saw that he was running up crying out, He is coming, he is coming: and when he was near the man sitting on the great throne, he cried again, He is coming, he is coming.
11. What do you see, holy mouth of the prophets, my faithful keeper? I see the one who comes from the places where the sun sets: he is the enemy of peace: he comes to overthrow your sacred throne, and to take possession of the eagles which are on your head.
12. But fear not, O Caesar: the spirit of Aquilon will break the sword of the enemies of peace, which will fall into their hands, and which will be crowned with ignominy.
13. After this the false prophet, who sometimes prophesied the truth, quickly walked away; and he went through all the places where the dragon was, repeating: He is coming, he is coming.
14. He also said: Lands of Kaures and Roxolans (*Ed. Sarmatian/Scythian people, Iranian confederation located around Romania*), rivers of the Slavs, islands of Codanus (*Ed. area around the Baltic Sea*), steppes and solitudes of Scythians and Sarmatians, cities of Gelons (*Ed. Sicily*) and Poles (*Ed. Central Europe*), fortresses of Ctenus (*Ed. Bosphorus- ancient Black Sea port*), prepare yourselves: he is coming, but he will fall; for the Most High has given the empire of the nations to the victorious dragon.

15. I heard him say at last, Sons of Aquilon, warriors of the land of conquest, where are your weapons? ... No ... they are not good, and they could not resist him, for your arms are weak, and he is coming. Throw down your swords, throw down your shields ... fire, fire ... where is the fire?

16. And saying these words he disappeared. But as he disappeared, he murmured between his teeth: The day of justice and anger will come upon him: it is to avenge myself that I protect him.

17. The prophet of Karizm spoke thus because he was the enemy of good, but he was also the enemy of evil, and he was the secret enemy of Satan and the dragon, son of Satan.

X (Ed: *'Bold' this section*)

1. Then I saw the one who came from the west coast: it was like a roaring lion walking in immense leaps, his eyes blazing, his mane scattered in the winds.

2. His feet leaped like the feet of a leopard; his voice was like the burst of thunder, and his march like the wing of storms.

3. His eyes shone like lightning from the sky in the night; in his hands he held flaming darts, and under his feet were wreaths debris; but the wreckage of the crowns was his chariot of triumph, and the flaming darts continued to run, swift as lightning.

4. He also held a book and a Cross; and the book was written with righteous and wise words, and the Cross was upright and firm in his hands.

5. While luminous coruscations (*Ed. flash or gleam of bright light*) continually shone around him, above his head appeared, with outstretched wings, an eagle which, with a sparkling eye, measured the land and called for battle.

6. It was the eagle of France, the land of glory; it was the Lion from Cyrne; he was the great king of the West, who harbored vast projects in his heart.

7. Now the Lion of Cyrne was coming against the dragon; and he was surrounded with innumerable armies, and luminous spears, and strong shields; and terror marched by his side, while rumors of war followed and preceded him.

8. I also saw at his side a beautiful and majestic Spirit, who, full of strength and surrounded by radiance, had always accompanied and followed him: but at that moment the Spirit seemed sad and sorrowful.

9. When the Lion had arrived, he let out a frightening roar and he rushed at the dragon. There was a terrible shock of struggle, and the dragon was about to be devoured by the Lion of Chibtim, the island; and he was terrified by the eagle of France, which held its wings outstretched over the head of the Lion, the great Caesar of the west; and he was trembling with fear, for he was about to be devoured.

10. But suddenly, and without my having felt his approach, I saw that the being of darkness, Satan, the superb and lying spirit, the god of evil, appeared; he stopped himself; he stood there before the king of Aquilon; he communicated to him a destructive force and frightful projects; and touching him with his hand, he said unto him, Fear not.

11. And a moment later I saw that the dragon's back was all in flames; and I saw that the Lion was turning back towards the west, all alone, filled with sadness and disappointment: the eagle, which was still on its head, had folded its wings, and the beautiful and majestic Spirit who He had always accompanied, and who was still at his side, had veiled his face, and he was also returning.

12. Then was heard the voice of the Lord who said: Woe to the Lion because he has sinned twice: he has sinned against the flesh of his flesh and the bones of his bones, and he has sinned against his religion and against his soul.

13. And because he has sinned against religion and against his soul, I will destroy his power and give it to another; and because he has sinned against the flesh of his flesh and the bones of his bones, I will make the couch of his bed desolate, and I will weaken his seed.

14. However, says the Lord God, my anger will not be eternal against the Lion. One day I will bring forth an offspring from his race; and the offspring shall be glorious, and he shall be blessed by the nations.

15. And then my anger against the Lion will be appeased; and the second Lion will continue the work of the first; and he will avenge truth and righteousness; and by him the dragon will be stopped in his march which will frighten the peoples at that time; but the dragon's crimes will not be stopped, and his iniquities will not receive their atonement reward:

16. For the crimes of the monster son of Satan are immense and infinite. Therefore, says the Lord, I will punish the dragon, and I will punish those he rules over. I will punish them first by giving them what they want, and by opening the paths of the vanities that they seek and pursue with such ardor: this is the punishment I often use.

17. And they will conquer until they vomit, and their iniquities will become as great as their conquests: but then my hand will rise up on the dragon, and the sword will fall and cut him into pieces: and when he is cut into pieces neither the sword nor my hand shall withdraw, for they shall always be lifted up to the last consumption, saith the Lord God.

XI

1. The back of the dragon was still smoking from the half-extinguished fires which he himself had lit, when I saw rise up, enveloped in whirlpools of black smoke, the man of the great throne.
2. Shining with all the splendors of pride, his forehead rose up like the oaks of Bashan; but, as though taken by heady wine, or stunned by clouds which would rise from a vessel where one burns frankincense and myrrh, his head staggered, while his voice, muffled in his mouth by the weight of great joy flowed painfully from his half-open mouth.
3. He stood up and said, "Who is like me"? Who can resist me? Let's go after the Lion. The hour arrives, the hour of eternal victory ... and soon the earth ... he could not continue: the delirium of pride suffocated him: he staggered and he sat down again, trembling.
4. But he got up immediately, and set out, followed by great multitudes
5. The kings of the nations which are near the right wing of the monster, and the princes of the isles and lands where the sun sets, deceived by him, and filled with them against the lion, walked with the man of the great throne. The kings of the nations and the princes of the isles were blind, and they did not see the thoughts of the dragon, nor the stingers which are under the seven envelopes.
6. Then the footsteps of armies were heard, and the clashes of arms, and the sounds of battle for some time.
7. And the Lion of Chibtim, which is Cyrne, was assailed on all sides; and he was unhappy. And I saw that the king of Aquilon cut off his mane and his nails; and he took away his strength and power, but he could not chain him.
8. However, I saw the Lion return: his nails and his mane had grown back; he had recovered his strength and his power. His sight filled the hearts of his enemies with dread, and the dragon shuddered and trembled with shudder.

9. But the second time he who sat on the dragon arose, and called the blind kings and the deceived princes.
10. Now, all together they could not have conquered the Lion; but the infamies and traitors, who were near him, and with whom he shared the prey of morning and evening as well as the glory of the day, betrayed him, envious of glory, traitors of honor, and apostates of the fatherland.
11. Then I saw that the Lion, by a heroic act of recklessness, threw himself into chains of his own accord, and he conquered himself, for none other than the Lion could conquer the Lion.
12. And they put him into captivity; and he was relegated to the distant and desperate solitudes of an island which is at the bottom of the universal seas, and which will always be famous because of it.
13. There, seated in humiliation and sorrows, far from his homeland and places that witnessed his former glory, lonely, helpless, desperate, the Lion languished, withering away knows, expiring on a deserted rock surrounded by murmuring waves: worthy sepulcher of his great life that only a great shipwreck could carry away, and that only the eternal sound of stormy waves could rest and put to sleep, between the deep seas.
14. There, near the desolate coffin, still stood the majestic Spirit whom I had always seen by his side: he stood dull, silent; his attitude was thoughtful and painful; all around his forehead his wings were folded, and a veil of deep sadness spread over all his features. It was the genius of glory dreaming over the grave of one who was no more.

XII

1. Zechariah the son of Judah prophesies, speaks to blind kings and to seductive princes, and says: Your hatred, your jealousy, your folly shall perish, and your name shall perish.
2. Speak unto the king of Aquilon, and say, King, as much as thy power is great, so are thy thoughts treacherous, and thy hand is greedy; but all the power will be dust, and all the glory corrupt and stinking flesh.
3. Speak again and say to him: Your heart is lifted up in yourself like the tops of a poplar which is planted on the water's edge, and your pride is widened like thick smoke when it rose up. in a black mass or in a floating column two hundred cubits above the earth.

4. Now, all that is in you is like dry glass which is going to be brought near to the fire: I know your thoughts and your plans; but your thoughts and your plans will perish, and with them you will perish, and you will not live. You will die of death: nevertheless it will be before the hour of the dragon.

5. For the hour of the dragon will come also, and nothing can tear him out of my hand, nor save him from my wrath: I have resolved it, and I, the Lord God, who rewards good and which punishes evil across generations.

6. But the name of the Lion I will raise up; I will make his seed to redeem, and his glory will be reborn and live according to his time. It was I who solved it, says the Lord God.

7. After that I saw that the enemies of the Lion were dividing up his spoils; and the man of Aquilon's throne shared, but he reserved everything for himself, because he knows how to deceive with tongues and with envelopes, which have a deceptive and seductive name.

8. And his fellow plunderers did not notice it, for he seemed to give them their share, and they were blind.

9. Then they made covenants and contracts among themselves, and wrote their names; and they wrote: Yes.

10. But the man of Aquilon, the one who wears a double image on his head, which means master of the two hemispheres by right and by the future, and who is the ensign of the ancient Caesars, from whom his fathers took the name, after having corrupted it and changed to another shorter name, since they have not yet revealed their secret thought,

11 This one wrote the opposite of what he had to write; and he wrote no, where he should write: yes; and he wrote war, conquest, tyranny, adoration, wherever he was to write: peace, honor, justice. But his stupid allies wouldn't notice, and they had eyes they couldn't see.

12. Then I heard the domineering man say: At last I am delivered; now everything is mine. Then he said; Forward; and he lifted up the sacred sign which he used to fall and upon which he swore lies and treachery.

13. Those who were seated on the lower thrones rolled up and farted: Forward; and they all began to scourge the dragon, and to push him to all parts of the earth: and they pushed him, and the ruler pushed him.

14 For besides being himself inclined to do this, he was still obliged to do so, under pain of disappearing, like the fierce grandson of Numitor (*Ed. In Roman mythology, King Numitor was the maternal grandfather of Rome's founder and first king, Romulus*), and as the Most of his

predecessors, in a mysterious whirlwind, following the irrevocable judgments of his own senate, the secret and terrible tribunal of the kings of Aquilon.

15. Eye devouring, watching over the black deposit of usurpation and iniquity, bloody hand always suspended over the heads of tyrants, and performing in the shadows dark executions at the slightest suspicion of any opposition on their part at the march of the dragon, inexorable guardian of the mysteries of death, species of living, inevitable hell, this senate was the first conservator of the reign of tyranny.

16. Now, in the night, under this fatal hand, disappeared every master of the universality of slaves, who manifested the least good will, the least inclination for justice or for liberty.

17. And I saw now that Satan the devil was still there; and he stayed with the dragon and the man of the great throne; and I understood that whatever the monster and the tyrant did and was going to do was the work of Satan the devil, and his spirit was their spirit.

18 But after this I heard a great voice, which spread throughout all the sky, and fell right on the dragon: and the voice said, Woe!

XIII

1. Suddenly I saw several visions, which were signs and symbols.

2. First I saw a pregnant woman. She was weighed down by the weight within, and she could not bring forth the fruit of her womb. His head, conquered by the vapors of blood, remained quite dejected, while his torn, upset entrails gave way to deep and continuous gurgling, similar to the quivering revolutions of several waters which rushed into a pipe whose end to them serves as an exit is too tight.

3. Sometimes the woman held her mouth completely open, and her eyes rolled rapidly, frightened, bloody; sometimes her eyes and her mouth closed slowly and her head tilted to one side: then her breast rose first immensely and stirred violently under frightful shocks and as between internal revolts of agony which made pillared and horror; then, suddenly falling, he remained motionless and silent for a long time: the woman then seemed to be completely deprived of life.

4. The Lord said to me: Give birth to this woman; and I helped him to give birth; and she bare two children, the one female and the other male. But having seen them, she looked away with

a certain bitterness, and she seemed to me distressed, for she was saying: I am without strength, and I have no milk in my breasts.

5. Then having met them again with her eyes, she looked at them, and as she found them beautiful, she contemplated them for some time; after which she welcomed them into her arms and said: Be blessed.

6. Next I saw a red horse, made in the image of the dragon, and resembling the fiery flame which issues from a fiery furnace where metal of various kinds is melted: it came out of a place which smelled bad, and he rushed like a battle-steed.

7. His mane was sparse and his tail curved in an arch; from his devouring feet he beat the earth, and from his swollen nostrils escaped hot breaths and howls similar to those of the monster of which he was the image.

8. Now he rushed to the earth which sounded hollow and resounding, and he passed through the world, mounted by a horseman who carried on his head two embraced eagles and in his hands an overturned cross and chains, and who cried: Add. As they advanced, the red horse and rider grew disproportionately.

9. But the edge of a sword came, which crossed the red horse, which fell, throwing frightful neighs; and as the sword was not yet satisfied, and was still greedy and full of fury, it descended several times on the easel of the horseman.

10. In the mouth of the red horse and of the rider there were words of blasphemy and cries of despair; and around them there was a great applause of voices, and all the beasts of the earth ran up to their corpses and devoured their flesh.

11. After this I saw a tree which rose up on the crest of a mountain, and which grew strong and great in an indescribable way: for out of a thousand and a thousand canals the water of all the rivers of the mountains came to water the sole of his foot.

12. Now it extended in its gnarled trunks, and in its superb branches, and in its immense branches, which covered almost all the earth; and while its roots ran through all the rocks of the mountains, its peaks threatened the heights of the firmament and defied the thunderbolts of the sky.

13. And the earth which he covered with his shadow seemed full of all the beauties of nature, and of all the riches of art, and of all the most precious and sought-after things.

14. But from the sky came a drop of I know not what, like a spark of fire which came upon the tree; and the tree was immediately consumed; and it was stripped of all its leaves and all its

bark; and it appeared on the mountain like a great white and motionless phantom, with all its bare trunks and its immense boughs still erect and stretched out in the distance.

15. Then the spark from above clung to the roots, and the fire went through the branches, and the tree was all burned up. Now, thus devoured by the fire, the tree was still standing; but winds came which carried him whole piece by piece; and it went away in fine and intangible ashes, even to the stalk that went into the earth, and to the roots that ran through the hard rocks.

16. After that I saw a great ship which sailed with pride in all the waters of the seas: it went on upsetting all the waves and growing as it advanced; and he destroyed all the ships he encountered; and he still walked, breaking all the reefs and inviting the storms.

17. And he said, there is nothing like me in the waters; I am the king of the seas: and he spread his sails, and he spread his flags, and he sailed.

18. Then at the bottom of the horizons of the Occident (*Ed. The West; countries of Europe and America, or Western Hemisphere*) a small black point appeared: the cloud grew bigger and advanced against the proud ship, and it brought on seas, winds, storms and night.

19. Now, in the middle of the night, over the quivering waves, thunder rushed several times, and swift flames enveloped the ship, which creaked with muffled noises, while a voice, from the midst of thunderstorms and darkness, said: Woe to the king of the seas.

20. At the same time the king of the seas sank in mournful silence, and he descended into the deep abysses: the winds, the storms, the thunderbolts, and voices which came from the four parts of the earth, applauding and saying, He is in the deep abysses.

21. At last I saw a female panther who had gone mad, and who ran in disorder over all fields and over all mountains: madness had increased tenfold her strength: she rushed into all the forests which she reduced to servitude, and on all the animals she attacked and devoured.

22. Its muzzle, its feet, its claws, were covered with blood; from her neck hung a shapeless sign which resembled a cross; and she was running, and she said, I am without equal; behold, I have torn my mother's breast, and I will strip her breast and her head, and all will be mine.

23. But suddenly male panthers came out on all sides and began to pursue the female panther, and finally holding her, they pierced her with their nails.

24. However, the panther's wounds were not fatal; and as she seemed to come to her senses, her enemies let her free. But behold, a second time becoming mad again, she launched herself again into the forests and wreaked greater havoc there: then the male panthers attacked her

in greater numbers, tightened her on all sides, and held her: and I saw that the body of the panther was thrown all torn and fetid on the ground.

25. Having seen all these things, I said, Lord, have mercy on my ignorance: what do all these visions mean?

26 But the voice of the Lord did not answer; for a quarter of an hour there was silence. During this time I looked at the dragon, and I saw that it grew without measure and it seemed to be in the grip of the pleasures of an immense joy.

27. Now as soon as the quarter of an hour had passed, the voice of the Lord was heard and said: Son of man, all the things which thou saw are signs and symbols which relate to the empire of the Aquilon of which the dragon is the image: these are the signs of his thoughts, his projects, his conquests; and these are the symbols of his power, and of his riches, of his strength in land and sea. But all that you have seen shall come to pass on him, for the signs and symbols are true, and they are to be fulfilled on the dragon.

28. As for the pregnant woman and the two children, these are the nations, those which are in the way, and those which are outside the way; for they will be worked for a long time within themselves; but finally, after the base of societies has been shaken several times, and has become like the foundations of an edifice which has been overthrown by the earthquakes, and struck at the same time by the thunderbolts of heaven, the nations will be obliged to open their eyes, and they will enter into my way, which is the way of truth and of order and righteousness.

29. Then they will also know the dragon as he is; and they will see that he is the chief obstacle to the march of light and of good, and that he is my greatest enemy, for the dragon is on earth Satan's firstborn; then they will come against him, the last time, with holy weapons, always having at their head the daughter of glory and genius, and having at their side wisdom and courage, who are the two children of the woman.

30. Now this will be the true Crusade, for it will already be the hour; but the hour will come only at the end, and at the end it will be my hand that will accomplish all the work of righteousness and all the work of vengeance.

31 Son of the prophets, know however that some of the nations will always remain deceived and deceived by the dragon, and that they will be faithful to him until the end. Woe to those!

XIV

1. In the meantime, the cruel dragon laughed at alliances of peace he had made with the peoples; and the man who was on his back also didn't care, and he presided over all the councils of the nations he ruled for his benefit.
2. At the same time he stirred up all these nations to hatred and war among themselves, and he irritated them above all against the countries of the south, with the aim of causing the head of the monster to pass there.
3. Then the mysterious voice which was always with me said to me: See what comes out of the mouth of the dragon; and I saw that there issued from it vapors and a line of smoke, which escaped from its mouth, sometimes straight and sometimes curved, and which went towards the islands of the Aegean Sea.
4. It was the breath of his poisoned breath that he threw back over the lands of Cethim (*Ed. Mediterranean Islands, particularly Cyprus, Cethim was the great grand-son of Noah. Alexander The Great came from here.*) and over all the land of Javan (*Ed. Grand-son of Noah, associated with ancient Greeks*) in order to incite him to bloody revolts; and he had directed to that side all the tongues of the great black circle with all the sharp and deadly darts of tongues; but the darts were hidden under the seven envelopes, and the envelope of protection or protectorate was the first to be seen.
5. Now the poisoned breath had already blackened the people of Elisa (*Ed. that is Elisha the prophet and the land of northern Israel*), and Javan, the famous land, had broken the chains imposed on him by the unfortunate and bearded children of Muhammad the impostor: barbarians, because they do not want to see the light that sits on the peaks of Golgotha; unhappy, because they will remain some time yet in the darkness of death, and they will be cruelly tested by the dragon.
6. But after all the Lord will have mercy on them, and they will not completely disappear, and they will open their eyes; and a sacred sign, the true sign, will replace the half-moon sign, and it will rise up on the towers of Byzantium and on the towers of Solyme, when the hour is come.

7. Then I heard the tyrant of Aquilon say: I am going to restore order to Jayan: which meant, I am going to carry my hand and my rod there, I will pass the wing of the dragon through it. And as he was told no, he said to himself: I will go.

8. But he had no time to go: for, on the shores of the putrid lake, livid, bloody, wrapped in dark pancakes and tragic mysteries, I saw a corpse lying: It was that of man proud man who had carried on his head two kissed eagles, the ensign of the Caesars, and who had carried on his face a mixture of contradictory things. The superb king of Aquilon was the death of death.

9. But after that, the word terrible sounded again. Such would be the inexorable voices of a great clock, left alone in the midst of the uninhabited ruins of a destroyed city, and striking the hours and hours at long intervals. Slowly thrown into the silence and the desolations, the quivering blows of the sonorous brass would fall measured, invariable, dismal, on the lonely debris, where, broken into a thousand noisy sounds, they would spread, still weakening and fading away in vague notes, distant, dying, prolonged complaints of life slowly fading, like the irrevocable footsteps of time, expire and die away in the eternal silence of death.

10. The fatal voice said: Woe.

XV

1. At the same time I heard all around the great throne which is on the back of the dragon, towards the Horned, cries of revolt and loud noises of arms.

2. But these rumors soon died down, and on this throne I saw a standing, superb, threatening, ferocious man appear.

3. As well as the sublime pines of Sanir (*Ed. part of the Anti-Lebanon range which lies between Damascus and Homs*) and the high hills of the Himalayas; as the fiery, implacable, inflexible heart of the lion and the devouring talons of the vulture; as well as the eyes of the lynx, the tongue of the viper, the thoughts of the serpent, the appetites of the hyena and the tiger; as well as the desperate cries and the eternal passions of the damned souls; and the stormy power and the devastated face of the king of the black abysses, so was this man.

4. He stood with his giant size, with his tragic attitude, and he said: Let the peoples tremble, let the earth know its ruler. The day, the day of universal and final triumph arrives. It is I who say it, who want it.
5. Yes: and if fate were contrary, I will make it bend; and if fate is opposed, I will break it. I am the one who am the Cross give me the Cross: and he took the Cross, and he pretended to worship it, but I saw that he was trembling and paling.
6. Then, with an impious hand and palpitating with sacrilegious agitation, he lifted her violently and embraced her, and, holding her thrown back, he chained her.
7. Then with that same fiery arm he took all the chains that surrounded all the feet and all the hands with livid circles, and he shook them, and he embraced them horribly: From under the wings of the dragon and from under his belly, he came out, lamentable and long, a universal cry, slow, weak, suffocated.
8. At this cry of sorrows, the peoples looked at each other and shuddered; but in all parts of the empire of Aquilon it spread like a new and strange sap of vigor, for the strength of this empire is in chains; and new energy flowed through the dragon's nerves.
9. And after that, in a hoarse and hasty voice, the tyrant cried: Forward! And he repeated: Forward!
10. And Satan, the god of evil, was there with him, and with him was his spirit, and the spirit of the dragon and the man on the throne was the spirit of Satan.

XVI

1. Then all over the dragon's back I heard an immense scourging descend, and his body stretched out on all sides with a rapidity that frightened me.
2. And the tyrant threw war and the mouth of the monster on all the surrounding countries: on the countries of Elam which he devoured, to the banks of a river which men call Yaxartes (*Ed. a.k.a. Jaxartes is a river in Central Asia; Persian name for Syr Sea/ River*) and which God called Gehon (*Ed. Second of four rivers in Genesis, e.g. Tigris*); on Javan, whose revolts he sustained and whom he half-conquered, and on the lands of the sons of Ishmael, who repulsed him with all their strength.
3. But I saw that it was especially against the latter that he was bitter and rushed incessantly; and against them the dragon always directed its most deceptive tongues and its sharpest

darts, while it bit with fury, with its right foot, all the right banks of the mouths of the Ister (*Ed. Refers to Danube River in Ancient Greek or the Dniester River*), where always extended the southern end of the growing wing; and at the same time the hideous heads advanced and stretched out on all sides towards the South.

4. The mountains of Syria and the rivers of Egypt even felt the influence of the dragon, and they uttered cries of revolt and war which advanced threatening, victorious, towards the shores of Orontes (*Ed. Ancient Greek, river in Western Asia from Lebanon to Syria to Samandag, Turkey*) and the valleys of Adalia (*Ed. Antalya, Turkey?*).

5. The tyrant of Aquilon watched the rivers of Egypt and the mountains of Syria advance, and, full of malignant joy, he pretended to say to them: no; but in himself he knows: yes, for you will be my prey; and he was clapping his hands.

6. Now several times afterwards I saw that man was defeating in repeated battles the unhappy sons of Ishmael, who, abandoned by all, pursued even by the blind nations, were overcome and subdued by he had a shameful yoke and fatal alliances; but he could not completely subjugate them.

7. Finally I saw that everywhere, from the mouths of Vistula, the Suevi river, to the mouths of Strymon (*Ed. Ancient Persian fort at Eion and the mouth of the Strymon River seen from Ennea Hodoi, also where the ancient Greek city of Amphipolis near the Aegean Sea*) the black water of the land of Cethim, from the coasts of Scandinavia to the valleys of Hemus (*Ed. appears to refer to Bulgaria*) and the countryside of ancient Thrace, polars of Borée (*Ed. southeast France*) with the stormy coasts of Ascenez and the solitary waves of the lake of Hyrcania (*Ed. land south-east of the Caspian Sea*), in the country of the Tartars;

8. To the right, to the left, above, below, during peace and during war, by all means and resources, by treason, impiety, force, cunning, corruption, violence, hypocrisy;

9. Sometimes arrogant, superb, threatening; sometimes prudent, supple, concealed; using promise, cunning, threats, force;

10. Evening and morning, day and night, from beginning to end, everywhere and always and in every way, this superb and terrible man seduced and struck, dismembered and chained all the surrounding countries, extending and strengthening endlessly the power of the dragon.

11. And always her appetites grew more rapacious, her plans more ambitious, her superb larger and more violent, her arm longer and stronger,

12. And always the monster advanced with its wings, tore with its feet, attacked with its stingers, poisoned with its breath: and it grew always, always. However, the tyrant was not

satisfied; and as what he especially aspired to, were the lands of the South, the lands of myrrh and frankincense which extend towards Egypt and Arabia; as it was first and foremost Istanbul, the royal city, which he wanted with all force to steal and possess, and which he nevertheless encountered, opposed to that, obstacles which he could not overcome, not even by religious hypocrisy and the repeated oaths he made on the Cross.

13. Impatient, reckless, blind, he tightened all the chains tightly, hastily thrown the dragon forward, and said, Who will stop me? Let's go. The prey will soon be in my hands.

14. But it was not to be so, for the Lord said to me, "Do you see the dominating man?" And I answered: I see it; and the voice went back: It's good:

15. He crushed the foreheads of his slaves; he deceived the earth; he has played on all holy things: and now he is going to kindle a formidable war and stir up against him two powerful nations on the lands and in the waters of the setting sun.

16. But before the work is accomplished he will fall dead into the underworld; and all the voices of women, children, and the elderly will curse his memory and his name.

17. No, the seventh cup of wine which is already under the press is not reserved for his throat. It is too soon: he will die, and after him there will be another, and that one will not drink the last wine either, for he will not be the last either.

18. However, the day will come without fail, the day that is coming and coming, great and very bitter.

XVII

1. But at that time, I, the prophet Zechariah, saw the pastor of Turkomania (*Ed. current day Turkmenistan*) running again, who calls himself the guardian angel of the empire of Aquilon, but who is not.

2. For he is the hand which guards the chain of the evils of the superb empire, and whose care is to add constantly to this chain new links; and he is the black spirit of fatality which sits and reigns over the proud power which it carries across precipices to the abyss, forwarding - frightful reward of living justice! - Crimes by crimes; causing disorder to succeed disorder, and horror to horror until the funeral hour of consumption.

3. He rules the hand of this inexorable destiny, himself following the path which he cannot avoid, and avenging evil with evil.
4. And in this consists the tutelary patronage of this nameless being, enemy of good and enemy of evil, black genius of death, who can be called the genius of iniquity in its fruits, that is to say the fatality of the punishment: because, for those who have eyes and who want to see, the fatality of misfortune is only the more or less late, more or less visible fruit of iniquity.
5. Now, born after the evil of Aquilon whom he rules by the iniquity fruit of all iniquities, and after punishment the fruit of all evils and end of all expiations.
6. The pastor of Karizm, inhabitant of the dark cave, came running; and he came to the tyrant of Aquilon, and said, Caesar, hail yourself: you must have exclusive possession of all the holy things of the city of sorrows.
7. Go, run, seize the gates of Zion, the walls of her temples, the stones of her altars; also run to Istanbul, the desecrated city, and threaten the false son of Mohammed, if he resists your orders.
8. Caesar, let thy chief ministers be the tongues of the dragon; let your arms be the seven envelopes, and above all the seventh and the sixth with their names, and again the second with its name, which is protection, and which must also be a pretext.
9. Hurry, o Caesar; and thus saying, the false prophet passed away, murmuring between his teeth, The terrible day of the dragon will come, which will be a day of righteousness and anger.
10. I then heard the holy one in Jerusalem with sacred words, and rumors of fighting, and doubting lamentations; but the darts of the dragon which are under the treacherous tongues, wrapped seven times in pride and hypocrisy, be able to succeed in causing mortal wounds, for the true name of the seventh envelope, and of the sixth, and of the second.
11. After that I heard in Istanbul the profaned harsh and daring threats, which were the threats of a minister of the dragon and of the proud man of the throne against the son of Muhammad the false.
12. And as the latter resisted the threatening minister, as terrible of tyranny arose, angry and formidable, and repeated in his hoarse and hasty voice: I will go.
13. But he was not to go, because I saw great and memorable things.

XVIII

1. The Lord's anger was not to be everlasting against the Lion. The time of atonement was over, and a branch had come out of the glorious stalk.
2. The beautiful and majestic Spirit, the genius of glory, had left his dismal pancakes; he had resumed his laurels, and his forehead was surrounded by new rays; the eagle of La Sequana (Ed. the Gallo-Roman goddess of the river Seine) had recommenced its sublime flights, and the Lion of Chibtim, which will be called the third lion, but which will only be the second, already filled the world with his name and his majesty.
3. And I saw that he was lifted up on a beautiful and glorious throne, the ancient throne of godliness and misfortunes forever memorable; and the Lord God had given him this throne according to his days, and he himself had placed it there, and had anointed it with wonders.
4. And the Lord had given him strength, and he had given him right: for strength is from the Lord, and right is from the Lord;
5. And the first right is good will, the source of peace; and the second right is genius, which comes directly from heaven.
6. Now I saw that the second Leo possessed the genius which descends directly from heaven, and which is the true divine right, because he is the firstborn of the spirit of God; and he possessed the good will which is the true sanction of right because she is the beloved of the Lord and the eye of his heart. This is why Adonai the master had given a cone to the second Lion, son and heir of the first Lion.
7. Who can say the radiance with which I saw the Lord's elect shine, the powerful and sacred radiance which crowned his forehead and which crowned his whole person? The glory of Lebanon had been lavished upon him, and the beauty of Carmel, and the beauty of Saron (*Ed. in the Hebrew Bible, refers to the fertile plain between the Samarian Hills and the coast*).
8. Noble in his appearance and in his manners, powerful and formidable in his strength, magnanimous and pious in his heart, bold, rapid, sublime in his conceptions and in his works, he deserved the name of savior of the peoples he was given and that he justified more and more every day.
9. For, savior of the peoples, he will be so, and he will be so in two ways: since if he must first save them from themselves and from their suicide hands, he must then save them also from the devouring mouth of the dragon, towards which they will inevitably be drawn, and between

which they would undoubtedly pass at that time, if he did not appear, him, at the terrible and solemn hour of danger, with his spirit which will be the spirit of Lord, and with his strength and wisdom which will be the strength and wisdom of the Lord, in order to ward off these supreme perils, and to stop the appalling movements that will threaten to take the world in these days.

10. When therefore the proud man of Aquilon said impatiently, I will go, the Lion answered: You shall not go forward. And he called to him the blind kings and the deceived princes; but they did not all respond to his call.

11. For all had eyes, but not all saw; and those who saw were timid and cunning: they wandered and wanted to wait, for the hour in which they should know the dragon as he is, and when they should come against him with holy weapons and with wisdom and courage, had not yet arrived.

12. That is why they remained in silence and inaction, and they did not respond to the call of the one who had called them, the magnanimous Lion.

13. But the latter sacrificed himself for all: he called to him the leopard of Albion the proud, who came and followed him: and I saw the eagle of Gaul and the leopard of Albion spread out their course and s' move forward, brilliant in their apparatus, formidable in their strength.

14. When they were near the dragon, the monster shuddered and recoiled, and the tyrant who was on his back shuddered, trembled, and he fell from his throne, and died.

15. But another man took the place of the dead man: he was about what the other two had been: superb, cruel, despot. Only he more often invoked the names of God and of the saints, although in his hands the Cross was only more closely imprisoned and more enslaved.

16. From his sublime throne he arose, holding a spear, several chains, and a large crown; with his imposing and terrible head he dominated the spaces; he and his spear looked taller; on his forehead the two eagles embraced became animated: from their eyes there came forth a fiery sparkle, and they said: Come on.

17. And the man cried, Come on; the hour of the eagle and the leopard has come, the hour of their ruin, and our day, the great day of triumph has arrived.

