

The Visions of Marietta Davis

Presented in Contemporary English

Parts 1&2 of 3

Written in 1848
by
Marietta Davis

Editor's Note:

When Marietta Davis wrote this book in 1848, she used several words that would be quite difficult for most modern readers. This is the reason I tried to write this book in contemporary/modern English. But even then there were some words which I puzzled over—what was Marietta trying to say?, or how would she say it if she were speaking in a simple, contemporary English? Here are some of Marietta's words that I omitted:

fain, preponderating, effulgence, habiliments, dissever, behooves, and vouchsafed; and phrases such as “a sable veil of nether night,” “indulgence of propensities” and “reversion of the movement of destructive tendency”.

If any reader is an expert to the older English language, and wishes to help me better express Marietta's thoughts, please write me at:
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Introductory Statement

There is no way I can describe the scenes that I saw. Human speech and comprehension are inadequate to picture the things that I participated in while my body was resting in unconscious slumbers. There is no way good enough to give you a complete description of those things which are invisible to mortals and go far beyond human understanding. Human speech cannot match the beauty and perfection of heavenly speech; the things we think are all corrupted.

You ask me for an account of what I saw and heard, and yet I am so conscious of my complete inability to give you a good account that it even pains me when I even think about trying to describing those scenes to you.

Long ago I discovered the vanity of earthly things, the imperfections of human relationships, the unreliability of vast portions of religious faiths and impressions, and the lack of permanent peace in the troubled soul of man. Most earnestly I wanted to know the reality of what mortals call ‘immortality’.

After meditating day after day, trying to determine the nature and tendency of the human soul, I finally became less conscious of the things of this world; and my thoughts, my inner being, my soul grew stronger and more active. The activities of mortals became dim shadows to me as I lost interest in all of them. This was my state of mind when my vision closed to the outer world.¹

Her Spirit Leaves the Body

Then strange new objects appeared. I did not know that I was leaving this world of sorrow and of human strife. Neither did I understand that my spiritual vision was opening. At first I dimly saw things moving before I came to realize that they were real—the dawning of an immortal life. I seemed to be departing from one condition and, launching out into a boundless sea of unexplored regions. I found myself floating in midair over an immeasurable deep below while in a vision I

Who is Marietta Davis?

Marietta Davis is a lady to whom God gave a vision that lasted nine days, while she was in a coma. This edition is divided into three parts:

Part 1 –Marietta was taken to see the nurturing of new-born babies who died, and their spirits were taken to heaven by an angel –31 pages.

Part 2 –Marietta was taken to hell where she met two ladies whom she knew from her younger years. Later, an atheistic philosopher lectured her, and still later she saw a minister being exposed as a hypocrite by a member of his own congregation –31 pages.

Part 3 –Marietta saw in the vision Jesus’ life starting with the last supper, the betrayal by Judas, his arrest, his trial, his beating, Judas’ repentance, Pilate’s wife’s dream, his crucifixion and resurrection –55 pages.

But, what about Marietta? She lived with her mother and two sisters, who were all believers in Jesus and members of a church, but Marietta was not a believer. God chose to give this vision to her while she was an unbeliever. As she lay in bed one day, her spirit left her body. She (her spirit) could see her body lying on the bed when an angel came and took her spirit to heaven to see the scenes in this book. She awoke nine days later. Marietta was 25 years old at the time of this vision. That was in the year of 1848. She and her family lived in a town in New York.

I, the editor of this book, copied the text from the internet. That text was written in an old English style with quite a few difficult words. I have tried to put it into contemporary English language and simplify it where possible. I have also tried to keep it simple enough to be suitable for children who can read.

¹Marietta refers to this world and our physical bodies as the ‘outer form’. Heaven is the real world; this world and these bodies are simply an ‘outer form’ that we live in temporarily.

did not understand. Alone, unguided, and uncertain, my timid spirit gladly would have returned to the land of shadows where it came from.

Half-conscious of my present condition, with dreamy thoughts, I seemed to ask, "Is there no one familiar with this journey I am on, to guide me through this trackless space?" When lo! in the distance, and above me, I saw a light descending, having the appearance of a brilliant star. As it advanced, its foreshadow illumined the area around me, and my tremulous spirit received new life from its invigorating glory that was beaming down on me. Gently I began to move and ascend, drawing closer to the source of that light. My spirit was enlivened and gladdened. As I approached it, I noticed the outlines of what appeared to be a glorified human being, which gradually became more distinct. Then I realized that this was an angel that was poised in the atmosphere before and above me. The excellence of this being far exceeded the highest conception of my mind. That angelic form, more lovely than languages can portray, moved silently as it drew near me. Upon her head was a crown, formed like gems of clustering rays. In her left hand was a cross, emblem of meekness, innocence and redeeming grace; in her right hand a wand of pure intellectual light. With this she touched my lips, which like a flame of holy love, it quickened an immortal principle in me. This enlivening spirit spread throughout my being. A new class of sensations awoke within me, being moved harmoniously, prompted a desire, for companionship with the angelic being. I looked upon her, wishing to learn her name, when lo! she spoke. She said: "Marietta, you desire to know me. In my errand to you I am called the Angel of Peace. I have come to guide you to those who are from the earth, where you are from. Do you want to profit by this lesson? Follow me. But first behold your human form in that world." There, far below me, and through a dark and misty way, I beheld and saw this sickly body of mortality. Around it were gathered my anxious friends, using every means to awaken it, but all in vain.

A View of a Dying World

"Behold," said my glorious guide, "a picture of human life. There, kindred, tortured with sympathetic love, struggle to hold the crumbling vase, and keep the flickering light from expiring. There, from youth to hoary age, rolls the tide of human woe. Fond hearts are severed. Death hides from mortal sight, even the tenderist lovely form. The opening flower that gladdens all around, folds its expanding leaves, withered by

the touch of death. There, hopes, like dreamy phantoms, float in the mid-air of fancied bliss. As your vision expands, witness the movement of myriads of peoples. Earth, with her swarming millions, presents a mingled scene of rising hopes, ambition, strife and death. Her inhabitants are dismayed by the approach and fear of Death, the final destroyer. Time quickly measures the fleeting moments of human existence, and generations follow generations in quick succession."

To this address I replied, "These thoughts are the burden of my young and inexperienced mind. These human forms you have shown me, are before my vision. They pass away like dew drops. This is the cause of my sorrow. Can you tell me in what portion of the universe these beings find a resting place when their spirits depart? Can you remove the veil that hides them from mortal vision? Can you guide me to where they are? O! tell me, do they have a home, or a place? May I follow to the place where my loved ones have been taken?" To this, she replied:

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Man At Death

"Do you want to know the condition of the departed members of your race and become familiar with the effects of the habits and relationships of perverted man? To a certain measure you may, but know that their conditions are varied."

Then bidding me look upward she said, "What do you see?" Obedient, I looked above me, and with wonder beheld an orb brighter by far than the earth's sun in its midday glory. Light, pure, beaming along the skies, radiated from it. My guide said to me, "Many are there you would like to see, who are now clothed in soft and white garments, and are moving in harmony with one another. There, night-shades never fall, and death and gloom have no part. Those who enjoy that blest abode do not suffer; no sin or pain disturbs their calm repose. But you will learn more about this later. Other less joyful scenes must be given you first. Marietta, you know well, that with man there are many varied characteristics. When the spirit of man departs from its unsettled and shattered earthen habitat below, there is no change in its nature." Then touching my forehead again she said, "What do you see?"

My vision being opened to a new scene, I beheld before me innumerable humans struggling in the agonies of death. Some in kingly palaces on dying couches richly hung with costly drapery. Some in humble cottages; others in gloomy prisons; haunts of vice and iniquity; lonely forests; barren deserts, and in deep and wild waters. Some lying beneath the scorching sun; some perishing upon bleak and snowy mountains; some surrounded with weeping and attentive friends; others dying alone and forgotten. Some expiring from wounds inflicted by the assassin; others crushed beneath the heavy tread of the war-horse on the battlefield. Thus, a scene of indescribable misery was revealed at the very place where time and eternity meet. “This,” said my guide, “is but a faint view of the effects of violated law.”

Touched again by the light beaming from her right hand, I beheld the immortal spirits coming out of the earthen bodies of those who were dying, and entering the regions of eternity, commencing new and foreign realities. Around each dying body were gathered spirits, varied in appearance and in movement.

The spirits of those who died on battlefields congregated above the field, as well as the spirits of those who were to be their guides. There the spirits met, each meeting with one of the same moral nature. In the same way all classes and conditions are effected. In this intermediate stage or vestibule of the spirit world, beings varying in character from the unholy and wretched to the bright and sanctified, congregate at the portals of death. Among all classes as the spirits emerge from the dying bodies, they are attracted to and mix with their own kind—to whom they are joined. Those of discordant and unholy natures are attracted by like elements and enter into regions overhung with clouds of night; while those who for the love of goodness desire pure relationships are conducted by heavenly messengers to a glorious orb appearing just above the intermediate scene.

Watching human spirits mingle with those who had departed from the earthly bodies brought me strange sensations. Watching the things transpiring around them fascinated me. I started asking myself if what I was looking at was reality or mere imagery on my dreamy mind. Upon discovering my thoughts, my guide took me by the hand and said, “These beings moving around you were once inhabitants of the earth where you came from. Having left their mortal bodies, they are beginning a new stage of existence. It is their sudden change that is causing their surprise—a change from external to spiritual objects. They

don’t yet understand cause and effect. But more of this stage and its condition will be shown you when you are ready. For now, we will leave these scenes and go up to that bright orb.” Then she led me toward a cloud of light.

While we were passing through the intermediate stage, she touched me again and I became conscious of additional expanded vision.

“Behold,” said she, “the countless, planetary hosts. Notice the rolling orbs, suns, and systems of suns, moving in silence and harmony. The vast expanse is occupied and peopled with universes, constructed in infinite wisdom. These are inhabited by holy, happy, and immortal beings, though they still vary in degree of development and spiritual refinement.”

The Ministry of Angels

Again my organs of perception were touched, and lo! above and around me, and far in the distance, were passing and repassing with the quickness of thought, spirits of pure light.

“These,” said my guide, “are ministering angels; their supreme delight is to go on errands of mercy. Their home is with the ever blest. They are employed as guardian protectors and messengers to those in conditions below them.”

While beholding them ascend and descend, there drew near me one in whose arms and on whose angelic bosom was an infant spirit. The angel passed and I saw that the nourished nestling rested in calm security, apparently conscious of its safety in the hands of its protector. “Where did this one come from?” I inquired; and the angel answered, “I received it from a heart-broken mother at the gateway of death, as the spark of life expired in the external world. I am conveying it to the sphere of infancy in the paradise of peace.”

As the infant’s guardian spirit proceeded, we moved silently in the same direction, until the scenes below passed from my vision, and my being was absorbed in the bright light descending from the orb we were approaching. Soon we entered a plain where I saw fruit-bearing trees. Passing through these shadowy groves, I was delighted with the melody of the birds, whose warbling notes arose in sweetest song. There we paused. Supposing that I was on some terrestrial orb I inquired its name.

My guide answered, “These trees, these flowers, these birds occupy the outer expanse of the spiritual paradise. They are so pure and so refined that mortals with beclouded vision can not behold them. Their

notes are so soft that they are not audible to the dull hearing of men. Beings who live in more gross forms do not conceive the reality of the existence of nature so refined. Absent from your body, you can comprehend through spiritual senses the existence and reality of spiritual habitations; but what you are now beholding is but the outlying or more exterior of the home of spirits. These flower-covered plains and warbling melodies are but the lower order of the external habitation of the sanctified.

“Here the redeemed are first conducted by their guardian protectors, as they leave the valley of the shadow of death, and here they are taught the rudiments of immortal life. Here they receive instructions about their heavenly abode, and learn the nature of pure love, unmarred by sin. Here friends who have advanced in spiritual attainments return from higher employment to welcome the spirit on its entrance upon this plane of the spirit world. Here kindred are permitted to meet and hold converse; and ‘tis in these immortal groves where spirits first attempt to unite with the song of redeeming grace, and resting in soft and heavenly sweetness, breathe the pure air of paradise.”

While listening to this strange, though welcome address, my spirit burned to meet the friends long lost to me on earth. The angel said, “You are not to tarry, since your present mission is to learn the condition of the departed child of God. When your course on earth is ended, here you will mingle in the infancy of your immortal state, with your kindred and receive lessons, preparatory to an advance to more exalted mansions, the more glorified home of the blessed.”

