

**PROPHECY OF THE
NINETEENTH
CENTURY**

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Prophecy of the Nineteenth Century by Teodorico Rossetti

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TEODORICO ROSSETTI

**PROPHECY OF THE
NINETEENTH
CENTURY**

Prophecy of
The Nineteenth Century.

Prophecy

OF

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY TEODORICO ROSSETTI

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN BY L. A.



"Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name,
Thy Kingdom come."—MATT. vi. 9.

"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."
—JOHN viii. 32.

LONDON:
PIPER, STEPHENSON AND SPENCE,
23, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1854.

141. c. 99.

Dedication.

TO THEE,
TO WHOM I PRAYED,
WHEN REPT OF EARTHLY AID,
MY HUMAN HOPES HAD SMILED AND DEPARTED;
WHEN MAN
I FOUND TO FAIL,
AND POVERTY'S DARK VEIL,
HID FRIENDLY GLANCES FROM THE BROKEN-HEARTED;
TO THEE,
WHO DIDST DESCEND,
OH! HOLIEST, KINDEST FRIEND,
FILLING THE WRAKY VOID WITHIN MY BREAST—
ON LIFE'S
SAD DESERT WAY
CASTING A QUENCHLESS RAY,
TO GUIDE ME WHEN I KNEW NOT HOME, NOR REST;
TO THEE,
WITH HUMBLEST ZEAL,
ALL THAT I THINK AND FEEL,
OF LOVE — OF WISDOM — I WOULD DEDICATE;
MY SOUL,
AND MY SOUL'S SONG,
ALIKE TO THEE BELONG—
MY KING—MY TRIUNE GOD! ALL GOOD—ALL GREAT!

T. Rossetti.

PROPHECY

OF

The Nineteenth Century.

CHAPTER I.

I THOUGHT that I was amongst those who are suspended between earth and heaven — who have an ocean of radiance above their heads, and darkness and mist beneath their feet ; and my soul, absorbed in the contemplation of God, remained all silent and lost within itself. And it appeared that my senses and my human passions were all quieted within my heart.

And I was amongst those who are suspended be-

tween the good and the evil, between the brightness of the seventh heaven, and the gloom of the abyss, and no one sustained me in the air, not one star called me to itself, not one in that vast universe, my soul dressed anew in spiritual robes, ascended alone to the highest summit of the heavens.

It was a vision of peace, beatitude, and glory, which I beheld after twenty-five years of weeping, terrors and pain, and this vision appeared to me towards the middle of the nineteenth century, when I had no more tears to shed over my misfortunes.

I was then separated from the material, and no earthly things were round me, neither animated worlds, nor clamorous people; the seven circles of the skies enclosed and encompassed me about.

And the hue of the seven heavens was dazzling, and their vault was transparent and pure; the sun which I had one day seen above me, I now beheld below my feet; for a solitary anchorite had been drawn into the fifth heaven, to illuminate with the knowledge that should be given unto him, an imperceptible point, and that point was earth, the asylum of human vanity, which was hidden in black clouds.