18. Then he proudly pushed the dragon who seemed not to want to move forward: The whole Senate applauded, all shouted. Their hands clapped.

19. And the earth trembled, and she stood waiting.

XIX

1. But here is the great vision that I saw then. Satan, the superb and lying spirit, the god of evil, showed himself in the open. He came. He took all of Aquilon's war ensigns; he raised them up proud and fearful, and he cried: Forward.
2. At the same time he rushed against the eagle of Sequana and the leopard of Albion (*Ed. the island of Great Britain*): the earth was terrified and the sky was troubled; in passing, the daring Archangel wanted to take the sacred standard with him, and he touched it, and I was frightened.
3. But at the same moment I saw a sublime spirit rushing up from heaven, Michael, one of the first princes, the eternal warrior of the great God of battles and the great leader of the heavenly militias.
4. He descended from the summits of Gargan (*Ed. Peak in the Massif Central in France, western boarder of the plateau de Millevaches*), surrounded by a Golden Cloud, surrounded by a splendid and formidable apparatus.
5. I saw him coming. He held in his hands the luminous and eternally ablaze weapon of divine wrath, the weapon which rolls like an eternal hurricane around the wheels of the chariot which watches at the foot of Jehovah's throne, and from which constantly escape great voices and burning sparks and drops of the wine of fury.
6. The substance of this living army consists of the essence of all that we conceive here below that is terrible, fearful, divinely drenched by the hand of God in the eternal factories.
7. As the Archangel of victories approaches, Satan disappears; and I saw that he fled to the regions of the north. But Michel pursued him, taking me with him; and we ascended the empire of Aquilon to the frozen islands of the Sarmatian Ocean (*Ed. Caspian Sea*).
8. From there, crossing the barren coasts and cold lands of Vorland (*Ed. cold lands to the north near glaciers*), and still running towards the circles of the Pole through all the waters of Enara, we went to stop on the last promontory of Boreas (*Ed. refers to the Greek God of the North Wind in the land of beyond Thrace*), in front of the still sea that stirred.
9. There Michael said to me: One day these waves will be filled with warships; and on the trees of those ships led by fire and winds will sit the wings of victory; one day too, on this cape of storms surrounded by frost and darkness, the banner of the immortal city will rise, sign of holy triumphs.

10. And saying these words the minister of Jehovah resumed his flight in the midst of the golden cloud, like one of those luminous stars which stroll in the depths of the firmament their wandering orbits; and, crossing the motionless ocean with a bound, he carried me to the island, the lines of which are of fire and the outline of ice.

11. He went to rest on the top of a mountain agitated by perpetual revolutions, and in the interior of which one hears confused, deep noises, like the noises of the seas in revolt or the wings of battle chariots. But, under the angel's foot, the subterranean revolutions subsided, as did the mouth of the rebellious child who hangs on the breasts of her milk, between the maternal breasts.

12. Then Michael said to me: Man of visions, do you see this island? And I answered: I see her, and what I see in her is like the colored rings which surround the moon during the month of Tisri (*Ed. Hebrew 7th month of ecclesiastical year*) in the countries of the green earth: it is a light which dawns on straight darkness; and she comes forward, and I see her going into the mouths of the little ones in children and coming out; and as soon as it is out of it, it is then that it lights up and heats up.

13. Thou hast seen, man of visions; but listen: do you hear the internal thrill and the painful labor that torments the bowels of this earth? And I say: I hear it; and he said: it is the labor of a great childbirth, for the day is coming when this earth will give birth.

14. But at that moment I understood that the Lord was still there, near me and Michael his prime minister: for her voice was heard and she said to me: Prophet, get up; take the seer's book and the golden quill, and write.

15. Write to the island where light rises among the darkness which becomes upright, and write to the peoples who claim to be reformed: Open your eyes and receive the light, for it is time; open the mouths of all your children, so that the light may enter and remain there, for this is the cure for your evils. If you don't do this, I tell you, your time is coming.

16. And I arose, and took the golden feather which had the base composed of four metals melted together, with the color of steel when it comes out of the forge. But when I wanted to write the words of the Lord, I felt the tips of my fingers cool and freeze, while the whole soles of my feet warmed with a lively heat: and my chest could neither gather nor send back no breath of breath.

17. So I lifted up my eyes and saw, Satan was there near us.

18. Michael grasped the instrument of divine vengeance, the devouring weapon of heaven; Satan held the burning lightning of the underworld. There was a terrible shock which shook the pillars of the firmament and made the vastness of the heavens tremble.

19. The Hecla staggered on its bases; its sides dilated; its subterranean rivers ran faster in their burning beds, murmured more hollow at the bottom of devastated abysses,

20. While, tormented deep in its abysses, the basin of the northern seas rose up, breaking its eternal glaciers: the Ocean poured out on all its shores with disorderly tumults, and it came, impetuous and sound, with its foam quivering, gathering the waves on the waves, throwing itself back on the lands it was going to swallow up. But the finger of God was there who stopped the oceans on the sand of the terrified beaches.

21. Then Michael smote Satan, and he cried out against him in victory, and he said, God confound you. The earth applauded his voice, and the sky responded with distant lightning and a storm multiplied with fiery coals.

22. And beyond all that the eyes of a mortal can see, at the bottom of the created spaces, in places where the night always dwells but whose language does not know how to speak, I saw chaos open and its depths appear, and I saw Satan roll, and descend, and lose himself in the eternal depths and dark.

23. And at the same time I saw an angel, who closed up these depths with seven keys; and I saw him return unraveling the shadows that surrounded these places, and carrying the keys to the doors of chaos.

24. Then the Lord spoke two words to me, for he said: Write to the West: Victory; write to the empire of Aquilon: Woe.

25. And after I had written these two words, Michael the Archangel brought me back in the middle of the golden cloud towards the superb empire of Aquilon and towards the monstrous dragon which is the image of it.

XX

1. Meanwhile, the eagle and the leopard had come with great strength and resolution and wisdom and justice; and they had arrived; and I saw that they had attacked with great impetuosity the head of the dragon, when the voice of the Lord was heard in Zechariah and said to him:

2. Son of Loammi (*Ed. thee figurative name given by the prophet Hosea to his second son by Gomer the daughter of Diblaim, to denote the rejection of the kingdom of Israel by Jehovah*), who means not my people, hear: this is what I say to you, I, the Lord God: Take a scale which is

the living scale of justice, and which has the number 666 written on it; put in one of the trays the man from the great throne of Aquilon and his spear and his crown and his chains, and put the whole dragon there again; in the other pan put the iniquities of man and those of the dragon, then lift the scales.

3. And I did this; and I lifted up the scales, for the Lord God had imparted to me his strength, and I saw that the platform where the iniquities were found was lighter, and that it rose up into the air: and the weight of the iniquities was 664, and that of the man and the dragon was 665.

4. Then the Lord said, It is not yet the hour. He also said: Son of men, take a measure which bears the number 666, and which is the length of two zereths, and measure the spear of the man from the point to the pommel, and the crown and the chains which the man holds in the hands.

5. Take yet another measure, which also bears the number 666, and which is as great as the way that a Jew can walk during three Sabbath days, and measure with it the whole dragon, in length, breadth and depth and what is on his back, and what is on his head.

6. And I did all this: and I measured the spear from the point to the pommel, and the crown and the chains, with the measure of two zereths, which is that of a cubit; and I measured the whole dragon with the measure as great as the cheinin that a Jew can make during three Sabbath days, and which is that of fifteen furlongs plus the fifteenth part of a stadium: and both measure bore written the number 666.

7. Now I found that the number of the measures of the spear, of the crown, and of the chains was in proportion to the weight of a man, and not to that of his iniquities, and that the number of all the measures of the dragon was also proportional to the number of its weight and not to that of its iniquities.

8. But I saw that neither the length of the spear, nor the outline of the crown and the chains, nor the expanse of the dragon, nor any of the things that were on his back and on his head, which were mysteries that were not yet showing in their true form, were not related to the number 666 written in the measurements of the Lord; and the iniquities also did not agree with this number which was a mysterious number.

9. Then on the man and on the dragon I saw what I had not yet seen: on the man's forehead and on his hands I saw the number 664 written, and on all the other parts of his body, the number 665; and in all the black circle of the dragon and on all his tongues made like serpent's tails I saw the number 664 written, and on all the other parts of his body, the number 665: so that the number which marked the iniquities was everywhere smaller than that which signified

the greatness and the conquests and developments, either of man or of the dragon: but neither equaled the mysterious number which was the desired number.

10. I saw yet another wonder on the dragon's head, for I noticed that there were cavernous openings in the underside that looked like mouths: and these mouths were each enclosed in a head, and there were as many heads as mouths.

11. But on the top of the head I saw like horns which were not yet fully developed: and on the heads where the mouths were enclosed there were names of blasphemy which were not written in full. , and on the horns there were like diadems which were not all perfectly finished nor definitely seated.

12. Now the heads and names of blasphemy, and the diadems and the horns had identity relations with the system of thrones, which is the system of tyranny and the reign of iniquity, but which was not yet produced in its true form nor revealed in its frightening realities;

13. And they also had relations with the numbers of the man and the dragon which did not yet equal the mysterious number which the scales and the measures of the Lord had written on them.

14. But the heads and the mouths and the names of blasphemy were more in proportion to the weight of iniquities, and the horns with the diadems were more in proportion to the weight of the man and the dragon.

15. Then I noticed a distressing thing, for I noticed that the sacred sign of the Cross was sacrilegiously placed around heads and mouths, and around horns and diadems.

16. And after I have seen 'all these things: Count, saith the Lord God to me, count the heads of the dragon, and count the diadems which are on the horns.

17. And I began to count: and I counted six heads, and I counted nine diadems; and I saw that the six heads and the nine diadems were connected with the system of tyranny and the reign of iniquity which I did not yet see in all their arrangements, for they were not quite formed, and they were on the dragon's back, and they were out of place.

18. Now, as I did not understand all these signs, I was in silence and astonishment, when the Lord repeated: It is not the hour; nothing is to its complement and the inequities are still in the way:

19. The count of the man and the dragon is not complete, and the count of the heads and the diadems is not complete: for the count of the heads and of the blasphemies must be made, and the count of the horns and tiaras must be done; and all this count must be made with that

of the triangles and circles which are on the dragon's back and which are out of place: and it must be seven and it must be ten;

20. And the counting of the whole man, and of the whole dragon, and of all the weights and measures, must also be made; and it must be done with the count of all the things which make up the system of tyranny and the reign of iniquity: and the universal and total number must be 666, which is the desired number.

21. Who can understand, understands the mystery of the number which is the wanted number.

22. No, it's not yet time. Iniquities are not their point, and conquests are not their point. He who must die will die before the great day comes.

23. And when the funeral day which is coming comes, the accounts will be right, the universal and total number will be complete: and it will be seven, and it will be ten, and it will be six hundred and sixty-six.

24. Who can comprehend understands the mystery of right counts and complete numbers.

XXI

1. Things that will happen in that time.

2. Mouth of Zechariah prophet, son of Israel, and the strong man against God in the battles of the cloud, speak: fear not; let your lips move and not rest, and let the word be like a two-edged sword.

3. Behold, I heard this saying: Zechariah, take a rod of iron and go into a potter's field.

4. I went, and in the potter's field I saw a great number of vessels. Now the vases took different places and had different colors as well as different modes of being: and some were more beautiful and richer, stronger and more solidly seated, and others were less so; and some were cooked more by fire, and others were less so; and some had been there for a long time, and some had been there only a short time: but all the vessels were of earth.

5. Then the Lord said to me, Strike the vessels with force and without distinction.

6. I entered the potter's field like a warrior rushing into the enemy ranks; I knocked violently; the vases echoed loudly and for a long time under the rod of iron which was testing them.

7. Having finished, I looked, and I saw the earth covered with the debris of the vessels: now the debris could not be distinguished from other debris, for the vessels had all been reduced to dust, and all had become again what they had been, vile earth.
8. However, some vessels had resisted the wrath of the rod; and these I saw were intact, and they had become stronger and more beautiful: and they were standing here and there, but in very few numbers.
9. Zacharias, fear not, speak. Peoples, listen; This is how I am going to visit the peoples and their masters: I have given them lessons and examples, and they have no profit; I will give them more, and they will not profit from it: blind in their thoughts, their dreams, their indifference, they will force me to come against them; therefore I will visit them in due time: this is what the Lord God says.
10. But at that time I saw all over the earth and especially in places where the sun is setting things that terrified me.
11. An infinite number of dark spirits were unleashed upon the world, and they were undermining it.
12. Tremble, O nations: at that time the dark spirits will be within you like the work of death.
13. Tremble and do not be reassured, because when you fall asleep in your sleep, the dark spirits will watch; and far off you will believe them, and they will be near, and they will be with you, because they are your work.
14. But above all, make haste to return sincerely to the Lord. You say well the Lord, the Lord; but the Lord is not your God, for you keep him further and further away from your bosom, where are the spirits of darkness. Land of the nations, know one thing: know that it will not be at one point that the black Powers of the abyss will engage in the fight: batteries and machines of war, they will erect everything; it will not be a single day and a single time that they will begin and start again, but always and without ceasing until their time.
15. Behold, at that time I, Zacharie, heard dreadful cries and tumults: the nations were like a pale man who finds himself in front of a terrible danger which he has had time to see and measure; and all the earth was shaken greatly; and men sought salvation in their hands, and there was no salvation.
- 16. (Ed. In 'BOLD') But then I saw a sublime vision: the heavens were opened to me; the eternal tabernacles were revealed; from the depths of life the Godhead appeared to me, and I saw Jehovah the God.**

17. At the same time I saw before Jehovah a Woman who had circles of stars under her feet and above her head a crown of suns.
18. Now the wrath of God was kindled; but the Woman was in front of him and stopped him: and he said: Yes, and she said: No. And they fought together like two warriors.
19. The Woman was like a lawyer defending a cause and showing evidence, for I saw that she was showing her breast and she said: No. Then, turning towards the earth, she looked at the earth from all sides, and she said: See, this is my century, I do not want it to perish.
20. But behold, the Woman who was the advocate of her age and who defended it by fighting like an armed warrior, with the proofs of power and with those of justice, fixed her gaze on the Eternal City: the sky and the earth was suspended in expectation.
21. Suddenly a word fell from the sacred Capitol of the Eternal City and quickly spread over the world.
22. At this word the earth and the heavens quivered; the divine domes were crowned with more vivid splendors; the suns which served as a mantle and diadem for the celestial Woman, threw out unusual glares; around them crowded multitudes of angels; in the midst of Abraham the holy tribes rejoiced, and on the harp of the prophets who formerly in Zion had sung to the daughters of Judah the perfumes of the flower of Jesse, David, seized with a divine delirium, intoned the alleluia of Jacob, what did the heights of eternity say and repeat?
23. But in the depths of the eternal abysses which ran through the livid colors, the tears and the gnashing of teeth redoubled, while, on the earth, the spirits of darkness stirred in distress, in the dizziness of a deeper night which surrounded them: and they were defeated, but they did not withdraw.
24. Then the wrath of God was appeased for a time; and it was the Woman who appeased him, and it was the word which had fallen from the sacred Capitol and which spoke of the Woman.
25. And it will be by the Woman and by the Word that the world will be saved at that time: but men will be blind and foolish: and the wicked will laugh at this, and the righteous themselves will not understand it enough.
26. That is why salvation will only be for a while, and then ... woe to the world.

XXII

1. But what do the eyes of the seer see in the days that follow these days?
2. What! Instead of appeasing the Lord, at the very moment he saved you, do you ignite his anger again? Do you declare war on him immediately after he gives rest to your bodies tired from the work of the struggle?
3. What! Do you want to touch the foundation of the building? And you say you're going to consolidate it! Why do you dream of these dreams of your own wisdom? Why these crazy thoughts and vain inventions? What is this Babel that your weak hands want to raise with sand placed on sand?
4. The lessons of the past have served you nothing, and in the midst of the light you have remained blind. But what delirium is yours! Lord, so they want to compete with you! Arise, Lord! Heaven and earth, astonish you!
5. Now Jehovah girded his loins, and the living thunderbolts kindled in the everlasting arsenals.
6. Lawyer of heaven, have you changed your name? Have you lost your power?
7. And I saw that the Advocate of heaven was still at that time before Jehovah the God, and she was fighting against him, and she was stopping the living thunderbolts that were already kindling in the everlasting arsenals, and she saved his century until the end.
8. (ED. 'BOLD') But in the end the iniquities of all the earth abounded: divine fury had accumulated like the force of flames in the fiery furnaces, and the woman of heaven no longer had the power to hold back the mighty impetuous hand of God.
9. All the spirits of darkness filled the world in this terrible hour which will come. Men were ready and God was ready: they were like two enemies who measure each other and who will fight hand to hand....
10. What are these dark shakes that shake the earth? Nations, why these tremors in the midst of your obscure meditations? ...
11. Where do these cries and tumults come from? Why these agitations of fever and fear? These universal shocks? But those ungodly hands ... what is this flag dragged in the blood ... where are we leading this old man? ...

12. What do you see, Zechariah, around the Eternal City? Yes, it is in its enclosures that the fight begins and that the melee heats up: everywhere else there are only skirmishes in comparison with the supreme battle which is being waged in these places;
13. All the dark spirits fight around the cornerstone. The fate of humanity will be decided; there will play out the destinies of the world, life or death ... Will the eternal stone be shaken? Will Hell prevail? ...
14. (Ed. 'BOLD') **Peter, son of Cephas, fear not: I will come to your aid, and you will see what the Lord does when he comes in his fury. Peoples without piety, I will plunge them into unheard-of disasters; I will devour per fide men, and I will shatter princes without wisdom.**
15. **I will come against kings, and I will throw them like a flaming ball that will die in the enemy camp.**
16. **I swear, saith the Lord God, I will avenge myself on my enemies, because they have long reproached me, and I have waited in vain.**
17. Caledonian Islands, cry at that time! Son of E'Blana, the sacred javelins (*Ed. a saint or angel's staff*) which are in your hands, I bless them in your day; unhappy Albion (*Ed. Great Britain/Scotland*), you hoped for your stubborn blindness and your long perseverance in evil an eternal indulgence:
18. You should have trembled that the inevitable hour would not come sooner on you in order to open your eyes or to blind yourself forever, and you continued to provoke the vengeful ire of heaven? And here you are attacking the Lord? ... Here you are now under the winepress. Happy if there will be something alive in you.
19. Weep, O mountains, to Calmar (*Ed. Kalmar in Sweden*)! Ways of Upsalia (*Ed. Large city area in Sweden*), be in desolation! What are those cries and moans that come from the coasts of Baltia (*Ed. Basilia or Abalus is an island in northern Europe mentioned in Greco-Roman geography in the connection of amber. It presumably corresponds to a territory near either the Baltic Sea or the North Sea, perhaps the coast of Prussia, the island of Gotland, Sweden, or of the Jutland Peninsula*) and Skanie (*Ed. southernmost county region in Sweden*)? Banks of Viadrus (*Ed. northwestern Polish region*), waters of Elbe and Vistula, which troubled you all? When will the storm subside in the midst of your waters?
20. Nations that you say you are faithful, where has your wisdom led you? Your tolerance which you say prudence and justice, and which you call virtue, but which is called indifference and cowardice, is crime and madness, and it will long be vice and sickness of death with you. There is gangrene with which all your bones are full: will gangrene be death, or will the marrow of your bones be torn up by mighty tribulations?

21. Italy, Italy, you who will save yourself? Who can heal you?

22. Yet it was in your bosom that I had placed life and the future. To you I had given all the graces of my hands and all the tenderness of my heart; to you I had given the bride's ring, token of my weaknesses in love. But, O daughter of prostitution, prevaricating Israel, you have repudiated your God. O Italy, who will save you? Who can heal you? ...

23. The daughters of prevarication will pass through the fires of purification three times, says the Lord God.

24. And you, O my bride, all purified and rejuvenated by the ordeal, you will come out of the fires stronger and more beautiful. But with your enemies it will not be so: vanquished and humiliated, they will kiss the mark of your feet, and after that it will not be enough:

25. For after having struck them, I will strike them again; and my hatred shall pursue them, and my sword shall fall upon them many times, until the last drop of their blood is burned, because they have provoked me too long, and I have striven in vain, says the Lord God.

26. (Ed. '**BOLD**') **Peter, son of Cephas, fear not: raise your standard and walk: victory and eternity are given to you.**

XXIII

1. Now the flags of Gaul and Brittany were raised. All-out war was waged between the enemies. The eagle and the leopard fought valiantly against the dragon, and they called to them the leaders and the warriors of other peoples who are near the right wing of the monster.

2. But these were in foolish rest. And among them, some were blind and unwilling; and others saw and even had a certain good will, but they were all seduced by fear and by their own wisdom: and they remained in the rest, waiting for the end of the struggle to decide.

3. However, these peoples are the closest to the right wing which marches and will march until its time.

4. Nevertheless the warriors of the Lion and the Leopard were not discouraged; and they were helped by the warriors of a small people who had interested views for this, and who nourished hopes: and all fought against the dragon, together with the sons of Mahomet, whose standard is a half-moon, and who also fought.

5. But the Lion was still the chief leader of the war, and the Leopard was also the leader.
6. Now the superb man of the lance and chains reproached with hypocritical words and a forced smile to the Lion and the Leopard to fight against the holy standard and in favor of the half-moon; but these paid no attention to the insinuating reproaches of perfidy.
7. And they vigorously pushed their glorious flags, their impatient swords, and their angry courage, against the retreating monster.
8. And I saw their ships float in all the waters, from the seas of the South to the windings of Codanus (*Ed. The Codanus sinus is the Latin name of the Baltic Sea and Kattegat. According to Roman geographer, Pomponius Mela, and Pliny the Elder, it is an "enormous bay" lying beyond the Elbe". It has "many small islands", the largest one being Scandinavia.*) and to the boundless spaces of the Sluggish Ocean,
9. While their swords shone, greedy, scorching, all around the strongest cities, and their bows were stretched over all the fields, and their lightning thundered against the ramparts, and the towers, and all the impregnable fortresses.
10. The captains of their armies were courageous and skillful, and they gained much glory. But among all these leaders I noticed above all one leader who seemed to me worthy of admiration.
11. I saw her noble and martial beauty, and her calm demeanor in the midst of danger, and a certain reflection of meditative serenity which emanated from her face. But I noticed even more the gentleness, the goodness of his character, his generous soul, his human and pious heart among the blood and the carnage of the battles.
12. He acted like a skillful leader, but also and above all like a good father, never exposing anything to chance, always calculating and combining his elements of success, in a positive, confident manner.
13. His glance was rapid and fair, his lofty views, his bold designs, his genius severe, profound, often sublime, and always clothed with something regular and good, as with a stamp of truth and its truth. Virtue; but its action, sometimes ardent and sudden, was never hasty: most often slow and ceaselessly measured, it became by that very fact always certain, inevitable.
14. Besides, everything about him, his talent, his mores, his conduct, his principles, everything was moderate, just, good, pious, natural and great, great in spirit, greater still in heart.
15. And as he had all the qualities of a wise, enlightened, strong man, all the virtues of a warrior, of a citizen, of a Christian, and whom, bringing together with great courage, many wisdom, he already possessed, in an age still young, with the experience and skill of an old

captain, I saw that this chief was very useful to the common cause of justice, to the triumph of good over evil.

16. For I saw that in the midst of the greatest perils, in the midst of the most desperate difficulties, he retained all, and the strength of his army which owed him his salvation, and the honor of the flags, and the glory of the homeland. On the battlefields he always marched forward among insurmountable obstacles and as though through a chain of astonishing triumphs.

17. But the glory which he had sown, the virtuous man did not receive: object of envy, tired by unjust annoyances, himself, spontaneously, of the high post in which his genius and his talents had placed him, virtues he sustained; even more, by an effort of sublime humility, the same in which he had just commanded he began to serve.

18. And this act was what made me notice it the most, and this will be what will make him a hero: for his virtue will be tested at that time, but his virtue will afterwards be recognized, and his strength appreciated, and his humility rewarded by God and men.

19. Now, after having prepared all the ways, this chief, the love and the idol of the warriors of Gaul whom he had consoled and strengthened in the time of trial, and whom he had more than once led to victory, do not collect the last laurels: I saw that he returned to the Lion to receive a fine reward, the esteem and friendship of his king.

20. And to this chief I saw that another chief succeeded. Now this too was strong and glorious, and France, the land of glory, honored him, and the Lion rewarded him.

21. Meanwhile, the dragon was struck by the two nations aided by two nations; and he was wounded in the head, which fell back with frightful contortions, and in the right foot of the upper part, and that of the lower part, and at the confluence of the two tails; and everywhere he was attacked and conquered and repulsed.

22. His blood, fled by a thousand wounds, filled the valleys and the seas; its members, ministers of tyranny, returned to the motionless center, while all shaken, the thrones of its back were in desolation and fear, for at the same time they feared internal revolutions.

23. But that will not be the hour, for the hour of revolts will come for the dragon, and it will be terrible, but it will not come until later, and it will not be that of the last atonement of the superb empire.

24. Now the dragon deceived his enemies with promises of peace, but he did not want peace, and he pretended with arrogant hypocrisy the righteousness and the holiness of his cause; and the man behind him did not want peace, and he used his right and his honor as a pretext,

although the real cause was his bottomless splendor as well as his subterranean plots and his secret hopes.

25. But after this the war became greater and more general and more terrible: all the earth trembled with fear, and the dragon was not spared this time.

26. However, in his distress the monster found destructive forces, and his resistance cost enemies dearly, and his despair made him invent frightening measures, and he did not die, and he did not surrender.

27. And he made war for a certain time; and during this time the cities of Aquilon were taken by assault, and her fortresses fell with a great thunder, and her ships were struck with thunderbolts, and swallowed up by the depths, and the lands and seas were closed to the dragon, of so that he could neither sell nor buy anything and was reduced to famine and despair.

28. Then the superb man of the great throne truly thought of peace. And he answered: I am willing, let us make peace; and the Lion and the Leopard answered, Let us make peace.

29. What did you say? What did you say? No, no, your answer is not pleasing to the Lord, and your conduct is disagreeable to Him. Strike, destroy, and annihilate: it is justice, it is order, and it is true peace.

30. You will be punished, ò blind, because you have been weak. Alas! Could you be wise when the faith of the ancient days, that which nourishes peoples and the only solid support of thrones, was still so lacking in your court, which now knows only the wisdom of man?

31. The enemies made contracts; and at the bottom of the contracts they all wrote: Yes. And the man from Aquilon wrote: Yes, and he affected frankness and loyalty; and there was sincerity in some of his words and actions of that time, but there was not as much as there seemed to be, for the dragon's tongues still hid the stingers at the bottom of the envelopes, and the envelopes still had the same names written on them.

32. After which the Lion and the Leopard withdrew, and their flags withdrew: but everyone noticed that the flag of France, daughter of genius, which was the eagle with its ancient laurels, had garnered more glory, and that he had done everything, and that he could have done the work alone.

33. The dragon remained free, and the man of the great throne remained free, and the plagues of the dragon which is the empire of A Quilon and which is the son of Satan the devil, began to heal.

34. Now the man of Aquilon continued to reign over the dragon all his days; and little by little he resumed his old thoughts and plans, but he no longer fought, for he avoided wars.

35. And he lived his time. And I counted his time which was composed of days and nights and which was measured with measures of the moon. Now all the measurements of his time were 664, and after that he died. But the day, the great day, walked and it advanced.

36. And I saw him who came after him, I saw him. He succumbed to the post of the one who had preceded him, but, in the name of the one who had preceded him, he did not succeed.

37. He fell on the great throne in a storm; in the midst of storms he reigned; among the storms it disappeared.

38. Frequent shocks were always under his feet and shook his seat, but always his inflexible arm stopped, contained, chained the shocks; always the weight of his arm fell vengefully, inexorable, devouring, on all the slaves; and still in his shaken seat he maintained himself.

39. He did more: he tore up all the contracts; he suffered wars in which he always gained something; he imparted new strength to the dragon, and the dragged dragon stepped forward and grew further.

40. Everything, under the formidable hand of this man, went towards the goal in a frightening whole. Ambition, hypocrisy were what they had always been, but they acted, better combined, more determined and more formidable.

41. The envelopes became more attractive, the darts more acute, the projects larger; all the chains of the slaves, all the circles of the thrones, were more strongly locked in inevitable and indissoluble embraces, while the Cross, all laden with chains and more degraded than ever, appeared more visible on the head of the dragon and between the hands of the man to whom it served as an instrument for the most dreadful iniquities:

42. And there overturned, with its eternal sorrows, among the chains of captivity, there, thrown in the midst of the muds of an iniquitous and incessant perjury, the sacred sign seemed to cry vengeance and call the thunderbolts of the heavens.

43. But Satan, the god of evil, was always with the dragon, and he was working, and he was with man; and the man was preparing himself, awaiting the solemn hour which he called the hour of destiny, for the pastor of Karizm, pastor of wolves and prophet of doom, had prophesied this hour to him: and the pastor of Karizm was the voice of Aquilon's fatality.

44. Meanwhile the darkness thickened and widened over the black empire, and the day hastened, and the end drew near.

45. Suddenly this is what I saw: a large, dark room opened before me, all hung in black and all filled with fear. Stripped of all ornament, the walls were sad, silent, solitary, and as it were unceasingly attentive; sometimes they even seemed to come forward in terror, and slowly lean towards you. When you trod the pavement beneath your feet were large stains of blood, and your feet quivered, and you felt your knees bow, while the whole top of the black apartment, still lost in deep, mournful darkness, hung suspended on your head, dark, still, silent.

46. It was the place of night and death, a sinister theater where the fatal scenes took place in their time. In those times, marked by tragic fates, he got along in this place, during the gloomy and gloomy hour, he first heard hurried footsteps quickly brushing against the bloody slabs, frequent, disorderly, various, but everything weak, and like something dragging which passes frightened and which goes astray;

47. Then secret voices, confused, elusive, whispered silently for some time in the darkness: and after that, we listened with terror to slow, muffled sighs, which gradually died out in a mournful silence, between shadows and the black mysteries.

48. Now at that moment, in a corner of the dark room, I heard someone struggling, for some time, in the midst of lamentable, frightful convulsions - the lonely and somber agony of men doomed to a tragic fate:

49. Then something livid that was being dragged was thrown there on the pavement strewn with blood, and it remained motionless and silent; then three times, in silence and horror he enveloped himself: it was the corpse of him who had just reigned on the back of the dragon.

50. The tyrant had died of death. I counted all the bars in all his time and they had been 665.

XXIV

1. Then all around the great throne of Aquilon there was a long and deep silence, and all over the earth there was a kind of general anxiety and dread.

2. But God spoke to me: Prophet, son of Judah, the unhappy and blind people, my righteousness is at hand; my day is not near, and it is not very far. Happy is he who will know how to avoid it by the works of his soul! Happy is he who will keep my commandments, and put his hope in me!

3. You banish all fear and be strong. And I felt that the invisible hand of the Lord touched me, and removing from my soul all the energy of fear, it imparted wisdom and strength to me.
4. Then he gave me his orders, and these are his orders: Son of man, take a sieve; pierce it in ten places, no more and no less.
5. Take seven cups and go and fill them with the wine of my wrath; after which, place them in the interior of the sieve, keeping them straight and not inclined; hold on to the cups and the sieve which in your hands will want to make rotational movements: but secure it in your hands, lest you start before the time.
6. As soon as I had done all these things, the Lord took the living sieve out of my hand, and giving it to a spirit, he said: Spirit, take the instrument of purification, which I am making this time an instrument for vengeance, for all will be straw in the sieve, and it will be only after all the straw will be devoured several times by ten fires that I will draw from the straw burnt seven times by my anger a true grain, which, that one, will be a living and fruitful grain, my grain.
7. Spirit, carry the sieve and put it in its place, and let it be reserved for the day and for the hour.
8. Now I saw that the spirit to whom the Lord gave the sieve was the one who conquered Satan, the ancient enemy: he conquered him in the beginning, he will conquer him at the end and will shut him up in the depths of always; but he still fights it through the paths of this world, from the first times until the end of days.
9. Then I heard a voice saying: The cups are full; the sieve is at its post: it is reserved for the day and for the hour.
10. In their day the cups will be poured out, and they will be emptied; the wine will flow through the ten openings ablaze in ten places and in seven places of the dragon, and it will flow, burning, avenging, until the fury of the raised hand is extinguished, and the triumphant and universal come, the reign of the one who is to come.
11. (ED. 'Bold') **Woe to the Empire of Aquilon! The trembling skies and the terrified earth answered the voice, and repeated, Woe! Misfortune!**
12. And at that time I was struck with dread, and I was seized with great sadness, and I began to contemplate with sorrow the superb and famous empire of Aquilon. I also contemplate the lands of the nations which will be punished, because they have shed the light and persecuted the truth.

13. But the Lord wanted to console me. He called me, and showing me the regions of the East, he said to me: Look and see.

14. And I turned my eyes towards the lands which were famous in ancient days, and I saw heavenly lights arise and envelop all these regions.

15. Above all, I saw the sacred horizons of the land of miracles light up, the land of my homeland. I saw the cedars of Lebanon and the summits of Carmel crowned with dazzling splendors; I saw the banks of Tiberius and the valleys of the Jordan become fertile again; I saw the rosebushes bloom again in Jericho and the palm trees in Cadès.