Then she reached out her hand, and plucked a rose that hung over us, and bidding me receive its fragrance, with it she touched my lips. Again a deeper insight was given me, and I beheld around me moving in every direction through the varied floral scenes happy beings without number. Desiring to mingle with them, I sought permission; but my guide moved on, and upward through forests becoming more pure and fair as we ascended.

City of Peace

At a distance, I saw a dome of light. “That,” said my guide, “is the gateway leading to the City of Peace. There the manifestation of your Redeemer is made visible. There saints and angels abide. On harps of gold and stringed instruments, with immortal lyres, in alleluias, they chant the Song of Redemption, the song of peace, the song of undying love.”

As we drew near, a class of attendants, more glorious, gathered around the gateway, and one at the front addressed my guide in a language I could not understand. A gate of jasper, set with diamonds, opened, and two angelic beings approached, and taking me by each hand, led my tremulous spirit towards and inner gate, a more immediate entrance to the pavilion of light.

Marietta Meets The Redeemer

Then I remembered my discordant state; then thoughts of my former sins, my doubts, and rebellious nature, rushed upon my mind, and feeling entirely unprepared to endure the glory of the assemblage, my spirit failed me. The angelic attendants then bore me in their arms along the portal to the feet of a being most glorious. Upon his head was a crown of pure light, and over his shoulders hung golden locks! His loveliness, can never be expressed.

“This, Marietta,” said an attending angel, “is your Redeemer. While in a mortal body, he suffered for you. For you he trod the winepress alone, outside the gate where He expired.” Awed by His goodness, tenderness and love, I bowed, feeling that if worthy I would worship him.

Reaching out his hand he raised me up, and in a voice that filled my soul with inexpressible delight, said, “Welcome for a period of time my child, my daughter, spirit of a forlorn/wretched race; enter into the gateway to the redeemed.” Then addressing the surrounding beings continued, “Receive this your companion spirit.”

And lo! the worshipping congregation arose as upon the breath of holy love, and meekly welcomed me as an heir of His gracious favor. With tuned instruments the immortal choir chanted the spirit’s welcome:

Worthy is the Lamb who has redeemed us
Exalt His name, all you sanctified ones
Yes, adore Him, you cherubim
Who worship in the celestial heavens
Adore Him, for He has exalted us
We will praise His name
The name of our God Most High.

The music of this soft and melodious utterance, moved like the voice of many waters, filling the entire dome, and as the anthem closed, the echo reverberated in the distance, as though borne from wave to wave upon the holy atmosphere. Each measure like noiseless waves swelled over that sea of thought; and with their gently rippling waves I seemed to be echoing, reverberating.

She Meets Loved Ones

A spirit from the innumerable company approached and addressing me in a familiar manner, called me by name. The spell of music being broken, I was much affected to find myself in the embrace of one who on earth I had loved with the affection of an infant soul. With willingness I sank into her arms, and she with a sister's tenderness pressed me to her immortal form, saying, "Sister spirit, welcome for a short while to our home of peace."

"Thrice welcome," uttered a thousand imitating voices, and lo! around me gathered those I loved, all eager to greet me, and receive me to their kind embrace. Around us in this spacious room, there appeared seats in the form of an amphitheater, yet glorious beyond description. There we rested, mingling with them. Many were old and familiar friends.

Although I recognized/knew them, their appearance was not like it was on earth, each being an embodiment of intellect not associated with the physical form, in which I had known them before. Not having ability or any means to convey an adequate description, I can only give feeble utterance to my conceptions of their nature by saying, they appeared all mind, all light, all glory, all adoration, all love supremely pure, all peace and calm serenity, all united in sublime employ, all an expression of unfolding heavenly joy.

Freely did they converse, nor did they use the language of human beings. They spoke and there was no audible utterance, yet thought moved with thought, and spirit was familiar with the mind of the spirit.

Ideas associated with their heavenly life, flowed from being to being, and soon I learned that in heaven there is no concealment, but rather harmony of soul, harmony of desire, harmony of speech, harmony in the swelling notes of adoring anthems, harmony in instruction, harmony in increasing thought. Harmony was their life, their love, their manifestation, and supreme delight.

Again with harps tuned in unison, they chanted a hymn to their Maker's name. My guide urged me to unite in the animating song of redemption. I could not join them, being absorbed in the contemplation and glory of this long-sought home of rest. When they closed that sacred hymn, my guide again touched my lips with the wand of light and bade me to mingle as a companion with the members of this divine abode.

Being after being pressed my immortal lips. They seemed anxious to fold me in their arms. They caressed me as a newborn soul, after looking up in thankfulness to their Redeemer and their Lord.

"And is this Heaven?" my spirit said. "Are these happy souls those who once struggled in bodies made of the dust of the earth? Are these immortal faces, radiant with the glory of this adored mansion, the spiritual countenances of those I have before seen in the care-worn life? And what happened to your wrinkles, the sign of old age, you immortal spirits?"

I have often listened to you, my earthly teacher, struggling to convey whatever faint idea or understanding or conception you had of immortal life. And I have often noticed grief when in your spirit you seemed to realize that to most minds it was all an ineffective effort. And then I have asked, can heaven be this glorious? Is not the picture too highly wrought? And may a mere man, if he attain to that blest abode, bask in the sunbeams of such supreme delight? And can he be assured that the highest thoughts of man fail to come near the reality and the delights of this heavenly scene?

The Pilgrim's Address

Then approached me one whom on earth I had seen bending tremulously over the pilgrim's staff. I knew 'twas one familiar, one of age and emaciated form, whose hoary head once told the story of a life of woe. In immortal youth the spirit stood before me; no staff was there; no trembling frame, no grief-worn cheek, no hollow eye, no sickly form; rather light and health and vigor were manifest. And the spirit said,

“Behold in me the efficacy of redeeming grace. This heart was once the cage of unholy thoughts. These hands were employed in sin. These feet moved swiftly in the downward road that led to sorrow and to death. My mortal form, though not this form but the one in which I used to live, was worn with grief, corrupt and dying with disease. But now, all hail that name, Immanuel! Through Him, redeemed, I wear garments of light and exist in immortal youth. This song I chant, ‘O death, where is your sting? And grave, your victory now? Worthy is the Lamb who offered Himself to redeem! Worthy—O give Him adoration, you countless beings, you innumerable throng! Worship and adore Him, all intelligences! yes, let the universes adore! Adore Him, for He is worthy to receive anthems of universal praise!’”

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The Glory of the Cross

Then appeared a company of children, who hand in hand, moved around and their infant voices chanted: “Praise Him, for lo, while on earth He said, ‘Let the infants come to me and don’t forbid them; yes, let little children come to me, don’t forbid them to come’.”

When this new song was ended, I looked and lo! the dome above me parted, and beings far more glorious approached. Awed by the presence of the light, I approached my guide, who said, “What you have seen, Marietta, is but a foretaste of the joys to come. Here you have been welcomed, and here witnessed this manifestation of your Redeemer. But, behold! above you the descending glory of the Cross appears. Spirits, members of your race, redeemed, who are advanced to higher life, attend.

Then visible above me appeared a Cross, carried by twelve, on whose circle I read, “Patriarchs, Prophets and Apostles.” Above it was written, “Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.” Bowing at the feet was a spirit, whose raiment was white, and whose expression that of holy adoration. She kissed the Cross, and then descending, approached me, and said, “Welcome spirit from the world of woe. Lo! by the will of Jesus, even that Jesus who was crucified, my Lord and Redeemer, I come to commune with you. It is only by His permission that you are admitted here. Don’t be sad, even if you are required to return to your friends on earth.”

The thought of being subjected again to the sins and misfortunes of my former life so affected me that it seemed as if I was quitting the divine abode, and rapidly descending to earth; when lo! I was embraced by my guide, who said, “When you return, you shalt go to bear a message of holy love to earth; and at an appointed time, free from the power of mortal attachments, you shalt enter here, a member of this holy company.”

The Message of the Spirit from the Cross to Marietta

The spirit who descended from the Cross then said, “Marietta, you have been conducted here for a wise end, and for that purpose I am permitted to instruct you in many things, pertaining to earth and heaven. The thought of returning makes you sad; yet you shalt go laden with riches, the riches of instructive truth.

“First learn that all of Heaven reveres the Cross. Before it myriads bow, and around it the redeemed delight to linger. Earth’s religions are but dreamy scenes, compared to these. Vague and imperfect are the highest conceptions of the human soul, relative to our condition here. In perfect order the Spiritual Heaven begins just above the plains of earth. Around it move the guardian spirits. Mingling, as permitted, with the inhabitants of earth are countless guardian angels; Each mortal is being watched every moment, every hour, and every day by the spirit who has been appointed to his charge.

“Man does not know the nature of sin, nor the fullness of Grace in his Redemption. Numberless are the causes that prevent the light of heaven from reaching and controlling the race of man. They are wretched and death-ward tending. But the time will come soon when man will become more conscious of the reality of this abode, when his attention shall be turned more fully to the truth of Inner Life. Man’s redemption is drawing near. Let angels fill the ranks of the chorus; for soon the Savior will be descending with his holy angels in attendance.”

Then after an immortal hymn, she said, “Observe what passes around you. For lo, a faint expression of the joy that fills this land of peace will be mirrored upon your mind. You noticed when I bowed and kissed the Cross. All saints delight themselves in thus expressing their remembrance and regard for their Redeemer who offered himself as our sacrifice.”

A pause in the address ensued, during which, voices, apparently in the distance, arose in soft and melodious alleluias. “Who are these?” I inquired.

“These are the ones,” she said, “who having come out of great

tribulation, they do not cease day nor night to raise their anthems high, in exaltation of their Savior's name.

"Would you dwell forever in this world of peace, joy and love divine? Would you bear some humble part with the psalms of these immortal choirs? Be admonished by your former incredulity, your lack of faith and consecration, for there are no other means than those in Christ, the Redeemer, by which to attain inheritance in this blest abode."

This last address revived within me remembrance of my former doubts, my want of confidence in the Savior, and of consecration to his cause. My spirit drooped. I saw the justice of the mild reproof, and inquired, "May I yet hope? Or is the opportunity to secure this heavenly life forever gone? I would gladly not return to earth. O, that I could forever dwell where peace like a river gently flows, and love unpolluted, moves from heart to heart"

"Be faithful, then," said the spirit, "to the light that has been given, and at last you shalt enjoy the bliss of heaven. Marietta, the scene now passing before you, is one fraught with interest. In this assembly are the prophets and the martyred saints. See, their raiment is white, pure and transparent. Upon their breast is the manifestation of the Cross. In their, left hand is a golden censer, and in their right a small volume."

The scene expanded and I saw that from the center around which the multitudes were congregated, arose a pyramid whose column was composed of pearls and most precious stones, set with crosses of spiritualized diamond, upon which were engraven the names of those who had suffered because of their love of truth, and who did not consider their lives dear, had endured persecution even unto death. Upon this column stood three spirits, in the attitude of meekness and adoration, holding in their hand, and above them a cross from which floated a banner ever unfurling. "These," said my guide, "are select, one patriarch, one prophet, and one apostle. They represent the triune circle of commissioned saints who shall attend the reappearing of the son of man, and shall go forth in the day appointed, gathering together the elect from the four winds, from the uttermost part of the earth to the uttermost part of heaven."

"The volumes the spirits hold in their hands unfold the order of creation, the redemption of man, and the principles which govern the obedient ones in a world without end."

Children in Paradise

As the former scene closed, the spirit who kissed the Cross was radiant with the light of life. She raised her hand, and two children drew near. They approached her and bowed gracefully. Each placed a hand in hers, meekly looked into her lovely face and smiled.

Addressing me she said, "These children left their mortal form while in their infancy, and being innocent, were conducted to paradise.

The older of the two, thus introduced, said, "Marietta, I rejoice to commune with you, since you shalt return to those who loved us and who mourned our departure from the valley of death. When you are again conversing with mortals, say to the one who now sits by your body, that we have learned that though parents may grieve for us, ours is a cup overflowing with gladness to the spirit set free.

"Marietta, this is the world we know. Here we first awoke to the reality of our existence. Earth we visit, conducted by our guardian angels; but it is unlike heaven. There we witness sorrow, pain and death; here, harmony, happiness and life are abiding."

He then looked down as if in deep meditation and all was silent. I thought the subject which had engaged his mind, had made him sad, but soon saw that his attitude was occasioned by the approach of an angel who in ascending had passed just above us. O, how my being was affected at the sight! Light surrounded her as a custom-made garment. Her very movement was the harmony of harmonies. I desired to follow, and said; "O tell me, who is this glorious being? I feel her sacred influence, and ardently desire to enjoy the society and the abode of such beings."

