

Again I heard a mysterious voice saying, "[Son of the Republic, look and learn.](#)"

At this the dark, shadowy angel placed a trumpet to his mouth, and blew three distinct blasts; and taking water from the ocean, he sprinkled it upon Europe, **Asia**, and Africa.

Then my eyes beheld a fearful scene. From each of these continents arose thick black clouds that were soon joined into one. And throughout this mass there gleamed a dark red light by which I saw hordes of armed men. These men, moving with the cloud marched by land and sailed by sea to America, which country was enveloped in the volume of the cloud. And I dimly saw these vast armies devastate the whole country and burn the villages, towns and cities, which I had seen spring up.

As my ears listened to the thundering of the cannon, clashing of swords, and the shouts and cries of millions in mortal combat, I again heard the mysterious voice saying, "[Son of the Republic, look and learn.](#)"

When the voice had ceased, the dark shadowy angel placed his trumpet once more to his mouth, and blew a long and fearful blast. Instantly a light, as of a thousand suns shone down from above me, and pierced and broke into fragments of the dark cloud, which enveloped America. At the same moment the angel upon whose head still shown the word 'Union,' and who bore our national flag in one hand and a sword in the other, descended from the heavens attended by legions of white spirits. These immediately joined the inhabitants of America, who I perceived were well-nigh overcome, but who immediately taking courage again, closed up their broken ranks, and renewed battle.

Again amid the fearful voice of the conflict I heard the mysterious voice say, "[Son of the Republic, look and learn.](#)"

As the voice ceased, the shadowy angel for the last time dipped the water from the ocean and sprinkled it upon America. Instantly the dark clouds rolled back, together with the armies it had brought, leaving the inhabitants of the land victorious.

Then once more I beheld the villages, towns and cities springing up where I had seen them before, while the bright angel, planting the azure standard cried with a loud voice:

["While the stars remain, and the heavens send down dew upon the earth, so long shall the Union last."](#)

And taking from his brow the crown, which blazoned the word 'Union,' he placed it down upon the standard while the people, kneeling down said, 'Amen.'

The scene instantly began to fade and dissolve, and I at last saw nothing but the rising, curling vapor, I at first beheld. This also disappeared, and I found myself once more gazing upon the mysterious visitor who, in the same voice I heard before said,

["Son of the Republic, what you have seen is thus interpreted: Three great perils will come upon the Republic. The most fearful for her is the third. But the whole world united shall not prevail against her. Let every child of the Republic learn to live for his God, his land and Union."](#)

With these words the vision vanished, and I started from my seat and felt that I had seen a vision wherein had been showed me the birth, progress, and destiny of the United States."

*"While the stars remain,
and the heavens send
down dew upon the
earth, so long shall the
Union last."*

Son of the Republic, Look and Learn



Gilbert Stewart Portrait of George Washington
Source: Wikimedia Commons

~ A Vision of George Washington ~

***"The Birth, the progress and the destiny
of the United States"***

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Background

The place was Valley Forge, in the cold and bitter winter of 1777. Washington's army suffered several reverses and the situation was desperate. Food was scarce. The Continental Congress was not sending supplies or money. Some of the troops did not even have shoes to wear in the snow. Many soldiers were sick and dying from disease and exposure. Morale was at an all-time low and there was great agitation in the Colonies against continued effort to secure our freedom from England. Nevertheless, General Washington was determined to see the struggle through.

These are the words of a first-hand observer, Anthony Sherman, who was there and describes the situation: "You doubtless heard the story of Washington's going to the thicket to pray in secret for aid and comfort from God, the interposition of whose Divine Providence brought us safely through the darkest days of tribulation."

"One day, I remember it well, when the chilly winds whistled through the leafless trees, though the sky was cloudless and the sun shown brightly, he remained in his quarters nearly all the afternoon alone. When he came out, I noticed that his face was a shade paler than usual. There seemed to be something on his mind of more than ordinary importance. Returning just after dusk, he dispatched an orderly to the quarters who was presently in attendance. After a preliminary conversation of about an hour, Washington, gazing upon his companion with that strange look of dignity which he alone commanded, related the event that occurred that day."

The Vision

I do not know whether it is owing to the anxiety of my mind, or what, but this afternoon, as I was sitting at this table engaging in preparing a dispatch, something in the apartment seemed to disturb me. Looking up, I beheld standing opposite to me a singularly beautiful being. So astonished

was I, for I had given strict orders not to be disturbed that it was some moments before I found language to inquire the cause of the visit. A second, a third, and even a fourth time did I repeat my question, but received no answer from my mysterious visitor except a slight raising of the eyes.

By this time I felt strange sensations spreading through me. I would have risen but the riveted gaze of the being before me rendered volition impossible. I tried once more to speak, but my tongue became useless, as if paralyzed. A new influence, mysterious, potent, irresistible, took possession of me. All I could do was to gaze steadily, vacantly at my unknown visitor.

Gradually the surrounding atmosphere seemed to fill with sensations, and grew luminous. Everything about me seemed to rarefy, the mysterious visitor also becoming more airy and yet more distinct to my sight than before. I began to feel as one dying, or rather to experience the sensations I sometimes imagine accompanying death. I did not think, I did not reason, I did not move. All were alike impossible. I was only conscious of gazing fixedly, vacantly on my companion.

Presently I heard a voice say, "[Son of the Republic, look and learn,](#)" while at the same time my visitor extended an arm eastward. I now beheld a heavy white vapor at some distance rising fold upon fold. This gradually dissipated, and I looked upon the strange scene. Before me lay, out in one vast plain all the countries of the world -- Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. I saw rolling and tossing between Europe and America lay billows of the Atlantic, and between Asia and America lay the Pacific.

"[Son of the Republic](#)", said the same mysterious voice as before, "[Look and learn.](#)"

At that moment I beheld a dark shadowy being, like an angel, standing, or rather floating in mid-air, between Europe and America. Dipping water out of the ocean in the hollow of each hand, he sprinkled

some upon America with his right hand, while with his left he cast some over Europe. Immediately a cloud arose from these countries and joined in mid-ocean. For awhile it remained stationary, and then it moved slowly westward, until it enveloped America in its murky folds. Sharp flashes of lightning gleamed through at intervals, and I heard the smothered groans and cries of the American People.

COMMENT: This part of the vision is probably describing the war of Independence.

A second time the angel dipped water from the ocean and sprinkled it out as before. The dark cloud drew back to the ocean, in whose heaving billows it sank from view.

A third time I heard the mysterious voice saying, "[Son of the Republic, look and learn.](#)"

I cast my eyes upon America and beheld villages and towns and cities spring up one right after another until the whole land from the Atlantic to the Pacific was dotted with them. Again, I heard the mysterious voice say, "[Son of the Republic, the end of the century cometh, look and learn.](#)"

And this time a dark shadowy angel turned his face southward. From Africa I saw an ill omened spectra approach our land. It flitted slowly and heavily over every town and city of the latter. The inhabitants presently set themselves in battle array against each other. As I continued look I saw a bright angel on whose brow was traced the word 'Union.' He was bearing the American flag. He placed the flag between the divided nation and said, "[Remember, ye are brethren.](#)"

Instantly the inhabitants, casting down their weapons became friends once more, and united around the National Standard.

COMMENT: This part of the vision is most likely describing the Civil War over which involved the slave trade that was brought to America from Africa.