16. I saw the city of the prophets adorn itself, as of old in its days of feast and solemnity, with a glory and more holy and more beautiful, and the daughter of Solyme, returned at last from the distant shores of Babylon, cast off her garments of mourning, get up, your forehead surrounded by rays of light, and begin again, on the prophetic harp, the holy songs in the hills of Zion.

17. At this sight so great a joy seized my heart, an immoderate weight of happiness melted so suddenly on my soul that I fell to the ground as if struck with death.

18. These are the visions of Zechariah the seer, and his first words of prophecy concerning the great empire of Aquilon.

19. Lord who art in heaven, hallowed be your holy name further; may the reign of truth, justice and peace, which is your reign, soon come; your will be done on earth as it is done in heaven and in all places.

20. Glory to you, Lord; Glory to you three times, today and always, as it was in the beginning, and as it will be forever and ever. Amen.

A FEW REFLECTIONS FROM ANCHORITE

In these last months the anchorite stops, kept silence for a few moments; then, suddenly raising towards me a rapid and determined look, which seemed nevertheless to dominate as serious preoccupations, imprinted that it was of a sort of sad severity which imposed: You have just heard, he said, my son, the revelations, or as it is written, the words of prophecy of the first of the last kings of Judah. He had these visions, and those which follow on the same subject, in eighteen hundred and seven. It appears that he wrote them down towards the end of the same year. He gave them to me in eighteen hundred and fifteen.

A lot of time has passed since then and a lot has happened. Since then, as in the past, a half-European, half-Asian nation has made immense progress in all respects, and today it finds itself placed before the world, such as a great nation, such as a terrible, incessant provocation, that we can simulate, that we can compensate more or less, but which will nonetheless remain what it is for a long time to come.

Now here in the book of Zechariah, this nation is designated as you yourself may have noticed, with too visible an evidence. It is described with clarity, certainty, certainty; it is painted with the brightest colors, in its most striking expression of resemblance, by its most characteristic features, and with a fidelity of physiognomy such that it is impossible to mistake it. Her past conquests, her everyday developments, all the events that have happened around her and through her, those that have been accomplished as well as those that can already be foreseen, serious events, vast, full of unlimited consequences, all were predicted in their time, their nature, their gradual and inflexible march in the midst of a formidable order of things which seem to lead the world towards something fatal or heroic: they were so with a precision which astonishes and a certainty that frightens.

My son, is this any proof in favor of those same predictions which look to future times and which you already know in part, but which you must know even better soon? Is this a sure sign? Is this a reason from which we can conclude that they too will be fulfilled these great prophecies of the future, which through the following pages of the book of Zechariah, accelerated, threatening, full of scenes? Lugubrious and foreshadowing terrible catastrophes?

I've said it before, my son, my mouth must be closed on this. There is in the words of Zechariah the Seer something like hot coals over which one cannot run too quickly. Only what one can say, which seems certain, is that a great, irresistible, superhuman impulse is violently dragging the peoples along dark, inevitable slopes, and fatally carrying our century towards its final destinies.

We, my son, in the face of this movement which agitates the world, in the presence of these advancing events, sad or glorious, but inevitable, and to meet which the world runs irresistibly, while closing its eyes so as not to see, let's worship the judgments of divine wisdom and righteousness. For me, before the hour of talc announced by the terrible prophet of Judah comes, when the dreadful day of storms comes, I will sleep there, - and the old man pointed to a mound covered with the half-withered leaves of the mountain, among which showed themselves here and there, pale, powerless and as if all desolate, a few yellow autumn flowers - there I will sleep, solitary and silent, my long slumbers. You too, young man, you too will perhaps then have left this life which is the land of exile. Yes, because the announced crusade still seems far away: the light is still too lacking in the eyes, and in the heart it lacks the celestial genius, father of heroic sublimities, and the belief of ancient days. He is no longer in the castles of valiant knights, there are no longer pious kings on thrones, and on the pilgrimage routes, we no longer meet these famous travelers, who, with the Cross on their breast and the sword avenging in hand, walked to the glorious tomb, preaching the new sorrows of Calvary, and fighting the holy battles of the Lord.

Alas! For a long time the peoples, and even more the rulers, entered the ways of impiety and death, opened to them by Satan, the god of evil, and in which they are agitated today, tormented and trembling, like a worried and frightened dying man in agony. But already the hour arrives when their eyes, beginning to open, will show them with terror the deep abysses which awaited them: and they will make efforts to return to the light, to restore the constitutive principles, to find and retain these vital forces. , ready to be extinguished in modern societies in a universal night, in the midst of destructive storms, the dark night of revolutions. Yes, they will open their eyes; they will turn to the star in the sky, where only salvation, stability, life can be found. However, because they had so universally fled from the light, so blindly forsaken the ways of truth and salvation, and so treacherously persecuted the anointed of the Lord, they will be struck with terrible, multiplied punishments.

Do not forget, my son, impiety is the cause of the greatest, the most unfortunate deviations; it is, for societies as for the individual, the principle of all falls, the source of all misfortunes, the worker of all ruins. Impiety is the sword of evil, it is the great banner of Satan, and black teaches the triumphs of death. However, it is this same banner that peoples have followed up to now, and even more so governments. Piety among some and others is the only remedy for their ills. But this necessary remedy, which we are already beginning to see and recognize, will only be able to ascend laboriously and with great perseverance the fatal slope that we can obtain it. No, I say it without fear of being mistaken, no, henceforth there is no longer, for our societies sick with devouring fevers, but one true remedy, only one sure way of salvation. It is,

you know, my son, the sincere return to the faith; it is serious, frank, true piety; and it is, as you still know, as a means of achieving this, religious education alone.

But now is not the time, my son, to talk to you any longer on this subject, and I must, without further delay, resume and continue my reading.

Now, I must tell you first that here Zechariah makes a different version, and saying these words the anchorite resumed his book of the seer - and, before moving on to other prophecies, he enters, I cannot not guess why, but probably for the very natural reason that man is inclined to tell men his misfortunes; he enters, I say, into a story full of vivid emotions, the story of a double misfortune which seems to have struck the man of visions in the time which elapsed between his first and his second revelation on the northern empire. It is a quick and unstated story, a living painting of pain, a kind of dramatic episode, containing a kind and a degree of sadness, sometimes tender and touching, sometimes agitated, violent, dark, but always so vivid, so deep, that they throw the soul into vague and immense feelings, which seem to predispose it, to prepare it in a way for other greater sadnesses, those solemn sadnesses which inspire, by mingling with them a sort of mysterious fear with which one cannot defend oneself, the prophetic threats and the dismal scenes which unfold in the visions which follow.

I repeat, I do not know what reasons may have had the tearful Seer to place this writing between writings much more serious, and thus to mix his pains with the entire pains of humanity. But as it seems that none of them were strong enough to prevent him from doing so, I must not have any to omit a composition which perhaps falls within the views and plans of the prophet.

My son, listen. And the old man opened the book of visions, and thus began to read again:



MISFORTUNES OF THE SEER



LOAMMI

Zechariah, son of Loammi, of the people and of the race of Judah, become a Christian by the grace of God and subject to the holy law which is the law of life and which is that of the Lord Jesus, to all the faithful Christians who are spread on earth, and who are the members of divine society, the Church of Christ and the assembly of saints, living in the community of spirit and truth, salvation and peace; and to the Jews his brethren who walk in the miserable ways of error and death, salvation and mercy.

May God the Father, and Jesus his Son who is God, and the Spirit-Paraclete who is God, be praised and glorified today and always, and may the Spirit of God who is peace and who is happiness be with the spirit of all men, today and always.

After having had my first vision on the empire of Aquilon, I left the Cave of prayers which is at the foot of Ararat, towards the north, at some distance from the ruins of Ardesch below Erivan (*Ed. a.k.a. Yerevan, capital and largest city of present day Armenia*) and I headed towards the east towards the plain of Ecs-Miazin (*Ed. Armenia*) or the Three Churches. There lived a tribe of Jews who are my tribe; there was the house of my fathers, which, in ancient times, arose in these places with much sweat on his forehead and chest, after having been banished from the sacred land of the country which is the unfortunate Zion.

The day was coming to an end and the night was coming, but it was a dark and menacing night, falling slowly, full of darkness and storms. The sky in the distance was crossed by broad lines in pale colors, fading at every moment and reshaping itself in a thousand varied and changing forms, while immense curtains, the color of ash, rose and stretched incessantly in it silently, succeeding each other without interruption, and hanging one above the other in vague and infinite spaces.

Soon all these shapes and colors of the sky, intertwining and confusing together, were lost in a general darkness that descended rapidly circling the horizons of thick black clouds that kept coming and going. Between these increasingly narrowed horizons the air was gathered, and the warm winds of an impending storm rushing from the depths of the southern regions, moved there in disorder and full of fury, while, laden with a burning electricity, the mass of the

atmosphere weighed on the suffocated chest, and agitated, by accelerating them, the overexcited powers of respiration and movement.

I walked, sometimes through open countryside, where the night, sometimes half-clearing, allowed me to see in the moving and distant countryside of the skies, restless clouds followed by other clouds and sweating in scattered rags, or dark masses advancing in tight phalanges and surmounted by even darker masses; sometimes I passed under the heavy and doubly dark shadows of trees with floating twigs and bewildered by the fury of the winds.

At first, silent lightning swept through the stormy night for a long time, screwed up, rapid: and the darkness thickened, and the confused sounds of the storm arriving from afar approached incessantly. At the end the vast curtain of clouds was violently torn, and the treasures of the storms poured out. Then suddenly the deep skies opened up, and from the bosom of swirls ablaze with sinister gleams, a thousand rapid thunderbolts poured out, flying like immense columns of flame, with shining and broken rolls, like the crashing of mountains which are uproot. Endlessly traversed by rushing jets of a reddish light, the heights of the firmament opened and closed again, letting other regions of fire be seen beyond their fiery regions.

However, the violence of the hurricane was increasing. The entrails of the soil were torn and removed; the buildings creaked; the trees bent like reeds or broke in two; quarters of rock were torn from the bosom of the mountains and swept away, and the whole earth felt strong shocks which seemed to carry it away. The shock of the winds, the livid passage of lightning, the flight of lightning, the strident breaking of trees, the distant rumors of forests, the muffled rumblings of overflowed rivers, the dens of the mountains, responding to the repeated roars of thunders with prolonged roaring, and repeating by a thousand echoes so many dreadful noises in the midst of all this devastation, was something formidably sublime that one cannot describe.

At intervals, all these stormy solemnities were suspended for a moment, as between two acts, the scenes of a great performance. Carried away by an impetuous current, like an immense flow which was done in the air, all the noises moved away slowly, and seemed to be lost in another world. Then, tired or as if exhausted, heaven and earth were silent: only one could still hear, in the distance, the roaring winds still continuing their sonorous murmurs along the lonely valleys and in the depths of the woods. But that was only a moment's respite, for, moments later, the confused rumors were approaching more vaguely terrible, amid deepening obscurities, and the storm came, full of news and greater fury.

Under any other circumstance this disorder of nature would have doubled my energy, or even, on my uncovered forehead and in my dilated chest, it would have thrown, with the storm winds, daring conceptions and extravagant pleasures. But then it was different. I felt disconcerted, downcast: my walk was slow and painful; a great court desolation reigned in me;

a feeling of vague, inexplicable sadness, a sort of mysterious terror, gained more and more my uncertain and troubled soul, which found itself under an overwhelming, inexorable weight.

More than once, I was on the point of letting myself fall beside the deserted and dark road, in some corner of this inhospitable land, and, letting myself go to the needs of my being, to the inclinations of my nature, to surrender myself fully to my bitter dreams, to those meditations on pain, with which my heart, my soul, my destinies seem to have such a sympathetic relationship. But each time, a secret, internal, mysterious voice seemed to stop me and say: Hurry, hurry. Several times even, should I say it? When the great lightning whitened the far horizons, I thought I saw a shadow, like a white phantom, walk in front of me and repeat to myself: Hurry, hurry. Then an indefinite disturbance seized me; my fatigue and sadness increased, and bitter thoughts and dark images followed me. Was it my state of mind, after all I had seen with the seer's eye? Was it a fatal presentiment of my impending misfortunes?

I do not know: but, as I went on, all these painful feelings increased in my soul in proportion to the fury of the storm; and when I was about to return home, the storm, displayed in all the fullness of its inordinate strength, reached its highest degree of development and power, solemnly hovered in the sky, domineering and pompously sublime, while my own presentiment had already passed to a state of insurmountable terror.

On the threshold of my house, I hesitated: I was tempted to go back and plunge back into the darkness of the night and the whirlpools of the storm. But the mysterious voice was heard again; and this time, becoming clearer, more distinct, more imperious, she said: Hurry up..... Your father.... Your father. This last word struck me like a flash, shook me like a violent shock.

My father..... Alas! Old age and infirmities had already weakened the son of Judah. Even, for a few days, perhaps lit by those lights which come from a half-open tomb, the old man had told me more than once that he felt his end approaching, that he was already descending the steps from his sepulcher: and he had become more pensive and more anxious. Myself, around him, I had felt something unusual that had disturbed me deeply, and on the morning of that day so memorable for me, leaving him a little unwell, I had only moved away from him with some regret and some trepidation, to go to the cave of prayers from which I thought I would have to return soon.

So the mystery seemed to be explained. My fears increased; my fear redoubled. I rushed forward. I entered.

But how sad was the spectacle which then took place in my sight! In a small, modest cell, a half-veiled candlestick shed a flickering light on stationary objects, drowned in a certain tint of dark. All around a silent layer of pain and agony, people were seated, dreary and mournful. I shuddered, I stepped forward, and, on the painful bed, I saw motionless, his eyes

extinguished, his face tinged with white palings, the one who was already leaving towards his last hour. He was a son of exile and misfortune, an old traveler whose feet had grown weary on the desert paths, and who now, in the desert, was going to rest forever; exiled pilgrim, fallen into the ways of solitude, and seated forever on the shores of a foreign land where he would sleep his long slumbers, and his troubled sleeps by day and his restless slumbers of the night. He was the son of Judah, who was dying far from his homeland, far from the tombs of his fathers, far from Zion, whom he would never see again. It was him: it was my father.

To understand what were both the depth and the impetuosity of my pain, it would be necessary to retrace the image of all things of the past, as well as that of the virtues of this good father; we would have to tell the long story of our ancient days, of our common misfortunes, and recall all his care, all his tenderness, all his suffering for me. Assiduous protector, vigilant sentinel of my childhood whom he surrounded with sweet and tender precautions, chaste and touching poems, amiable and pious support of my feet in the days when they were weak and uncertain, faithful guide of my steps in all the paths of life, he was unceasingly to me what the heavenly lover of our souls is, the Spirit of heaven, companion in our days here below, our guardian angel. Her only son, I was always the sole object of her thoughts, and the sole principle of her affections, and the last hope of her old age; my only relative here below, he was always, he, and the only friend of my heart, and the only confidant of my troubles. Alas! But now he was leaving: I saw him dying out, there before my eyes, and descending into the eternal mysteries of death.

Long silent, motionless, stupid, I gazed at the dying man. Then my chest suddenly became as if weighed down by a terrible weight, and the breath came only painfully from my oppressed breast. Seeking relief from the stifling agitation, I quickly opened the cell windows.

Immediately, with the mass of air rushing into it, I felt something quivering enter my chest: a sort of deep tremor stirred my whole; through my bosom rose like a rapid, disorderly flow; a veil spread over my eyes, and my sobs, my tears, my cries, burst at the same time. My father, I cried then in a heartrending voice and in broken syllables, my father ... my dear father! ... At these words the emotion increased and became general; hurried sobs escaped from the whole circle of assistants; my tears redoubled, and I repeated: O my father, O my dear father!

Then with a movement of feverish passion, on the pale and cold face of the old man I leaned down, to put my mouth on his mouth, to press his chest against my chest. In desperate embraces, perhaps I was going to suffocate the dying man, when, suddenly, a quick thought stopped all my movements: my father was dying a Jew.....

Alas! Man of good and virtue, man of spirit upright, with a great heart, with generous inclinations, the son of Israel had nevertheless always had the defect and the misfortune of being fanatically attached to his religion, terrible misfortune, the most incorrigible defect of

all, contracted as he is, fed, developed, in the sad and fatal aberrations of a false education, which is the plague of wounds and the cause, in the individual and in the peoples, of almost all the diseases. More than once I had tried to make my father understand what his error, his folly, his crime and his danger were on this subject; but never, despite my frequent attempts, had I been able to bring the man of fanaticism back to the truth. However, for a few days, and as soon as I thought I felt something in him that was dragging him quickly towards the grave, I had redoubled my zeal and courage: I had multiplied my attacks, I had multiplied my prayers and my tears before the Lord, and in the end I had obtained some advantage and conceived some hope. The very eve of that sad day, at the end of a long and warm conference, the old man cried out with a certain emotion, which seemed to me to betray some uncertainty in his old convictions: Well, my son, I want to know the truth, and I pray to the Lord to enlighten me. It was a big step forward: I was happy; I had promised myself victory. But unfortunately! Now everything seemed to escape me, and Loammi was going away, anathema like his fathers, into the land of the dead, to places from which one never returns.

My father was therefore going to die right now ... Jewish as he had lived ... It was the most terrible of misfortunes for him, it would have been a kind of eternal remorse for me. This thought terrified me, suspended all my pains, dissipated, or rather absorbed all my other thoughts, which concentrated, merged so to speak into a single thought, and were carried, together with all the resources of my mind, all the impulses of my heart, all the ardor of my soul, towards a single goal: the conversion of the dying person, if it was still possible.

I immediately sent for a pious and zealous priest of the only holy and only true Church, the apostolic and Catholic Church of the Latins: and in the meantime, to cooperate as much as he was in me in the work so great, if necessary, I tried to awaken and prepare the mind of the dying man. I took his cold hands in my hands, and called out loudly: My father, my father. The old man seemed to understand me: his eyes parted with difficulty for a moment, but they closed immediately.

I wasted no time. I bowed down. The assistants did the same around the funeral bed. All together we implored the mercies of the Lord, the Father and the Comforter of men; we invoked the assistance of the blessed of heaven, pious intercessors of souls, help and refuge of the unhappy who pass away. Our attitude was pleading, our eyes full of tears, our hands raised to the sky, our hearts filled with trust and piety. I prayed, I cried, I moaned. For a long time I called for help from the Lord; several times I repeated my urgent requests, and finally I saw that the dying man seemed to come back to life little by little.

Lord, I cried then, full of joy and hope, Lord, from the depths of the abyss I turned to you and called you: Lord, hear the voice of your servant, and let your ears become attentive to the sad accents of his complaints. If you consider our sins, we cannot keep your gaze, Lord: but you,

have mercy on us, for in you are mercy and forgiveness. Come to our aid, Lord: come and see the soul of the poor dying man.

He is a sinner, it is true, the dying man, but he is your creature, Lord, and you are merciful: Oh! Have mercy on him. He was deaf to his voice, he was rebellious to your heart, he was cruel to his soul; he was hard and stubborn, he was ungrateful and unfaithful, he was blind and misguided, but he is your creature, Lord, and you are merciful: Lord, have mercy on him. He defiled with sin that body with which you had clothed him as with a sacred veil or a holy temple, and those limbs which you provided to him as instruments of virtue and worship; he distorted this spirit, pure ray come from heaven, celestial breath issued from your mouth, sublime and divine genius of your creations, destined to know you here below and to come later to be lost in you in eternal lights and eternal visions; he perverts that heart which you made for yourself, and which in you, after the days of mortal life, was to plunge again forever into the midst of nameless pleasures and endless beatitudes. Yes, Lord, with his hands he tarnishes the sinner all that glory with which you adorn him; yes, all these celestial gifts with which you had enriched him, he threw them to the winds of cruel tempests, he delivered them to all the disorders of sin. But now, Lord, come and see: see this languid heart, which will soon be nothing but powder; see this spirit on the verge of losing itself in the last weaknesses of life and in the deep darkness of death; see this body of clay which is about to descend, full of infirmities and pains, adorned with the bands of death, its last pumps, in the populous solitudes of sepulchers. Now that his eyes are dark, and his hands helpless, and his feet still; now that her breast is breathless and her tongue speechless, Lord, come and see. If he did not formerly suffer the holy sufferings which purify, he now suffers more bitter pains; if he did not cry, today he moans; if he did not know you, if he never called you, he is today turning to you and invoking you; and if he sinned so many times ... Oh! See, at this moment, at this supreme moment ... yes ... he repents, and he sighs for you, and he begs your forgiveness, Lord, and he is your creature, and you are merciful. Oh! Come, Lord, come and help the soul of the poor dying man.

And you, fortunate souls who live in the blessed regions of eternity, if there is among you a memory of the desert that you traveled here below, sowing your tears and your blessings, pray, intercede for the soul of the poor dying man. .

Venerable patriarchs who sit in Abraham's bosom, glorious martyrs who carry to heaven your ineffaceable stigmata and your immortal palms, heavenly choirs of holy virgins, you pure doves of the heavens who inhabit the solitary retreats of paradise, white and candid more than those sacred veils which once girded your foreheads at the retreats here below, pray, intercede for the soul of the poor dying man.

Apostles of Jesus, Pontiffs saints of the city of heaven and judges of the twelve tribes of Israel, and all of you confessors of the faith and preachers of the Gospel, who roamed the earth, illuminating the darkness of souls, come, give light to the soul of the poor dying man.

Angel deputy of the Lord, his guardian angel, you who followed his steps from the cradle to the grave, protecting him with your hands, guarding him with your wings, whispering in his ear, always, always, the sweet murmurs of grace and the saints poems of telicity, today does not abandon it, especially today, prays, cries, intercedes for the soul of the poor dying man.

I continued: my voice, moved, tender, a little veiled by pain, had taken on something sadly pious which touched: my speech, which had become rapid, passionate, and eloquent, had acquired a degree of power which carried conviction. I saw that my father, revived and almost recovered, listened with surprise and even with some satisfaction. Redoubling my zeal and fervor, and turning to a sacred image representing the glorious Virgin of Nazareth: And you, I continued, in a more tender, more pleading voice, and which betrayed the pious emotions of my secret joy, and you, O Mother of God made man, you by your mighty protection, complete! Get the work started. You are the guardian genius of the world, you are the glorious Queen of the heavens: there-haul, around your resplendent throne, all the host of the blessed, all the choirs of the celestial spirits, the sublime Powers, the eternal Dominations, the Cherubim ardent, luminous Seraphim, angels and archangels, I stand in respect and admiration; and here below, every language invokes you: that of the tender mother and that of the naive child, that of the young man with his chest encircled by the shield of strength and that of the helpless old man meditating, near the grave where he goes. Descend, the obscurities of death and the mysteries of eternity, that of the valiant knight in the fields of battle and that of the timid virgin at the foot of your altars, that of Jews and that of the sinner, that of the believer and even that of the ungodly.

Yes, oh beautiful flower of the fields of Ephrata, yes, oh pure dove of the hills of Carmel, Mary, daughter, wife and Mother of a God, your name has something sweet that attracts, something melodious that enchants, something holy that converts. It is the balm of all wounds, the enchantment of all sorrows, the magical charm of all misfortunes; it is the strength of all weaknesses and the soul of all struggles; it is the Shield of David that hangs from the tower of Zion and is surrounded by a thousand shields. The wealthy Christian invokes him in his dangers, and himself, the poor idolater, in the depths of his secrets, says it without knowing it: he says it like the universal harmony of solitude; he says it like the pious deity infirmities of his heart: and on his lips descends a celestial sweetness which invites him to pray, and in his heart he feels pious movements happening which stir him mysteriously.

It is said, O Mary, that you are the support of the infirm, the refuge of the unfortunate, the consolation of the afflicted, and the faithful friend of the exiled pilgrim, and the gentle companion of the lost traveler, and the only hope of all those who suffer and who cry.

Hey! O Mary, who is more afflicted, more crippled, sadder and sorrier than the poor dying man? It is said that you are both the heavenly lover and the pious advocate and the tender mother of poor sinners; but then, the poor dying man has a right to your protection, and he is your son, for he is a sinner. It is also said, it is said that it is especially during the cruel hours of death that you take pleasure, O Queen of the heavens, in showing your power and your goodness towards men. Well then, hurry, o refuge, o comforter of mortals, for it is very near his supreme hour the one whose head is bowed, languishing and downcast, on the pillow of agony, the one whose eyes go finally darken and close forever. O Mary, mother of Jesus, and tender mother of sinners, pray, intercede for the soul of the poor dying man.

At these last words, I saw that my father's eyes filled with tears. His emotion was visible. We had to take advantage of the moment. I got up. I gathered all my strength. I began resolutely and without preambles the serious and pressing question of his conversion to Christianity and his eternal salvation.

Then began a supreme struggle between error, prejudice, self-esteem, human respect, and truth, light, grace, which we nevertheless saw triumph little by little. It was necessary to enlighten the spirit of the old man, and in his weakened heart to throw holy strength and a pious anointing. I knew where my opponent's weak spots were, and where I mostly had to strike. I knew the motives and the excuses of the deceived Jew who was enshrined in human respect. I used all that I had of art, knowledge, strength and skill: wisdom, eloquence, persuasion, the Lord put them on my lips.

First, in a lively and rapid picture, I ran through the system of the most striking, the most luminous proofs of Christianity. I insisted especially on the concordance and the obvious relations of the sacred writings of the ancient prophets of Judah with this religion, holy daughter of Israel, descended from Calvary with her dress stained with blood and her celestial crown. I described his battles, the chain of his conquests, his dramatic and victorious march through the centuries, and the eternal miracle of his triumphs.

Then I cried out: My father, tell me: Can God, the good God, just and eternally holy, deceive all men, the most pious, the most just, the wisest, all those who have the right? Best court, best mind, best will, and deceive them unworthily, and always deceive them? "It would be, my son," replied the old man, "the craziest of errors and the greatest of crimes to dare to say or seriously think such and such an absurd unholy. 'Well,' I said then, 'God did that, my father; he did it in the most certain, the most obvious, the most unmistakable way, or else you are, you, in the biggest, the most fatal error.

God, in fact, in the most formal way, by the clearest and most pressing appeal, has he not invited men to the lights of the Gospel? And all, at least those who have eyes wanted to see, did they not comply with this call? Didn't they all come to the fold of the pastor, the small and the great, the strong and the weak, the most fortunate as the most unhappy among men, and all having the strongest motives for resistance, they were therefore obliged to renounce all their natural inclinations, to their keenest passions, to their most inveterate habits, to their oldest and most recognized cults, to ease, to goods, to fortune, to power, to favor, and sometimes to life?

Yes, they all came running, my father: for, we can no longer hide it from ourselves, the Church of Christ has taken on a character of universality that it is no longer permitted to ignore; they, like the others, hastened up the greatest geniuses, the most illustrious celebrities, the most powerful of men in spirit, character, fortune, knowledge, virtue, and with them, all the people of the faithful, a great republic with unshakable foundations, eternal constitutions, sublime destinies; divine society, unique in its kind, and universal in number or at least in weight.

But, my father, did not all these men need very powerful motives to abandon their dearest affections, all their loves here below, to leave, like our father Abraham, their home and their homeland, and come to the land of toil, struggle and exile? Yes certainly, they must have had very great reasons; the call must have been very clear, very positive, very absolute, and without doubt, if they were in error, it would be God who would have thrown them there, it would be him, and he alone who would get them there irresistibly deceived. - This proof seemed to make a great impression on my father's mind.

But no, no, it's you, I swear, it's you, my father, who are cheating.

For, I continued, in the presence of this obviously divine religion, emerging like a sublime childbirth from the womb of a Cross, descended from the heights of the holy mountain, nourished, raised in the midst of bloody and secular dramas, and destined for conquest. eternal heaven, in his presence that are all other religions, except dead branches without sap that weigh no weight in the scales of the Lord, thorns torn with a thousand fissures that cannot cover shameful nakedness, living corpses, dragging themselves through the night of sepulchers in the midst of the filth of prostitution? What are all these earthly cults, founded on passions, politics, hypocrisy and sacrilege, without unity, without force, without life? What are they, if not a breath of men, weak as the breath of the dying, an absurd chain of buildings planted on the sand and unable to resist the simple games of children?

As she passes, she the queen of conquests, full of strength and majesty, serene, calm, unalterable, across the world and through battles, through generations and centuries; as she runs, always great, radiant, sublime, with her star of salvation and her anchor of truth and hope, towards her glorious and eternal destinies, vivifying all that she touches and doing good

to her. Hers is an example of its founder, while the other religions, daughters of error and darkness, perpetually sows the earth around them with debris followed by other debris ceaselessly stirred by a breath of worried and desperate death.

And to speak only of yours, my father, of that of the unhappy and blind Jews, what is this religion of decide, if not a dreadful shadow, a specter with his forehead stained with blood moving, during night, from grave to grave, through the empty and desolate ruins of the valley of the dead, the sad Jehoshaphat.

And I painted the misfortunes of the unfortunate daughter of Israel, since she rejected the womb of her husband and the words of the prophets. Since then she wanders fatally, with her silent book, between a circle of terrible errors and nameless crimes. She crawls through the mud of all roads, object of contempt and horror, blind, criminal, accursed. She no longer has pontiffs, she no longer has seers; his law has become a law of lies; its altars are broken; his oracles are speechless, and the God of Jacob is no longer his God.

Passing from there to another order of ideas, and entering into a chain of more practical deductions, I tried to make my father understand how little sense is he who lets himself be overcome by human respect, that unfortunate reason of the infirm, who so often paralyzes all the energy of the remedy, and destroys from the base all hope of salvation; this criminal madness which, enchaining all virtue, becomes the greatest of dangers, while being only the most miserable of weaknesses. I demonstrated to him how vain and contemptible was this fear of the misleading judgments of the world, childish scarecrow of men slaves to self-love, who, blinded and frightened, so often resist, for such petty motives, the moonlight of the truth which they reject, and thus go away, weak and unhappy, to face supreme dangers.

I then tried to show him what was reduced to everyone who terrifies the imagination so much, and who exposes them to gross errors, if not to endless misfortunes.

Everyone will blame you, I cried, everyone will despise you, you say? But, what is this world that deserves so much consideration? Some superstitious and blind Jews, who will forget you in a few days, who will soon themselves be forgotten by this world, which is going away, throwing from oblivion to oblivion, in its perpetual destruction, days and generations.

The world? ... But do you think they take care of you a lot? Does he even know you? Do you know the smallest portion?

The world? ... But it is the vanity of vanities and the lie of lies; it is the sour and deceptive voice, malignant and smiling, which cries, which will always cry, wrongly and thoroughly, sparing nothing, withering everything; it is the hypocritical mask, for what could be more hypocritical, my father, than the world, even in its vices and ostentations? The mask under

which are all the weaknesses, all the shame, all the remorse; it is the arid and desolate land of error; it is the way of perdition; he is the enemy of God.

The world? He will take care of you or he will not take care of it whatever you do, whatever side you take; and if he did, who told you that he will blame your determination and that he will not rather find that you have only followed the inspirations of your conscience and the ways of your conviction? That if he did not approve of you, if he judged you otherwise, from the bottom of your grave, will you hear him? What will the world say? But the great society of the faithful, who also belong to the world, what will it say? What will the blessed in heaven say? What will the pure angels say? God, your God, what will he say?

You said you can't dishonor yourself at the end of your life. Good Lord! What then is dishonor? What is honor? What! Is it dishonoring you to show yourself sincere and penitent? Is it dishonoring yourself to run away from error, to despise prejudice, to embrace truth and justice, and to overcome yourself? Is it dishonorable to pass under the banner of your God, to become a citizen of the heavenly city and a soldier of the Lord's immortal army? Happy disgrace is that one! Happy weakness, holy folly, beautiful and glorious scandal is this scandal which consists in the greatest of virtues, the return to your God, whose friendship he will reserve for you, with an eternal crown for reward!

But if nothing can undeceive you, I cried at last in a plaintive and heart-rending voice, if nothing can move you, well, with your unhappy honor, come down, unfortunate father, descend into your grave to sleep your long sleeps that will be stirred ceaselessly by dark dreams and eternal delirium. Because, do not hide it from yourself, soon, alas! Maybe in a few hours your eyes will be closed to the light, and into the land of the dead you will enter forever.

But before this supreme moment, say, O unfortunate father, say your supreme farewell to what you hold dearest here below, to all that is most beautiful up there, to all good, to all hope, and to all happiness. Look at the sky for the last time, and in the sky, for the last time, say your last farewell! Farewell to the rays of light, farewell to the bliss of the future, farewell to the eternity of life, farewell, forever, ever, to paradise, region of bliss, celestial circle of light, glory and triumphs, kingdom of peace, abode of rest and happiness, and endless ecstasies and immeasurable pleasures.

And to your son.... cry, cry, my eyes; do not hold back, O my tongue, the sad moans of my heart.... Alas! He did not think, this unfortunate son, when on the paths of exile you accompanied him, you guide and support him, you his only friend and his only hope, he did not think that one day you had to leave him forever, that you had to separate from him for eternity Alas! For him there will be no more joy in this world. On this earth he will go, he will go, wandering through all the solitudes, sad, sorry, and inconsolable; and he will cry by day, and he will moan the night, and never, no never, nothing will be able to soften his

sorrows any more, nothing will be able to soothe his pains..... To this unhappy son..... Barbaric and cruel father, also give, give ... for the last time.... Your eternal farewell.