"This," said the spirit, "is an angel who belongs to the Infant Paradise. Have you not read in the Gospel, that blessed expression of the Redeemer, "In heaven their angels always behold the face of their heavenly Father? (Matthew 18:10) This angel is over the guardian protection of infants, and is assigned to meet infant spirits as they leave the external world and enter into the spiritual. She pauses in her ascension for you. She holds out her arms, and what do you see, Marietta?" I answered, "A small pale light".

The angel then breathed upon it, as if imparting life, and pressed it to her bosom in fondness infinitely above any fondness displayed by earthly mothers. I knew the little spirit was at rest. Feeling the heaven

that encompassed and pervaded the angel, again I wished to fly away with her and the infant, and be blessed forever. But while I was struggling to ascend, the angel arose—in a flash of light and she disappeared.

The Sorrowing Mother on Earth

Then a far different scene was revealed. Below me in a little room, I saw a female kneeling by the lifeless body of her departed child. She convulsed, and at times tears streamed from her eyes, and then her face was as marble, her eyes set and glassy, and her whole body quivered while she pressed kiss after kiss upon the cold cheek of her lost babe. Just then a man gravely dressed in black entered. The group gave way and he silently approached the weeping mother, and taking her by the hand said, “Sister arise. The Lord has given and the Lord has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord. Jesus said, ‘Let the little children come to me and don’t forbid them, because the kingdom of heaven is made up of this kind. (Matthew 19:14 & Luke 18:16) I say unto you, their angels always behold the face of their Heavenly Father.’” (Matthew 18:19)

Next I saw that mother, sitting beside a coffin, in an earthly assembly. Her sight was fixed upon the ceiling. Her countenance wore an expression of despair. Before the coffin stood the grave-looking man, whom I had seen enter the death room. He read a Psalm, offered prayer for the afflicted, and then encouraged the mourners, by endeavoring to prove from the sacred text that the babe, though dead will live again, and that an angel had conveyed it to Abraham’s bosom.

The assembly disappeared, and the child addressed me saying, “The lifeless form just seen in the vision, was a representation of my own body, the weeping mother was my own mother; the scene was that which transpired when I left that body; the grave man was the minister of a congregation in the outer world.

“The angel who paused while passing us was the bright spirit who conveyed me far above the influence of evil magnetism, to a place prepared for the young and delicate infant, where spirits appointed, are ever occupied in nourishing infant minds. Do you wish to visit that nursery?” Thus saying he looked up to the spirit, as if to ask permission to conduct me there.

The Infant Paradise

In a moment we were ascending in the direction of the angel who had borne along the infant, and who had disappeared in the light. Soon we drew near that which at first appeared like a city built in the midst of a floral plain. There appeared stately edifices and streets lined with trees whose foliage cast a lovely shade; on whose branches birds of all colors appeared; and although all were singing with different notes, all mingled in one full and perfect harmony. Many corresponded to those on earth, and yet were as superior to them as the Paradise itself is superior to the mortal world.

As we advanced, the beauty and harmony increased, and new scenes appeared. The architecture of the edifices, the sculptures in the open air, the fountains that sparkled in the light, the trees that waved their extended branches, the flowers and flowering vines becoming more majestic, interwoven and beautiful. There were also many avenues, each of which, slightly ascending, led to a common center toward which we pursued our way.

Instruction of Infants

As we advanced, I perceived before me a vast and complicated structure, whose outer walls and towers appeared to be marble. These walls appeared as delicate as snow. This served as the foundation of a vast canopy, like a dome, though far too extensive for earthly architectural meaning of these words. We drew near this building, and I perceived that the dome was suspended over the vast circular space. “This,” said my guide, “is the place where all infants from your globe are gathered for their instruction. The infants are first bought here and nourished beneath the smile of their guardian angels. Each nursery, though somewhat varying, is a miniature of this vast temple of instructive manifestation. Each is a home for the infant spirits who stay there until they attain to higher levels and enter the Paradise of more advanced youthful existence, for degrees of instruction adapted to a more intellectual condition. Over each of these are appointed seven maternal guardians. Marietta, you can see that no two buildings are perfectly alike in interior beauty, external form or decoration, but all of them harmoniously combine. And each guardian angel is different in the amount of light that radiates from her, and each has individuality of the face and form. This you are permitted to know.

Classification of Infants

“Whenever an infant dies on earth, the angel guardian who bears up the spirit to the Land of Peace, perceives its interior type of mind, and according to its type it is classed with others of like order of intelligence; and as the skillful gardener on earth in one floral division trains the various species of the lily, and in another compartment roses, and in another the camellias or the honeysuckles; so here angelic wisdom classifies the infant spirits, and according to their variety of artistic, scientific, and social tendencies, assigns each a home best adapted to the unfolding of its interior germs of life, into intellectual, artistic or industrial harmony.

“Over each of these places where instruction is being laid out for the infants, there preside seven guardian angels, who collectively form one octavo² of instruction. These angels are also of a type of mind that agrees with their associates, just as one note harmonizes with the associate tones and semi-tones of the harmonic scale.

“The infants are brought each day (or each period corresponding to a day) to the center pavilion that their unfolding natures may be further instructed. As soon as these infants arise to a degree suitable for the general assembly in the great center dome, or temple of instruction, they are led first from their homes to their own school. Then emerging from their wards, they move underneath a cloud of angel choralests chanting loud alleluias to their Prince and Savior. It is under a canopy of harmony that the infants move toward the center temple.”

A School in Paradise

As the vision closed, I saw on our right a portion of one of the lesser temples remove, as if an invisible hand gathered it in a manner similar to the removal of a suspended curtain. The interior of one of the nurseries appeared visible. And lo! to my already astonished spirit, I saw it supremely and gloriously lighted and adorned with artistic beauty in

²octavo-this word means eight. On a piano keyboard from the key of C to the next key of C inclusive makes eight keys, and is called an octave. Marietta also mentioned the harmonic scale. Perhaps this is the meaning: She is comparing one level of instruction to one octave on the harmonic scale—and passing from each level is like passing from one octave on the musical scale to the next higher octave.

harmony with the majestic appearance of the paradise of infants. At first I was greatly abashed, feeling my own unfitness to behold any abode so pure, lovely and majestic. “There,” I unconsciously uttered, “is heaven.” My reflections were perceived by my instructress who observed, “Marietta, behold the manifestation of infant life in Paradise. Let us enter, and there you will learn the true condition of those who leave the world of sorrow as babes, and who are immediately conveyed to this place and from then on are happy. Little do mortals know of the blessedness attending their little ones who leave in the morning of their existence. Those who believe in Christ the Messiah, become reconciled to the loss, but this is mostly upon condition of the law of submission established in the Christian’s heart. I was once a mother in the world of sorrow and loss. There I learned to weep; and there I also learned the priceless value of faith in God’s mercy through our Lord Jesus Christ the Messiah. There, Marietta, did I bid goodbye to the infants, who lived just long enough to cause pain to a mother’s heart at their parting.

Children Are Safe from Evil

“Three times I pressed to my fond heart my beloved babies, flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone and life of my life, and looking up to God, adored Him for the precious gifts. But I had scarcely hoped for a blest future for them, placing all my heart on them, when, like young and tender buds, they were nipped by the frost of death, and I was left wounded, heart sick, a broken woman. But I hoped in Jesus, and consigned them to Him, believing they were well. But, Marietta, if I had only known, if I could have but seen what you now see, with knowledge added to faith, my soul would have had great rest. Here the babe who has left its parents in woe, is only waiting their arrival, and here it is safe from the contaminations of the vices and sins of the fallen race. Marietta,” she continued, “do you see these germs of immortality?”

I beheld and lo! the interior that was opened before me was that of a temple gloriously adorned. In circular tiers, one rising above the other, were niches or segments of circles. In each reposed an infant spirit. Before each was an attending or guardian angel whose purpose was to prepare her infant to be fit for higher life. Each germ is formed by the spirit for its eternal existence in holy usefulness. Each angel breathes upon her charge, and each breath causes its capacity and life to expand. The breath is that of holy love and inspiration, as her life is in God whose quickening spirit pervades all angels in the heavens.

As we entered, I saw that those infants, as they awoke to still greater consciousness, and as they beheld their angel bending over them, wore an expressive smile, and were happy.

Could I portray to you this one nursery, and so fix it in your mind that you could realize its glorious magnificence, then I would be more content, but I cannot.

There are also angels appointed, who touch in softest notes, the various instruments upon which melody is made. Thus music is ever mingling with that of angelic voices of sweet and heavenly utterance. So soft, sweet, and melodious was that music that it served to give life, activity and strength to the spirit nerve of those who were reposing beneath the smile of their guardians. "This," said the spirit who conducted me there, "is but one of the many of these great temples, and it corresponds to all the rest in this degree.

"Oh that earthly parents could realize: their babies who were not allowed to remain in their world until their understanding would awaken, had to be born in their world. From the earth they ascend directly to places already prepared for them." Then she added, "But, Marietta, you have not witnessed the most delightful of all the realities connected with this temple."

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Infants Received by the Savior

As she spoke, each of the guardian angels arose with the infant in her charge and poised in the great space around the angel who held the Cross. Instantly a light, infinitely superior to that in the temple, descended from above; and I was awed by the awesome presence of a retinue of angels, in whose midst was one like that glorious being I had been informed was my redeemer.

As they approached the center, the manifestation of the Cross disappeared before the greater light; the angel retinue paused, and the Being whom they attended smilingly said, "Let the little children come to me, don't forbid them." The sweetness and gentleness of that expression, and the love that shone from his face as these words moved from his lips, overcame me, and I sank at the feet of my heavenly conductor, who raised me up, and drew me to her angel breast.

How I wish the world could see and hear what happened next. As he spoke, those guardian angels drew near, and each one presented him with

their treasure. He moved his hand above them, and goodness, like dew-drops, dropped from his hands, and the infants appeared to drink as from a fountain of living water. They were blessed. The breath of life was flowing out from that Being. The temple wore a new aspect.

As the scene was closing, the angels who attended him played upon stringed instruments, and sang the song of Redemption. He showed his approval of what the guardian angels had done by a movement his gracious hand, and they all bowed and veiled their faces in the glorious garment that covered them. Suddenly music, like the voice of many waters, arose from every temple in the broad nursery of the great city. And as the sound advanced in one swelling wave of angelic song, that being, with those who had accompanied him, re-ascended, and the angels of this temple resumed their former movement.

"This," said my guide, "was but an elementary display of the activities in heaven which those who nurture infant spirits find to be a most thrilling, enjoyable service/activity. That's why they were appointed to nurture these infant spirits and to prepare them for the time the infants also will be brought into useful employment. If man had not departed from purity and harmony, and therefore from companionship and kinship to beings of an exalted nature, the earth would have been a proper nursery for new-born spirits.

Moral Nature of Angels is Pure

"Sin, Marietta, removed the condition of the sinner from that of angels. It was by sin his moral nature became changed. Angels are pure. No stain is found upon them, no evil desires ever awaken improper energies within them. From them life radiates in its pure element. That life brings forth life in those whom the angel is nourishing. More dependent spirits arise within their aura of divine influence. Similarly, they are moving within the glory of those societies more exalted than themselves; who also are moving in the light and enjoying the life-sphere of a still higher class of beings. In this way, all pure spiritual beings are together in spheres of higher life. Because they are together, a greater measure of that life flows down from God, who is the Life of everyone. Similarly there is superior blessedness in the circles of those more exalted. By receiving from them unceasingly, they are refined and exalted, until the terrestrial becomes the spiritual, and the spiritual the celestial.

"Those who are in discord are separated from any kind of relationship with those who are of purer natures. Men do not know the

loss they sustain. While in the darkness as a result of their sinful condition, they do not realize their need of and the benefit of a Savior. The one who restores the relationship is the Redeemer. Here, those who are mature can understand the law of salvation, even life in Christ the Messiah. It is through this knowledge that they come up to an acceptable adoration of the one who is their Redeemer.

Heaven Filled With Praise for the Redeemer

“Did you not notice that as the one who blessed these little ones ascended, all the nurseries of this great city chanted praises in unison to God and to the Lamb? This was spontaneous, for those who know the consequences of sin are the better prepared to behold in Jesus condescension and infinite mercy, and from their inmost being, to adore him. But when he moves in their midst, they utter songs silently; however, while he is withdrawing from them, they resume their loud praises. These happy beings, Marietta, could no more refrain from that full manifestation of joy and thanksgiving, than life could cease to flow from Him who is the Author of Life. That’s the way it is throughout all heaven, and especially all preparation places for the spirits of the redeemed. Do you not realize that each breath of those beings around you is but a separate volume of praise to God?

“If men in the body knew the goodness of God in redemption, they would cease from evil, and learn righteousness and the ways of peace. Marietta, do you understand this?”

I felt the reproof, knowing my former infidelity as to salvation through Jesus, and I would have gladly veiled my spirit from the scrutiny of that spirit who thus addressed me. I knew I had doubted the immortality of the soul, and man’s restoration from evil through the Lord Jesus Christ the Messiah. And now I beheld that he is all and in all; the source of every pure and holy delight, and the theme of all I had been permitted to see in the world of spirits.

Infants Promoted to the Next Level

As soon as the angels had gotten back to their places, my guide informed me that those infant spirits I had just seen the Redeemer bless, had been given into the charge of other angels. Those angels delight in gently training the minds by means adapted to their advancing condition. She also let me know that another scene was approaching in which I would witness the reception of infants just arriving from the earth. Just as she finished speaking to me, I saw above and around me angels poising in the serene atmosphere, waiting for their treasures the moment

they arrive, to carry them into the temple. When the former angels had given up their charges and were preparing to receive another class, these entered and occupied the center around the Cross.

Cause of Premature Death of Infants

“Those angels,” said my guide, “who are encompassed in a light greater than that of the temple, are of a higher and more exalted nature. From them proceeds an aura/halo of superior light. This light is the descending life of pure holy love. Don’t you see how concentrated it is? It is encompassing and overshadowing those germinal existences³ in the arms of the guardian angels. That which is nourished by each angel is a spirit whose being has just begun, and who, by reason of nature’s violated laws, has been separated prematurely from its infant form in the external world. While this soft music thrills every fibre of the infant being, the Supreme Spirit is reorganizing that fibre and giving it enlarged capacity—making each organ fit perfectly and harmoniously into its proper place. Thus it is establishing tone and proper energy in the system. The life-giving spirit gives energy and expansion to the life principle that is unfolding; so that the intellect may perceive, the judgment operate, the understanding embrace realities, and the being enjoy its life.”

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Infants Restored to Harmony

Again I was touched with a stream of light which gave me to understand that those infants are a complex and exceedingly delicate unstrung instrument. Each separate or distinct portion had movement, but not determination; and appeared separately to lie in a sort of spasm-like action. I addressed my guide, saying, “At first I saw in the angel’s arms the life-germ of an infant form. This germ was so delicate, that I could not comprehend how its guardian spirit could save the flickering taper. Then I saw descending from above a light which surrounded and filled their spirit. Then it moved as if receiving life and

³Editor’s note: Perhaps by “germinal existences” Marietta refers to those who died at a very early stage of their mother’s pregnancy.

energy. Again I saw the separate tissue, apparatus, and system of organs of that infant, and lo! all were dissevered. Tell me, how shall these so varied, complicated, and deranged unite in harmony?"

Restoration of Infant Begins

Again light surrounded my spirit, and the brightness penetrated its secret chambers. Most exquisite perceptions were awakened in me, and it appeared that a new being of my own was arising, and it was looking out on the scene. Existing in each of those smallest organs, I saw that numberless spirit functions were responding to the touch of some invisible power. Thus invigorated, each part of the organ manifested flowing energy. Being prompted, those parts embraced each other like animate and intellectual beings. It was as if they were moved by understanding, and they resolved to comply perfectly. I saw each one harmonized and adapted perfectly. They embraced and joined together in such a way that they lost their individual identity. I perceived them as one, and this one moved perfectly as a distinct being. By the light of the three angels above, I had seen the unfolding and arising of each organ and function in the infant. I saw these separate organs correspond and embrace each other. They were so joined together that individual distinction was lost.

Then my soul unconsciously uttered, "Praise him for his mighty works" — all this because my spirit had looked upon an infant brought into the perfection of angelic life; yes, an infant restored. I had looked at it as a flickering taper; then as a complex instrument unstrung; and finally saw it surrounded and pervaded by the sphere of life from the angels above.

As I had observed each organ as it tremulously moved while being operated on by the spirit of life, and I despaired of its restoration. I had witnessed the wondrous effect of its movement by its inmost interior capacity. Yes, I had seen these arise, given life from above, and embrace each other, joining together and then arising again. They had so joined together so that I could now see that which was before disjointed from that with which it should have been associated.

And I had seen it out of harmony, but now a well-tuned instrument, and in the likeness of an angel spirit. As it looked up into the face of the angels, it smiled. That smile bespoke intelligence and harmony. Truly I thought here is the exposition of that text, "Don't marvel at my saying to you, you must be born again." (John 3:7) And from what had passed before me, I felt the force of that beautiful expression of David when he

said, "We are fearfully and wonderfully made." (Psalm 139:14) And turning to my guide, I inquired, "Is this real? Is this a spirit redeemed? Is this process absolute in the restoration of a soul born of broken elements?"

"Truly," said my guide, "what you have seen is real. You are starting to understand that sin has hindered the movement and power of grace on that spirit and caused it to be out of harmony. That is the violation of the law, the law of being and the law of God. The light descending from angels, Marietta, could not restore, and the music could not harmonize, nor could the maternal guardians supply that which was lost. Their purpose was to support the external, while this separating process proceeded. It was the Redeemer who restored the components and fitted them for proper use. He has the power to tune each fibre of the being and purify and breathe the life of holiness into the soul. And he gives new life-tone, energy, inclination, and love. Finally He arranges for them to be brought into that perfect life while they are still infants. Now you are beholding a spirit in the consummation of its redemption. This spirit is now prepared to rest in the soft and balmy bed of repose from which you have seen others arise to higher life. Marietta, treasure this in your soul, but learn that while this was passing before you, it is only one of many which you have seen in this nursery of infant life.

"And now the scene changes, and another approaches. Listen, Marietta. The melody of angels moves on the holy atmosphere of the city. They chant praises to God and the Lamb for their redemption; for great is the number of these spirits restored to the harmony of perfect beings. And so it is, Marietta, that thanksgivings are offered to our Heavenly Parent at the closing of each scene. This brings the newborn spirit into the harmony and the possession of heaven."

Oh! how my spirit caught the heavenly flame as it rose, volume succeeding volume, in ascending praise, adoration, and glory, inexpressible and divine! As the Revelator said, "It was as the voice of many waters." (Revelation 1:15)

It appeared that the whole city resolved itself into the voice of praise. "Oh! is this heaven?" I said. How blessed it is to be accounted worthy to enter the city of God. And if this is only the Infant Paradise, if this is the song uttered in view of the restoration to harmony and heaven of this class of infant spirits, though great their number, how vast and incomprehensible must be that expression of thanksgiving when redemption is complete, and the Bride, the Lamb's wife, shall touch the

golden harp as they arise from the marriage supper, in that great day when God shall make up his jewels?

The bliss was so entrancing in its effects upon me, that I felt like ascending with the divine aspirations: but reflections upon my unfitness overcame me, and I fell into the holy arms of my guide.

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Jesus Revealed as Suffering on the Cross

As I lay in the arms of my heavenly guardian, I looked into her face, which wore an expression of deep emotion. With earnestness her eyes were fixed above; and her holy lips moved as if in prayer. At first the expression of her features was so sorrowful, that I thought she would weep; but tears would have been a feeble manifestation of that feeling which, I could plainly see, continued to increase. Truly, I said, thinking silently, do angels grieve? Can sorrow enter this Holy City? The music had ceased—its echo reverberated, moving into the distance. Silence reigned in the vast expanse. I still leaned upon the breast of my blessed protector, anxiously observing what was passing. Light from above shone upon her brow with increasing brilliancy. Her eyes were still fixed; and, to employ earthly expressions, her bosom began to heave, her lips became motionless, and her glowing countenance had the appearance of reverential awe. Her looks were so expressive that I felt like shrinking from her arms, and was so awed that I did not notice the cause of her excitement.

Without turning her eyes, she gently laid her snowy white and spotlessly pure hand on my head and raised it upward. Being directed towards that on which her attention was fixed, to my utter astonishment, I beheld the cause of her silent reverence. Not only hers, but all the inhabitants of the city were pervaded by wondrous admiration. There—oh if only the whole world knew it!—there hung upon the Cross, and from all I could comprehend, bleeding and dying, my Lord and Redeemer! Oh! that sight! No human heart can know its effects upon the spirits who attend in the Infant Paradise. The crown of thorns, the nails, the mangled form, the flowing blood, the look of compassion, were so plainly manifested and combined, as to convey to the soul an idea of suffering, the most intense and excruciating suffering that the world knows.

Adoration of the Crucified One

Around the Cross were congregating from every part of the city, guardian angels with their infant spirits. As they gathered around, everyone manifested deep humility and holy reverence. As soon as they had assumed this uniform attitude, they held out the infant spirits whom they had in their charge, directing their infant minds to the Cross and the Sacrifice. At that moment an angel clothed in bright garments descended and moved around the Cross, holding in his hand his glittering crown. Then bowing he worshiped silently as did everyone who had congregated there. After this, turning to the guardian angels he said, “Adore Him, for He is the Redeemer of a ruined race. Yes, let all Heaven adore Him!” Then as he lifted up his right hand, I saw in it a little book. In imitation all the angels in like manner raised their right hands, in each of which was also a book of like dimensions. Then appeared, as from an invisible dome, a choir of angels. These had palms in their hands, and they with one voice sang praises to God and to the Lamb. The first part I could not understand, but they concluded saying, “Let the little children to come to me; the kingdom of heaven is made up of this kind. (Matthew 19:14 & Luke 18:16) Out of the mouths of nursing infants and babies You have perfected praise. (Matthew 21:16 quoting Psalm 8:2) Amen, alleluia, amen!”

Then the guardian angels drew still closer to the Cross, presenting the spirits in their charge, who were addressed in a way that was entirely beyond my comprehension. At the close of this scene, each infant was touched with a stream of light. They smiled and bowed their heads, while holding up in their little clasped hands the image of the Cross, which had been given them by their angels. Again they were folded in the arms of their protectors; and again the choir chanted a loud anthem, which, being echoed by the surrounding spirits, filled the city with one volume of holy melody. Then the Cross and Sacrifice disappeared. The angels returned where they had come from, and the city was restored to its former appearance.

During this manifestation, my guide had not moved nor uttered a word, but appeared to enter into the spirit of that manifestation. She realized that they had been presented a scene of absorbing interest.

No Heaven Without the Cross

At length I inquired, “Is there no heaven without the Cross and the Sacrifice? Each scene is centered around a manifestation of the Cross. Each spirit reverences it with holy awe, and each hymn of praise utters the name of the Sacrifice.”

She replied with suppressed accents, “The Cross is ever before the vision of redeemed spirits. In every circle is seen the Cross. Every flower, every artistic production, includes a Cross, as though it was inserted throughout by an invisible hand. And all instruction is based on that blessed symbol of redeeming love. It is the duty of the guardian angels to instruct the spirits under their charge, in the great truth of redemption through Jesus, who suffered upon the Cross. For this purpose each class of spirits, as they pass from their first guardian protectors, to the care of others, are in like manner congregated. And by this means the Cross and the Sacrifice are imaged and enstamped within their inmost being. So it is that the nature and image of the Cross brings them into a higher spiritual plane and into a more exalted existence. And this is how He appears to all of the redeemed and sanctified spirits. No craftiness can in any way be found in them. All angels can see the Cross in those around them as it shines forth from the soul which has received its impress. For this reason no one can hide a hateful spirit from their angels or the spirits of just men made perfect. Where the Cross does not shine, there is no pure love; and the heart in which it is not visible, is not at peace with God. Marietta, in heaven there can be no craftiness.

“But this, with other manifestations yet to come, is only an introductory view of the principles of heavenly life, which in due time will be unfolded more perfectly with manifestations more expanded and more specific.”

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The City Viewed from a Superior Plain

Then I heard a voice from above us saying, “Come up here.” At that moment I beheld a circular expanse, like the interior of a tower, whose spiral walls formed ascending galleries, winding upward into the superior glory. This lovely pathway seemed formed of rainbows wreathed in spirals of prismatic hue, and reflecting varying but ever-beautiful tints of matchless luster.

Carried on a cloud of essential light that, like a chariot, gently ascended the spiral, we passed from the surface of the city and advanced along the rising galleries of this tower of rainbow forms and glories. Seated by the side of my companion was the spirit who had kissed the Cross. Captivating and pervading my breast was a sense of calm composure, full of holy peace and delight far superior to any previous condition.

Soon we emerged from the ascending gallery of rainbows and stood upon an aerial plain, resting in the transparent air above that magnificent and lofty dome which crowns the center temple of instruction in the paradisaical abode.