And you, O Jesus, your blood! I stopped, and saying these last words I even pretended to withdraw. But my goal had already been reached, and my father's conversion consummated.

O Jesus, your blood! These sacred words had passed through the mouth of the old man, and grace finally triumphed. His tears burst like the compressed waters of a torrent, and he cried out: It is done. My son, my dear son, no, we are not going to be separated. Jesus, your blood! Yes, it is this name which obtained the victory; it was this blood that saved the unfortunate Loammi. Jesus! Oh! What happiness I feel! Jesus! Oh! Why did I not know you before this hour? Why can't I live some time to get to know you better here below, or to atone for my iniquities! Widen, O my heart! My lips, open and bless the Lord. But what are the pleasures that are being prepared up there? O unhappy sinners! O blind Jews!

Go, blow the trumpet in Zion; shout out loud in public places; say, and tell everyone that Loammi dishonored himself; tell Judah that the son of Israel has deserted his camp and changed his standard. But also say, say it was the poor blind man, and he got his sight; he was the unfortunate cripple, and he regained his health; he was the child of exile, the unrepentant and stubborn sinner, but he was brought back to the way, and he returned to his homeland. In him today has been created a new heart, and a righteous spirit has been renewed in the depths of his womb.

Quick! Call a holy minister of the religion of Jesus.

Bring to my hands, give to my mouth the Cross. The Cross ... yes, the Cross, sign of salvation ... Come, support the head of the poor dying man, lift his feet, so that the son of Judah may come to his God who waited for him, who came to him.

And the old man wanted with all force to be removed from his bed, and on his knees on a bed of ashes, to breathe out, the Cross in his hand, like those great penitents of the old days. His elation, his happiness were so great that I had to fear that his life would slip away before its time.

The holy missionary of the Gospel with beautiful and peaceful feet arrived. It was a touching scene: the emotion was general: the holy priest could not keep back his tears at the sight of the old converted Jew, and my joy was beyond measure, when, on his venerable brow, I saw the wave flowing sacred and regenerative, and that I heard him pronounce in a voice interrupted by tears the sacred vows of life on the funeral bed of death. His cheerful face lit up with rays of light; the angels of heaven spread their white wings around the sanctified bed, and the banks of the Jordan and the hills of Lebanon rejoiced like the feet of lambs in the fertile pastures of Gilead and Hermon.

O Jesus, your blood! These sacred words had passed through the mouth of the old man, and grace finally triumphed. His tears burst like the compressed waters of a torrent, and he cried out: It is done. My son, my dear son, no, we are not going to be separated. Jesus, your blood! Yes, it is this name which obtained the victory; it was this blood that saved the unfortunate Loammi. Jesus! Oh! What happiness I feel! Jesus! Oh! Why did I not know you before this hour? Why can't I live some time to get to know you better here below, or to atone for my iniquities! Widen, O my heart! My lips, open and bless the Lord. But what are the pleasures that are being prepared up there? O unhappy sinners! O blind Jews!

My father lived a few more days. The holy man of religion, to whom I later related all the peculiarities of this evening, and who, at the same time as he healed souls, also knew the science of healing bodies, assured me that the dying man, whose temperament he knew and in which he had found the principles of an asthmatic disease, had only had this prolongation of life to the happy accident which had made me open the windows of his room and give air to his altered breast. So it was with my dad, if I hadn't arrived then. So, without a completely fortuitous event, a man's eternal salvation was at stake, or at least becoming a frightening problem. How deep and impenetrable your ways are, Lord! Great God, how many times you have troubled me, in my solitary meditations, by these terrible secrets of your wisdom and your justice! I then understood the mysterious advice of that inner voice of my soul which had repeatedly cried out to me: Hurry, hurry, and I adored the Lord.

In the meantime, the dying convert took advantage of the time granted him by divine mercy. He received, according to their order, the other sacraments of the Holy Church. Several times he says and he repeats to the sacred man the things of the old days and the history of his soul; several times he purified his heart in the holy ablutions of penitence: and always the two old men ended their secret conversations with sweet and touching tears.

But finally came the last hour. For a long time the half-extinguished gaze of my father wandered over me. His tremendous hand rose to bless me. Then, when his eyes were completely veiled, and he felt his heart freeze and his voice disappear, then his cold hand searched for me again in the shadows. I took this hand, and while I held it glued to my lips, in a weak, slow, prophetic voice: My son, he said, my son, the times are coming, - the lost sheep has returned to the fold, - Loammi, thou not my people, became the people of the Lord, - Jacob and Esau will be reconciled in the tent of their father, - Abraham. Hagar will be in the wilderness, and Israel will return forever from Gessen (*Ed. Goshen*), Egypt. But before that day ... my son, days of darkness ... my son ... I bless you ... for the last time. And finishing these words, the penitent man fell asleep in the peace of the Lord.

I followed my father to his last home. When he was placed in his earthen bed, on his forehead inclined to eternal rest, I threw a handful of ashes, and bade him farewell. Then on him the earth fell, fell, with a slow noise ... and for ever he disappeared.

I let the crowd flow, which, soon forgetting with stupid disdain the things of death, too eager as it was to return to the concerns of life, dissipated very quickly and left me all alone.

So, on the edge of the cool pit I knelt down. For a long time I prayed for the eternal rest of the deceased; For a long time I meditated on the rapid flight of the years from here and on the nothingness of the centuries which pass, with their pomp which had become all funeral, like a day without value.

Alas! everything here below goes away; he goes today, he will go tomorrow: good and evil, crime and virtue, the just and the ungodly, the weak persecuted and the oppressor triumphant, the name, the opinion, the power, the fathers and the sons, our ancestors and our nephews, the generations and the generations, everything flows like a torrent full of vain foam, like, on the slopes of Tabor, the troubled waters of Cison (*Ed. Kishon River*).

So everything falls, I cried with a kind of bitter disappointment, everything flees and is lost in an infinite darkness: and itself, mingled and confused with all the things of vanity, dragged, like a vile thing, by the torrent which passes by carrying pell-mell all the images of nothingness, he too, man, a divine being, goes away with the rest of the beings: he falls, indignant at being mortal, he falls and is lost, with all the nothingness of a day, in the eternal mystery of death. But what then, great God, is death, and what is life? What are times and the world, and years and centuries? What is man, and his days, and his hopes? And all that begins, and all that ends? And what is, and what was, and what will be? Figures passing by, followed by other figures; an eternal struggle of shadows dragging chains towards the grave; a huge and hopeless problem ... deep and terrible, or ... maybe ... nameless dreams, and endless nothingness.

Thus I conversed with my painful thoughts, there on the ground which contained the body of the deceased: and as I meditated, my soul seemed to rise and extend like the vastness of the heavens. But gradually my dozing pain woke up. At first it was calm, serene, resigned; but then, suddenly changing its character, it developed in me with frightful rapidity, without my knowing how to understand it, without my being able to control it. My heart clenched violently; all my soul was as if greatly shaken, and a sort of irresistible terror was thrown into it and enveloped it. I got up as though loaded with a terrible weight; I hastened to retire, and returned home pursued with devouring fear.

On the cold remains of a father, on the edge of life, in the midst of that dreadful darkness which covers all around the graves, had some specter of death embraced me? Was it the

touch of a shadow that I had felt? Or was it still, for the unhappy Zacharie, a sad presentiment of misfortune and a new voice of pain?

ANGÉLIE

Alas! Yes. It was the secret opinion of a much graver misfortune, which already hung over my head ... But, my pen, why are you sinking on this fatal slope? Inexhaustible vein of my tears, why do you reopen?

Shadow of my daughter, Angelie who is no longer, forgive the tears of your father. From the bottom of your tomb in the desert, from the top of your heavenly abode with eternal beatitudes, my daughter, forgive your unhappy father who needs to think of you, to talk about you. Forgive his trembling hand which, despite itself, is going to talk about Angelie.

I had always been a very sad traveler on earth, wandering without friends, without a country, in the ways of a world that had become for me like an eternal exile. I had lost all my parents: one by one they had all fallen on foreign soil; one by one, all the threads that bound me to life were broken. And now that, to make matters worse, I had just been deprived of my last friend; now that, desolate pilgrim in the arid and lonely paths of exile, I was still losing the one who was my guide and my support, the one who was my last refuge and my last hope, a cherished father, the only lifeline that still remains to my life so full of shipwrecks, but which, alas! She also escaped me forever, what could I hold on now? What should I be attached to anymore?

But no, there was still something on earth that could keep me alive, an object dearer than everything I had lost, all the more dear since, henceforth, it was to take the place of everything: a celestial creature, sweeter to me than the light of my eyes, more necessary than the blood of my heart: she was my last companion; it was my last hope; it was the star of my stormy life; it was ... it was a girl.

Angelie, oh my daughter, but you are no more! But you are no more! O my pen, why do you sink on this slope so fatal to my heart? ... My daughter, I hugged you so many times! I pressed you so many times to my breast! Why couldn't my burning heart warm your cold heart? Why couldn't your father's sad voice and his ardent love awaken your sleep? My daughter, but you slept, you slept the sleep of always! Oh! Change yourselves, my eyes, into two sources of tears which do not dry up; open up, oh my heart, open up, oh my soul! My hand, my sad hand, let your pen flow and talk about Angelie.

I had a daughter. The desert had seen her born, the land of exile saw her grow, and the desert contains her mortal remains.

In the old days, sometime after I heard the Echo of Calvary and converted to Christianity, having fulfilled my pilgrim's vow at the sacred sepulcher, I prepared my traveling staff and left Jerusalem, the city lamentations, with my beloved wife, the Christian, the holy daughter of the Maronites of Lebanon, the one who, by her pious virtues and the sweet words of her mouth, had above all contributed to my conversion. I left the holy city with her, and with her I went to the country of Armenia, my new homeland. We traveled at length and with difficulty through arid and desolate countries. For a long time the virtuous woman resisted abundant fatigue; but at last a cruel pain betrayed her strength, and, surprised by a premature childbirth, she gave birth to a child, daughter of misfortune; then, seized by the embraces of death, she fell, there in the desert, and there in the desert, she fell asleep forever.

What was my embarrassment, what was my pain, it is not necessary, and it is not possible to say. With my hands I dug the earth and placed there the remains of the one that was no longer, the strong and holy seed. Then with those same tired hands, taking the daughter of misfortune, I lifted her up to heaven and I said: Lord, be her mother. I said again: Child of the desert, do you know your misfortune? Weak and innocent creature, daughter of misfortune, may your angel keep you. - And I called her Angelie.

Carrying her in my arms, I continued my journey to the desert. On the banks of a stream, I placed her, and throwing the water of solitude on her head, I baptized her. After which I continued my journey again, loaded with the doubly sacred weight.

Could she live, this child, daughter of the woman with the painful entrails, the daughter of Zechariah seeing him, who had seen you being born an orphan, and who had given her a name of pain? She lived; she grew up in my father's exiled house. She lived, and it was on my breast that she rested in the morning and in the evening, and it was on my knees that she was cradled both night and day. How many times, in my arms or in her cradle, I sang her the sweet songs of sleep: and my tender and broken voice was to Angelie like the voice of a mother. I spoke of my sorrows, I spoke of Angelie's misfortunes and her mother's misfortunes: and my heart was sorry, and my voice filled with tears; but Angelie did not understand me, and the painful story and the plaintive song seemed to be a mysterious charm to her. She fell asleep calm and peaceful, while I wept over her; she rested calm and carefree, while, leaning over her cradle, with my heart filled with bitterness and desolation, I dreamed of our common pains, contemplating her pale and innocent features where I thought I discovered the features of her mother. At this look, at this memory, I began to cry again, and my sadness redoubled.

But who can say, oh Angelie, all the precautions with which I surrounded your childhood, all the care, all the pains that you cost your father, as also all the joys that you poured into his

tired soul, you who were the rest of his heart, law which was to be the happiness of his days to come? But you are no longer, O my daughter, but you are no longer!

She was growing up the poor orphan. I caught her first smile; her first words, her first caresses were for me; I led her first steps, and around my knees passed her first games. She was growing up, and, feeling herself that she was alone, or rather that she had only her father in this world, she attached herself to me with undivided love, and her affection, becoming reasoned, increased with her age with all the weight of a pious gratitude, tender, sweet, full of amiable attractions and sweet memories. She had only me to keep her, to bless her; I had only one to ease my sorrows, to support my life. I loved her, she loved me, we loved each other as the vine and the vines in the Bersabee valley (*Ed. a.k.a. Beersheba, town on the southern extremity of Palestine, known for its very fertile soil*) loved each other, as the dew and the roses love each other in spring, as they love each other, swaying in their aerial house, the little birds and their mother returning from her attentive race, with the food that the Heavenly Father prepared for them. We loved each other with a love as strong as death: and one to the other was linked, and one to the other was necessary.

Necessary! Who can say how much Angelie was to my soul, when, emerging from infancy and entering adolescence, her candor, her modesty, her heavenly gentleness, her considerate obedience, her sweet tenderness of heart, all her pious virtues came to develop with its beauty? And when in her turn she was able to serve her father as a support, company, assistance, oh! How vigilant her eyelash was! How quick and skillful were her hands, and her light feet, and her loving mouth! How she anticipated my desires! How she dispelled my sorrows! How she put my pains to sleep! She was more than a daughter to me, more than a wife, more than a mother, more than a mortal creature: she was a genius from heaven, tender and pious guardian of my heart, a comforting angel.

And who more than me needed consolation? A man with a broad, deep, stormy heart; man with a soul devastated by great misfortunes, and, what is more, doomed to nameless emotions and passions which are not of this world; a man with dark ideas, sinister words, a life thrown into unknown ways or sublime deviations Who, more than I, could need a helping and consoling hand?

My way of life, my lonely inclinations, my eternal peregrinations, this something that I inevitably dragged after me, a fatal sadness, and especially these mysteries of my interior life, which were revealed, from time to time, by prophetic lamentations that I was going to sow throughout the world, all these things, combined with my domestic misfortunes, made me a being apart, a singular man, and as it were poured out of human societies.

Thus, full of the bitterness of life and accompanied by the visions of his eyes, traveled, without guide, without support, the painful seer of Judah, far from Zion which was no longer his

homeland, on the land of exile which did not guard no trace of his feet, in the midst of a world which did not know him, did not understand him, and to which he himself paid no attention. He was passing through a world where he had not looked for friends, where he had not found any: and, on his way, none of the men came to meet him, no affectionate hand pressed his hand, nor heart, nor leaned over her heart, and no voice responding to her voice. In this state, who could support the sad traveler? Who could have consoled the son of Judah, who would have understood him if it had not been for a daughter, his dear Angelia? O my dear Angelie, but you are no more!

Nothing lit my eyes, nothing brightened my forehead, and nothing rested my heart, only Angelie. Angelie wiped the sweat from my temples; Angelie eased the fatigue of my feet; Angelie softened the bitterness of my curl and the burning heat of my breast. The one that dried my tears, the one that bandaged my wounds, the one that healed my ailments, was Angelie, and always Angelie. Also, from near and far, alone or among men, when I visited the country and when I wandered in solitude, always and everywhere, I thought of her, and never of her or my heart separated. Everything reminded me of her; I constantly pictured it to myself; in all objects, in all places, I thought I saw it and rediscover it; she was in the midst of my sorrows and in the midst of my joys; I mingled it with my dreams, I mingled it with my songs, and it embellished some and it inspired others. Near her I found some rest, even some happiness; but far from her..... Oh! How long and sad were my days, when, finally being able to leave her to herself or in the care of my old father, I found myself obliged from time to time, driven as I was by my mind and by mysterious impulses, to separate!

Our farewells were long and tender. Angelie's sadness was visible, I hid my emotions. I kissed my daughter, then I kissed her again and held her for a long time in my arms. I left her at last: but then, once and twice, under some insignificant pretext, I retraced my steps: it was to see my Angelie again, to kiss her again.

She, too, a few times, the poor child, came back to me after our farewells, and, pretending to have to say something to me or to want to accompany my departure, she too entered the path I was about to take. So, for a long, long time, she followed me, sad, silent; and when at last, in an indecisive voice, I suspended her walk, she stopped, silent, dumbfounded, her eyes full of tears. Hastily I pressed her to my broken heart, and unable to utter a word, I quickly walked away, leaving her there alone and deprived of her father. I was leaving, but as I moved away, all strength left my soul, and from my breast my heart seemed to go too. I was going away, but every moment I turned to the side where I had left my daughter, and I always saw the poor child who, too, turned towards me, standing and motionless in the very place where I was had left, followed me with his eyes and watched me disappear. So my heart sank; I felt a sort of

dizziness and faintness, and more than once I was tempted to set off on the road already traveled and retrace my steps.

Then when at last, very far, very far, the distance separated us; when in the distance, with a long and last glance my eyes could still distinguish Angelie, turned towards her, I too stopped: for a long time I looked at the sad and forsaken child, stopped on the deserted road; for a long time I shed very bitter tears, and finally, throwing to the wind a long and final farewell so that he would carry it to my daughter, who no doubt at this very moment was sending me her back, I rushed with agitation on my way, and I disappeared.

For long hours, Angelie still contemplated the places through which I had passed, the distant terminal through which I had disappeared; then at last, losing her last hope, she let herself fall to the earth and began to cry. Passers-by met her all day, sitting on the side of the lonely road: plaintive and sorry, she asked passers-by for news of her father; but the travelers of the earth did not know Angelie's father.

Your father, Angelie, my daughter, your inconsolable father! ... Oh! How long were then and his nights and his days! How sad were his thoughts, his memories, his prayers, and his words and actions! Full of boredom, dryness and cruel languor, he walked and his steps were slow; he saw, but his visions were troubled and his words fatal. He was like one who no longer has hope in his heart, or like one who, feeling surrounded by enemies is filled with an incessant fear, that instinctive fear, daughter of desolation and misfortunes, that man just but abandoned by men, feels in the midst of society and even more in solitude with himself, holy companion of misfortune which, if it is not a virtue, is at least a grace, and which, in at the same time that it detaches us from the passing things of time and the vanities of life, warns us that this same life which has been given to us to keep and as to carry here below is not a game is not a theatrical scene, an act of comedy, but something great and infinite, a terrible weight placed on the frail head of man and which has its counterweight in eternity, a living sword destined for combat, a sublime creation that death cannot destroy.

But when he came back to you, O my daughter, it was then that your inconsolable father seemed to find, in finding you, a little calm, rest, peace, the mother of safety. How sweet was the return! How the weight of his heart seemed to lighten as he approached you! Thus is he who runs away from the shipwreck and approaches the port; so is he who feels himself beyond the reach of a misfortune that threatened him.

And when I arrived! And when I saw you running to meet me! And when my lips fell greedy, quivering, on your pure, white forehead! ... O my daughter Angelie, but you are no more! But you are no more!

You were, however, innocent and lovable like the dove that dwells in the hollow of the stones on the mountain of Amana (*Ed. Mount Amana is in the southern end of the Anti-Lebanon Mountains, near the source of the river Abana*); you were tender like the voice of the turtledove which is heard in the woods of Reblata (*Ed. city in Syria*) when the flowers appeared; you were pure as the rays of dawn: only seventeen times had the roses of Jericho blossomed since your mother gave birth to you, since your father called you Angelia. And now that every day you became more beautiful, more charming; now that, like the young palm trees of Tadmor (*Ed. a.k.a. Palmyra, ancient Semitic city in Syria*), you rose up full of grace and delights, and that, sweeter, more pious, more holy, celestial creature, you made the happiness of the unhappy Zacharie, a cruel fate befell you kidnapped ... and your father is still alive!

He lives, but it is a miracle of the hand of the Lord who perhaps sees him; he lives on earth, while you have taken you to wealthy countries far from him. Perhaps, from the heights of blessed regions, you watch him walk with his tired feet on the sand of the desert; perhaps, while he travels and weeps, without guide, without hope, weep also up there, the tears of the blessed. He lives, but his life is a death that he drags after him, cruel, inexorable. He lives, but maybe he is not far away, O my daughter, on the evening of his dark and stormy day.

Yes, I can sense it, the moment is not far away when the feet of the poor pilgrim will stop in some corner of the paths of exile and never move forward. But there, alas! There he will be alone, and no helping hand will come to help him rest. Her eyes will cloud over, but who will shut them last time, my daughter? Who will prepare his funeral bed? Who will encircle his forehead with the band of death? And the lugubrious complaints, and the songs of the dead, who will tell them about the unfortunate Zacharie? My daughter! And yet I was there, I was there near you.

So flow, O my pen, flow down the fatal slope: I will no longer hold you back. Say my fears, my anxieties; tell of my torments, my despair, my follies, all that I experienced, all that I suffered, all that I invented, all that I did, when, returning from closing in his grave a too dear father, I found my daughter ill, who is no longer; when, during the space of a long month, I saw her weaken, and fade, and by degrees bow, slowly, slowly, there before my eyes, she also towards her grave.

Alas! But why paint this long agony, which was his agony, which was mine?

First during the first days, despite my mortal fears and my sad forebodings, I did not believe in Angelie's death: I could not believe it: she was so necessary to my life, so linked to my existence. No, I said to myself, she won't go away; she will not leave her father. And I imagined, as if it depended on her, that so young and above all so useful to my existence, she could not die. It was a vain hope, it was a foolish thought; but the minds of the unfortunate

are subject to these aberrations, and to understand me you would have to have experienced my misfortunes or have known Angelie.

Later my illusion had to disappear, and I could no longer hide my inevitable misfortune from myself. What then my desolation, he cannot imagine the one on whom such trials did not come to befall. What were my attentions, my tenderness; what were my care, my solicitude, my constancy, do I have words to say it? Never was a young wife who gave birth to her firstborn child so skillful, so tender, so alert; never so pious was the pelican of solitude when it itself opens its breast and gives its little ones the blood of its heart, so that its young do not die in the desert. Never have so many gentle stratagems been invented, so many innocent deceptions, so many pleading caresses, that I invented to relieve, to console my daughter. So tender and affectionate, so gentle, patient, indefatigable., Is the desolate widow that a husband who no longer left faithful guardian of a precious treasure, the sacred pledge of the loves of yesteryear, another himself, an only son . So was Angelie's father with his dying daughter. My will had become a vigilant sentry, my hands a compassionate doctor; my mind, usually so distracted, so preoccupied, seemed awakened; my character, outwardly so calm, seemed to have changed in nature, and my physical and moral powers had acquired a degree of industrious activity hitherto unknown to me. I was always near Angelie, there around her, there bending over her bed, and like a protective angel who would have liked to defend her against death. One would have said that I enveloped her in my being that I was going to transmit my life to her: alas! And every moment I felt my affection doubling and my hope extinguished.

My despair was immense. I concealed it nonetheless, or rather I believed I had concealed it and even managed to deceive my daughter about her own condition. But one day she made me understand that she was not unaware of my thoughts, her danger or the certainty of her death.

One day, stretched out pale and silent on her bed of pain, Angelie was in an obvious state of decline. Restless, bewildered, powerless to control my emotions, I went out, I came back, I sat down, I got up, coming forward, waving, disturbing objects to arrange them and disturb them several times: and finally I always came back to the bedside of the dying woman, and there, standing and in silence, I caught myself contemplating her.

Illness had wreaked terrible havoc on her defeated face, and yet Angelie had never seemed more beautiful to me. The last sorrows had spread over this face a sort of sweet melancholy, and the approach of death had cast there a certain tint of pious resignation which inspired I know not what chaste feelings of virtue and like dreamy aspirations towards the beatitudes of heaven: so sweet are the memories of the past, so delightful the dreams of the exile who

thinks of his homeland, so serene and holy would be the visions of an angel arrested on earth and dreaming of the things of Paradise, so was the beauty of Angelie.

Pale and discolored, Angeline was more charming: the purity of her forehead, the beauty of her features, seemed to stand out more, imprinted with something delightful, ineffable. Her large, slow and glowing eyes, which now retained only their softness and a resigned languor, a charm so powerful for unhappy souls, had acquired an expression of sweet tenderness, of sublime serenity of which the tongue of man does not know to speak, but which were to come closer to divine things.

So I looked at my daughter in silence; she too looked at me with a sadness that revealed a certain concern. I was violently agitated, and I hid my confusion; she was moved on her side, but she made an effort not to reveal herself. Several times I noticed that she wanted to say something, and several times I saw that the word stopped uncertain on her lips.

Finally, turning resolutely towards me, and half raising her head, she said these words which I will never forget: "My father, my dear father, why are we cheating on each other?" What is the use of nurturing, hidden and solitary, a cruel secret which weighs too much in our hearts, and fear a revelation? By a feeling of paternal tenderness, you have hitherto hidden from me both your sad apprehensions and the immensity of your pain; you told me, you tell me again that I will heal and live. By a feeling of the same nature, I too have hidden my sufferings from you, and a hundred times, not ignoring my position, but thinking that perhaps you did not know it, you, I said that I was well, I repeated with you that my condition did not inspire fear. However, now neither you nor I can ignore the truth, the sad truth. Why would we still keep hiding it from ourselves? The pains themselves, the great desolations of the soul must be shared by two hearts that love each other, and there is some consolation for the unfortunate in talking about their misfortunes, in discharging them into the breast one on the other, and sometimes even in knowing its full extent.

"No, father, no, no thought, no pain must live withdrawn into the womb of one of us who have only one heart, one life. Hey! Are we not separated enough from the rest of humans to want to separate ourselves from each other too? Are we not already isolated enough? Alone, quite alone on earth, won't you soon be, you father?" And saying these words, she burst into tears, the poor child; and as I felt mine on the verge of bursting, I wanted to retire so as not to betray myself, "No, father," She then continued, no, do not go away from your daughter: your tears let them flow in her bosom: together with her tears perhaps they will soften one another. Soon you will cry on your own; soon your daughter will be separated from you, for she will go on long journeys, the endless journeys of eternity. She will leave, but you, you her companion, her guide, her friend, you will not accompany her departure, you will not come with her.

"Yes, she will be leaving. Don't be fooled anymore, don't deceive her anymore: the hour has come: she is going to leave. A weak and rootless plant, storms will prevail; flower of the desert deprived of the dew of the sky, your Angelie could only live one morning; at dawn the day passed away; in the spring the rose withered, it withered under the cruel winds, and it leaned over the earth which could not keep it.

"She will leave! Soon she will be no more. In a few days, maybe tomorrow, the sun will rise, but it will no longer light up his eyes; the pure wave of the fountains will flow, will always flow, but Angelie's life will no longer flow; on earth the warm breezes of the sky will pass again, soft and moaning, but Angelie they will not wake her up any more, and in her grave, the plaintive murmurs which lull the dead will only send her a deeper, deeper sleep. And when the sad voice of her father calls her, who will seek her everywhere, who will ask her incessantly in the mountains and in the valleys, at her father's inconsolable voice, Angelie's voice will no longer respond, never again. "

At these words my heart was broken, my sighs burst out; I could no longer hold back my tears; those of Angelie redoubled, and she continued in a weaker, sadder, more resigned voice:

"Father dear, I am cruel to you, but forgive your daughter for this necessary outpouring: her eyes needed to cry, needed to pour out into the heart of the one she will soon leave. Father dear, weep, therefore weep with her; she is going to die and death is bitter, too bitter to her soul. Death ... No, it would have been kind to him, for what did she have to do here below, she the child of exile and misfortune? She would die with joy, because it is towards her homeland, the homeland of heaven that she is leaving: but ... but ... now..... Her father.... Who will accompany him? Who will dry his tears? Who will give strength to his feet and courage to his heart? Who will help him to bear the weight of life and who will close his eyes in the hours of death? Oh! How cruel this thought is for Angelie's heart! How bitter her last moments! Lord, Lord, father of the born infant, what a chalice! Jesus, comforter of the poor dying, Mary, refuge and mother of the afflicted, have mercy on the poor orphan; throw into her soul the strength that she does not have. Yes, yes, I would like to live, but it would be to be with my father ... And if I have to go, then, why not would he not come with me? ... My father, in the same grave ... our sleep ... "Insane! But what am I saying? No, my father, no, live. It is the will of your God, it is your destiny; live and forget, if possible, the unfortunate Angelie. She was part of the world where everything goes, where nothing lasts: For a few moments she hastened her course; but what does it matter to the waters of the torrent which go out to the sea, that in their murmuring bed they are more or less precipitated, that a little earlier or a little later they reach their rest.

"There is a great word, father, and this word is a shield of war, a flag of victory, but it is also, you know, a heavenly and comforting balm. Who knows how to say it is invincible: God wills it,

God wills it - this is the divine weapon of the holy warriors who fight the great battles throughout the world their enemy, and against a certain fatality of evil which pursues them unceasingly. The will of their God is everything for them, it must be everything for you. A crippled and broken traveler, when you encounter obstacles on your way, do not be discouraged; look at the sky, be filled with hope, say God wills it - and walk, GOD WANTS IT, say it while climbing the painful path of the mountain, say it while traversing the ways trodden by the feet of the men which make them harsher, more difficult. During your abandonment and in your joys, and if ever, alas! more will be found in your heart, in the middle of the night and in the middle of the day, say - God wills it: and your strength will become greater, and your fight more holy, and your victory more glorious, and you will overcome life. . And then, up there in heaven, your daughter will beg the Father of Mercies to shorten her father's cruel trial.

"Unhappy father! Unfortunate girl! This may be the last time we are talking to each other; it is perhaps his last farewell that the sad Angelie said to his father. Father too dear, now that your daughter can still hear the word of your mouth and feel the pressure of your hand, now that we are alone and that nothing comes to disturb our pains or profane the mystery of our sacred loves, my father, here at the bedside of the one who is about to die, promise to live and forget ... your daughter. Come ... from your lips ... press the burning forehead of the sad Angelie, and give her your ... last ... blessing ..."

At these words I could no longer moderate my pain. I felt my heart float in my chest; I was about to shout loudly and wreak havoc in the house. Once and twice I tied my quivering lips to my daughter's lips, and raising a trembling hand over her, I escaped, saying: I will live, but I will never forget Angelie. Daughter, I bless you.

I went out, I ran into the country, I plunged into the woods crying: O my daughter, O Angelie! And the woods repeated: My daughter, O Angelie!

The poor child had guessed. It was her last farewell she had given me. On returning I found her entered into a crisis from which she was only to come out to enter a series of other more serious, more violent crises.

Finally the supreme moment arrived. The dying woman opened her eyes which wandered for some time languid, veiled, extinct, but as if searching for an object: and having finally met me with those dying eyes, she fixed them for a few moments on me — then she closed them again, and bent her head...

I was there. I saw her die. I don't know what scary troubled my chest; rivers of blood tormented my breast and rushed tumultuously to gather around my temples; my head flared; in her I felt something break or like to relax; between the most intimate powers of my being

there was a terrible shock as well as that of a machine which is disorganized. I let myself fall. I became numb, motionless, petrified. No feeling of agitation appeared on my face: only with a dry, ardent, stupid eyelash, I gazed at the pale face of the deceased, incessantly following her in all the movements that were made to her under this devouring gaze. in which seemed to have spent my whole life. I kept that frightening stillness all day, all night after it. I was not disturbed; no one tried to console me, perhaps fearing something tragic. Frequent movements, chants of death, all the funeral preparations, enveloped my long and dark reverie. My daughter's remains were taken to the place of their eternal rest. I did not get up; I did not accompany the funeral convoy. Three days and three nights during, I remained in this same state, in this same attitude, looking with my burning eye for something that I could not find any more, still motionless and one would have said calm. My darkly deep passions had withdrawn to the depths of my soul, like those storms which we sometimes see take refuge behind dark and distant regions. However, from time to time something violent, terrible, seemed to pass through my dark face, as well as at the approach of the heads of black clouds crossing the tormented sky.

At the end of the third day, as if suddenly emerging from my sleep, I got up impetuously. I went out; I rushed into the countryside. It was evening: I was alone, and woe to anyone who wanted to follow me. I ran; instinctively I guessed the place and the place where the deceased had been buried. I began to search the earth. Something appeared; I shudder: I violated the asylum of death. But who could stop my sacrilegious hands? I continued ... I saw her ... it was she ... insane! What sleep I disturbed! It was she ... I stopped ... For a long time, with my eager and amazed gaze, I gazed at the virgin's breast and her forehead bent over her eternal bed; then, slowly, slowly, I inclined my ravaged breast towards the silent tomb, and, with immense tumults, I seized in my arms the death, husky, husky. I embraced with frantic movements of the lifeless remains that the fiery breath of my heart could not bring back. These were however the remains of my daughter! But Angelie was the child of misfortune and the predestined of heaven. I then placed her on my knees, and taking her head in my hands, I began to contemplate her again. Withdrawn from under the curtains of the sepulcher, Angelia was still beautiful, and the earth had kept the daughter of the desert pure, and death seemed to have respected the sleeping virgin.

Suddenly, a strange idea crossed my mind. The desert ... the desert ... she will sleep with her mother... The extravagance was nameless, the enterprise mad, the difficulties enormous. But was I able to understand, to measure all this? I didn't stop to think about it. With my foot I pushed the inhospitable earth into the empty tomb, and, laden with the sacred weight of death and the immense burden of life like two deep and terrible mysteries, I left, carrying Angelie and carrying with me all my pains to the depths of solitude. There was doubtless madness in my action; but there was also something so pious, so vaguely sad, I would almost

say so sublime, that by meeting him on the ways of the desert, one might have forgiven the unhappy man, the foolish father of Angelie.