From this position I beheld the great city stretched out on every side beneath my view. It was so situated that I could perceive at a glance the general features of its plan, and to contemplate its entire form as a picture of surpassing loveliness.

Beneath me the sublime Temple of Instruction, built of most precious materials, and in a style of architecture which I am unable to describe, arose into the air from the center of a circular lawn of huge proportions. Its green surface appeared covered with the softest and richest verdure. Majestic trees in groups, and at regular intervals arose, bearing a profusion of fragrant and shining clusters of flowers. Beneath their shade, and on the more open spaces, appeared minute flower beds; filled with every variety of flowers and blossoming shrubs and vines. Fountains of living waters also were visible. Some of them were rising from the green grass and flowed with a low and pleasant murmur through marble channels or through beds of golden sands. Others gushed out in full volume to a lofty height and came down in glowing streams of every variety or form. Those waters were caught in basins, some of which were like diamond, but others were like burnished silver or the whitest pearl.

This lawn was encircled by a lofty but open trellis work; and at its eastern side appeared a gateway without doors, from the center of which flowed out a stream of living water, supplied from the fountains within the enclosure.

I now directed my attention to the surrounding city, and perceived that it was divided into twelve large divisions by this river of living waters, which flowing in a spiral course. It was bordered on either side by a wide and regular avenue, in twelve great curves or circles, proceeding from the center to the circumference. I also perceived that

twelve other streets intersected this spiral avenue, centering in the consecrated ground about the Temple, and radiating to twelve equally divided points in the outer limit of the scene.

Sublime Architectural Arrangement of the City

As my vision followed the pathway of the flowing river and the stately avenues, my mind became absorbed till all sense of person or time was merged into the entrancing sight: The city was divided into one hundred and forty-four great wards or divisions, arranged in a series of advancing degrees of sublimity and beauty. From the outer limit to the center was one gently ascending and encircling pathway of ever-increasing loveliness. Each building was of vast extent, and corresponded with all others as a perfect part of a most perfect whole. Thus the entire city appeared to be one garden of flowers; a grove of shady foliage; a gallery of sculptured imagery; a rippling sea of fountains; one unbroken extent of princely architecture all set in a surrounding landscape of corresponding beauty. The whole was arched over by a sky adorned with hues of immortal light, that bathed and encircled each and every object with an ever-varying and increasing charm.

No Rivalry in Heaven

Then I beheld the movement of the inhabitants. But I can give only a minuscule portion of what I saw moving before me. I can only describe it by saying that the entire movement was melody. The angelic multitudes appeared to be animated by one all-inspiring love: A commitment to the unfolding of their infant charge into the perfect society in which they were being brought up, by moving in the wisdom of one orderly plan. No angel manifested a separate, personal movement, disconnected from the universal harmony, but all appeared to co-operate and to be inspired from one Superior Source. I saw that no rivalry, emulation, or desire of selfish glory existed in the lovely groups of infants. Rather, each group and those in each nursery or palace were joined in affection for the superior, corresponding and more mature societies. Each little child was filled with holy love, and desired to become advanced in holy wisdom and fitted to be used as an angel of light and loveliness. I also saw that each delighted in learning from those above, and, to exercise their entire being in harmonic and unselfish works of love. In this it was revealed that each child and each group

advanced in orderly series, from temple to temple, from palace to palace, from circle to circle. As one group advanced, it occupied the place just vacated by an older group and gave place to a more youthful family in its former abode.

Thus like the movement of Spring upon some unfallen Paradise, I saw each little child, as a living blossom of immortality, unfold from beauty to beauty, while all above was glory, and all around was loveliness, and all within was harmonious movement of unfolding life, love and knowledge of heaven and adoration of the Savior, and inspiration of undying joy.

Having thus beheld the City in its glory, usefulness and magnificence, my vision expanded even more. Beyond the extreme circle of palaces, I saw more perfectly what I had seen before while in the city, that is, multitudes of angels readying and gathering to enter the outer temples at the appointed time. I saw that each class was congregating according to the class or school to which the infants they had with them were best adapted. These angels approached as on wings of wind, and around them a bright cloud enrobed them. They appeared to me as though they were clothed with the sun. In their arms, as before stated, were infant spirits whose existence appeared to depend upon the care of their guardian angels.

As they drew very near, each would pause a moment, poising in the holy and serene atmosphere, and then inclining to an appropriate position, would rest.

This most glorious view in its delightful unfolding was now somewhat changed, and my guide addressed me, saying, "Marietta, behold the order and glorious wonders of this first and most simple degree of a spiritual paradise. These angels you have seen in their employment are ever engaged in this delightful duty. Here, as has been taught you, infants are assembled from the world that we are from, and from this blessed realm they are conducted to other and superior schools of instruction.

"But before you are permitted to advance, a solemn and instructive lesson shall be given you."

The Visions of Marietta Davis

Presented in Contemporary English

Part 2 of 3

Written in 1848
by
Marietta Davis

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Marietta Descends to Realms of Darkness

The angel touched my forehead again, and I was surprised that the bright, glorious vision that I had just seen⁴ suddenly disappeared, and I immediately fell downward, deep under the earth, into a dark gloomy space. A thick darkness enfolded all around me, encasing me. I was horrified by the supernatural fear that entered my soul and shook me to my very core. My spirit was startled with every thought as my mind searched desperately for a satisfactory explanation of what was happening to me. Yes, it seemed as if my thoughts were fighting among themselves in that thick darkness.

I heard a roaring sound in the distance, like the sound of foaming ocean waters pouring over a rugged cliff, creating a mighty waterfall. I was falling so rapidly now that I tried but failed to grab hold of something—anything—to slow my descent. I was being pulled, forced farther and farther down toward the terrible abyss (bottomless pit, Hell).

Suddenly, a blue light flashed, accompanied by the smell of sulfur. At first the blue light drove back the darkness of that abyss, but then the light disappeared and left some grim phantoms floating around me. These were unholy passions engulfed in fire. Until these ghosts appeared, I had no thought of anything except horror and despair because of the sudden way that this experience occurred and the dreadful effect it had upon me. I was even more terrified when I saw these ghosts, so I turned away, looking for safety and protection from the angel that escorted me. I was shocked beyond words when I found she was no longer there! I was alone in this dreadful place! There are no words to express the agony I felt at that moment.

At first, I thought I would pray, but instantly I was distracted by scenes of my entire life unfolding before me. I exclaimed, “If only I could be back on earth for just one short hour! If only I had another opportunity, even a brief one, to prepare my soul for eternity, and be ready to die!”

⁴Refer to Part 1 of the Visions of Marietta Davis

But my very own conscience began to torment me, acting as some cruel, evil beast, speaking to me in a hoarse, trembling voice, “During your time on the earth, you rejected and scorned the very thing that was provided for your current need. Can you now expect to find favor in this place of darkness, sorrow and grief?”

If this were not enough, to further add to my misery, the doubts and questionings I used to have in my mind assumed the likeness of living beings, looking at me with a piercing glare. They danced around me, mocking me, condemning me. So the very thoughts of my life gathered together against me in living forms. Every secret thought I ever had now became a part of these living beings, who were my own doubts oppressing me. Even some thoughts that I had long ago forgotten were parading around me, orderly but powerfully. Once again these thoughts changed appearance, and each became a sphere going around and around in my mind, in my soul and even in my conscience. Although these spheres at first seemed to be separate, gradually they connected as parts of me. If I tried to get away from them, it would be like running from myself. If I tried to destroy them, it would be like erasing my own life, my own existence. That’s when I truly understood the power of what Jesus said, “For every idle word that a man speaks, he will give account in the day of judgment” (Matthew 12:26).

Even the thought of understanding the meaning of the words of Jesus came alive and rotated around me before my eyes and sent my mind further into despair. My soul longed to be delivered from the darkness of hell and to once again live in my mortal body.

Just then, the most terrible scene of all appeared. It was the full and perfect representation of Jesus, my crucified redeemer. Suddenly, and in one continuous vision, every thought I ever had about Jesus passed before my eyes, taking on a living form separate from the forms of my previous thoughts. This living form had four compartments, each displaying just the right images in them. ① In one compartment appeared images of thoughts I had of Jesus as a man. ② In another compartment appeared images of thoughts I had of his special atonement for a limited number of the elect. These were accompanied by the most frightening images of my thoughts of being doomed to an endless punishment that had already been determined and set before I was ever born. ③ In a third compartment appeared images of my thoughts concerning the eternal salvation of all mankind, thinking it unnecessary to change moral character or to have a personal, living faith in Jesus

Christ the Messiah and his sacrificial death on the cross. ④ In a final compartment appeared images of my thoughts concerning salvation by trying to save myself.

Each of these compartments blended together in one revolving sphere around me. This sphere was composed of ten thousand images that were quickly combining and separating. This confused and bewildered me, but simultaneously excited and overwhelmed me. I stood transfixed by this mighty, frightful vision that animated my thoughts, composed of every doctrinal issue I had ever heard by lecture, or study, or in conversation, or in meditation.

Oh, how these conflicting, yet connected ideas about Jesus bewildered me! As these images revolved around me in a confused, yet orderly manner, I saw in each some distorted view of the Savior. But when taken separately or from a different point of view, I could not see him as he is. I could not see the mighty redeeming power of his divine glory, his honor, his majesty, his perfection. I could not see him as a Prince and a Savior, in his true character which he upholds before the whole world. Confused, I was ready to abandon all hope of ever escaping this place. I was certain this vision was the last thing to fill my cup of sorrow to the brim, from which I had already drunk to the point of agony, but it could never be emptied even throughout eternity.

Suddenly I saw Jesus reaching his arms toward me. The words he spoke were like lovely, holy music that filled my soul with ecstasy, “Come to me all of you who are weary and burdened down; I’ll give you rest” (Matthew 11:28). It was like the difference between night and day, when that glorious Being, Jesus, appeared in among us, shining like the sun, encircled with a spinning halo of light that moved quickly, but calmly. I saw a representation of the true relationship between the Divine Redeemer and the universe of light, in which holy angels dwell. I also saw the terrible, vast difference between my own nature and that sphere of light and life, harmony and love.

Yes, I saw Jesus whom, in my madness, folly and skepticism, I had so often rejected. At first, I wanted to get away from the sphere of my thoughts that surrounded me, and join my life with this sphere of light so that I could live forever in its beauty, peace and joy. But because of the vast difference between the height of that pure, glorious light and the depth of my impure, fallen mind, I began to doubt and question if that light was even real.

The Abode of the Lost

Suddenly, a black veil of darkness appeared to arise, permeating and enveloping me. My doubts seemed to form a cloud that shut out the glory I had seen above me. The denials in my own spirit plunged me further into the center of a whirlpool of deeper gloom. I fell as one who had been thrown from some dizzying height. The darkness opened its arms to receive me. The moving shadow of an even more desolate abyss arose like the masses of dense clouds of a dark storm. And as I descended, the ever-increasing weight of darkness pressed more upon me, making me more afraid.

After a while, in the distance, I saw a dark plain that seemed endless. The plain was covered with what looked like sparkling vegetation. In every direction, I could see foliage emitting light, shining with splendor, waving like wind-blown trees with fruit and flowers of crystal and of gold.

Visions of the Lost

Multitudes of spirits appeared in the shadows beneath the plain. Luminous cloaks were wrapped around these rapidly-moving spirits. Some of them wore crowns upon their heads; some wore tiaras while others wore decorations I had never seen before. They appeared to be made of clusters of jewels, wreaths of gold coins, cloths of gold and silver tissue. Some wore towering helmets and others wore circular objects filled with large, glistening feathers that waved as they moved. Every object emitted a pale glow. The entire scene was like watching Mardi Gras, a magnificent costume parade. The clothing worn by this large and diverse crowd of spirits matched their headdress. Every variety of lavish apparel was displayed upon these spirits. Kings and queens were dressed in gorgeous coronation robes. Groups of nobility, both male and female, also wore every variety of adornment seen in the pageantry of kingly courts. I saw dense multitudes dressed in the proper attire of highly cultivated nations. As they passed by, I saw similar groups composed of less civilized tribes, dressed in every kind of barbaric ornament. While some appeared dressed in clothing suitable for my day and time, others wore ancient attire. But whatever the time, present or past, whatever the culture, polished or unrefined, throughout every variety, there were common threads exhibited in all: pride, pomp,

rapid movement and dazzling splendor.

The multitude made a variety of mingled sounds: bursts of laughter, noises of partying, playful jesting, witty ridicule, polished sarcasm, obscene allusions and terrible curses. These sounds were intermingled with impure solicitations, backbiting, empty compliments and feigned congratulations. These sights and sounds all formed one sparkling, brilliant picture which simultaneously agitated, pained and bewildered my soul.

As I moved forward, I walked cautiously, as if I were walking among scorpions and burning coals. The trees that seemed to wave around me emitted fiery flames, and their blossoms were also made of sparkling, ceaselessly-burning flames. Every object I came in contact with created intense agony.

The phosphorescent glare that surrounded the various objects burned the eye that looked upon them. The fruit burned the hand that plucked it and the lips that received it. The gathered flowers emitted a burning aroma, whose offensive, foul, disgusting odor caused excruciating pain when inhaled. The very atoms of the atmosphere burned like fire as I breathed them. Both the air and the blast that moved it carried the very elements of disappointment and wretchedness.

When I turned to see if I could find a single drop of water to relieve the fierce, intolerable thirst, fountains appeared, and small streams flowed amid the herbage and laid in calm, placid pools. However, I soon discovered that these were the same as the visions I had seen before, and the drops of spray from the sparkling fountains fell like drops of molten lead, causing whatever it fell upon to shrivel. The flowing streams were like rivers of molten metal being poured out of a furnace heated seven times above its intended use. The deep, still pools were as the white, motionless silver in a glowing crucible, with every atom burning with a fierce, intolerable glow.

Marietta Greeted by an Old Friend – Now in Hell

As I solemnly contemplated these frightening scenes, a spirit approached me whom I had known on earth. By outside appearances, this being was far more brilliant than when it lived in its body. The shape, the countenance, the eyes, the hands all appeared endued with a metallic luster that varied with every motion and every thought. Approaching me, the spirit said:

“Marietta, we meet again. You see me the spirit of someone who has died (a disembodied spirit), dwelling in that place where those who inwardly deny the Savior find their habitation after they die.

“Strange emotions are agitating your heart. I felt, looked, wondered, and moved the same way, in sad and bewildered anxiety when I first arrived here and discovered the reality of the existence of this place. But I experienced that which you have never yet understood in your mind. I am unable to control the strange emotions causing me to tell you about the true inward sorrow that the exterior appearance of this brilliant world would conceal, if it were possible.

“My life on earth suddenly ended, and as I left the world, I moved quickly in the direction prompted by the desires that ruled in my heart. Inwardly, I desired to be courted, honored, admired, to receive universal adulation, and to be free to follow the perverted inclinations of my proud, rebellious, pleasure-loving heart, a state of existence where all should be pleasure without restraint, where each person should be free to obey the promptings of every passion, where every indulgence should be permitted, where there’s no place for prayers and religion, where the Sabbath should not be known, where no one is ever rebuked for sin, where life should be spent engaged in happy, festive sports, with no superior, restraining power to disturb or interfere.

“I entered the spirit world with these desires and was drawn to those people who were compatible with my state of mind. I hurried to the enjoyment of the glittering scenes you see now. I was welcomed as you haven’t been because I was immediately recognized as a fit companion by those who you see here. They don’t welcome you because they discern in you an inward desire that is adverse to the passions that are ruling them.

“I was welcomed with festive, sportive sounds. The beings whom you see in the distance rushed forward to embrace me. They shouted, ‘Welcome! Welcome!’ I was awed, bewildered, and yet, mentally quickened and energized by the atmosphere of this place. I found myself endowed with the power of strange, restless motion.

“Every organ and every pore in my form emitted a phosphorescent glow, which condensed around my head, forming the appearance of a brilliant crown and reflecting a wild, unearthly glow on my countenance. What I exhaled extended into a flaming robe, enveloping my form, causing me to look just like all the other spirits in this place.

“I became aware that my brain was strangely saturated with those things, and every area of my brain became subject to an outside influence which seemed to operate by taking complete and total possession of me.

“I abandoned myself to the attractive influences that were around me, and sought to satisfy my craving desires for pleasure. I reveled, I banqueted, I mingled in the wild, voluptuous dance, I plucked the shining fruit, I plunged in the hot, burning streams, trying to satisfy my nature with that which, on the outside, appeared delicious and inviting to the sight and to the senses. But when I partook of these things, everything was detestable and only caused me more and more pain. And the unending desires are constantly going after things here that are not real. What my eyes delighted in, what I craved, I came to loath; those were the very things that tortured me. My appetite became wearied and distasteful, and my hunger unappeased and unappeasable.

“I crave every object that I perceive, I grasp it in the midst of disappointment, and gather it with increased agony. With every new experience that is added, I am immersed in some unknown fantasy, delirium and intoxication. New and strange phenomena are continually manifested, adding delirium to delirium, and fear to fear.

“It seems that I become a part of everything that surrounds me. Whenever I hear voices speaking, my own voice bursts out from my mouth uncontrollably, joining their conversations. I laugh, philosophize, jeer, blaspheme and ridicule by turns, yet every derogatory phrase, however impure, sparkles with wit, glows with metaphor, and moves adorned with every rhetorical embellishment. The metallic ores, the waving trees, the shining fruit, the moving phantasms, the deluding waters all seem to form a dazzling and mocking spectacle. I see them all the time. Every thought is responded to by this mocking scenery, as if every reflection of my heart had an opposite, ridiculing counterpart. Inwardly, I crave to satisfy my hunger and thirst, but these desires create outside of me and around me a tantalizing illusion of cool waters I can never drink, luscious fruits I can never taste, refreshing breezes I can never feel, and peaceful slumbers I can never enjoy. I know that the amazing, bizarre forms around me are not what they appear to be, yet every object seems to hold controlling power, and to domineer with cruel enchantment over my bewildered mind.

“I experience the power of the law of evil attraction. I am the slave of discordant, deceptive elements and of their controlling wickedness. Every object takes turns attracting me. The thought of mental freedom dies within my dying will, while the idea that I am a part and an element of this revolving, nightmarish fantasy takes possession of my spirit.

“This realm, draped in darkness, is a sea of perverted and diseased magnetic elements. Here, lust, pride, hate, greed, love of self, ambition, contention, blasphemies and reveling in madness kindle into a burning flame. And whatever particular kind of evil that doesn’t belong to and come from one spirit, belongs to and comes from another, so that the combined strength of the evil of all the spirits is the prevailing law. I am bound by and exist in this controlling power of evil.

“The spirits who dwell here are those who, while on earth, oppressed the poor, robbed workers of their wages, and tied the weary down with heavy burdens. There are also those whose religious faith was not real, along with the hypocrite, the adulterer, the assassin, and the ones who committed suicide, who were not satisfied with their lives in their mortal bodies, and therefore ended their own lives.

“If only people knew they would certainly fall into this dreadful place if they die unprepared, they would want to stay in their earthly bodies as long as possible. They would never want to shorten that time regardless of how much trouble they had in their lives. Instead, they would use whatever fleeting time they had to wisely improve the condition of their souls.

“Here, our senses are infinitely sharper than when we were on earth. What would feel like a ‘pang’ to someone in a mortal body, here, that ‘pang’ enters into the very elements of our beings, and the pain actually becomes a part of us.

Because in this immortal realm, man no longer has the restraints of a physical body; he has vastly superior endurance compared to those who are still in their physical body. But at the same time their conscience is subject to vastly more suffering than those who are still in their physical bodies.

“Marietta, I feel it’s useless trying to express how truly deplorable our condition is. I often ask, ‘Is there no hope?’ And my sense replies, ‘How can harmony exist in the very midst of discord?’ We were warned of the consequences of the path we had chosen while we lived on the earth, but we loved our ways more than the ways of salvation. So we have fallen into this frightening place. We are the authors of our sorrows. God is just and he is good. We know we don’t suffer because our Creator passed vindictive laws against us. Marietta, the misery we endure is because of the condition of our souls. If we hadn’t violated God’s moral laws, our souls would have been kept in harmony and health. O sin! You are the parent of immeasurable misery! Your subtle

and evil traps ensnared us, and kept us from the peace of heaven and the Savior! Why do human beings love your ways?”

At this point, this spirit whom I had known on earth, fixed her wild, despairing eyes upon me. I shrank from its dreadful glare, because its appearance showed inexpressible torture.

While she was addressing me, a multitude of the forlorn⁵ spirits were moving around her, striving to suppress their true feelings, while listening to her speak of the reality of their sufferings. Their appearance, her address and the scene which was before me filled me with horror, and I sought to escape. Upon discovering this, her grief appeared to deepen, and she hastily said:

“No, Marietta, don’t leave me. Can’t you endure for a little while the sight and sound of what I am continually suffering? Wait with me, because I want to tell you many things.

“Are you startled by these scenes? Then you should know all that you see around you merely touches the surface of much deeper and darker sorrows. Marietta, no good or happy beings live among us. Everything in this place, both in us and around us, is darkness. Sometimes we dare to hope for redemption. We still remember the stories we heard about the redeeming love of Jesus Christ the Messiah, and we ask, ‘Can that love penetrate this place of gloom and death? May we ever hope to be set free from those desires and inclinations that bind us like chains, and from those passions that burn like consuming fires in the unholy elements of this wretched world?’

Overcome by her deep feelings, she was overtaken by grief and she did not speak any more. That’s when another spirit came near and addressed me, saying:

“Go, leave us to our fate! Your presence gives us pain! It only reminds us of our lost opportunities, how we indulged those tendencies that enveloped our souls and drew us toward evil like a magnet, and permeated our spirits with its deadly corrupting influence.”

At this point, this spirit paused for a moment, then continued. “No, wait. I’m being pressed by something I don’t understand. I desire to reveal what we’ve learned since we’ve been here about the power and the influence of evil, the way it draws the spirit of man. While man lives in a human body, the attracting power of evil is extremely subtle,

⁵forlorn = wretched, destitute, derelict, indigent

deceptive. At the time of death the spirit of a man leaves his natural, physical body. Now, this spirit which was invisible in the natural world, is visible to other similar spirits; that is, the spirits of the people who died can see each other, and even see their characteristics, their natures (both the evil and the good). Those spirits see everything that is going on in each other; nothing is hidden. Those things arise from the deep. They unfold from the soul. They encompass everything, pervade all, control and inspire all things.

Mortals are opposed to this truth; they reason that because of the love and goodness of God, there can not be suffering in the spirit of man, only in his flesh. This incorrect reasoning attributes evil to God, since evil and suffering exist both among flesh and blood upon the earth and here among us in the spirit realm where it prevails. The cause of this is obvious, yet men seek to reject this principle.

“When the harmonious effect of the law is ignored, and the law is misused or ignored, bad consequences follow. By acting contrary to the law, man brings about an opposite effect from what was planned. That which was ordained for life—that which should have perfected him—by misuse brings death. So, sin or the violation of law, disqualifies the man from proper development. The violator being removed from harmony, dies unto (ceases to exist in) the law of peace and holy development.

“This great and irrevocable truth is manifest in every area of physical and moral actions when there is an obstruction to the law. Yes, we have the fruits of broken law with us in an abundant and fearful harvest.

“Why don’t mortals reason and find out the true and full consequences of their actions before they act? They could escape these horrible consequences by preventing the growth of evil and by holding on to God the way Jesus taught them.

Marietta, you are not one of us; otherwise these elements would have enveloped you and absorbed your life. But you will return to the realms of peace. The mere mention of realms where love, pure love, and abiding peace, cause madness and delirium to rise and rage within us. You are being told these things because you are returning to the earth. Tell its inhabitants what you have seen and warn them of the danger awaiting those who persist in gratifying their impure desires.”

This spirit displayed the most hideous expression which brought this chapter of the vision to a close, and I was immediately removed. I was overwhelmed because I knew what I had witnessed was real. I knew

those spirits when they lived on the earth, and when I saw them in hell, I still recognized them. But, oh, how they had changed! They were the very embodiment of sorrow and remorse. How earnestly I desired that they might escape, become pure and receive an inheritance with those blessed spirits I visited in the Paradise of Peace.⁶

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Abyss – Realm of the Desperately Wicked

During these reflections, I unconsciously moved from that sphere of gloom to another region where I could perceive nothing but lonely space. I could see no sun or stars. Deeper darkness closed around me, and I felt that my doom was sealed, and that I would soon become the companion of the spirits in those amazingly horrific realms.

And when I began to agonize under the thought of departing hope, I heard a voice in the distance, in soft, melodious tones, say, “Look unto Jesus: He is the life of the soul.” In a moment, an inward feeling arose in rebellion to the idea of adoring that Jesus who was crucified.