Then began this mad, unspeakable, incredible race of pain and despair. I headed towards the desert. I walked, I ran, I rushed through the straightest lines, through the most difficult paths, in a hurry, ardent, invincible; crossing mountains and precipices, not stopping in front of any danger, not letting me discourage or overcome by any difficulty, but always avoiding inhabited places and meeting people. Suffering, despondency, all needs, all necessities, were nothing to me: I despised them, I didn't even think about them. I wanted everything, I overcame everything, and in the face of obstacles my strength seemed to be reborn and doubled.

When I was overwhelmed with fatigue, I placed the sacred burden on the earth; when sweat flooded my forehead, I wiped it with Angelie's hair, which the lonely breeze spread in unsettled waves around my face like a funeral pancake; and when the lengths of the journey had overcome my strength, I stopped under a tree of solitude and I repaired these failing and necessary strengths with fruits that I also presented to Angelie, saying to her: Wake up, oh my daughter, and take these fruits which the desert has produced: afterwards you will sleep a deeper and sweeter sleep. But Angelie did not take the fruit that I presented to her, and she did not wake up. In the waves of the stream where I had once baptized her, I now washed the forehead of the virgin sleeping in the sleep of death: and her pure, white forehead seemed to come back to life, but not yet Angelie woke up.

Finally, after having traversed in three days and three nights an immense space which whole months are hardly enough to cross, I arrived at the place where Angelie was born, where her mother rested, and where she too was to rest forever. When I got there, I cried out: Strong woman of virtue and grace, holy daughter of the hills of Lebanon, I bring your daughter back to you: receive her by your side; at your side let her sit down, fall asleep. Then, laying down Angelie for the last time, I said to her: Here at least, oh pure flower that no profane hand collects, here, oh virgin whom death alone could marry, you will be able to sleep peacefully in your mother's womb. But will your mother recognize you, she who never sees you? Will her breast find him again, you who did not know her? My daughter, at least today in the tomb you will meet. So saying this I began to dig the earth, and beside the ashes of the holy woman, daughter of the hills of Lebanon, I laid out the unfortunate child of misfortune. Then, on the edge of the open pit, I paused for a long time to consider my daughter, still with my frightening pain, always with my barren and bewildered gaze, and with my sick mind which was enveloped more and more in black darkness and gloomy ideas, visibly leading him to something dreadful,

Imagine a statue of dark bronze; that we lend to this statue a soul with immense passions adapted to its being and in relation to its physical nature; let these formidable passions be ignited within the black bronze; that through this figure, in the middle of the deserts, then pass immense storms throwing winds and agitations upon it, and that at the same time over the dark and tormented effigy. come to reflect and this soul and its frightening powers in the midst of the whirlwinds of the hurricane and we will have an idea of what I was, standing there in the presence of the burning skies, inclined on a gaping grave, in the depths of the solitudes of ancient Assyria.

Little by little dark thoughts took hold of my soul, which was cleared by the immensity of the pain, and the dispositions of my mind, and the sadness of the place, and the loss of all hope, and which, above all, weakened, deprived of strength. supernatural and lights from above that she had rejected, found herself as in a dreadful night, walking from darkness to darkness towards something that was not long in coming.

For suddenly a dark shadow seemed to touch me: the specter gave me a terrible breath, and the hand of an infernal spirit bowed me, pushed me ... into the grave ... of my daughter ... ineffable pleasures, the frightful pleasures of death at the mere idea of which one shudders.

Foolish! It was all over with me. Living corpse, I was already pressing convulsively, my breast on her breast, my mouth on her mouth ... a buried corpse. It was done forever; it was perhaps over with my eternity, when, O prodigy! Slow as death, but soft as the pious love of a girl, once and twice detached Angelie's hand from her peaceful breast, pushing me away slowly but forcefully.

Was it a miracle of grace? Was it an effect which, although extraordinary, nevertheless fell within the scope of natural causes? I am inclined to believe that the Lord, in spite of the enormity of his crime, wanted once again, in his great mercy, to save poor Zacharie from the mouth of hell, after having let him half sink into it, to Perhaps to make one understand to what is exposed himself who, too confident in himself, does not pray, does not resign himself to the will of his God.

Be that as it may, this secret warning from the grave, strongly shook the powers of my soul, pushed them back to their center of unity, and making them return to their normal order, brought me back to their normal order, me brought to mind.

So I understood my danger and the magnitude of my crime as well as the full extent of my misfortunes. But this misfortune appeared to me in a less hopeless aspect. Then the repentance of my sin mingling with my other earthly pains, so to speak, relaxed them and made them take on a softer, more tender, more human character. Then my eyes, for so long

arid, were moved, finally opened. Then, very abundant were the tears which I shed on the arena of the desert or in the tomb of my daughter. So abundant are the morning rains at Galgala (*Ed. Gilgal*), or those of the evening at Hésébon (*Ed. ancient town east of the Jordan River*) in the solitude of Misor; thus bitter but beneficent are the dews which come upon the night; fatal hills of Gelboé (*Ed. Mountains of Gelboe, is a mountain range overlooking the Jezreel Valley in Israel to the north.*) thus under the oak of tears at the foot of the mountains of Bethel wept perhaps, inconsolable, the chaste Rebecca on the country mausoleum of Deborah her nurse.

So a thousand and a thousand times, weeping, I pressed with my burning lips the virginal hand that had saved me; then, finally throwing my last words and my last kisses on her whom all my love had not been able to revive, I pushed the burning sand and the earth shattered into the bed of death. For a few moments the virgin's forehead and breast surmounted the flood of the white arena, like the chalices of two twin flowers which the water of a mountain torrent invade in a corner of the valley, surmount the flood, always increasing. And when these last appearances were going to veil and be lost forever with my last hopes: Sleep in peace, I cried out loudly, sleep in peace, O girl of the desert! Farewell, O Angelie! Goodbye forever! And I pushed the earth away again, and it was all gone.

I returned to my house which I found deserted. Alas! Who could I meet there? My father was no more; my daughter, I looked for it in vain; and for the rest of the men, very quickly they had moved away.

Nothing could soften my sorrows more. Prayer itself, balm of all evils, no longer had for me its power and charms of old: in the holy temple, at the foot of the peaceful altars of the God of peace, my pain seemed to increase and become deeper and more restless; and in the silent night in the presence of the infinite sky, my heart seemed to open up to greater troubles, and my sorrows took on a character of immensity in connection with the endless spaces which spread above my head. Alas! I prayed badly; I did not know what I was asking: that is why my prayer was weak.

I then resolved to leave this land of misfortune and to go abroad again. But this land, misfortune had made it sacred, and I did not know how painful it is to move away from a place to which our steps are tied by the bonds of misfortune. Where man has shed his bitterest tears, there is his homeland. An ancient habit of the soul, pain seems to have singular feature for us: the daughter of primitive disorder, the result and effect of cruel privations and insatiable desires degenerated into indefatigable passions and mortal infirmities, only it is what belongs to us. In its own right, only it is, as a passive element of our being, what is most real and in a way infinite in us: in it is all our power: it is the bone of our bones and the flesh of our flesh. This is why she attaches us so strongly to her steps and binds us to her destinies.

How cruel was my separation from these places filled for me with such sad memories, filled with so many lost hopes! I cried, I called Angelie, I looked for her everywhere.

But, alas, only inanimate beings were the enablers of my desolate retreat and the secret witnesses of my bitter tears. Often I addressed myself to them; more than once I spoke to them of Angelie: and they seemed to be moved, and they seemed, also sad and compassionate, to become animated and answer: She is no more, she is no more.

How many times have I walked through all the places consecrated by my daughter's footsteps! How many times I conversed with the objects she had touched, and with that air that had entered her bosom, and with those secret spirits, sons of innocence and mystery, who dwelt around her! But everything answered me: She is no more, she is no more.

For several days I wandered in the countryside, sometimes crying over Angelie's empty grave and sometimes over my father's exiled grave. Several times I dragged myself languidly, in disorder, through all the corners of the deserted house; a thousand times I kissed my daughter's cradle, I sat down on her abandoned bed, I touched what she had touched, I kissed what had belonged to her. But everything said to me: She is no more, she is no more.

Then the cruel hour, the hour of departure finally arrived. More than once I left the house which no longer had inhabitants, which should no longer have a master, more than once I returned ... I came back, oh my daughter, and I sought, and I called you, and I waited for you: but you did not answer the voice of your father.

I left: and when from afar, for the last time, I still discovered the sacred roof, the theater of my misfortunes, formerly the shelter of my daughter Angelie, and the roof that I left forever. Oh! My heart seemed to go to unknown depths; I almost fainted; for a long time I stopped to consider it. Finally: Farewell, I cried, land of sorrows and memories; farewell, sacred places of former happiness; farewell, O roof of my fathers, O cradle of my daughter, farewell forever! And I walked away.

From now on the whole universe was open before me: but at my heart it needed no less than a world, and the whole earth could only be an eternal exile for one who had already twice lost his homeland.

I headed for the south, intending to visit the lands of Syria and Palestine. Perhaps, I said to myself, the immense sorrows of the daughter of Zion mingling with my immense sorrows, there on the tops of the holy mountain at the foot of the Cross, will transform them by sanctifying them. Perhaps ... who knows? She has so many magical charms this land all covered with its mourning, all full of its desolations; it hides so many mysteries between its prophetic caves, so much future in its unfolded horizons, so many glorious tombs in its mortuary valleys; it contains in the past and in the future so many marvelous things which

enlighten the mind, which elevate genius, and which, by pouring into the soul of one who meditates a weight of forces, of sublime, superhuman virtues, him make you raise your eyes to heaven and forget things down here ... Who knows if I won't forget myself a little? Who knows if, at the foot of the great sepulcher where death was conquered, I will not overcome the sting of life, or if, too happy not to have to wake up anymore, I will not fall asleep there forever under the footsteps of pious generations.

And thinking so I traveled a long time in that direction. I had resolved to avoid the desert which enclosed the remains of my daughter, the vast desert sitting with its torn hills, its scorching sands and its bitter waters, at the head of Assyrian Mesopotamia, pulling towards the East. I wanted to avoid it, but a cruel fatality urged me there, and after several days of walking, I don't know why, I don't know how, I found myself engaged in it. I sank deeper and deeper into it, wanting to run away from it or barely touch it, along the western line.

One evening, I was traveling accompanied by my reveries in the northern part of the solitude, which, on this side, is strewn with large and frequent tufts of wood. I walked under the low, torn arch of trees growing painfully on barren soil. They were saline plants, a species of sunken pines fairly developed in elevation, but whose obscure vegetation like the black leaf and all encrusted with salt, dragged themselves slowly and arid in the perpetual and scorching wind.

At the bottom of the avenues of the sad forest, my gaze, a thousand times broken by the trunks of the trees, saw a sort of clearing rather large and circular in shape. I would say to myself on that side. I walked: the only quivering of my steps tearing arid and discolored grass, or treading on withered wormwood plants devoured by the burning soil, accompanied me. No other noise was heard around me: only a bird, in the distance, uttered its plaintive song at nightfall, which was repeated from afar, in a more mournful tone, perched on some lonely tree a dozing owl. Sometimes the two night birds suspended their sad melody, and the surprised solitude seemed to soften. Sometimes they alternately resumed their monotonous song, which fell without variation at long and measured intervals, sad, slow, inexorable, and was lost in the infinity of the desert whose desolations seemed to redouble.

The day had been hot but covered with choppy vapors, and the night was falling dark, silent, suffocating. I was traveling slowly. In my oppressed chest, constricted and as if cramped, my heart was tormented: it was said that this envelope which could not contain it, it was going to break it and rush into the infinity of the outside. As I walked forward, something indefinable which was there near me, which kept growing, which enveloped me on all sides, also advanced, in the midst of all my emotions, together with all my sorrows which became wider, deeper with each step, like those dark beaches I was walking through.

When I reached the edge of the clearing, I stopped, trembling, filled with horror, the cause of which I did not understand. Suddenly, there in front of me, at a certain distance, I thought I saw a human being. I approached; I thought I recognized a woman. Sitting on the earth, there in the center of the amphitheater of the woods, among the sands of the deserted beach, her forehead bowed, her hair sparse and trailing, her arms folded around something which she held tight between her knees and her breast, the woman was crying. She was crying, and with a painful look she gazed incessantly at the object which she held in her arms, and as faint murmurs which I could barely grasp escaped from her mouth, alike by these notes which the angel of melancholy mingles with the sighs of the breezes, in the evening, at the hour of twilight, near the places where the dead lie. Sad, very sad were his lamentations; bitter like the waters of Mara (*Ed. a.k.a. Marah*) in the desert of Sur (*Ed. Desert of the Suez*) were his tears, and abundant were his tears like the springs of Raphidim (*Ed. 'Raphidim' is one of the places visited by the Israelites in the biblical account of the Exodus from Egypt*) in Oreb, or as in Lebanon, those of Panium (*Ed. Area near Paneas or Caesarea Philippi*) where the fortunate waves of the Jordan originate. The mysteries of the night, the silence of the desert, the distant voice of the two nocturnal birds, accompanied the complaints of the stranger. Such must have been, slaughtered on his dung heap, in the midst of the multitude of his bitterness, the famous Idumean of the Aulite (*Ed. Southeast of Judah between the Dead Sea and the Gulf of Aqaba*), king of the land of Hus (*Ed. Home of Job*), the man of trial and strength, true Israel Juliant against an Archangel and strong against God. Such would perhaps be the genius of pain seated on the ashes of the dead in the valley of Jehoshaphat, or else sighing my misfortunes on the tomb of Angelie.

Something irresistible pushed me towards the mysterious creature. I felt drawn to an inevitable Pythia (*Ed. High priestess of the temple of Apollo at Delphi, who was considered the most prestigious and authoritative oracle*). I walked towards her, taking with me all the immense procession of my sadness, my misfortunes, and all the dirtiness of this stormy heart, where in each case are gathered violent fears and disturbed sensations. She seemed to notice my presence only when I was a few feet away from her.

But as soon as I stood there, I was troubled; my tongue twitched; my lips quivered, and from my breast could only come out with difficulty, like from a hollow grave, these short, jerky words: Woman, why are you weeping? Woman, what are your misfortunes? She looked at what she was holding between her breasts and seemed to squeeze it tighter, but she didn't respond. My fear increased. I repeated my request: the voice came with an effort, hoarse and hollow, from my deaf chest; the pulsations of my heart were stronger, more pressed, my thoughts, more distraught, and more restless and vaster I felt becoming my sorrows. But the woman kept the same silence.

Then fiery flames, passions outside of nature, seized all my senses. All my blood leaks, hot and frothy, through my uplifted veins. In my breast which was breaking, it was no longer troubles, fears, it was a storm of fire. Something to which I could not give a name rushed me towards the mysterious being that I needed to embrace in my arms, to press on my heart with unbridled violence, in the midst of ineffable pleasures. I was going to unite, under the dark night, in the immensity of the deserts, the misfortunes with the misfortunes; I was going to marry, in a tumultuous union and in nameless loves, the pains to the pains, like the infinite to the infinite, as to abysses other deeper abysses, where henceforth my soul could rest or rest lose forever.

I rushed forward. It was all over with the woman of the desert, if at all it was one: by falling on my burning breast, passing through my arms which had become devouring, she would have been suffocated or broken. But I no longer found her in her place, and looking for her with an eager and ardent eye, I saw her withdrawing, more sad, more desolate.

But, oh delirium of my mind troubled by a ghost! As she disappeared, I thought I recognized my wife in her, holding her daughter Angelie tightly pressed against her breast, still asleep in her sleep, pale and serene as on the day when death had married her. Even I thought I heard, soft and sad as a melody from the grave, a voice that slowly sent me, losing itself in the forest, the beloved shadow, and which said: Angelie, Angelie. This voice struck me like a distant and sacred memory: it was her voice: it was her.

Alas! A second time I almost lost my mind. I uttered immense, multiplied cries which disturbed the silence and the peace of solitude. I rushed after the ghost which had vanished, repeating: Angelie, Angelie. I rushed violently, furiously, beside myself. I ran I do not remember in which direction, under insane impulses, with an impetuosity without rule and without brake. I ran all night; I ran the two nights and the following two days, without respite, without rest, bewildered, bewildered, choosing no path, not deliberating in the face of any difficulty, not measuring any danger, not taking any food, not quenching my thirst at any source, crossing all the torrents that I met, throwing me across all the precipices which opposed my steps, crossing woods and mountains, devouring vast spaces, always fiery garlic, bare head, chest loose and enlarged, in the middle burning heat and blazing winds that I did not even feel or that I despised, hardened, indefatigable as my pains, relentless as a raging shadow or as a sinister fatality, and ceaselessly shouting in an insatiable voice: O Angelie, oh my Angelie! But always, only, the echoes of the desert repeated: O Angelie, O my Angelie! Several times I disturbed the peaceful waves of solitude which went away faster, more moaning; several times, on the tops of the mountains, I pressed the trunks of the old trees between my ardent arms: and I shook them, and I thought I felt them throb on my breast; several times I lifted, I

pressed enormous rocks against my chest: and the cold and hard rocks, it seemed to me to set them ablaze, almost to animate them.

O trouble in my mind! O delirium of my heart! Oh bad happy man of sin! Foolish! I sought relief from the immense weight which overwhelmed me, and I placed greater burdens upon myself; I needed to see, and I threw myself into the darkness; I was crippled, and I sought salvation in greater infirmities. Fool! I had not known how to resign myself; I had rebelled against the will of the Lord: and the Lord had punished me by leaving me on my own: and I had fallen into nameless follies and unparalleled disorders.

But, O goodness of my God! These are your blows, Lord, to you who delight in working wonders in the most desperate cases. Men forsake the guilty man, and they flee from him, the unfortunate, and weak they persecute him. But you, Lord, you come to us in our needs, in our misfortunes, in our very crimes: you run to us, or else you draw us to your heart: and when we believed you were the most distant, you show yourselves to our sides to save us, to console us.

The Lord did not forsake me, and when I was deepest in the bottom of the abyss, half drowned in the waters of death, he came to me. Arrived at the end of the third day of my mad rush to the uninhabited places where Palmyra was, I fell, and from the midst of these ruins that centuries have whitewashed I hoped I would never have to get up again.

It was then that God had mercy on the son of misfortune. It was then that he sent me his most beautiful graces and his most sublime gifts, to perhaps make me understand that everything is free in man, child of sin and death.

Now at that time the Lord God healed the spirit of the seer of Judah, and he fortified his heart, and he enlightened his eyes, to which he opened the sources of the divine lights, revealing to them the mysteries of the future.

I was transported in spirit. And I saw great visions. And this is what I saw.

SECOND WORDS OF PROPHECY OUT OF THE EMPIRE OF AQUILON

I

1. At the bottom of the southern seas, at the last limits of the world, between these eternally icy circles of the axis which sees the motionless South star, the globe was shaken.
2. Heated, the cold oceans were moved, bubbled, and at the bottom of the abysses raised from these seas forever unknown, formidable noises were heard which rose, rose with frightening disorders, upsetting the tormented abysses and strongly shaking the earth terrified and floating.
3. And when all these noises were tumultuously amassed at still enormous distances from the quivering surface, they burst, shattering and throwing back the icy envelope, as underground lava bursts, carrying the torn entrails of the dead which it throws in waves, fleeing in flames or pouring out in devouring rains of fire.
4. So, from among these places covered by eternal night, I saw come out and rise like an immense and dark whirlwind that threw itself on the world: it was the son of the abyss, Satan.
5. He came to take his turn to prepare his last conquests, to seize creation and establish his reign there definitively.
6. He appeared: I saw him: his forms were vague, obscure, frightening; his face was all devastated; his gaze was like a blazing star that is seen in the sound of the heavens on a dark night; its mouth resembled the smoking crater of volcanoes.
7. He rushed across the seas, which he traversed in unequal and disproportionate leaps, followed by the funeral procession of the underworld. He hurried his disorderly flight: before him marched night and death, after him endless pain and despair, and all around his forehead all furrowed by the vengeful thunderbolts of Jehovah, but which rose superbly still and menacingly in the midst of the darkness that enveloped him, continuous storms roared.
8. On its passage the waves followed full of foam, the abysses opened trembling, and the islands sank.

9. He ascended the icy oceans, and passed, like a whirlwind of a hurricane, through all the lower lines of the seas of the Conquest (Ed. a.k.a. Latin -'Vidi'), heading on the east side, and then declining to the west.
10. And I saw him cross in some leaps, all the southern seas, and all the islands of the maritime world, and all the waves of the troubled Pacific Ocean; and he went to approach at the southern tip of the New World on the desolate shores of the Isle of Fire.
11. There, on the course of thunderstorms, he stopped for a moment as if to confirm himself in his enterprise. Then casting a curse on the earth and a blasphemy on the heavens, he rushed into the universal sea and headed for the northern regions.
12. He ran, the son of the abyss, he ran in the presence of heaven, under the gaze of day, between troubled seas and around quivering lands, like a devouring lion circling around prey: and he did not did not stop.
13. And he skirted all the western coasts of two great peninsulas formerly unknown to men but not to God: in an instant he turned the promontory of Michael the Holy, passed the Windward Isles (*Ed. a.k.a. the Islands of Barlovento, are the southern, generally larger islands of the Lesser Antilles, within the West Indies.*), traversed all the waves of Antilia (*Ed. Antillia (or Antilia) is a phantom island that was reputed, during the 15th-century age of exploration, to lie in the Atlantic Ocean, far to the west of Portugal and Spain*) the sought after, touched a hot and constricted Panama, which was ready, by expanding, to unleash the two Oceans.
14. From there, always hastening his course, he crossed with rapidity the tongue of fertile Florida, the Sand Islands, the New Lands, the coasts of Greenland, the rocks of the Eskimos, and entered obscurely and in disorderly flight into the ocean with unexplored shores of the upper pole which it traversed in all its expanses, passing through all the hyperborean latitudes of the two worlds, squinting at all the desert islands, at all the cold shores, and above all at all the desolate coasts of the sad and barren Siberia.
15. But then arrived Zemlia (*Ed. Symbolic reference –In Russia a clandestine revolutionary organization*) the new earth, the Son of the Abyss stopped a second time; and I saw that, turned from the neck of the land, he contemplated for a long time the empire which was dying out in all the regions of Aquilon.
16. He beheld him, sitting there before him, vast, mighty, domineering, surrounded by his network of mountains, lakes, rivers, like a circle of indestructible chains; he beheld its immense expanse, and its proud cities, and its formidable fortresses: his heart rejoiced, and it quivered with pleasure, and he made a conical movement to rush towards the superb empire; but he restrained himself, and said, It is well. This is where I established...

17. Satan did not finish, for he resumed his walk through the seas, crossed the last circles of the pole of Boreas, and, passing the coasts of Scandinavia, he plunged into the universal sea which he traversed like a line, by walking from the north to the south and alongside ancient Caledonia, and Albion the noble, and all the green coasts of Libya.
18. He finally turned the Cape of Hope, quickly ascended the whole Indian Sea, entered through the gates of mourning into the Strait of Dire, and from there into the Red Gulf which enlarged its fatal bosom, and pushed back towards the East and West Africa and the Arabias.
19. After which I saw the black archangel leap and suddenly launch himself into the lake of sulfur which sits on Sodom and Gomorrah, daughters of prostitution.
20. So through all the waters Satan had circled the earth. All the ribs he had touched had become sterile; on all the waves he had crossed a furrow imprinted with colors that we do not know in this world had opened and marking the trace of his passage, while the fish of the seas had died of death when the spirit of the darkness had been brought over the waters.
21. But as soon as he had fallen into Lake Mori, the Son of the Abyss sank, reappeared, sank again, and reappeared again: the abysses which tried to drag him down could not swallow him up, and I finally saw his forehead rise above the waves, and I heard him speak, and he said:
22. I have made my turn, everywhere I rule. But ... this sign, this sign and he looked with black fury at the holy hill of Golgotha - no, I will not be strong, my reign will be peaceful only when I have cut down by the root this tree of ignominy: this is the strength of my enemy.
23. The Cross ... The Cross ... this word burns my lips ... But the hour has come: this word, I am going to tear it out forever from the mouths of men; this tree, I will uproot it from the roots of the earth, and under my feet in the depths I will tread the infamous sign.
24. The hour has come. I will finally be able to rise to the eternal heights from which the tyrant drove me, and sit on this sublime throne that I once aspired to.
25. I will be able ... but ... unfortunate! ... No, heaven is no longer for me, and a sigh seemed to escape from her breast; then he resumed immediately: Well, yes, war, eternally war...
26. In the meantime, everything is prepared: the supreme hour arrives, the fight will begin. My ministers ... the dragon...
27. Rejoice, shadows of my empire! Our reign is about to begin ... Tremble, oh earth! O heavens! ... Curse to you...
28. Let the despot reign up there in his solitary empire over a small number of children and old people. For me I am the king of the world, I am the god of the depths: my kingdom is darkness, my throne is death, my scepter despair, my standard revolt, my crown evil.

29. Satan, Satan, arise, God of the underworld.... War, eternally war..... May good perish without return..... Eternal triumph over evil!
30. When I heard these words, I was seized with trembling and weakness, and I fell to the ground, and cried out, Your arm, Lord, your arm?
31. But at that same moment I felt the touch of an invisible hand on me: all my flesh quivered; the blood of my heart spilled and ran swiftly through my raised arteries, and the marrow of my bones was filled with fiery heat.
32. After that I felt strengthened. And as I was still prostrate on the ground, I heard that a voice say to me: Son of the prophets, do not be afraid, because what you see is I the Lord God, who show it before your eyes, that you may see and speak, and the earth may be instructed by your mouth as to things which are to come.
33. The hours are already numbered and the day is approaching, the day of life and death which is the day of the Lord God: the Lord will be justified and his hand will not be overcome.
34. Son of the prophets, arise and continue to see what is and what should be.
35. After that the invisible hand touched me again. So I felt strong and brave, and I got up, and I saw.

II

1. I saw that two men came out of one of the mouths which are in the heads of the dragon, and they 'passed through all the countries of Muhammad, the son of fanaticism: first the countries which are towards the West in the part of Europe, and then those of the South in fertile but desolate Asia.
2. They carried in their hands an overturned cross; they rushed, daring, violent, on their way, and to all those they met they shouted: We are fighting for Christ. - Come.
3. Be with us. The princes of Aquilon will make you free and happy; our great king will bless you and you will be blessed. We are fighting for Christ. Come.
4. And those to whom they said these things were very many; and they were the enemies of Mahomet, the son of fanaticism; and they called themselves the old and true faithful of Christ: but they adored the inverted cross.

5. Now as soon as they saw the cross overturned in the hands of the two dragon's men, they approached them and said, "Yes".
6. Then they cried out, God is God, and Caesar is his prophet; our fathers the patriarchs are the ministers of the Lord, but Caesar is his high priest: may Caesar be our king and may he be the first and universal Pontiff;
7. But may he deliver us from our enemies, may he deliver us above all from false worshipers of the cross, the children of Rome, who are our first and greatest enemies. We praise Caesar, we bless him, and we worship him. Who.
8. And saying these words, they kissed the feet of the two men who went away laughing under their hands.
9. But the two dragon's men were still walking: and I saw them come to the shores of the lake of sulfur. But Satan came to them and said to them, "Here you are, my ministers. It's good."
10. Then showing them with his hand Jerusalem, city of fatalities: here it is, he said, go, cover it with darkness; open up abysses in the midst of its walls; seize all the stones of its sanctuaries, all the vessels of its altars, all those vile things which are called sacred, and then pour out terror, weeping, and desolation upon them.
11. I am going to launch myself on the tops of the cursed mountain, and ... comes the day, he murmured between the livid cavities of his mouth, where, toy of my fury, thrown and dragged in the mire, all these things will descend into hell --- And they all three disappeared.
12. Then I turned my eyes towards the city of desolations, and on the top of Golgotha I saw a celestial spirit.
13. Standing before the Cross, in the solemn attitude of contemplation, enveloped in silence and peace, and as if lost in sublime elevations, he kept his gaze unceasingly allied to the holy sign raised on the famous mountain of sacrifice.
14. Everything about him had to do with the nature of the things that had happened in these places; everything in him revealed the spirit of heaven, divine sentinel watching over the sacred deposit and keeping the sign of salvation.
15. Holy sorrows were spread over his face, but in those sorrows there was an ineffable depth of serenity and something sublime that resembled eternal triumph.
16. For eighteen centuries he had been there: sometimes motionless and as if absorbed by deep meditations, he seemed to replay within himself the marvelous history of Man-God, and to meditate on the enigmas of his sorrows and the immensities of his love.

17. Sometimes, looking up to the sky, he seemed lost in divine ecstasies; and sometimes, covering his forehead with his two wings white like the snows of the summits of Sharon, he veiled the tears which flowed from his eyes: sometimes also, considering those traces left in the valleys of the earth by the feet of the pilgrim of the heavens, Spirit seemed to be waiting.

18. It was the angel of Calvary; he was the keeper of the Cross. He had been there since the memorable day of the drinks.

19. At the same time I saw another vision. I saw, seated in the dust with her scattered hair and her unadorned head, the daughter of Zion: her hands were weak, her head languishing, her forehead covered with ignominy, and her eyes filled with tears.

20. The daughter of Zion had sinned: many as the stars of heaven, deep as the diseases of death were her iniquities: therefore the Lord had turned away from her the light of her eyes, and the strength of her arms; and he had abandoned her to the pains of her soul, great as the waves of the seas.

21. Are you satisfied with your bread of bitterness, o queen unhappy, you once the mistress of the nations, beautiful in your power, strong in your majesty, but now become a vile slave whom one hundred barbarian masters have in turn subjected and rejected after having raped her?

22. They have humbled your loins, they have defiled the bandage of your forehead, your cruel and ungodly lovers; strangers have possessed your foolish court; thou descended into all the valleys, and under the leaves of all the trees thou hast bowed down, the virgin of Zion.

23. Who is this girl who has been stripped and chained and beaten with rods? I saw you, O virgin of Zion, I saw you, cast naked into the public places and the ways of the nations: and your body was exposed to the eyes of all that pass by, so that all your defilements have appeared in the eyes of all: there is nothing more sane or modest in you, O daughter of iniquity.

24. Where are your clothes, O daughter of prostitution? Who will wash the girdle of your breast? Who will bandage your wounds, who will cover your nakedness, who will put your groom's ring on your finger?

25. You left your betrothed, and left his tent in the wilderness, and fled with the young men of Egypt, who forsook her in all lonely ways and in the waters of all rivers; but come back to your betrothed, come back, O abandoned girl, under the tent of the desert.

26. Arise, O daughter of Zion, arise, see your desolate valleys, see your desolate cities: the glory of Zion is no more: the towers of Jerusalem are fallen; its gates are broken and seated on

the earth; his altars stripped, profaned, are in pain and terror. Arise, O daughter of Zion, arise and cry.

27. But the feet of the daughter of Zion were weak; and by dint of moaning and by dint of weeping, her eyes had no more tears, her bosom had no more sighs.

28. However that day the daughter of Zion seemed to have recovered the vein of her tears, and she wept profusely.

29. Then I heard within Jerusalem great cries and howls of fury and words of blasphemy, and at the same time groans and accents of prayer. They were the sounds of a great combat, of a supreme struggle between death and life, between the ministers of Satan whom I had seen rushing into the city of sorrows, and the true worshipers of the Cross.

30. And they fought: and the true religion of Christ fought against a new religion rising from the well of the abyss; and they fought over the stone of a tomb from which flowed rivers of living water which covered the earth with their beneficent waters and repelled death ready to descend on the world ceaselessly like a devouring vampire.

31. This stone was that which a shining angel stirred in the days of miracles on the glorious sepulcher of the Galilean.

32. Now the new religion rising from the depths of the abyss, but which called itself the true religion of Christ, wanted to close the tomb and dry up the rivers of living water; and he wanted, assisted by the ministers of the dragon son of Satan, to break the stone of the sepulcher, and, from its remains, to build the city of evil where the chains of all tyrannies and the darkness of all hell were to reign, eternal.

33. Several times, in these same places, he had attacked his adversary, the daughter of heaven, and he had weakened her: yet he had never been able to completely free herself from it; but now that all his forces were united in a formidable plan, and that his rival, deprived of all earthly means, seemed no longer to resist, he flattered himself that he would definitely triumph. And they fought, and the nations were in expectation and fear.

34. Suddenly I heard cries of triumph, and applause, and voices that cried: Death, death to the infamous. And other voices repeated: Death, death. Then the ministers of evil, lifting their masks, said: Victory to us; glory to Caesar: and the depths answered these words with these words: Victory to Satan, glory to hell.

35. The city of David was in consternation; all the houses of Judah were full of tumult and desolation; the caves of the prophets groaned; the tears of the daughter of Zion redoubled, and the angel of Calvary covered herself with her wings.

36. Then the son of the deep, the bold Satan, rushed up the holy mountain to take away the sacred standard.

37. But the guardian spirit of Golgotha lifted one of its wings: its eyes rolled like two fiery wheels, and Satan disappeared with all the retinue of the underworld. At the same time the ministers of the dragon and of Satan lost much of the advantages they had obtained.

38. And the Cross always remained in its place.

III

1. Like one of those fearful meteors which disturb the peace of kings and peoples, and which roam, full of fire and anger, the immensities of the heavens, so from the heights of the sacred mountain, disappeared the angel of the underworld.

2. He disappeared, defeated but not discouraged, for he did not give up his work.

3. And a moment later I saw him on the shores of Lake Amer, to the east of the Hyrcanian Sea (*Ed. Southeast region of Caspian Sea*), in the uninhabited steppes of Karizm (*Ed. Region near Turkmenistan*).

4. There, between dark and bewildered rocks overhanging black abysses where perpetually moaning waves enter and disappear, a cave was found.

5. It was at that time the abode of the Turkoman pastor, the pastor of the wolves of the golden horde, in the land of the Kirghizia (*Ed. Kyrgyzstan*), the false prophet who sometimes prophesied the truth.

6. And I saw that Satan, the god of evil, called the false prophet; and taking him with him he said to him, faithful servant, prepare thy mouth. Come, prophesy: blessed and cursed: blessed the empire of Aquilon; but, curse, curse the bride of prostitution and blood that sat there - and he pointed to the west - in the fallen city and on the throne that is mine:

7. Between the arms of her crippled old man who befits and reigns, holding on his contemptible head a triple crown, she sat, the prostitute.

8. And thus saying, Satan carried away the dark dweller of the cave of the lake Amer; and he led him to the lofty peak of Bolor (*Ed. part of the eastern Pamir Mountains, a.k.a. ancient Mount Imeon*), between the lands of Sin and the deserts of Wandering Tartarus (*Ed. it is the deep abyss that is used as a dungeon of torment and suffering for the wicked. Tartarus is the place where, according to Plato's Gorgias (c. 400 BC), souls are judged after death and where*

the wicked received divine punishment.) to the center of the great Asiatic plateau, the highest on earth, and from the belt of which all the other mountains of this part stand out of the world.

9. There, showing the false prophet of Turkmenia all the kingdoms of the earth, with fierce joy he said: Behold, soon all this is ours: mouth of prophecy, prophesy: blessed and cursed.

10. But I saw that the mouth of the false prophet was powerless; it stirred; it turned horrible and it opened; but only confused murmurs and unintelligible words came out; and it fills inside and out with yellow and green foam; and he could not prophesy.

11. Then the god of lies prevailed on the top of another mountain, the top of Ararat, where the ark descended saint of Noah, son of Lamech, son of Mathusalem; and there, turning to the great empire of Aquilon, which was already touching at the root of the ancient mountain, he said to him: Here it is: mouth of the prophets, prophesy and bless.

12. And I saw again that the mouth of the false prophet was agitated for a long time: and his whole face was taken as by horrible convulsions; and from his lips, and from between his mouth full of the same yellow and green foam, he finally came out a kind of deaf and sinister squeak with that word: Curse.

13. Cursed be thou, the angel of darkness hath cried unto thee, and hath made a noise, and hastened, and hath broken the prophet of misfortune upon the rocks of the mountain.

14. But he did not rush him, for, leaping over all the cold latitudes, a third time he dragged him with him, and led him under the icy pole.

15. And again, from the top of a whirlpool rising like a black mountain between the boundless solitudes of the lazy sea, he showed him the great empire of Aquilon.

16. And he showed him the nations of the west, and those that sit in the true way, and the true light, and the true life; and he showed him the sacred tabernacle, which is in the Chapter of the Holy City of Miracles, and for the third time he said to him: Mouth of the prophets, prophesy: blessed and cursed.

17. But the pastor of Kharizm, a prophet who sometimes prophesied true, turning a third time his restless gaze upon the empire of Aquilon, became tormented in all filth; and while awful murmurs rumbled in his chest and in the middle of his mouth full of black blood and impure drool and yellow and green foam, he wanted to speak, but he could not articulate any intelligible words.

18. Then, turning to the eternal city of the Vatican, the city of light, he contemplated its many monuments, and its immortal greatness, and all its transformed and sanctified beauties, and the divine banner unfurled and floating on the Capitol of 'Augustus, and this sacred throne

which eighteen centuries of fighting could not shake, which eighteen centuries of triumph have consecrated.

19. And at the sight of all these things, the figure of the sinister man seemed to soften painfully and even become, against his will, serene and radiant.

20. And he cried out, how beautiful is the tabernacle of Peter the Galilean! How beautiful she is, the holy wife of fighting and victory sitting on her husband's bed, the cedar bed her husband has prepared for her!

21. Under his head is the left hand of his beloved, but with his right hand his beloved surrounds him and kisses him. The bridegroom came from the fields of Ephrata; he rested under the tent of the daughters of Nazareth, and it was there that his beloved met him. But the bride came from the dawn, and she came from the setting sun, and she came up from the desert, leaning on her beloved, full of delights and like a smoke of perfumes coming out of the myrrh and the 'incense and which rises from the mountain of aromatics.

22. How beautiful is the husband's bed made of the wood of Lebanon! Its columns are of silver, its resting place of gold, its degrees of purple, and the inside is formed of all that is most precious in the tents of Caesar and in the pavilions of Solomon, the day or his mother crowned him with his tiara.

23. How beautiful is she, O Shulamite (*Ed. a person from Shulem. It is the ascription given to the female protagonist in the Song of Songs in the Hebrew Bible*), when thou liest in thy husband's bed! How loud you are when you wake up, loud as music choirs in an army camp!

24. O daughters of strangers, awake not the Shulamite, for his sleep is as soft as the noonday wind in the gardens planted with cinnamon and aloe, and his love is as strong as the wine of the winepress where introduced her husband.

25. But her awakening is terrible like the awakening of lions on the top of the mountains of Sanir (*Ed. prominent mountain in northern Israel*), and like the feet of leopards on the point of Amana (*Ed. on the southern end of the Anti-Lebanon Mountains*), and it is fearless like the gates of victory: wake her not, O daughters from abroad.

26. But what are these visions that I see! What does this blood-stained robe mean, which comes from the hills of Zion and which walks worn by four spirits over all regions of the earth! And all these banners that come from the West full of strength and light! ...

27. Arise, O Rome, shout for joy ... Your triple crown, O ... The false prophet could not finish: Satan cast terrible curses on the world and on the heavens, and taking the prophet from bad omen, he threw him into the motionless Ocean which, opening, engulfed him.

IV

1. Furious, the Archangel of pride and darkness rushed towards the dragon.
2. First he stepped on the monster's quivering tails, and then on the lower part of his back, tilting to the western side of the right wing.
3. Now as soon as he was near the great throne, he stopped, and with a heavy and jerky voice, like the roaring voice of thunder repeated a thousand hollow echoes.
4. He said: It is the hour; and he repeated three times: It is time. These words made all who were there shudder at first, but then they inspired an unspeakable frenzy, and the one who was seated on the great throne stood up.
5. I saw him standing on his throne surrounded by other thrones, displayed in all his formidable majesty, and holding a crown, a lance and chains.
6. He had seven times more daring and strength and anger than the other men I had previously seen there; he was seven times taller, more powerful, more superb; seven times more cruel, more stormy were his tyranny and his passions, and seven times more sublime was his genius, which was the genius of evil: but his impiety and his hypocrisy were seventy times seven times greater.
7. He stood up: his size, having become immense, overflowed outside the throne; in the middle of his face, which was quite pale, his eyes sparkled, tawny and rolling, surrounded by creeps of black blood: his hands moved; he raised his spear; he raised his forehead surrounded by his large crown.
8. He looked Satan in the face, and Satan looked at him, and they recognized each other. So both said at the same time: It is the hour: the two muffled voices joined together and fell together on the dragon; and all the slaves who were at the feet of the man on the great throne frantically waved their chains and repeated: It is the hour, it is the hour.
9. But the holy voice that accompanied me spoke to me: Son of men, look at his forehead. And I fixed my sight on the forehead of the terrible man, and I saw there written a mystery: and the number written was 666. But I saw, at the same time another number written on his hands and on his spear and on his crown and on all the chains: and this number was only 665.
10. And after this the holy voice said unto me again: The men who hitherto sat on the great throne did not yet wear the desired number on their foreheads, and none of them was the

one who was to come; but he whom you see there now will have no more successors: he is the last king of Aquilon.

11. As for the chains and the lance and the crown, they are not yet fully developed, and the iniquities of the hands of the last man, and the iniquities of the dragon are not at their height.

V

1. Ahead said Satan, and he gave the signal; forward repeated the sinister and troubled voice of the last king of Aquilon, and with one hand he held his spear still, and with the other he raised the overturned cross and showed it.

2. The cross was shown and seen; the tyrant proudly pushed the dragon; the monster shuddered at first and backed away in himself, but at once he reassured himself and spread his limbs.

3. And I saw that his left wing extended to the east: in an instant he covered with his deadly weight, he enveloped with his fatal shadow all the lands of the rising sun.

4. And all the islands, and all the shores of the seas which are in these places between the East and the Aquilon, to the last limits of the globe, were conquered.

5. And all the nations that sat in the shadows of death, and worshiped gods as wicked as the hands that had forged them, and as foolish as the passions that invented them, were subject to the dragon.

6. The right wing also extended: it extended to the peoples of the West who claim to be reformed but who are blind and who walk in the ways of error and perdition:

7. And many nations were conquered and torn by the awful wing and the rapacious feet of the monster; and those who had sinned most against the Lord and against truth and justice were most cruelly tried; but a few Western countries remained free and were reserved for triumph and redemption.

8. Thus, from east to west, the dominion of the dragon, which is the superb empire of Aquilon, was established: and his power was immense: and a deep and gloomy silence reigned on the earth.

9. But the monster was not happy, for the lands of Muhammad which had always been the first goal and the eternal object of the unbridled ambition and the continual usurpations of the tyrants who had hitherto been seated on his back.

10. And Arabia, the land of myrrh and frankincense, and Palestine, the land of mysteries and miracles, and all the regions of the south which are in that direction, were still free and were not still under his power.

11. So I saw that, driven furiously, he impatiently raised his hideous heads, proudly displayed his tails and other limbs, stretched out all his tongues and all his darts, stiffened on his four feet, and prepared to cross the tumultuous waves of dark seas.

12. But I saw that he was prevented from doing so, and he could not accomplish his plan for that time.

VI

1. The nations of the West that had remained free were not those closest to the dragon's right wing and lower right foot, and who were and will still be seduced by him.

2. These were the first to be conquered and in chains, and they were already atoning for the penalty of their folly.

3. But those which had not yet undergone the law of the monster and which had not fallen under its domination were located towards the end of the places of the setting sun,

4. And among these, there was one above all which had always been terror and the hammer of the dragon: this nation had always opposed his projects; had already once and twice fought against him for the general cause and the salvation of the world.

5. Now, when the dragon was about to launch out on the South, this generous nation arose.

6. And at the same time I saw that another nation followed this nation's example; and they both arose, and they raised the standard of war against the dragon.

7. And sacrificing themselves for the general salvation they marched against him, with great speed and great strength and great resolution, in order to stop him in his march, and to beat him, and even to put him to death this time; so that he could no longer harm the earth.

8. Now, of these two nations which rose up against the dragon, but which were not at that time followed by the others, the first was still the daughter of glory and genius, France the beautiful and the powerful.

9. And the second was the holy and ever-faithful daughter of the bride of Christ: she was holy, noble and famous Iberia, with its sacred standards and chivalrous strength: the glory of Iberia was resurrected with the offspring of an ancient rod, son of a new dynasty.

10. Now these two nations, displaying their banners of war, came with great impetuosity: and I saw that they were determined to overcome and destroy the dragon, ruler of evil and firstborn of Satan.

VII

1. When the dragon saw his enemies arrive, he trembled and was about to retreat. But Satan, the god of evil, came to the aid of his firstborn, and he provides him with his strength which is destruction and death.

2. Then the dragon prepared himself, and he went out to meet his enemies.

3. At the same time the two western nations attacked it with irresistible vigor and enthusiasm. But the dragon resisted, and they fought, and the struggle was terrible and long.

4. Suddenly I saw that one of the heads of the dragon was struck: it was as if wounded to death, and there came out rivers of blood which made red the third part of the seas on which the monster was sitting.

5. And the wound of the head was judged mortal, but it was not, for it was healable and it healed: and when it was healed, all the earth was amazed because of it, and the dragon grew taller and stronger and more superb than ever, and his power increased, and his pride rose without measure.

6. And I saw at that time that great power was given to him: he was given power to fight for one hundred and eighty-nine weeks, and to do much harm to the earth, and even to do much harm and evil to the two holy nations who were to overcome him, but who nevertheless were to be well tested by him and by his spirit which is spirit of lies and ungodliness.

7. However, as the hour of his triumph, Satan's short triumph, had not yet come, at the end of the one hundred and eighty-nine weeks the dragon was again smitten, and he was defeated and reduced to the last ends.

8. Then he used deception: he asked for forgiveness, and he implored clemency and mercy of the two nations, daughters of the West, who were determined to put him to death this time.

9. And he succeeds in deceiving them, and in convincing them of the changes in his thoughts and his dispositions; he even knew how to appease their anger and excite their pity.
10. For I saw that he fell on his knees, and he began to weep, and he kissed the feet of his enemies; and the man of the great throne did the same, and he said, I have sinned, but have mercy on me.
11. Then the daughters of the West could not resist these words of humiliation and repentance: they were touched at heart by the prayers of the dragon and of the man who will be at that time the last king of Aquilon.
12. And wanting, moreover, only good and not death, they forgave them; then, not acting according to their rights and their power, they imposed on the vanquished only very light conditions in proportion to things, but which nevertheless were soon to be denied.
13. After that, showing more loving kindness than prudence, they withdrew: and the dragon son of Satan, and the last king of the great throne were delivered and were free.

VIII

1. New and great visions that Zechariah son of Loammi, son of Debelaim, descendant of Judah saw at that time, on things which are to happen and which are not very distant.
2. At that time I turned my gaze to the side from which disappeared the two nations which had conquered the dragon, and which, having then forgiven him, withdrew.
3. And I saw that when they were about to return to their homes, to meet them and on their way, a venerable old man arose: he was dressed in the sacred vestments of the pontificate; three crowns, one on top of the other, were on his head; he held a pastor's staff in his left hand, while his right hand was raised and extended towards the east.
4. His appearance was imposing, his demeanor pious, his whole person holy and sublime; but his eye appeared to me filled with a holy fire of indignation and anger, and he seemed to me to be angry with the two recklessly merciful nations to which he spoke with bitterness and reproach.
5. But I could not hear what he was saying: only I understood that the hand extended towards the East indicated and showed the dragon which was already accomplishing its work.

6. Then the two nations turned to the place which the indignant old man seemed to indicate to them, and looking and seeing the dragon, with pain and repentance they bit their lips and their hands, and they moved as if to return in their footsteps.

7. But with that same hand extended towards the east, the old man stopped the two repentant nations, and he suspended their movement, and he imposed silence and rest on them.

8. And he said, It is no longer time: let what must be done be done.

9. He said further: Those who had sinned were to be punished, and the nations that had sinned were to be punished; but those who have returned and are converted to the Lord, for he has forgiven them, and they will not be punished according to all their crime, they will not be according to the severity of righteousness.

10. But woe to those whom the Lord will find still walking in the ways of error and perdition and death! For there is no salvation for them.

11. **(Ed. in 'Bold') Everything must go through the fire of purification. And you also, O reckless nations (Ed. France and Iberia), because you were weak in heart, and had compassion, and made a pact with evil, you will be tested and you will be punished according to the measure of your sins.**

12. Now it is not time for you: let the moment come; let the Lord begin and finish his work. Against the Lord is Aquilon's iniquity: his is the offense, his must be vengeance and righteousness.

13. Nevertheless, we must all work together in this work according to the strength of our hands, but increase the strength of the Lord and his coming: the day is not far away.

14. After that, turning with liveliness and resolution to all points of the West, he cried out in a powerful voice: Peoples wake up! The crusade, the crusade.

15. At this voice, I heard a kind of universal tremor take place on earth, similar to the breath of the spirit of the four winds that Ezekiel, priest, son of the Buzi (Ed. father of Ezekiel), at the time he prophesied, sent into the field withered bones on the dead of Israel.

16. After that I saw something that filled me with joy. Albion, the island (Ed. Great Britain), was gripped by terrible embraces, and, after terrible catastrophes, she returned to her ancient faith and to her religion of yesteryear: The prayers of Hibernia (Ed. Ireland), glorious martyrdom of the faith of her fathers, had made the unfaithful, astute, barbarous Albion forgive her sin as deep as a fatal ulcer, and the sons of Brittany were re-entering the path which they had so unfortunately abandoned: they had heard the old man's voice, and already they were heading in the direction from which it had come.

17. But I live more. Beautiful and famous Italy, already emerged from the frightful turmoil and its countless misfortunes, had been purified: already she had returned to her old piety and her duties as well as to her role of yore, and seated on a stable basis and sacred, one, strong, powerful, she had resumed all the celebrity of her name and her rank.

18. Now, Italy, regenerated by tribulation, heard the voice of her old man, and she immediately ran all over, crying: the crusade, the crusade; and it meets with the two holy nations of the West who had forgiven the dragon as well as with another nation which also arose at the same time: this was the daughter of the Caesars, always siding to her king, always faithful to his God.

19. And these four nations were those which had been reserved by the Lord: but France, daughter of glory, was reserved first.

20. And after that I saw that some other nations, hitherto blind and sleeping, also awoke; and they looked for a while, surprised and astonished; then, rising suddenly, they broke the chains they had in their hands; they tore the blindfold they had in their eyes, the fatal blindfold of the error which had hitherto concealed their sight and light:

21. And all of them ran to the old man crying: the crusade the crusade: fear and seduction gave way everywhere to wisdom and courage.

22. The hour was coming: That is why all eyes had been opened, and the dragon had been recognized for what he was, for what he had always been. Those who were weak grew strong; those who had been chosen in darkness received the light and were converted to the Lord.

23. So that all the peoples who came at that time to unite with the two holy nations were already united in the same principles of faith and in the same ways of salvation, as much as in the same end and the same interests.

24. Yet I saw some who did not rise up, who did not come, and who remained ever unrepentant, deceived, and faithful to the dragon to the end. Woe to those!

25. Now all the nations which had come together at the voice of the old man rejoiced greatly; and Poland especially, noble daughter of heroism and martyrdom, rejoiced, and she showed herself unleashed with formidable hands, and she excited the others who all believed themselves already delivered, but who were mistaken.

26. For the measures of things were not yet fulfilled, and the dragon still had greater conquests to make than any preceding conquest, and their atonements were not yet completed.

27. But behold, I heard voices preaching in all the high places; and by all the roads of the West I heard the words of the call resound: The crusade, the crusade!

28. At the same time all the warriors arrived, strong and innumerable: the venerable old man blessed them with his hands, and imprinting on their foreheads and on their breasts a sacred sign, he said to each one: Go, soldier of Christ.

29. And after that he gave them sacred banners and ensigns of war surmounted by the same sign of holiness and triumph: and the sign and the standards were already unfolding and floating, strong and radiant, like the wings of victory.

30. Now the old man was the head of religion and of virtue, and the nations were nations of the four winds and of the two worlds, and the warriors were the warriors of the crusade which will be made at the end of those times, and they formed great armies.

31. The armies and the peoples awaited the signal. But the old man was not giving the signal at that time, and he seemed to be waiting for an order himself.

32. And he said: let us not hail the moment, let us not warn of the hour, the terrible hour which is marked, which is coming and is coming; let's wait. We will do our work, but vengeance will be the Lord's work.

33. Then, while the crusaders of the nations waited, I looked away from them, and turning towards the east side and towards the side of Aquilon, I saw the dragon, and I saw on him a series of visions, formidable and ever lamentable.

IX

1. I had seen the dragon wound healed; I had seen the earth, taken with astonishment and fear, find itself on the verge of coming under the yoke of the beast: yet Satan the demon could not succeed at that time in accomplishing the work of the hell, because the Lord still wanted to give proof to the world, and give the beast time to complete its measures.

2. But as soon as the hour of the last iniquities came, then things were done, and I saw. No sooner had the two nations of the West taken the way back than the spirit of evil arose, and he came to the dragon and the man on the great throne.

3. The dragon received all the forces he was to receive, all the forces of boldness, courage, energy, and above all, all those of seductions and deceptions.

4. And I saw something which astonished me and which frightened me. All the tongues of the black circle made like serpent's tails split in two; and they extended on two opposite sides, some towards the West and the other towards the East; and from these two sides they spread and drifted apart, extending through all seas, and enveloping the world as in a network.

5. And they went on both sides and through the two great seas to find a people of the new world, to whom they said: Behold, we two are the two worlds.
6. And he answered: Yes. Blind and foolish people, at that time there will be many iniquities within you which will drag you to your ruin! For you will not see the lie and the hypocrisy of tongues, and you will not understand that the dragon only wanted to use you to deceive you and then subjugate you, yourself.
7. Now, as soon as the people of the vast and proud new world were deceived by tongues, and came to the aid of the dragon with his power of lands and seas, Satan the devil and the man of the great throne smiled with malicious joy and said together: It's done, let's go. And at the same time a voice which issued from the chasms of the still ocean, a shrill and ferocious voice, a voice of anger and vengeance, a voice of Aquilon's fatality, answered: It is done, forward.
8. Then the monster, son of the underworld, rose to his hind and front feet: for the first time the whole mass of his belly rose, showed itself, and the motionless center arose and moved.
9. All the knots unrolled; all the circles which surrounded the great circle widened; in the lazy seas the tails spread out with shrill whistles, and, rising up, they beat the waves upset as by two superfluous storms; the branches of the belly lengthened in horrible spirals directed towards the South; the black circle boiled and turned on itself like a rushing abyss; the great chief stood surmounted by his nine diadems; the six deep, dark mouths opened; the six heads rose and appeared in their horrible aspect.
10. The submissive and chained peoples watched in silence and amazement; but those who were now breaking the chains which they were soon to take back and who were running towards the old man, roared with fury because he had not permitted them to act, while the two reckless nations of the West still bit their lips and their hands.
11. While waiting for those who had gone to meet the two ministers of Satan who came out of the dragon's mouth, and who had said: Yes, all those ungodly fornicators of holy things who worshiped the overturned cross in the countries of the South, ran up raising revolts; and they smoothed the ways, and they opened the ways for the dragon, who, drawing out all his darts and throwing frightful roars on all sides, sent from his mouths fiery whirlwinds, rushed forward with the sign overturned which he raised on his heads and on his horns, in the dark seas, crossed them, tore all opposite sides, and spread swiftly lying on all four parts of the earth, as well as the wings of a black storm.
12. Then the center of the great black circle, enormously enlarged, was placed on the decrepit Byzantium; and all the other members descended on all the regions around to the very limits of the globe, on all the waters of the rivers, from the mouths of the Orange in the land of the Hottentots (*Ed. historically used to refer to the Khoikhoi, the non-Bantu indigenous nomadic*

pastoralists of South Africa), to those of Love, the black river of the land of Manchuria, from the Ganges and the Indus to Obi (*Ed. Japan*) and Anadyr (*Ed. a port town and the administrative center of Chukotka Autonomous Okrug, Russia*).

13. And on all the mountains, and on all the seas, from Aquilon to the south, and from the east to the west, and on the men of every tribe, and of every people, and of every tongue, and of the peoples that were seated, and on those who had risen, breaking the chains of their hands and the blindfolds of their eyes: but the monster cannot touch the four nations reserved by the Lord God.

14. (*Ed. 'Bold'*) **As for the people of the new world, whom vast ambition and secular projects had rendered, at the same time too guilty, blind and foolish, I saw that after a horrible struggle between might and might, superb and superb, tyranny and tyranny, he too fell under the dragon, and received, as the price of his mad cooperation, devouring chains. With him fell under the domination of the firstborn of the underworld all the other peoples of these places, too early aged by civilization and iniquities, with all the islands of these two limitless seas which envelop the globe from the East to the West.**

15. Satan howled his cries of triumph, the mouths of the dragon were opened and spewed out terrible words, all the things of the great black circle where the hand of the demon worked mute, mingled together, and on the earth reigned a great silence.

16. Then I was troubled and wept and cried out, Lord, Lord, why have you forsaken the world? Your arm, Lord, is your arm shortened!

17. But I heard these words, Son of the prophets, lift up your eyes. And I looked up and saw a great mystery.

X

1. I saw a hand raised and stretched out: it was lifted over the empire of the Aquilon, and it was fixed on him, and it enveloped him on all sides.

2. And the hand always tended to lower itself, and it lowered ceaselessly, slowly, slowly; and he seemed to protect, but he was threatening; and the eyes of mortals did not see him.

3. This is how the hand was made: it was large, immense, and all suspended and enlarged; the dragon, it covered it all around like an endless vault, and it was like the concavity of the heavens when they were exposed and purified by the winds.

4. It was placed between the four points of the world, and it was carried by the four winds, Aquilo (*Ed. Roman name, Greek name is Boreas, god of the north wind*) and Auster (*Ed. Roman name, Greek name is Notus, god of the south wind*), Thiponicus (*Ed. god of the east wind a.k.a. Eurus*) and Cornus (*Ed. god of the west wind a.k.a. Zephyrus*).
5. Around him I saw furnaces of red coals, and fiery and flying thunderbolts, and a mass of swift and swift storms.
6. And the four winds, the Aquilon and the Auster, the Thiponicus and the Cornus, quivered; and the storms, and the thunderbolts, and the consuming coals, stood ready and alert, and they seemed to wait for a wave of the hand to rush.
7. But the hand did not move, and the burning ministers moderated and waited, still watching, worried, and greedy around the mysterious hand.
8. Suddenly, below the raised hand which kept lowering, thundered a loud voice of anger and threat that said: the hours of the dragon are completed - anger and vengeance are ready - the end approach - there is no more mercy, there is no more time: the sword is coming, it is coming.
9. Then I heard these words: His princes are infidels; his priests are corrupt and fornicators; all its cities are full of whores and prostitutes ... The sword will devour you ... Your mouth will vomit up all your entrails, and your blood will flow through all the doors of your wounds ... your strength will be like the straw sown in a barren field, and all your work like a spark of fire.
10. And the voice said at last: Woe to the empire of Aquilon! Upon him the hand of justice and vengeance, the hand of wrath which is that of outraged long-suffering, is lowered, will be lowered as the dragon commits his last iniquities: after which the hand will fall. Woe to the empire of Aquilon!
11. After that this same voice that I felt there near me, spoke lower and said to me: Son of the prophets, do you understand the mystery? And I say: No. And he said: I will tell you the whole mystery of the hand.
12. This sign that you see with all that comes with it is the sign of righteousness and vengeance which is inevitable and which is coming soon.
13. It is the hand of the living God which is raised on the empire of the Aquilon which nothing can save any more, and it is going to strike.
14. However, he descends little by little since the dragon made his last conquests, and he descends until he has committed his new and last iniquities and has fulfilled all measures: for it is given to him still a little time for him to do what he has to do and to show himself to the eyes as he is, as he is whole.

15. Zechariah prophet, son of Loammi, listen: know this: when the dragon extended all its limbs over the universal regions of the world, it was given time, and it was given seven weeks of days, and another seven weeks and a week.
16. For as the hirelings have their time marked, so was the time of the universal rule of the empire of Aquilon, and it was seven weeks and seven weeks and one more week.
17. But now he's only got seven weeks and seven weeks; and now, in precisely three months and a week, his glory will be destroyed with his many people, and there will be only a few ruins left in Moab (*Ed. within the kingdom of Jordan*), and what is left will be destroyed again.
18. Now I thought I recognized the voice which spoke to me, and it seemed to me that it was that of an angel, and that it was that of Michael the first of the ministers; but I did not see him, and I did not recognize him.
19. And I fell in the dust; and I worshiped Adonai the Lord, and I said: O Adonai, ye are righteous and holy, and ye are almighty in heaven and on earth and in hell: Lord, who can measure himself with you, and who can resist your right!

XI

1. Vision on the thrones which are the emblems of tyranny and the complement of iniquities, but which are also symptoms.
2. This is what Zechariah the prophet saw at that time. The dragon had made all his conquests: then my eyes opened on him, and I saw all things as they will someday be, and I saw a system appear where I discovered signs coming soon.
3. This system was that of a dreadful tyranny; and the signs were emblems, and in the emblems there were symptoms, and the system and the signs agreed with a number, the number of death.
4. At that time I looked at the dragon, and saw that the great head and the other heads had changed places; and they were in the center of the horrible and disproportionate body, just at the point which corresponded to the place of the great black circle: now, such was the extent of the black circle below, and such was that of the heads above; like the system of tongues below, and like that of thrones above.

5. But the center of the great black circle and the center of the heads sat over unfaithful and unhappy Byzantium, while all the rest of the limbs and the monstrous body were spread all around this central point, expanding into infinity.
6. Thus would be a plaster statue malleable in the hand, which would be held straight at first and upright, but which would then be flattened by the top: crushed from above, the distorted effigy would give way, widening in size, surface by its base, and all the lower parts, dilated circularly, would surround the lowered head which would then serve as their central point: thus were the heads of the dragon.
7. Now it was on the heads that the system was established, and it was at the center of the system that the last king of Aquilon had placed his great throne and the center of his power. And this is the disposition of all these dreadful acres.
8. On the great head, in the center of the whole system, was raised the great throne, surrounded by all the thrones and dominating all with its superb heights. Thus would be the tabernacle of iniquity raised on the top of a sacrilegious altar where one would ascend on all sides by the steps of a circular staircase: the divinity of evil, from above its redoubt tables, would show itself obscurely to all eyes, in the midst of the clouds which pride and impiety would throw upon it, and its worshipers would contemplate it from afar with astonished admiration and mysterious terrors.
9. All around the great throne to which they served as steps and footstool were seated an infinity of other thrones placed symmetrically, some in triangles and others in circles. Now the triangles and the circles were arranged around one another, widening according to their order as they developed, and always lowering according to their rank like the degrees of a ladder, as they developed moving away from the common center.
10. As for the thrones, some were smaller than the others, in the order of triangles and circles, but all, in proportion, were of the same shape and structure as the great throne that was there as an archetype. This one was formed of the most solid and the most precious materials, and it was built with great art and richness and magnificence.
11. It had a base, and several steps, and three columns, and a seat, and a great dome, and three pavilions all around.
12. The base was of brass; the three columns, serpentine with veins of all colors, were of jasper; the altar, the bottom of which was made of immortal wood of cedar and ebony, was covered with three layers of gold three times purified and studded with precious and dazzling Arabian pearls which encircled it seven times with seven rows of bright lights and made it dazzling in the sight.

13. The dome, which was lost in the sky, looked from the outside like an immense shield of fire suspended or thrown in sublime heights, and projecting far away bloody illuminations, while in all the concave surface of the interior, it was coated with a continuous inlay of diamonds cut into a thousand shapes and enclosed one within the other in varied garlands which sparkled with a thousand rays of flame, and kept there incessantly, reflecting their countless lights at each other, like an immense and perpetual fire.

14. The pavilions were like triangular, floating tents, and they consisted of Elisa's purple and fine Egyptian linen fabric in embroidery. Sometimes bent in uncertain waves, and sometimes swollen in rounded veils, they stirred gently around the pompous simulacrum, and from their bosom escaped a thousand luminous sparks which threw on all sides sapphire, topaz, emerald, and a thousand precious stones which were sown there in profusion, and which were played there, like floating stars swaying in golden fluids in the midst of the dazzling circles of the heavens.

15. For the degrees, some were smaller and others larger; and the larger ones were of gold, and the smaller ones of ivory. Now the smallest were round the greater according to their order, and they were placed lower down according to their order; but the degrees of ivory were more numerous than the degrees of gold.

16. And there were as many steps great and made of gold as there were triangles of thrones; and he had as many small steps and made of ivory as there were circles of thrones.

17. And the circles of thrones which were the small degrees were, after their order, round about the triangles of thrones which were the great degrees; but each triangle was also, in its order, around the last circle of the triangle which preceded it.

18. And I saw that as many heads as the dragon had, so many were triangles of thrones and degrees of gold; and as much he had horns on the cracks and diadems on the horns, so there were, around each of the triangles, circles of thrones and degrees of ivory.

19. Now all these signs were mysteries and symptoms, and all these numbers agreed with the numbers of the man and the dragon to be counted. But in all the magnificence of the thrones there was more appearance than reality, and reality was contrary to appearance.

20. For it was said to me, Son of man, go and see this splendid scaffolding closely. And I went to the great throne, and I saw the bottom and the top, and the pillars, and the seat, and the pavilions: and I noticed that what seemed to me to be gold and pearls and jewels were only colored iron; the jasper columns were fashioned clay, the dome of diamonds, vile black lead, the base of brass, mire kneaded with mire, the magical pavilions, immense pancakes in rags like black ghosts.

21. Thus the top and the bottom of the great throne were formed of the most abject materials, and what one would have taken for the temple of Glory was but a vain similarity, dark sarcophagus built by the hands of Satan to serve as a tomb for liberty and an altar for tyranny.

22. The one I found sitting on it, and who had seemed so strong, so glorious from afar, no longer seemed the same to me, and I did not recognize him, for he was rather a fearful shadow of the underworld than the ruler, splendid that I had thought to see there until then. His forehead was dark and his gesture threatening; his fiery eyes rolled in the midst of the motionless sockets, full of fury and blood. When he spoke his voice was like blows struck on a hollow brass mass, and it came to his ear like a death knell.