Suddenly, all that seemed to sustain me departed, and again I descended as from an immeasurable height into an abyss inhabited by beings whose condition I did not at first comprehend, but were revealed as more desperate than those from whom I had just escaped. They gathered around me and commended me for the doubt I had entertained concerning the divinity of the Son of God. Then a spirit with enormous intelligence approached me and said:

Address of the False Philosopher

“Religion, the religion of the Bible that is extremely revered by many who live in darkness and are undeveloped, is only a spiritual farce. The God of the Bible whom Christians call Savior of the World, was nothing more than a man. Religious faith restricts the range of human thought, binds the noble intellect, and prevents the progression of the race. Those you have just visited are a class of spirits who, blinded by the delusive dreams of earth’s religious teachings, have entered the spirit world undeveloped. Therefore, they still cling to the idea of redemption

⁶This Paradise of Peace is described in Part 1 of this series.

through Christ, the Messiah of Israel. They appear to suffer, but their suffering is only imaginary. Before long, light will reach them and enable them to discover the error of their religious education. The superior part of their minds is rejecting or disregarding this error even till now, while the inferior parts of their minds continue to cleave to their error with insatiable desires.

We are free, our intellect ranges unrestrained, and we behold the magnificence and the glory of the populated universe. We enjoy the rich productions of the sublime attributes of the mind, and thus – and not by the religion of the cross – we arise into the more exalted spheres of intellectual achievements, and the evolving grandeur of terrestrial things.

“Marietta, as you are called, we saw you when darkness overshadowed you, and we understood well that for a moment, because of the strong influence of your education, you would have prayed for salvation in the name of Jesus. We heard that voice that spoke from above you, saying, ‘Look to Jesus.’ Still that did not save you. Learn, then, that you are saved by looking to your own nature, of your own self, of your own consciousness.

“What do you see, Marietta? Abandon your thoughts of the empty religion of the Bible, and behold the wonders of this sphere of existence. This is the second sphere. Gathered around you are minds from different regions of the earth, minds whose strength of intellect could not yield to the influence of imaginary religion. They were not awed into reverence by priestly garments, nor did they sing the idle notes of psalmody, the heartless ‘music’ of the church. These sing about nature, of which they are a noble part. And being united with nature, they rise eight times greater in their mental progressive harmony.”

At this point, the spirit of the philosopher quit speaking to me. Suddenly he became greatly annoyed and the cloudy appearance all around him was agitated by successive shocks, which caused his very being to convulse and writhe beneath their influence. I could not discern where those shocks came from, and I was greatly terrified. I saw the whole scene change at every successive touch, which was accompanied by flashes like broad sheets of ghastly light upon the cloudy form that surrounded him. I also understood that he was intensely struggling to overcome some power which was about to control him. He did his best to resist the power that was overwhelming him. Suddenly he groaned, as in the bitterness of one sinking to incurable despair, and then yielded to the intrusive influence.

Just as suddenly, a vast arena opened. In it, I saw at one glance

every imaginable kind of vice, and various forms and fashions of human society, government, clans. I saw all the different phases and forms of worship, originating in every kind of religion, from the heathen to fashionable church-going people, who heartlessly worship under the name of the holy religion of the cross.

As this scene opened, I heard a voice from far above me, saying, “Marietta, don’t be afraid; but behold a pandemonium,⁷ where the self-deceived congregate. This includes those who hope in false philosophy, together with those who despise God, and where also arise, in spirit form, the false religions of the earth; where hypocrisy unveils its hideous shape, and religious mockery speaks in its own language; where human wolves are on display, who appeared in sheep’s clothing that they might indulge their greed and lust upon the humble and unsuspecting. Take heed! Listen to that wild chant that comes from the thousands who sit in the galleries of song.⁸ They once sang – heartlessly sang – hymns dedicated to the worship of the living God. Listen to the hoarse voice of the heavy organ before which they are gathered. See, they arise! Observe their manner and seek to understand what they say.”

As I attempt to describe this scene, I am very much aware of my incompetence. No one can ever know the reality of this except those who personally witness it. I am only able to say that every evil device that dominates man appeared organized and operating perfectly, and each spirit was an actor performing the part which he cultivated while in the body. I knew that if they expected bliss, all they received was imaginary bliss. Yet they all struggled to obtain enjoyment, which, however, from its dreadful fantasy, recoiled upon their suffering souls with inexpressible horror.

⁷pandemonium comes from Greek language and means ‘all demons’. The dictionary defines the modern English usage of this word as: Wild and noisy disorder or confusion; uproar. In Milton’s poem Paradise Lost, the capital of Hell was named Pandemonium.

⁸Editor’s note: What Marietta called galleries of song seem to be what we now call a choir loft. However, here Marietta transitions from the atheistic philosopher to a hypocriting minister. She transitions without a clear cut—as if the same galleries of song were before the philosopher and the minister.

As I looked upon them, the occupants of the broad galleries stood up, and as they sang, the hoarse sound of the ghostly organ jarred as note after note of their attempted music fell from lips whose very accents mocked the effort.

My soul pitied them, as I saw them sink back in utter despair; and yet I thought I could perceive design, plan and purpose in their actions. Below them⁹ was seated an attentive, but demanding audience. Before them stood one dressed in priestly robes in a pulpit of Gothic architecture, one who had dishonored the cause of the Redeemer by hypocrisy and the love of vain glory, who had made the cause of the holy ministry a byword by a soulless profession of love for the gifts of grace.

These ‘speculators’ in religious things were motivated by the way their leader mocked dignity in his clerical profession. There was an open book in front of him from which he attempted to read, but every effort was confounded. His voice was shrill and piercing, and his accents inarticulate. His features became distorted, and he writhed and agonized. He then attempted to read again, which produced the same results as the first. Then he blasphemously addressed himself to the Author of Existence, charging God with all wrong-doings, accusing Him as the source of every sorrow, and even desired to gather together the strength of all created intellect to curse the Creator of the Universe.

His oaths, his manner and his insatiable passion caused him to appear so desperate that I felt he could accomplish great destruction in whatever direction he chose to go. Fear impressed itself in my heart. However, my anxiety was soon relieved by the sudden depletion of all of his passion and strength, and I saw that he, too, was limited in power. Furthermore, to a very great extent, he was under the will of his audience.

One glance at the multitude before him was sufficient to reveal the cause of much of his suffering. There were seated those whose countenances revealed the hatred in their hearts, mingled with the wild, maniacal zeal of those who mocked his futile effort and indulged in fiendish delight at the expense of his dreadful sufferings. Yes, they relished seeing his keen despair, as an itching wound enjoys being scratched until afterwards when the itch and pain is worse than when it began. As he sank back, his face expressed horror beyond description.

⁹The word ‘them’ seems to refer to a choir who are seated in what Marietta calls ‘broad galleries’.

His entire form assumed every imaginable distortion. Around him flashed horrible fires, and his entire outward appearance revealed that inside he was as restless as a burning crater. His whole appearance displayed agonies equal to the worst conceptions of the relentless sinner’s hell, and reminded me of the language of Jesus who said, “And they will go into outer darkness, where there will be weeping and wailing and gritting of teeth; where the worm does not die, and the fire is never quenched” (Matthew 8:12; 22:13; 25:30; Mark 9:43-48).

The False Minister Exposed

While he lay from head to toe engulfed in the fires of his own unholy passions, someone in his audience stood and addressed him:

“You fiend of darkness! You child of hypocrisy! Deceiver! Matchless deceiver! Yours is the hell of a heartless religious teacher. You couldn’t endure enough sufferings sufficient for your sins. You sold religion and exchanged the souls of men for money. Yes, because of this, you lived in the finest houses and received the adoration of men. Then you wrapped yourself in comfort and luxury at the expense of souls. You did not try to reach the brokenhearted with the soul-redeeming Truth of Heaven, but you spoke what men wanted to hear and appeased their whims. Now you are tormented. Get up, you false teacher, get up in your silk gown! May the true nature of your false apostleship be openly displayed. Speak to us smooth things. Direct this broad gallery’s mimicking song. Hold your blasphemy! Don’t vent your cursings, for look, your Maker is just. Don’t wish to remove him from his throne. You mocked his awesome majesty. Through you, his glory should have been shown, and by that light, thousands should have been led to seek his face.”

At this sharp rebuke the suffering minister sought to escape, but the speaker continued.

“No, you hypocrite! Even though you try, you can’t run. Look at this multitude of sufferers, then ask yourself the cause of our suffering. Though we, too, have sinned (and each stands or falls to his Master), can you look upon them in peace and maintain a sense of innocence? Did you strive to lead them up to God? No, instead, didn’t your learned essays and elaborate expositions of the Holy Bible, adorned with poetic genius, addressed with most eloquent display, lull their already slumbering spirits into deeper sleep, while crowning your own head with human honor and glory?”

The wicked spirit who had just been addressed cried out. “Hold on! Hold it! Spare me! I suffer the tortures of remorse that never diminish! How horrible this retribution! Stop! Oh, stop! Don’t cut me down. I admit my sufferings are justified. In life I pursued the means to get everything that could bring pleasure. I trifled with the souls of men, and heartlessly wrote about eternal things. I formed my prayers, not for God, but for the people who would hear them, and interpreted the Bible to gratify those driven by their whims, the selfish, the boaster of holy things, the violator of human rights and the oppressor.

“Horrors! The horrors of unending darkness and piercing remorse take hold of my spirit. I hear the voice of inexpressible grief. I see the madness of disappointed spirits. They haunt me. If I seek to flee, a multitude, like ghosts, gather in front of me with innumerable troubles hanging upon their souls, which cannot find any rest here.

“These, my parishioners/church members, drive me mad with their bitter curses. Secret sins, like demons commissioned to inflict eternal pain on me, arise from the vault of my memory. Spare me a deeper hell!”

During these outbursts the whole audience arose and mocked his agony. At the close, the spirit addressing him resumed his hostile criticism, saying:

“You knew very well that our delight was to please you, and when we indulged ourselves by gratifying the unholy desires that lead us to the path of destruction and death, you didn’t correct us from the Bible – oh, that sacred book, that gift of God given to guide the lost to bright mansions in heaven. The false interpretations of the pleasure-loving and heartless teacher of divine things became our passport to this scene of sorrow, where sins ripen into living forms, where gaudy clothing enwrap the spirit like innumerable sheets of inextinguishable fire, and where man, like a special goddess, sits in the clouds of death, which spread a canopy over the abyss.

“The law of life, when reversed, leads to and ends in the nightmarish place in which you are now moving. This you have done, urged on by your love of glory, the glory of the hypocrite. This form of religion is like a white-washed tomb, which on the outside is as beautiful as the spotless Church reflecting the glory of the spiritual Jerusalem coming down from bright worlds on high. But the inside is like your heart, full of pride and lust, a cage of foul birds, a den of reptile thoughts. Yes, your heart is like a tomb full of dead men’s bones, like the decayed body parts of dead, heartless, self-made gods, the legacy of religious bigots.

“Don’t curse your Maker. This is your harvest. Listen to the scriptures that you carelessly quoted so often: ‘He who sows to the natural life, from the natural life he will reap corruption’ (Galatians 6:8), and ‘The wages of sin is death’ (Romans 6:23). How those passages of scripture resonate through the brassy chambers of souls gathered in these dark places. Yes, they ring as from spirit to spirit. Those truths cause unearthly sensations in each one bringing the ultimate of the horror of this realm of doom. Even phantom scenes arise, like ghosts, from beneath these realms of death.

“No, false teacher, let God be true, because sin has made us like this. We suffer the consequences of violated law, the law of our lives.”

As he finished speaking these words, a fearful trembling seized his form. He became more and more agitated, until he, along with the great congregation, shook and fell like dead men. And losing individual identity, they transformed into one great body of moving atoms, so dense that it appeared to be a part of the mass below.

A Voice From Above

The sight was too much for me. I was unable to endure any more of these sorrowful scenes. I shrank back and exclaimed, “Isn’t there a God of mercy? Could he see all of this and not save?”

“Yes,” replied a voice from above me. “Yes, there is a God of mercy, a God who sees with pity, the sinner. Mercy yearns over the sinner. Yes, have you not read, ‘God loved the world so much that he gave his only-born Son, so that whoever believes in him may not perish, but have eternal life’? (John 3:16) But although salvation is offered to the world, and Heaven’s messengers plead with the sinner, millions refuse. Millions more, who profess him as their Messiah, merely speculate about the great truths connected with man’s redemption. When men indulge in sin, those sins cause deep sorrow to be their destiny. There are many who will not forsake their evil ways until they have fallen into a most wretched state. That is the consequence of violating the law of purity and love.