23. His bald head had only a few hard hairs all around the forehead and temples and nape of the neck, and on these hair was placed an enormous crown of rusty iron which clutched like a case devouring the bald head, and made all decomposed and as if constantly agitated by horrible convulsions the face of the man, between whose mouth then resounded terrible grinding teeth.

24. Now on the crown I saw words which I could neither read nor understand at that time, and on the middle of the forehead I noticed unknown characters; but on the top of the forehead I read: 'Mystery', and on the bottom, I read: 'Tyranny'.

25. So I lowered my eyes and saw the first triangle: it contained three thrones which, apart from their proportions, were of the same nature as the throne of tyranny: splendid, imposing in appearance, deceptive, vile, and horrible in reality.

26. Three specters occupied them. The first was covered with a long veil which hid his face and the rest of his body. A soft voice issued from under the veil; but at the bottom of this voice there was a second voice which was the essence of the first: yet the latter covered and hid the one which was at the bottom. The specter could not see himself, covered as he was with his mask: only one could see from time to time pierce through the veil a kind of smile which issued from his lips, bitter mockery of virtue, lie of lies and infamy of infamy that made the earth weep.

27. Now the smile of his lips and the voice of his mouth were the most subtle poison: but within his mouth was the work of evil, and the seat of the work of evil was placed in his bosom.

28. He was the first assistant of the man of the great throne: he bore the writing on his forehead: HYPOCRISY.

29. The second specter held in his hands a bundle of papers which he entangled together and which he then tore by looking away and grinding his teeth. He did this sometimes with fury and sometimes with disdain, often cursing, sometimes even laughing.

30. Besides, on his face there were different colors and different green and blue spots. Sometimes he looked up; but when he came to meet heaven, his cursed forehead turned away, turning pale, and he was seized by a convulsive tremor.

31. He was the second assistant to the man of the great throne: he had written on his forehead: PERJURY.

32. The third specter had greedy, ardent, stray eyes; the features of his face were imbued with a mixture of persistence, pride, rapacity. He stretched out his hand incessantly in the shadows, and he strove to attain some unknown what possible and impossible which he was devouring instantly.

33. This one was the third assistant of the man of the great throne: he had written on the forehead: USURPATION.

34. These were the first thrones and the first triangle, and the specters which were round about the great specter: and the three thrones were the pillars of the great throne; and the triangle was the last and the highest degree; and the three specters, HYPOCRISY, PERJURY, USURPATION, were the great ministers, strength and support of the great specter from which they were born, in whom they lived and moved, his slaves and his masters at the same time, his principle, his life, its end.

35. After that I saw the circles of thrones which surrounded the first triangle, and behind the last of these circles I saw the other triangles, in their order, surrounded by so many other circles, all lowering and widening as they moved away, and forming the formidable system on the back of the great beast, which is the dragon, which is the empire of Aquilon. All these thrones were, according to their proportion, of the same nature as the great throne; and on each of them were seated shadows, bearing various names written on their foreheads, and all worshipping him who sat on the great throne.

36. And the number of the thrones was great, and it was mysterious and symbolic: and I saw that it accorded with the number of the dragon, which is a number of men, and with the number of the last king of Aquilon; and the system of triangles and circles agreed with the system of heads and mouths and horns and diadems above, and with that of all the tongues of the great black circle below, and with the arrangement of the limbs of the great monster, and with all the signs that were already appearing that were symptoms.

37. Who can understand understands the number and mystery of thrones.

38. After that I saw a great plain all shrouded in darkness, extending immensely behind the last circle of the last triangle and all around the system of thrones, outside the extent of the heads which corresponded to the extent of the great circle, black from the navel, and to the last extremities of the dragon's limbs.

39. And in all this plain I discovered an infinite multitude of beings resembling men, perhaps being, but in whom the image of humanity was too degraded. Then all around this multitude, and above and below them, I heard muffled sighs and mournful groans, and I saw tears, and blood, and horrors.

40. And all the beings in which the image of mankind was too degraded worshiped him that was on the great throne: and they worshiped, and they said, Caesar is our king, Caesar is our God.

41. But here's what I noticed then. Chains by were from the great throne and spread on all sides to the last extremities of the plain of darkness, linked together and distributed in a system of unity similar to the system of thrones, and in a sequence difficult to describe.

42. And the chains enveloped one after another all the thrones, and all the triangles and circles of thrones, and all the specters, and all the multitudes, stretching out, and multiplying always, and enclosing everything in their knots of bondage and death, everything, to the edge of the dark plain: and there were as many chains as there were ghosts of men, and as many circles and triangles of chains as there were circles and triangles of thrones; and among the chains there were some which were of lead and iron, and there were some which were of copper and bronze, and there were some which were silver and gold: but they were all chains .

43. Who can understand understands the number and the mystery of the chains.

44. But at that time I saw a cross at the foot of the great throne: the man stooped down to seize it, and the three specters bowed down: and the Cross was overturned, and it overturned again, and all the chains enveloped him.

45. The forehead of the archangel son of the abysses was lit with formidable lights; his hand passed over all thrones and all ghosts; all the chains were tightened; the dragon raised all his diadems, and from the hells arose terrible shivers.

46. At the same time a hollow voice came from within the great throne, which said, Shall they not resist? Let's go.

47. As the weeks grew shorter, the mysterious hand was always lowered, and the voice of anger and threat said: The hours are numbered, there is no more mercy.

XII

1. Continuation of the visions on the crown of pride which is the bed and the pulpit of iniquity, and which is the bread of sorrow.
2. He had said: let's go. And after that he put his feet on the golden rest; he got up, and finally taking off the mask of his hypocrisy, he said in an imperious voice: There is something free: it must not be: absolute master of bodies, I want, I must also be a free soul: the key, the chain of consciousness, I need them; I want to be, I will be the only and universal Pontiff of the earth.
3. Sound, sound the trumpet everywhere for the meeting of the great Council which will be the great and last Synod.
4. And many voices cried out, God is God, and Caesar is his prophet. Caesar is the great king, and he is the high priest, and he will be the supreme and eternal pontiff of the earth: we praise, we bless, we adore Caesar: sound the trumpet, sound.
5. Then bright sounds came out of the first triangle of thrones, and the four winds carried them to the four sides of the world, and there were only sounds left over all the earth.
6. And behold, men from all sides arrived, dressed in the sacred vestments of the priesthood, and all wearing on their garments, with the various signs of their order and their dignity, a Cross imprinted on their chest.
7. Their appearance and costume varied ad infinitum: some had rulers on their heads and pastor's sticks in their hands, others wore large caps in the shape of a diadem, girdled by any author at their temples; and all hung with great solemnity in their large and majestic gowns, while long hair fluttered over their shoulders and their beards descended and spread over their whole breasts.
8. Now all these men were vile and sold to iniquity, hypocrites, slaves of the phantom of the great throne, king of Aquilon, fornicators of holy things, intruding, false, corrupt priests, perfidious ministers of a religion all possessed, the religion mounted from the well of the abyss to fight the true daughter of Christ, and heads of a Church of crime and impiety, condemned synagogue sitting in its chair of lies between schism and heresy, between the reprobation of men and the anathemas of God.
9. They came one after the other, first those who had belonged to the empire of Aquilon when this empire was still bounded by the upper shores of Ascencz, the black lake, then all the other ministers and dignitaries of the Parricidal Church, who has kept the cross overturned since she tore her mother's womb: and they all took their places around the great throne.

10. But the Western Church had not answered the trumpet call: her ministers had not come, and the nations that are under her authority, even those that groaned in the chains of the dragon, had despised the order of the man of the great throne: and as for the other religions of mad idolatry, the latter had not considered them for nothing and had not called the priests, knowing that he did not need that.

11. When therefore all the ministers of the religion that came up from the bottom of the deep were at the foot of the great throne, he who was seated there arose and said, go into all of you: you are nothing more: I assume and I absorb all your powers, all your dignities, all your functions. From now on there is no more power than mine; on earth there is no more pontiff than me, no more king, no more master, no more Of..... God - and these last words only came out with fatigue, interrupted, deaf, uncertain, his throat constricted and his mouth trembling horribly.

12. And they went before him one by one, and bowed themselves to his feet with his feet; and then he threw with contempt into the mud.

13. And every one of them went his way, and before he withdrew himself, he kissed the foundations of the throne and the feet of man; then he received a chain, and he went away. And some went away laughing, and some went away weeping.

14. Finally, four ministers also came, bearing the signs of the greatest dignity. Now three of them laid down their miters and their staffs of pastors and sacred signs; and I saw them kiss the feet of the great ghost who took their place, and they received their chains, and they withdrew full of ignominy and sadness.

15. But the last came; and he did not prostrate himself: he stood proudly, holding his miter in one hand, and said: Tyrant, I do not recognize your power, I do not obey, I despise you, I curse you.

16. But what! My eyes open..... My mind lights up..... I see, I see..... Tyrant, my religion is false, science is infamous Yes my heart is defeated. From now on I return to the pastor's cradle; I confess on the face of heaven and earth this Church of the Saints, built by the hands of God on Peter the Galilean to whom it was given as an inheritance until the consummation of the ages for the price of his love three times strong; I confess her the only true one, the only sane one, the only one who will live eternally, and against whom the gates of your kingdom and all thy beauty shall be broken and become as powder under a devouring hammer.

17. But, this robe which descends from Golgotha, tinted with its colors, and which comes all shining with light and worn by four angels! And these signs that come from the sacred domes of the Eternal Basilica! ... Arise, O righteous ones! Prepare your holy songs, O daughter of Zion! Gates of heaven, rejoice! The last triumphs of the wife sitting in the desert under the

husband's tent are being prepared. But to you, O tyrant, woe! The day comes on law, on your empire, the day of the last vengeance.

18. And when he had said this, the shepherd of Zion returned to his God, and cast down his miter and his staff, which were broken; but he took up his Cross, and lifted her up, and I saw that she her true form took in her hands.

19. Then a hundred thousand hypocrites, with ungodliness and uncleanness, took away the holy one from Hierosolyme, and I saw him no more: and he died in a martyr's house: no one dared touch it to overthrow it, and the tyrant's face became paler and paler than before.

20. And the mysterious hand was still lowering, and the voice of anger and menace repeated: There is no more mercy, there is no more mercy.

XIII

1. Words of prophecy on the worship of the dragon. Words on the causes of his power, and on the blasphemies of his mouths, and on the punishment of peoples, and on the purification of the earth and the persecution of the saints.

2. At that time the voice of the Lord spoke to Zechariah and said to him, I will punish the earth, and I will use the dragon. First I will lose forever, in this Darkness where they have been pleased to remain until now, all the nations of idolatry. Then I am going to throw under the press and into the crucible these blindly wise, treacherously hypocrites and impious peoples, who, after having wanted to reform my work and remake My ways, after having insulted me so far, are still waiting. Nothing can bring them back; in the midst of the light they did not want to see; My word they did not want to listen to it nor to surrender to My forbearance, to My love. Here I am going to experience them. We will see if they will be able to resist my hand when I crush them, and if they will know how to keep their beautiful and so worm. wisdom killer; We will see if they will be as courageous and strong in the presence of My anger as they were against all My patience, and whether their leaders will still despise My voice. We'll see.

3. But I will strike also the holy nations, My nations, those which were in the truth and the way, or which, not being there, have returned there at last; I will strike them vigorously, and I will test the saints: and few will come out alive from the fire of purification.

4. Prophet, speak to the children of men, and speak to the daughters of the nations; speak especially to the heads of the peoples and say to them: This is what the Son and the Father and the Paraclete, God, say.

5. You are fools, for the ways of wisdom are far from you. You are drunkards: you made vines with your hands, with vines planted with your hands, and then got drunk on the wine of your vines, after which you left My vineyard, fleeing all paths that led to it.
6. You are idolaters: your hands have made idols and your heart has worshiped them. You are tyrants, and all more or less you chained the truth and persecuted My Christ. Look at your hands: aren't they full of blood and plunder? And don't your feet walk backwards? I see a night within you, a dark night.
7. Let us therefore call heaven and earth to judgment: who among you has not rejected the light, and closed the ways for My righteousness, which nothing should nor can stop, and put chains on my living word? Who among you has not laughed at My orders, despised My threats and my prayers? You have put under your feet all my commandments from the first to the last, enveloping them in more of your hypocrisy, to make them odious and thus become yourselves unforgivable. I have seen you, and I know you all, not as you appear to men, but as you are, walking in the night and laden with leprosy.
8. For your simplicity is folly, fidelity is stubbornness or hypocrisy, and virtue stupidity. Alas! On what shall I console myself! The dissimulation is their only law, and it is the profession, the general and public worship; those to whom I have given the most are those who have abused the most of My gifts, and they have served as masters to others, they whom I have placed higher and to whom I have given so many means and facilities to good.
9. Zechariah the prophet, say this to men: Your spirit is a spirit of lies and of pride; your works are deception, love of money, and worship of your body. You have all declined My path and you have made a pact of alliance with My enemy; with him you have chained good, and evil you have given full freedom. I will avenge myself.
10. Yes, I am going to avenge myself, says the Lord God, against My vineyard which I had planted to bear ripe grapes and to produce vigorous wine; but it only produced bastard grapes: that is why I am going to harvest it.
11. And what will I do with the vines that are not mine? I will burn them three times through the threshold so that nothing remains: my anger against these vines is great, and my fury against the dragon is insatiable.
12. Son of the earth, all of you have more or less sinned: all of you will pass through the threshold of tribulation. I am going to deliver you to the dragon; you will be under his belly, you will be in the midst of his chains for the appropriate time, so that the atonement may be complete for those who have sinned much as well as for those who have sinned little.

13. However, I have done one thing, says the Lord God: from this anathema I have excluded two nations and two nations which will not be subject to the dragon: I have reserved them for Myself for the punishment of the son of Satan and for the day of my revenge.
14. Nevertheless, they also will be well worked out by cruel tribulation during the appointed time, and they will suffer greatly, and the spirit of the dragon will receive power to test the righteous and to persecute the saints of these nations, especially those of two of them. Happy are those who will resist the dragon spirit and come out of the ordeal safe and sound! Now the trial is short, and after the trial comes My day, says the Lord God.
15. Who has ears to hear that he hears what the Lord says to the nation lands.
16. But then I saw a painful sight. Since the Divine Hand had been raised and extended over the dragon a month had passed, and since the latter had made his last conquests a month and a week had passed, and now he had ten weeks.
17. Now during his time he received great power: and I saw that he subdued all peoples under his yoke, and all the earth ran after him, and heard his words; and he was worshiped; and he reigned on the earth for two months and a week, but it was as if he had reigned for two centuries, for the evil that he did is unspeakable: all men ran after him and he was worshiped, and all the world worshiped him, except the saints.
18. However, the two nations which had struck him on the head with the great wound were not positively submitted to the dragon, nor the two others who had run first at the call of the old saint, beautiful and famous Italy and the daughter of the Caesars. Only they also underwent a certain influence of the spirit of the dragon, and they were tested, and their saints were persecuted much during two weeks and two days. So the dragon reigned over them according to the power given to him ten days and seven days: and this was done to fulfill the mysteries, and that the holy nations might be cleansed, and the atonement might be whole.
19. During this time the holy nations, reserved for the Lord's day, suffered and purified themselves; but they were ready, and they showed themselves impatient, and they raised the Cross which was in their hands and on their flags already unrolled: nevertheless the signal was not given to them, and they waited.
20. At this moment I did not understand where the dragon acquired all this power. Then the Lord said unto me: Consider the man of the great throne. And I looked at him: and I saw something in him that I had not yet seen, for I saw a beast there; and the beast had signs and character like those of the dragon, but it looked like a lamb, and it had two horns like the horns of a lamb.

21. Now the spirit of Satan dwelt in this beast, and this beast exercised in favor of the dragon all the power of Satan, and it was this power that had subdued the earth for two months and a week which will be the time given to the reign of tyranny; but the time given for the trial of the reserved nations and for the persecution of the saints shall be only ten days and seven days, and the beast that hath the horns of a lamb shall have no power for trial and persecution thereafter of those days.

22. Meanwhile the dragon reigned his reign of tyranny; and words of blasphemy were in his mouths, and in the mouths of the two-horned beast; and the men of every tribe, people, and tongue repeated these words, and they worshiped an image which was the image of the dragon. And the two-horned beast, which exercised the power of Satan, performed great wonders, and taking all the men who worshiped, it marked them on the right hand and on the forehead with the character and number of the dragon.

23. And I saw that some were not marked with these signs, but they were few in number, and they were smitten and put to death with the bleat of the two horns. Now, these were the Saints, and the Saints were only in the one and true Church, the daughter of Christ come from Jerusalem the sacred and established in Rome the Eternal, and they were especially the children of France and of 'Iberia.

34. And the divine hand was always lowered; and at this moment I saw her descend more broadened, more threatening, closer than ever; and the voice cried louder: It is only a short time ago - the end is coming - woe to the empire of Aquilon!

XIV

1. Then the man of the great throne who was the last king of Aquilon arose, a dreadful specter, resembling the genius of evil when he shows himself to the outcasts under the burning arches of the eternal caves.

2. He appeared between the fumes of adoration, his head tottering with his delirium, his eye troubled by his fury; he stood, towering over all the ghosts with his forehead; three times he turned towards all the parts of the earth, three times he stopped his pale face and his glowing gaze on the lands of the saints who resisted him.

3. After which he took the Cross, looked at it with horror and disgust. Then in his mouth his teeth clashed in the midst of muffled murmurs; his hands, seized by a sudden trembling, were

shaken; his knees staggered; on his head the iron crown trembled; and ... O heaven! the sign of the heavens he threw away, shouting these words: Curse ... to Christ!

4. The sacred debris went scattered. Between the oceans the terrified land floated; in the heavens fiery signs appeared, and the stars came out of their sockets; among the men passed a sudden terror: the old men had dismal visions on the graves of the dead; the entrails of pregnant women were torn; the interior of the sepulchers stirred as if ready to open;

5. At the lake of Gennesaret Peter's boat seemed to have been swept away by the storm; bent over the tomb of the apostles, the Old Vatican man thought he felt his eternal crown go from his head, and on the tops of the holy mountain of sacrifice, the Guardian Spirit of Calvary clung to the divine tree of life that seemed to want to turn around.

6. Curse.... repeated the dark son of hell. Then, extending one hand towards the south and the east and the other towards the West, the first towards Zion, the city of sorrows, and the other towards the city of glories and holiness, Rome the eternal, he says:

7. City of helplessness and folly, contemptible Jerusalem, tremble in the midst of your ruins and your desolations: your time has come; your vile glory will fall with your weak walls and your powerless towers which will be overthrown for the last time in the dust; the tomb of your Saint will be destroyed forever; forever your infamous sign will disappear from the accursed mountain, which I will ravage with my devouring sword, and where after that I will place one of My crowns: forever my standard will replace your standard, and My shield will forever shut the mouth of your miserable sepulcher.

8. **(ED. 'BOLD': appears to be speaking of Rome and the Vatican)** And you, fallen city, prostitute Rome, woe to you! In you I will leave nothing healthy; I will break you whole; stone by stone, your walls, your monuments, your temples, I will remove them. Vile and crippled old man, you who in your secret perfidy, in your hypocritical and outdated pride, you promised to resist Me, to betray Me, you, helpless leader of the rebels, I will offer you as an example and a spectacle to the world terrified. On your bloody breast I will tear your useless purple; on your forehead I will break your tiara without strength; the fire of my indignation will consume those who call themselves your saints and the servants of your God; and on the wreckage of your broken ark I will establish the throne of my everlasting pontificate.

9. Who dares to resist me? ... And the tyrant turned, saying these words, on the side of the reserved nations, who despised his threats and only waited for the signal to attack the dragon and put him to death; and he especially considered the Saints, who defied his wrath, and whose ten days and seven days of persecution were about to end.

10. Then his face grew paler, more dreadful, his eye more fiery; his lips quivered with rage, with despair; and with that same hand which he held out towards Rome, the city of the Saints, also designating the nations of the Lord, he repeated: Who dares resist me? The earth has become my prey, kings are my slaves, and the world is under my feet. Fly on the seas, fast ships; go through the cities, o swords, devourers; go, ministers of my wrath, go, and upon the waters, and upon the lands, those who do not worship, the base fanatics, the stupid superstitious of the harlot, devour them with avenging fire.

11. I want it. I can. Adore, oh earth ... and you ... heaven ... The tyrant could not finish: his mouth filled with foam; two and three times it opened, but he only came out like a dull groan. A frightful sight had passed before his eyes, and his eyes darkened, and his heavy head bowed, and he fell in his seat.

12. But at the same instant the three phantoms first assistants of the great phantom, and all those of the first circles and the first triangles of thrones, rose en masse and walked in the two sides which the two hands had pointed out: and they were preparing for to take the tree of Calvary, to chain the Old Vatican man, to subjugate the reserved nations, to destroy all the Saints of the earth, and to drown in the midst of darkness, blood and devastation, the whole world.

13. And my eyes saw the whole earth encircled, from Scandinavia to Mozambique, from Labrador to Senegambia (*Ed. western Africa between Senegal and Gambia Rivers*), with a double row of destructive bronzes. Now the first row was turned on the seas without which were all covered with ships, and the second was turned inwards on the silent earth: first, for a few moments, from the dark mouth of the heavy and dark pipes I saw to go out silently, and to go in agitated spirals, a double row of black columns of smoke; then, on all the lines, the bronzes set ablaze, and they were about to vomit death on all sides.

14. But then I saw that the ten weeks were ending. Already the Divine Hand was quite lowered on the dragon and ready to strike. The angel of the Lord cried out, this is the day, this is the day: and saying thus he went away, and I saw that he was lifted up to heaven.

XV

1. After all this, these are the words that the Lord said to Zechariah the prophet: Son of man, go, take the measure of two berets (*Ed. popular hat in France and Spain*) which bears the number 666, and measure the spear of the man from tip to pommel, and the crown which is on the hair of his head, and the chains which are in his hands.

2. Take also the other measure of stages which bears the number 666, and measure the dragon in all directions, in length, in width and in thickness; then measure the system of thrones, and the system of chains, for both are related to the heads and the horns, and the diadems which are on the horns.
3. And I did all this: and I found that the number of the measures of the man and of the dragon was like the number written on the measures of the Lord with which I was measuring: and it was 666.
4. But the Lord said to me again: Take the scale which bears the number 666 written on it and which is the scale of living justice; put the man of the great throne and the dragon in one tray, and in the other tray put all their iniquities. Take at the same time a bushel which is the bushel of my indulgence and of my mercies, and put these same iniquities within: then weigh and measure.
5. And I did all this: and I saw that the bushel was too full and was overflowing: as for the balance it remained in equilibrium and the two weights were equal. But the number 666 which was that of the scale and the bushel was in the two plates of the first, and in all the interior of the latter, and in all that I had weighed and measured.
6. Then I saw that the mysterious number was written on the whole man and on the whole dragon: on the spear, the crown, the thrones, the chains, the tongues, the heads, the horns, and the kingdom below, and the reign above: and that was the universal and complete number.
7. But behold, the Lord say unto me again, Son of man, see the underside and the top of the great head of the dragon, and the mouths, and the heads, and the horns, and the diadems, and count them; also look at the thrones and the chains, and the circles and the triangles, and count them.
8. And I saw all these things as the Lord commanded me, and I saw the mouths from below and the horns from above, and this is what I saw: Around each mouth which was enclosed in a head the name of blasphemy was written in its entirety, and on each of the horns which protruded from the unity of the heads each diadem was perfectly completed and definitely seated.
9. But the system of thrones and chains was related to the system of heads: for around each throne there was a triangle of thrones and chains, and around each triangle there were as many circles of thrones and chains that he found of horns and diadems on the unit of heads.
10. Now I counted, and the count was complete: for I counted the heads and the mouths and the names of blasphemy, and found seven; and I counted the horns and the crowns, and found ten.

11. And I numbered the thrones and the chains, and the count was complete: for their number was equal to the number of weights and measures, and it was 666.

12. And this is the account: Around the great throne were as many triangles of thrones and chains as the dragon had heads and mouths and names of blasphemies around the mouths: and there were seven heads, seven mouths and seven names of blasphemy, and there were seven triangles.

13. And around each triangle there were as many circles of thrones and chains as the dragon had horns and diadems on the heads: and there were ten horns and ten diadems, and there were ten circles.

14. And the number of the thrones was also the desired number, and it was arranged in this way: each triangle, starting from that where the three horrible ghosts, hypocrisy, perjury, usurpation, contained three thrones; and each of the circles that surrounded the triangles always contained one more throne than the one that preceded it and one less throne than the one that followed it. But the last circle of each triangle contained only as many as the penultimate, and the first contained only as many as its corresponding triangle, while the second had double the first.

15. This was the number of thrones and chains and heads and diadems and all the system above; and that of the whole system below was the same; and both agreed with that of weights and measures; and all were in accord, corresponding to one another, and they made up the count of iniquities, which shall be the dragon's count at that time, and which shall be a full and complete count.

16. These are the things that I saw in that day with the dragon which is the glorious empire of Aquilon, and with the man of the great throne, who will be its last king: and all that I saw was the desired sign, the fulfillment and the final end of all that should be.

17. As for the Cross, I no longer saw it anywhere in these places: the holy sign had disappeared, and we could no longer see it on the right or on the left, neither standing nor thrown down. The monster and the tyrant had committed their last iniquity.

18. Then the voice of God was heard and said: The accounts are made. The numbers are right. It's time.

XVI

1. Right now I am living a painful sight.
2. Above the guilty and unhappy empire, leaning over it in a sad, overwhelmed attitude, an angel stood.
3. Its wings were relaxed and hanging; laden with immense sorrows, his forehead was attached to the earth. Sometimes he seemed to cry the way spirits weep; sometimes he sighed in a soft voice, softened by melodies of pain: the plaintive notes of the sacred elegy spread around him like a harmony from the sky, full of those mysterious melancholies of which one cannot give an idea; but he, he considered incessantly the empire which he had not been able to save and which was already coming to an end, and he said and repeated his painful song, and after having finished it he began it again.
4. Such are the songs of the desolate mother beside the bed of her child who will soon be gone: standing, surrounded by her black and trailing veils, bent over the discolored face of the dying man, she weeps, she weeps again, and nothing can console her.
5. Thus continued the lamentations of the spirit of heaven. It was the angel of the empire of Aquilon who was about to abandon this superb power which he could no longer protect, and upon which the inexorable anger of the vengeful God was already approaching.
6. And as my eyes were still fixed on him, I saw him suspend his complaints for a moment, and contemplate in silence for some time the empire doomed to terrible destinies;
7. Then, bowing respectfully as if to worship the eternal decrees of divine justice, slowly and with sadness he departed, carrying in his hands the protective shield and the sacred signs.

XVII

1. Vision on the day of wrath. Vision on the coming of the sword.
2. Then I saw a sword coming, made in a way that one cannot imagine: and this is how it came, and this is how it was made:
3. It came from the side of the East, and it went towards the West, and it walked like the wing of storms preceded by lightning.
4. It had ten cutting edges and ten points. Now the cutting edges were also flared, and the points equally sharp; and each point was made from a different metal, and each edge was from three different metals.

5. For the guard it was a triple ring composed of a variety of chalcedony (*Ed. translucent to transparent milky or grayish quartz*) of brownish color, fine golden stones and brilliant diamonds: and each ring was encircled with an arc of bright flames which radiated with a triple brightness.
6. But the pommel was even more astonishing: it was of a prodigious size, and it had connections with all the other parts of the sword: all the points and all the cutting edges came out of it and returned to it by various lines strongly drawn in vigorous veins. The metal it was made of looked like molten brass in a furnace, but it was not brass, and I cannot say what name it had, for it does not exist on earth and it does not exist, and it has no name in our language. For the design of the pommel/hilt, it cannot be described because there is nothing like it here below.
7. Now all that composed the sword was taken from the everlasting factories of wrath; and the sword was all alive, and it was the devouring sword of God, the God of hosts.
8. And it was from the east, and it walked like the wing of storms preceded by thunderbolts.
9. And as it passed, each edge let fall sprays of flame and light; and all the countries through which the sword passed were regenerated: they were purified by the flame, and they were illuminated by the light, and the earth was as renewed under the influence of the sword.
10. Now it was still walking: and from the East where the edges had let light fall, it went towards the West to which it communicated an invincible force, the force which is in the pommel, and which is wisdom at the same time as it is power. But I saw that this strength communicated above all to the great and magnanimous nation, France, the daughter of glory and genius.
11. And light was given to the east, and wisdom and power were given to the west.
12. But at the same time I saw another vision. The two holy and glorious nations, France and Iberia, received the desired signal and arose; and the two nations which were the first to run up at the voice of the Old Man, preacher of the coming crusade, arose; and with them, finally breaking their chains for the last time, and acquiring power and wisdom with the lights of truth, arose the other nations which were to live, having at their head Poland, noble daughter of heroism and martyrdom.
13. And all these nations came from all parts of the earth, from the east, and from the south and from the north, and from the old and from the new world, and from among the rivers, and from among the isles of the seas; and they drew near; and they had all received the light; and they had all entered the ways of salvation.

14. And when they were gathered, the Old Man, raising his hand, blessed the peoples and gave the signal: all the holy standards were displayed at the same time; all the swords quivered and shone; a cry came from the four corners of the globe like a cry of victory: God wills it, God wills it. The holy armies were set in motion, and all the blessed peoples sprang up on the side where the ten-edged sword was finally heading after having traversed the earth, repeating: God wills it, God wills it.

15. Then the ten-edged sword went to be placed in the hand which was stretched out and lowered over the empire of Aquilon.

16. And from one end of heaven to the other a voice rose up, saying, The Lord has taken his sword.

XVIII

1. From the depths of the black abyss where he had descended for a moment to reign over the shadows of the half-dead, the son of the abyss saw all these things, and he rushed forward.

2. Satan rushed forward to the regions of the day. He ran to the dragon his firstborn, the spirit of his spirit and the heart of his heart, in order to protect him, in order to preserve the immense empire which was his work and which he saw threatened so near.

3. It was an act of proud, foolish daring: but the archangel of darkness is infinitely superb and daring, and eternal dizziness disturb his mind. Rage, mourning, shame and unbridled despair urged him on: he came, determined to support in a last and supreme struggle the pretensions of hell. He arrived; he stood before the man of the great throne, and said to him, Courage: I am here.

4. Suddenly, under the vault of the heavens an immense light was made. It was Michael, the sublime archangel, firstborn of the Spirits, prince and leader of the triumphant militias of Eternity.

5. He came from the living arsenals where the formidable weapons of divine fury are preserved, and where he had gone to take the instrument of vengeance. He appeared. I saw him soar fast and bright as lightning, threatening and terrible as the breath of the wrath of God in the heights of the firmament: he descended the heavens: a mantle of flames was his clothing, like the eternal aegis battles; an arc of light was around his head; under his feet flew the chariot of victories; in his hands were the prepared sieve and the seven goblets of wine, and by his side walked an angel carrying a loud trumpet.

6. It happened; from his fiery bosom escaped a formidable cry like the sound multiplied by a thousand thunders: Who can measure himself with God? At this voice the heavens were shaken; the earth quivered and reeled; the black abysses opened; and, similar to a rolling comet, uncertain, half-extinguished, and falling apart, Satan descended into eternal darkness.
7. Then from the trumpet came a sound which spread over all the earth, and Michael cried out, Heavens and earth, prepare yourselves: the Lord is going to arise.
8. In the divine hand the ten-edged sword swirled; the four winds on which was carried the hand, the flying thunderbolts, the burning coals, and the chariots of the storms which kept watch all around, appeared and said, Here we are. And the time given to the dragon being ended, the Lord answered them: It is the hour.
9. But at the same time I heard another voice responding to the voice of the Lord, and repeating: Yes, it is the hour. And that voice was not that of an angel; and I was amazed because of it. But a moment later I understood the thing, for between all the signs of vengeance and in the midst of all the ministers of anger, I saw the false prophet appear, pastor of the wolves of Turkmenia, black spirit of fatality and avenging genius of the iniquities of Aquilon.
10. And I saw that it was he who had answered the voice of the Lord; and I heard him say these words again: The day has finally arrived: it is to avenge myself that I have protected him: it is the hour, it is the hour. And he was rejoicing; and he applauded the impending vengeance.
11. Finally the divine hand moved: in the midst of winds, thunderbolts, coals and storms, the ten edges of the sword suddenly shone with a terrible brilliance; the living sieve turned in the hands of the Archangel, like an immense globe of fire; one after another the bowls bowed, and the work of righteousness and vengeance began.

XIX

1. Prophecy of doom against the crown of pride of the son of Aquilon. Arrival of the coming day of wrath, great and very bitter day, day of pain and terror, day shrouded in darkness and filled with desolation.
2. Big vision: On that day I saw the Lord provoked, rise up armed with His sword, and His fury kindle; I saw the cups empty; I saw the vengeful sword descend many times, and the nations of the earth smiting upon the dragon and clapping for vengeance: and anger could not be

quelled, and the fire of indignation could not be quenched, and nothing was could no longer save Aquilon's empire.

3. First there was a quarter of an hour of universal silence. And after the quarter of an hour was over, the signal was given.

4. The hand was moving and giving the signal. And when the hand moved, the angel holding the trumpet sounded, and a cup was knocked down, and the sword came down with all the unleashed ministers from the hand.

5. Now seven times the angel sounded the trumpet, and seven times fell on the dragon the inexorable hand, and the devouring vials, and the avenging sword; and seven times he was struck with dreadful plagues, and dismembered, and destroyed:

6. For whenever the trumpet sounded, Michael poured a cup into the sieve: and the wine of fury escaped in fiery drops from the ten openings, and fell on all the seventh part of the dragon: and all the seventh part of the dragon was becoming gangrenous.

7. And whenever a cup was poured out, the sword sprang forth with the seventh part of its edges, and it took away the seventh part of the dragon: and all that the wine and the edges of the sword touched disappeared and was no more.

8. And as the man of the great throne bore the image and character and number of the dragon, all that the vials and the sword did against the dragon, they did at the same time against the man of the great throne and also against the shadows of all other thrones.

9. But this is what happened again: when the wine of a cup had corrupted the seventh part of the dragon, it would come together on a head and it was going to throw itself into a mouth. Now, whenever a cup was poured out, immense noises were made; and the dragon twisted and contracted, uttering terrible roars; and the mouth, into which all the wine of fury entered, became like a chimney taken by the threshold and which smokes with a quiver, and it gave out a name of blasphemy which the man of the throne repeated: after which the sword suddenly came upon head, and rushed into the mouth.

10. And whenever the edges of the sword had swept away the gangrenous parts, and the points entered into a mouth, and closed a mouth, and removed a head, there was a great silence of amazement and fear for a few moments; then the silence was suddenly followed by cries and applause without number, and the nations, from sunset to dawn, applauded and said: It is the day of deliverance. The Lord is great, he is powerful, and he is just: Blessed be the Lord!

11. And France, daughter of glory, who helped the Lord most in his work of righteousness, and who was like his right hand, applauded and said: Blessed be the Lord!

12. And the caves of the mountains, and the springs of the rivers, and the arms of the seas, and all the lower waters, and all the upper waters, applauded and said: Blessed be the Lord!

13. And each time, from the midst of the applause came a voice which said: It is not done: Knock again, knock again. And I saw that the false prophet, fatal guardian of the iniquities of Aquilon, appeared and clapped his hands; and it was he who always said and repeated: It is not done: Knock again, knock again.

14. And the wrath of the Lord was always kindled, and the fire of indignation could not be quenched; and always the hand moved, and the trumpet sounded, and the wine of a cup was poured out, and the sword of God fell precipitately with the hand which carried it; and the work of righteousness and vengeance began and recommenced without ceasing until consummation.

15. But this is how the work of righteousness and vengeance was done, which shall be the work of the Lord God.

16. The angel holding the trumpet sounded for the first time, and there was a sound like a volcano erupting, and Michael poured out the first cup.

17. The wine of the wrath of God was poured out in the sieve; and it went out by the ten openings rolling and burning; and he descended on the two tails of the dragon, and on a triangle of thrones, and on the ten circles which surrounded the triangle, and on the two diadems raised on the side of the Aquilon: after which it gathered together as one, and it entered a mouth, from which it passed, burning the entrails, to the last viscera. And the seventh part of the dragon became gangrenous, and the first mouth cast its blasphemy in the midst of a whirlwind of smoke.

18. But the sword sprang forth with the seventh part of its edges, and cut off all that the wine touched and gangrenous, and took away the seventh part of the dragon: and the first mouth was shut, and the first head was cut.

19. Now once again, France daughter of glory had smote the dragon, superb and horrible, and the nations had smitten: and the caves of monis, and the springs of rivers, and the arms of the seas, and the waters of the deep, applauded and said: Blessed be the Lord!

20. The angel rang the second time, and there was a sound like that of a fire in which an immense quantity of oil and green leaves would be thrown, and Michael poured out the second cup.

21. The wine fell on all the left wing of the dragon, and on a triangle of thrones, and on the ten circles of the triangle, and on the diadem which was raised on the side of the Cornus; and it passed over a head, and entered into a mouth. And the seventh part of the dragon was fouled, and the mouth uttered its blasphemy.

22. But the sword came down, and it took away the gangrenous parts of the dragon: and the second mouth was shut, and the second head was cut off.

23. The angel rang the third time, and there was a sound like an earthquake, and Michael poured out the third cup.

24. The wine fell on the two hind feet of the dragon, and on a triangle and on ten circles of thrones and chains, and on the two diadems raised towards the setting sun: and from there it passed over one head, and he entered into a mouth: and the mouth uttered its blasphemy, and a seventh part of the dragon was gangrened.

25. But the sword fell on all this, and it took away the seventh part of the dragon: and the third mouth was shut, and the third head cut off.

26. And France, daughter of glory, always struck; and the heathen smote: and the earth and the heavens clapped and said: Blessed be the Lord! But still a voice came out of the applause that said: It is not done: knock again, knock again.

27. But behold, the angel rang for the fourth time, and there was a sound like that of the clash of two armies, and Michael poured out the fourth cup.

28. Now the wine of wrath came out of the sieve, which was like a sinister meteor which has lost its way in the heavens, and which rolls down to the terrified earth; and it spread over all the right wing of the dragon, and over the seventh part of the system of thrones and chains, and over the diadem turned towards the side of the still star of Auster; and he gathered himself on one head, and it flowed out into one mouth: and the mouth uttered its blasphemy, and the seventh part of the dragon was gangrened.

29. But the relentless sword sprang forth quickly, and it cut to pieces all that the wine of fury touched: and the fourth mouth was shut, and the fourth head was cut off.

30. And the monster was dismembered, and it howled horribly. But the anger of the Lord was not appeased; and the work of righteousness and vengeance was not finished; and the Divine Hand was still moving once more; and the fatal voice kept repeating: It is not done: Knock again, knock again.

31. The angel rang the fifth time, and there was a sound like the voice of great waters when they are troubled, and Michael poured out the fifth cup.

32. And the wine was poured out on the two front feet of the dragon, and on a triangle of thrones and chains, and on the ten circles of a triangle, and on the two diadems sitting with their horns at the mouths of the superb rivers and in the midst of all the isles of the maritime world: whereupon he gathered upon one head, and he flowed into one mouth: and the mouth smoked and blasphemed, and a seventh part of the dragon was gangrened.

33. And the sword sprang forth; and it cut to pieces all that the wine of the fifth cup had touched: and the fifth mouth was shut, and the fifth head was cut off.

34. Then the monster, son of Satan, having no more tails, neither wings nor feet, uttered terrible cries, rolling on itself with desperate movements, and shocks which made the whole population of earth trembled: and it discovered the horrible belly and the great black circle with all its mysteries.

35. I saw one thing then. Of the seven envelopes which covered the tongues, five envelopes had disappeared; and of all tongues and darts five times the seventh part was gone; and what the vials and the sword had done against the outer limbs of the dragon, and against the system of heads and horns and diadems which was the system of thrones and chains, which was the visible reign of tyranny, daughter of pride, daughter of evil, they had done it against the system of languages and against the dark circle of the navel, which was the heart of the monster, and which was the seat of the invisible reign of impiety, daughter of hypocrisy, daughter of evil: and just as one system had responded to the other system, and one reign had resembled the other, so vengeance had been similar and equal.

36. And I saw another thing. Already the man on the great throne had been struck with five mortal plagues; already five times the seventh part of the image and the resemblance which he had had with the dragon had been destroyed at his place, and had disappeared; and five times the seventh part of his spear, of his crown, of his chains, and of all the things which had made his power, was wanting in his pride and in his dominion: and he uttered cries of despair and blasphemies of impiety like the blasphemies of the dragon.

37. But after all these things, the surety of the Lord was not appeased, and His Hand was still up.

38. From the midst of the four winds upon which it was borne, the Divine Hand moved and gave the signal; the angel sounded the trumpet; the sound that was made was like that of the wings of Jehovah's chariot, when the God of hosts crosses the heavens amid the breath of His anger.

39. Then Michael poured out the sixth cup: the wine of fury fell on the whole belly of the dragon, who contracted and stirred horribly, uttering terrible roars; and it spread over a triangle and ten circles of thrones, and the sixth shell of tongues, and the seventh part of the

system above and the system below, of the visible kingdom of tyranny and the invisible kingdom, but become already visible, of impiety, as well as on the horn and on the diadem which looked at the dawn from the side of the morning stars: after which it gathered on a head, and it rushed into a mouth: and the mouth threw his blasphemy together with the black whirlwind of the pestilent smoke: and all the belly was gangrenous and it became all corrupt and stinking.

38. And suddenly the sword was lowered with the inexorable hand that carried it, surrounded by winds, thunderbolts, red coals, and scorching tempests; and she took away all that the wine of the sixth cup had touched: and the sixth mouth was shut, and the sixth head was cut off.

39. And France, daughter of glory, 'had already struck six times the dragon and the man of the great throne, ghost defeated and expiring under the devouring storm but still retaining the character and part of the image of the monster; and the nations had struck six times; and the caves of the mountains, and the springs of the rivers, and the arms of the seas, and the waters of the abines, had applauded six times, and said, Blessed be the Lord!

40. And there was nothing left for the dragon but a triangle of thrones, which was that occupied by the three spectra first assistants of the great specter, and a diadem, and a seventh part of the tongues, and an envelope on each tongue, and a completely mutilated and shapeless body.

41. But despite this the Fatal Voice of Punishment, He was not silent, and He kept repeating: It is not done: Knock again, knock again.

42. And after all these things, the wrath of the Lord was not quenched, and His hand was still up.

XX

1. Then I saw the angel coming holding his trumpet to sooner. And a great voice was heard which extended from east to west, saying: The last cup, the last cup.

2. What still remained of the dragon was seized with a shiver which cannot be painted; the gates of the abyss opened to weep; the earth stood still, waited, and all the ministers of the wrath of God prepared themselves.

3. But Michael also came. He held the seventh vial in his hands. He looked at the earth, he bowed down before the heavens; then, rising, he uttered an immense triumph cry, and he said: Who is like the Most High?
4. The trumpet sounded. It was over the whole earth like a long breaking of chains, and it was heard there like a kind of wide and prolonged sigh, like that breath that joy and freedom pour out from the bosom of one, who after a long captivity, finally feels free.
5. At this moment the Archangel poured out the cup. All the nations stamped their feet for a long time; the world was taken as a universal delirium of joy; once and twice the illuminated heavens opened and thundered, and Michael repeated, together with the solemn voice of the earth and the heavens: Who is like the Most High? Who is like the Most High?
6. Now the wine of the wrath of God came out of the sieve, the instrument of purification, which the Lord had made this time an instrument of vengeance; and it descended like ten streaking stars, all red with fire, in the distant skies, and it was poured out on all that was left of the dragon.
7. And from the last mouth of the monster there escaped a thick whirlwind of smoke; but the blasphemy could not come out, for the sword went in immediately, and it went out, and it had already devoured all that the wine of the seventh cup touched.
8. Then of all the man and of all the dragon I saw nothing more, there between the blood and the mire, but an impure trunk, shapeless, horrible.
9. However, the work of justice and vengeance was not yet finished, and the Fatal Voice was not silent, and It kept repeating: It is not done, knock again.
10. And after all these things, the wrath of the Lord was not quelled, yet His hand was lifted up.

XXI

1. At this moment there was still a quarter of an hour of great silence. And meanwhile the men are watching. Left was the trunk of the dragon and that of the man who had borne the image and character of the monster; and they beheld with amazement those who had reigned over the world; and they stooped down to recognize them, and said, Is this left of the pride of man, and of the power of the dragon?

2. And at the same time I lifted up my eyes, and saw that the divine hand was still up and stretched out; and the sword was still in the hand with its ten edges; and the sieve was still hanging over what was left of the man and the dragon.
3. Now, as I did not understand what this meant, I considered the mutilated remains, and I noticed that there were still some movements of life in them.
4. But suddenly I heard these words: Comes total consumption. And at the same instant I noticed that the trunk of the dragon had been turned upside down, so that the great black circle, which still retained some disfigured appearances of its monstrous forms, was turned towards the sky: and I noticed that it was still alive.
5. So here is what happened. All the things cut to pieces and taken away by the sword, after having been devoured by the wine of the fury of God, reappeared: a shapeless and hideous mass of debris and ruins, an impure mixture of the remains of tyranny still smoking from the fire of divine indignation, but still having the character of existence.
6. And all these things were thrown jumbled into the great black circle. And after that Michael gathered all the wine of the seven bowls, and he poured it out in the sieve, and the wine came out of the sieve, like ten springs of salt, and it fell into the circle of darkness.
7. And three times the Archangel gathered the wine, and three times he poured it out: and each time that the wine had fallen, the sword descended with its sharp edges into the black circle, and it spent some moments there; and while she was there, from the whole black circle escaped, as from the midst of a conflagration, thick and dark clouds of smoke.
8. And three times France, daughter of glory, smote the remains of the dragon and of the man, and the remains of the remains; and three times the crossed nations struck; and three times the earth and the heavens applauded the final and complete vengeance.
9. And the holy prophet also clapped and clapped his hands: and he clapped the first, and he clapped the second time, but when the sword of God rushed for the last time into the dark circle, the black spirit of the fatality 'Aquilon does not applaud: he was already gone.
10. Now the first time that the sword descended on the remains, the remains made movements and gave some signs of life; but the second time the divine sword made them still, and the third time everything was consumed.
11. And of the colossal power, and of the proud domination of the superb empire, absolutely nothing remained.
12. Then I no longer saw the hand of the Lord, nor the sword, nor the sieve, nor any of the signs of vengeance: and as I looked and sought some trace of the existence of the great empire and of the dragon that is the symbol, I could not find any.

XXII

1. Vision of Zechariah on the sign of the last triumphs conclude. But behold, I saw a sign which filled me with joy and hope, and which drove from my mind all the painful impressions which the things I had seen until then had produced.
2. And what I saw was a prelude to things that must come to an end, and a beginning of future triumphs.
3. There, in the very place where the dragon had been, erect, radiant, powerful, a Cross planted on the earth:
4. It was the Cross that the Patriarch of Solyme (*Ed. Jerusalem?*) had planted in this place after his conversion, and that he had left there, dying a martyr and a saint.
5. And the Cross had one arm turned toward the east and one arm turned toward the west.
6. And on the arm which looked towards the East, it was written this word: LIGHT; and on the arm which looked towards the West, it was written this word: FORCE; and on the forehead of the Cross was also written a word, and this word meant: PEACE.
7. Now, while I contemplated with admiration and transport these things, I saw gradually light up all the places which surrounded the Cross.
8. And the light walked and advanced on all sides, like the rays of the sun which rises and which rises, and the force marched and advanced.
9. And the light was truth, and strength was virtue; and light and strength were salvation and peace, and they were life and happiness.
10. But when the East was illuminated by the light that came out of one of the arms of the Cross, and the West was strengthened by the force that came out of the other arm, I saw the coming one coming: It was the bride who came forward, leaning on her beloved, placed on her bed which is a throne of glory, with the crown which she received from the bridegroom, surrounded by her divine laurels and the white girdle of her chaste and fruitful bosom, and bearing in her finger the sacred ring of her eternal marriage and her eternal love.
11. She was coming: all the ways were open to her passage, and her kingdom, which will be the universal kingdom of truth and justice, was everywhere prepared.
12. Then the daughter of Zion left all foreign lands, and from the shores of Babylon I saw her come running to the bride: the two virgins recognized each other and embraced each other on

the holy mountain, where the bed and the crown of the Bride and the sacred ring of her finger were placed forever.

13. O Daughter of Zion, cry out for joy! Take back your holy songs, say your songs of triumph! I see you become queen again of the nations ... I see you glorious, of Tiro and Sidon once again mistress, and I see a thousand peoples prostrate before you, who kiss the dust under your feet ... utter cries of joy and songs of joy, O Virgin of Zion!

14. Now, now I expected to see new and greater visions; but my eyes were closed: and my eyes saw nothing, and my ears heard nothing.

15. Only an immense joy spread through my soul whose thoughts had become greater, more serene, views higher, feelings purer, and something ineffable, a sort of heavenly rapture, took hold of everything in my being Where everything that is crippled and earthly in mortal nature seemed to have vanished to make room for another nature.

16. Then my bosom could not contain the transports that stirred it: and my mouth was opened, and my tongue was loosed, and I sang a song of praise and blessings to Adonai the Lord, in whom is power and in whom is mercy.

17. I sang thus:

SONG OF ZACHARIE THE PROPHET

ALEPI

My soul, glorify the mighty and merciful Lord! My lips, bless the mighty and merciful Lord!

BETI

The Lord fills heaven and earth with his glory and his majesty. In the heights of the heaven of heavens is established his throne, surrounded by innumerable spheres, crowned with seven circles of light; but upon the earth is established the throne of his heart and his most beautiful crown, mercy.

My soul, glorify the mighty and merciful Lord!

My lips, bless the mighty and merciful Lord!

GHIMEL

The Lord raises and he lowers; the Lord enlightens and he blinds; the Lord overthrows and he edifies; the Lord gives strength, light and life, and he takes away strength, light and life.

DALETI

He wills, he commands, he acts; he looks, and the abyss is clear; he speaks, and the quivering skies roll like a book; he throws his hand in the darkness, and he chains them; he lays his eyes on the earth, and he vivifies it, makes it fruitful, and beautifies it.

My soul, glorify the mighty and merciful Lord!

My lips, bless the mighty and merciful Lord!

It is he who gives to the flower its beauty, to the brook its murmurs, to the desert its solitudes, and to the forests its secrets, and to the mountains of elevations; it is he who gives the herbs to the meadow and the harvests to the fields, the moods to the leaves and the flavor to the fruit, its adornment to the earth and its fruitfulness.

VAU

He gives his flights to the eagle, to the lion his courage, and to Leviathan his enthusiasm and his strength; He gives to the Ocean its splendid and its great voices, to the sky its latitudes and its splendors, to the star its balance and its influences, and to the day its rays, and its mysteries to the night, and its divine order to all of nature. But to man he gives more than all this: he gives him the crown of his heart, his love and his mercy.

My soul, glorify the mighty and merciful Lord! My lips, bless the mighty and merciful Lord!

ZAIN

He helps the poor, he consoles the unfortunate, he welcomes the widow and the orphan, he heals the cripple, he forgives the sinner, he blesses the cradle of the child and the staff of the old man, the breast of the virgin and the womb of the mother, the forehead of the adolescent and the breast of the warrior, and the couch of the living and the sleep of the dead.

IETO

Who gives hope to the exiled traveler? It is the Lord. Who shows him the way to his homeland? Who strengthens his feet? It is the Lord. The Lord gives himself to the humble, and

he fills his soul with joy. But to the superb the Lord resists, to the superb he weakens both the light of the eyes and the virtue of the heart: for mercy is with the Lord, but with the Lord is also justice.

My soul, glorify the mighty and merciful Lord! My lips, bless the mighty and merciful Lord!

TIETO

My spirit sings the glory of the great God! My mind especially sings the miracles of his love! He is the one who is; his name is incommunicable and terrible; his name is Jehovah, and his glory has no end.

JOD

O Adonai, who is like you! Great in your works, wise in your advice, admirable in the ways of your righteousness, and still more admirable in the ways of your goodness!

My soul, glorify the mighty and merciful Lord!

My lips, bless the mighty and merciful Lord!

CAPO

Yes, for he is great, Jehovah, when he walks in God the ways of eternity. The fullness of the heavens unfold, the sources of light are revealed, the depths of the abysses are exposed, the unmistakable circle of spaces still widens and becomes alive, and before it the eternal roads open and extend from infinity to infinity, through an endless succession of ever more splendid illuminations and endlessly renewed perspectives.

LAMED

He is great when his fury is kindled: he gets up; he takes his spear, which throws fearful light in the fiery skies; he descends from the eternal hills, preceded by the wing of tempests, surrounded by the formidable pavilion of darkness, enveloped in hot whirlpools like a mantle; he walks through the fiery candelabra which his breath quenches and knocks down; he soars, he rushes, he multiplies his thunderbolts: the pillars of the firmament shake, the hills of the world bow down, the arch of the heavens shatter, the eternal domes are filled with dreadful obscurities, and the he divine ark, carried on a triangle of fire, is discovered in the depths of

Eternity, oscillating in distant fluids of bright light and surrounded by lightning and lightning that fly. Then creation stops trembling and terrified, and it fears destruction,

My soul, glorify the mighty and merciful Lord!

My lips, bless the mighty and merciful Lord!

SAME

He is great, Jehovah, when his wrath is kindled and his righteousness passes! ...

But when Emmanuel comes among us, full of grace and gentleness! ... When he comes, pastor of love, looking across the mountains and valleys for the poor lost sheep! ... When he travels like a tired pilgrim, in Father and friend of men, the dry ways of exile and the deserts of life! O Emmanuel, who can speak both of your glory and your goodness?

NUY

Yes, sing, oh my spirit, sing the mercies of the great God! Great is his power, but still greater is his mercy; great is his majesty, but still greater is his mercy; great and dreadful is his righteousness, holy and terrible is his name, wise and admirable are its councils, beautiful and brilliant are its tabernacles; but greater, more admirable, more beautiful, are his mercies.

My soul, glorify the mighty and merciful Lord!

My lips, bless the mighty and merciful Lord!

SAMECH

And I, the poor converted fisherman, what shall I render to you, Lord, for all that you have done to me? You broke my ties; you have brought me out of the pit of perdition; you healed my wounds; in my eyes you gave light, to my heart peace, to my soul life.

AIN

What shall I render to you, Lord, for all that you have given me? I will always publish your praises; I will sing your mercies every day; I will bless your name eternally.

My soul, glorify the mighty and merciful Lord! My lips, bless the mighty and merciful Lord!

PHE

Rays of dawn, bless the Lord; morning stars, bless the Lord.

Flowers of the valley, bless the Lord; grasses of the hill, bless the Lord.

Rivers and seas, bless the Lord; hills and hills, bless the Lord.

Dawn and dusk, bless the Lord; night and day, bless the Lord.

Trees and plants, bless the Lord; animals and reptiles, bless the Lord

Peoples of Dawn and Sunset, bless the Lord; nations of the earth, bless the Lord.

Bless the Lord, for he is great and almighty; bless the Lord, for he is good and merciful, and his name will reign forever and ever.

SADE

I praise you, O God, I bless you, I adore you; I believe in you, in you I hope, in you I confide. I confess to you before the universe, with the legions of angels and the Powers of heaven, with the Cherubim and the Seraphim, with the glorious court of the Apostles, with the venerable multitude of the Patriarchs and the Prophets, with the innumerable army of the Martyrs, with the brilliant phalanxes of Confessors and Virgins, and with all the universal Church which is spread over the earth.

My soul, glorify the mighty and merciful Lord! My lips, bless the mighty and merciful Lord!

COPH

I confess to you, almighty and creative Father, and your only begotten Son from eternity, and the Paraclete Spirit proceeding from both, in the indivisible unity of the eternal and divine substance.

RES

Glory be to God in the height of the heavens, and on earth peace to men of good will,

INS

My soul, glorify, now and always, the powerful and merciful Lord! My lips, bless, now and always, the mighty and merciful Lord!

TIAU

Glory to Jehovah the God of hosts! Glory to his Christ, the conqueror of death, the king of ages! Glory to the Spirit Paraclete, the light of hearts, the sun of love, the source of consolations!

Glory three times to him who was and who is and who is to come! To him blessing and honor and power, today and always, and forever and ever, as it was in the beginning and in all eternity! Fiat! Fiat!

Thus sang the seer of Judah a song to his God. But here his song ends. And when his song was over he was silent, and he had no more visions: and he returned to his human eyes, and to his human spirit.

As he finished reading these last lines, the anchorite, without raising his eyes from the Seer's book, quickly passed several pages; but he could not do it quickly enough so that I could not already have noticed that at the head of the first of these pages was * written a new title of prophecy, which was this:

THE WEST

I really wanted to know the words of Zacharie seeing him on the peoples of civilization; but I did not interrupt the old man, who, having reached the place he seemed to be looking for, stopped and, without making any preliminary reflection, resumed his reading.

THE LAST TIMES

1. Revelation on the end, made to Zechariah, son of Loammi, son of Debelaim, son of ... Judah ... who was ... daughter ... of...

Like a man who feels he has gone too far in a matter, and who thinks of retracing his steps, the old man hesitated. He was obviously under the influence of a late reflection and a secret idea of which I could neither guess the nature nor the motive. Finally, after various suspensions of voices, he stopped short and said to me: My son, it's already getting late, and we won't have time to finish. I reserve to share with you the revelations of Loammi's son of the last days in another circumstance. This - and he recovered - if, he said, I will find it useful. However, as we still have a few moments left, I am going to take this opportunity to read you a new writing from Zechariah: it is the last of his prophecies, it is the one that ends the book of the seer. Listen: this is short.

And the anchorite, after turning a few more pages, read the following:

WORDS OF THE LORD TO THE NATIONS

I

1. Holy words of truth and righteousness, which the Lord gave to Zechariah the prophet, while the latter was in the city of Rome, that he might bring them to the lands of the nations, and to men of all country, sect and language.
2. At that time I heard the voice of the Lord saying to me, Son of the prophets, man of visions, arise, and take the book of the seer and the golden pen, and write.
3. And I arose, and took the golden feather which had the base composed of four metals melted together; and I got ready to write.
4. And the Lord God said, Write to the nations of the north, which claim to be reformed, and write to the princes of these nations, and say to them, In the midst of the light you are in darkness; you are alive, yet you are dead.
5. Murderous hands, why are you holding my holy book? Why did you open it up and give it to all the impure tongues and all the silent mouths to read?

6. Princes, why did you shut down the sources of light and the ways of truth, and have you run after darkness? Albion's miters, you are no longer an ornament to the head, because you have made it bald and without heat.
7. Therefore, O nations, saith the Lord God, I will deliver you to the dragon, a cruel monster: and ye shall be overwhelmed, O blind peoples; and you, O unjust and treacherous princes, you will be struck and lost if you still keep your eyes closed.
8. But open your eyes, and come back to the light, and do penance: and you will be saved. I am the Lord God telling you this.

II

1. Write to the nations of the West, to those who are in the true way and the true light and the true life, but who sin and irritate me every day. Write again to the Princes who govern these nations:
2. Your spirit is holy, but your heart is unclean your faith is true, but it is like dead faith. Those whom I have placed at your head are like children; those who make your laws are like men who have drunk too much wine, and all of them have forgotten me, and they have been a bad example and a stone of scandal to you.
3. Therefore purify your heart in the waters of repentance; and may your Princes, who are like young people, full of imagination and eager only for power, remember that it was I who gave them power.
4. Let your legislators know that My laws are holy laws, and that those which are not marked with My seal are laws of death.
5. Wash yourselves therefore in the holy water which I have given you; return to order and to peace, and sanctify yourselves, for redemption is with you: and I will give you a golden scepter and a quickening power; and you will rule over the earth, to which you will give the light and the life which will flow from your womb.
6. But if you do not listen to My word, you will be enveloped in the storm which I have prepared. I Am the Lord God telling you this.

III

1. Write to the nations of the South (*Ed. People of Islam*): Your prophet is false, and you are fools, for you have been deceived by lying lips.
2. You are superstitious; your princes are fanatics; and all of you are in death.
3. Burn your book which is ungodly, and which speaks like the mouth of a man stricken with insanity.
4. Break your half-moon, which is the standard of hell: and maybe you won't die. But if you do not listen to my word, woe to you! For your hour will come, and your healing will come only through an unparalleled tribulation. I Am the Lord God telling you this.

IV

1. Write to the nations of the Levant (*Ed. Eastern Mediterranean region, historical Syria or present day Syria, Lebanon, Jordan, Palestine, southeast Turkey and Israel*): You are sitting in the darkness of death. You are all under the empire of the demon, and the law of Satan is all in the mouths of your Jugglers, your Shamans, your Brahmas, your Buddhists, your Magi, and all those foolish impostors who are your priests, but who are priests of lies and of iniquity and of death.
2. Unhappy that you are! You do not know the sun, nor its light, nor its beneficial heat. Who will give you ears and eyes? And the strength of the feet, and the taste of the palate of the mouth, and a spirit, and a soul, who will give them to you?

V

1. Who will take you from the paths of perdition? However, for you also there is salvation and redemption: for I have made the nations healable, and evil must not triumph over good, and I the Lord have done this.
2. Seek the light, and it will be given to you; or your darkness will become deeper, and your eyes will be closed forever. I am the Lord God telling you this.
3. Write to all the children of Judah: Are you still waiting? Why are you closing your eyes in broad daylight? People who once knew my people, to what will I compare you? Alas! is there nothing like you? What sins are your sins! What misfortunes are your misfortunes!
4. You are no longer my people, for you have denied me. Yet I am still the God of Jacob, and my arms are still open for you, O Judah. O Jerusalem, remember the ancient mercies of your God; wake up, O daughter of Zion, and answer his voice calling you.
5. O daughter of Zion, for you, your God is still like a mother who always has a weakness of love for that of her children who struck her and who repeatedly denied her: she still loves him, for she remembers the old days, and this is her child, and she brought him up with the milk of her breasts.
6. Jerusalem, return, and you will again be the queen of the nations. Sons of Judah, if you still resist my voice, your punishment will be something that cannot be said, and that will never be able to set an example again.

VI

1. Man of visions, write again: write to the Princes of My Church: Always watch and do not sleep; fear nothing; be of courage and of strength: but beware of the works of men, of those works which are in their mouths, and on their hands, and on their habits, which corrupt works.
2. You are in the middle of the world: fight and have confidence. Always remember him who conquered the world, and follow in his footsteps.
3. Remember again that I have placed you at the head of the flocks, and that you have to fight against all the wolves: be strong against the wolves, but above all be good towards all your sheep, and just towards all the Shepherds of the sheep.

4. And all of you, subordinate Shepherds of the sheep, have not given a good proof of your courage: and I have tested you, and I have known you. Priests according to the everlasting order of the king of Salem, Melchizedek my anointed one, walk in the footsteps of Him who was pontiff and priest, according to this same order and from eternity. Above all, be simple. I tell you: above all, be simple, because the lack of simplicity is the evil that has won over everyone, and I no longer discover on earth anything but falsehood and hypocrisy.
5. Your work is very difficult, for you are placed as if between two fires; but have patience and be holy, and you will overcome.
6. However, I saw that there are some among you who are like devouring wolves, and who are stones of scandal: they are of the world, and they walk among the daughters of men, and they have forgotten their own origin and destinies, and they have become the most stupid, the most base and the most treacherous of mortals. Every morning they offend me, and every night they irritate me.
7. Now these I sent them as a plague and as a plague on the earth: but it will be even worse, for they will be multiplied and become more numerous, until the day which I have appointed, and which will be a terrible day. This is the chastisement which I am going to use against the world and against this impure and fallen century. But woe to them seventy times and seven times! I will recognize them, and the world will recognize them by a character that is on their forehead. Better would have been for these men if they had never been born.
8. I have one thing to say, says the Lord, about all the Pastors of this day, and on those of the days which will come during this century of time, on the First Pastors and on the subordinate Pastors. A temptation is with them, and a great danger, and a great disease which tends to overtake them all and to become general.
9. But let them know that charity is the remedy for all this: charity is the principle and the bond of unity of all things of good; charity is strength and life; charity is my spirit: I Am charity.
10. Prophet, write also to the Great Shepherd, keeper of all the flocks, and pilot of the boat of Peter which he directs in the middle of the seas: I know what is your faith and your charity. I saw you in the fight that you just supported, and I am happy with you.
11. But have more courage and confidence in Me, and never fear anything, for I Am with you.
12. Do you not know that My arm is with your arm, and that there is no strength equal to My strength?
13. They will assemble against you and against My kingdom, and they will meditate with trembling foolish plans against My Christ and against the Bride of My Christ.

14. They will persecute you during the night, and they will assail you during the day, sometimes with open arms and with ungodly and sacrilegious force, and sometimes with closed arms and with persistent hypocrisy. But you, be wise and strong against all: I tell you, they will be unable to do nothing against you, and the dragon will be able to do nothing against you.

15. And those who persecute you and who are your enemies shall be humbled; and those who wanted you so badly will at last be subject to your law; and those who cursed you will bless you. I Am the Lord God telling you this.

16. Pastors, remember these words.

VII

1. Man of visions, write my last word.

2. Write to all the nations of the earth, and say to them: Your evils are great, and they are numberless. Now here is the remedy for all your ills. But know one thing: know that you will not be healed if you do not use the remedy. No, because you will die of death.

3. Take your little children, and after you have weaned them, immediately put my law in their mouths:

4. And let your children know only my law, until the soles of their feet have come to their last development, and their mouths have learned all the words of wisdom.

5. Who has ears to hear, let him hear what the Lord says to the nations.

6. Nations, remember these words.

7. These are the visions of prophecy seen by Zechariah the prophet, son of Loammi, son of Debelaim, son of Judah, who was daughter of Odaïa and daughter of Ilananie, head of religion and teacher in the synagogues, among the scattered tribes of the people who are no longer the people of God.

8. And the things which the son of Judah saw he wrote in the book of the Seer, which is this, and as he was commanded. And what he wrote is the truth, and what he saw will happen in due time.

9. Words of Zechariah, go, fall to the earth like the living and fruitful seed; increase, multiply, fill the universe: and those who receive you may be saved in the day of the Lord,

10. The Lord be with the children of men, and his spirit be with their spirit.

11. Glory to God the Father, and to Jesus his son, and to the Paraclete Spirit, in the heaven of heavens and peace on earth to men of good will. Amen.

English Translation By N. Flue