“Don’t be afraid, Marietta. You have just witnessed a portion of the consequences of sin upon the spirit of man. Spiritual sufferings cannot be expressed in natural terms. They are beyond expression, nor can they be fully demonstrated by illustrations.

“He who first spoke to you represents the spirit of antichrist which seeks to dazzle spiritual perception by bright images of false reasoning.

Behind all of that lies discord, improper affections, impure desires, love of self, false hearts, cruelty, lust, plunder, murder, the denial of God in his redeeming mercy, sacrilege and blasphemy. He strove to direct your attention to an opposite scene in order to conceal the true condition of those whose hearts are not controlled by the love of God. His failing power represents the utter futility of all things outside of Christ, the anointed Messiah, to save the soul from the influences that draw man towards death, which through sin, infect the unrepentant heart.

“Then a similar scene opened in which all forms of vice were portrayed, but if it had been displayed in its fullness, it would have been too difficult for you to bear. Therefore the choir immediately appeared in a choir loft.

Editor’s note: The above paragraph describes the philosopher. The next describes the minister who is a hypocrite.

They represent the world singing to the gods they worship, of whatever name or character they happened to be. In their hearts was no fear or love for The Most High God, whom they mocked with lip service. The one in the pulpit represented a false teacher/minister and the awful consequences of hypocrisy in religion. Because he was false, he fell into this sorrowful pit. The audience in front of him represented the worshipers in the name of the Cross, but who didn’t keep the fear of God in view. They appeared to worship God in the sight of men, but their hearts were far from him. They sought to please themselves in their devotions, and they chose a teacher who would assist them in their goal, who sought to glorify himself before men by gratifying the whims of his audience.

“His striving to address them represents the great truth that those characteristics that are impressed and cultivated on a person’s mind while he is still in his mortal body, those same characteristics will manifest in his spirit after it leaves the body. His ineffectual effort represents the inability of any being to obtain real satisfaction, or to be useful to those around him, by false methods.

“The spirit addressing him represents the spirit of those who, in any sphere of existence [both in the philosophical sphere and the religious sphere], trusted false teachers, but cared little about their own spiritual needs. Therefore, conflicts and dissensions appear among spirits who are not properly united. They blame one another for their sins. The spirit’s reference to the justice of their condition as a natural consequence of their violation of the law represents the consciousness of guilt and the

goodness of God. This goodness is understood by everyone who awakes from their idle daydreams to a proper sense of what God’s holy law requires of them.

Now, that spirit that was writhing dreadfully after being confronted with the darkness of his past deeds, this represents those who in their external life followed their natural desires; however, when they meet as spirits, great truths are being brought out among themselves by their thoughts and actions. Their final fall and blending into one entity illustrates the inseparable nature and tendency of sin. It also represents the law of sympathy or magnetic attractions, even with the disembodied spirits of men. By that law, those of like character, mind and affections are attracted to one another, whether in the mortal body, or in the immortal spirit. When these things prevail and accumulate, there is an increase in power and momentum, and each receives sorrow and inflicts sorrow upon the other.

“The cloud moving above them also illustrates the atmosphere of thought which fills the great arena of spiritual disharmony.

“Finally, Marietta, the scene of the bishop and his congregation, together with the false teachers of the schools of vain philosophy, illustrates that portion of the Bible that says, ‘If the blind lead the blind, both will fall together’ (Matthew 15:14, Luke 6:39).

“Marietta, your spirit cannot endure anymore, but let this lesson impress you with this great truth, that ‘the wages of sin is death’.”

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Marietta Ascends

When the voice stopped speaking, I heard an angel from some heavenly choir say, “Marietta, come up here!” and I arose into a cloud of light which gently ascended. My spirit found rest within the cloud.

How great and marvelous the change was! A moment before, I was afraid and wondering about the activity I was watching: a suffering multitude reveling in the madness of intensified passions, passions that had been cultivated by excessive indulgence while in the body. In this place, they had sorrow. In this place, they were displayed without masks: the effects of every kind of evil, of demoralizing habits, secret purposes, and hidden iniquity. There were arguments, murmurings, and dreadful blasphemies, while the spirits were drawn and held together by their mutual suffering, which was caused by their own perverted natures.

By seeing their condition, I learned that sin brings death, and happiness comes not by disobedience, but by simple faith, faith in Jesus as the Redeemer, which excites the true worship of God from a broken heart and repentant spirit. In addition, I learned that deceit was the basis of darkness and the source of many troubles. Deceit also hides the end results of falseness and vice. And yet the great truth was plainly revealed: that no deception, however minutely worked out, can be hidden in the hour of trial. For anyone who attempted to portray the glories of nature, or who tried to use brilliant, colorful symbols to entice a soul away from the cross and offer life and peace by any other means, failed to hide the impact of that choice. So it is exactly like this in the broad arena where those who do not love God or regard his law gather together, those who despise the holy faith of Jesus by which men are saved.

Heaven for the Willing

I was reflecting upon these things when a new light beamed upon me. I turned to see where it came from, and I was surprised to see hovering above me a lovely being, wearing clothing as bright as the sun, resting in the glory surrounding her. Her countenance glowed with heavenly goodness. Calmly she basked in the midst of the divine radiance. She spoke and her voice filled me with delight, saying, “Rest, spirit, rest. Don’t let any care depress you. Dismiss your thoughts about the things you just saw. God has a mansion prepared in heaven for every heart that’s willing. And whoever seeks the Lord will find that he is always available to help them when they need him. Those you have seen in the abyss are in the environment they themselves created when they indulged their passions while in their mortal bodies. Just like someone who falls from a great height must bear the pain from the wounds he receives from the fall, so is he who lives and dies in sin; they receive the wounds of sin. This is the law of life.

“Rest, Marietta, rest. But look! Angelic musicians are coming down! Listen, sister. How sweet that harmony is! How gently it moves along the paths of heaven! It’s coming near us, Marietta; it’s getting louder as it comes on the wind of heaven. Its notes emphasize praises to our Redeemer. Heavenly hymns awake on every hand. Look up, Marietta; See! We are near a city where righteousness dwells. No evil enters here, nor does any false spirit ever pollute its holy temples. See, sister spirit; I, a guardian angel of the holy hills, tell you these things.”

The Attractive Power of Evil

Then I heard a voice saying, “Marietta, where are you from? Have you left the world of mortal sadness? And why are you drawn toward places where evil passions rule? Does your soul waver between the realms of good and evil? I saw you floating in the dark, hazy air alone and without a friend. Afterwards, I saw your sudden fall into the cloud that hangs over the place where wicked beings dwell. I saw you observing every movement until the very sight of this arena overcame you and you sank beneath the burden of that vision. I heard you call for help from God or for some kind of angel to befriend you. Learn from this, that he whose heart is not established in truth, whose nature is not controlled by the law of holy love, is unprotected from the attracting influence of evil, for there is no safety for the soul that is not born of God. He who does not understand this principle is in a moral condition exposed to those influences which lead to outer darkness and the dwelling place of those existing in the sphere of deadly magnetism. Remember that he who wants to be the disciple of Truth and enter into rest must deny himself the gratification of the unholy inclinations of the perverted heart which cleave to that which does not inspire reverence for God or a desire to be found doing His will. He must change the characteristics and inclinations of his soul from the practice of doing evil to the practice of doing good, and this is only possible through the divine grace and everlasting goodness of God.

“Marietta, these visions and the opening of your spiritual understanding have been permitted for a wise purpose. You represent those who are not settled in spiritual truth, those whose minds move from one thing to another. First you were attracted to paradise, but then to the vacant regions where chaos and the darkness of night rule like kings. Then you were drawn to places of wretchedness, places inhabited by those whose characters were formed by wrong indulgences, and even by cherishing their love for those things. Finally they became drunken with the excess of vice and delirious under the influence of hallucinating pleasures. In the end, the elements of evil operate uncontrolled. In the end, the soul becomes part of the nature of those false influences, and the tendency and the effects of sin become real and tangible.

“Therefore it is shown that when left to itself, the perverted spirit drives madly on under the insatiable action of evil, and by association without restraint, spirits aggravate each other’s pain and sorrow. Therefore, those in this wide open space were mutual sufferers.

“This is also how it is among human beings on the earth. Sin is strengthened in direct proportion to the number of minds operating by its evil principles, so that one evil doer supports another in the ways of evil. You can see how one sinner destroys much good. Sin added to sin enlarges its capacity, and increases its movement, until families, tribes and nations go to war to defend sinful activities. Oh, that people understood the power of evil influence! Then, moved by the law of heavenly love and the Spirit of Grace, they would unite to prevent the working of evil in the human heart. Marietta, sorrow may well be written upon the dome encompassing the race of man, for by their indulgence in sin, they make their lives bitter, and too often, they die and enter the world of spirits with a predisposition toward evil, and therefore become united to those with the same mindsets, and they are altogether overcome.

But when a man opens his heart and soul to the grace of God, it actually changes his character and inclinations. When the life of God comes into the soul (that is, when a man is born again), it causes the affections to incline to the source of true life. When such people die and enter the spirit world, through the law of holy attraction, they are drawn to and stay in areas that sustain their lives. And they receive from God the inspiration of holiness, the continually increasing spirit of godly growth.”

Center Dome of Infant Paradise

“Marietta, this is the city where you first saw the infant nurseries¹⁰ and you have been permitted to return here from the places of sorrow and death. From here, above the center dome of the infant nursery, you can see the groups that use this temple of education. The schools of Infant Paradise gather here and are instructed in the higher degrees of useful work.”

As the spirit finished speaking, suddenly the great dome below us opened, and displayed at one single view its glory and magnificence. In it, I saw all the grandeur, variety and order of the entire paradise in unity. Again, I saw in the center, the Cross. Around it were twelve spirits, each holding a smaller cross and a harp. Each infant appeared to expect directions from the twelve spirits who were around the cross, upon

¹⁰In Part 1 of this series.

whom they now fixed their attention. Oh, how blissful was the silence that prevailed and which revealed the perfect order and divine harmony of the place.

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Marietta’s Unfitness to Enjoy Heaven

“Listen, Marietta,” said the angel, and with her right hand she pressed my temples. Suddenly, that deep silence was interrupted with music like the angelic breath of the most inward, holy life of the spirit. I could barely hear it; still it moved in softest melody over what I knew was an octavian organism of my soul.¹¹ Until then, I didn’t know there were such elements in me which could be awakened to such a symphony, or if tuned, could vibrate to the touch of such sacred, interior melody.

Human Nature Not Compatible With Paradise

As the notes of that spirit of music arose, I thought a new nature was given to me to enable me to realize such perfect harmony. And I seemed to blend and flow with it, until by my own choosing I sought to unite myself with it. It was then, just then, that I felt the effects of an upset, disjointed, completely unnerved soul. Note after note from the invisible source invaded my inward life, but it no longer moved in unison with the music chords of my soul. Striving to blend in the movement produced discord, and repelled and broke the rhythmic flow of the music, like the fall of smooth waters upon a rocky, uneven surface. The music became harsh to me, making me very much aware of my unlikeness to its nature.

Then I suffered. Oh, the agony of that moment! The contrast was dreadful. Every part of my being was out of order. The waves of harmony that moved softly and gently throughout the dome fell like raging waters into my unfitted and discordant heart. I would have rather escaped, for any other condition would be preferable by far. I even

¹¹Editor’s Note: When Marietta wrote this in 1848, she used the word ‘octavian’ from which we get the word “octave”. The root meaning of these two words is ‘eight’—as in the musical scale where the key of C and the next key of C are eight notes apart. Perhaps Marietta meant that she now felt in her soul that the music she heard spanned a whole octave of the musical scale.

thought the arena of mimic worship would agree better with my nature, and there I could more easily harmonize with the prevailing law. But I could not escape. I was a perfect wreck, and each moment my condition became progressively worse, until an hour seemed to last as long as an age.

After a while, I cried in the bitterness of my soul: Away! Oh! Let me flee from this scene. Other music has filled me with delight; other melodies made me happy. I listened to it; and while I heard, I drank in the spirit of the sacred song. But now, by some unknown law, I am prompted to attempt to unite with this harmonious sweetness, even though, to my surprise, my unholy nature is exposed. Everyone sees my discordant nature and even to myself, I now appear unfit to associate with angels and I am lost beyond redemption. My spirit is wounded, broken, fallen; no part of it is adapted to anything in this paradise. Oh! Let me flee to a place where darkness and gloominess will hide me forever from myself.

Angel, cover, oh, cover this light that exposes how deformed I am, and save me from the torments of this angelic harmony! Oh! Is there a deeper hell? If demons mocked my lost spirit, there would be nothing to awaken this new life. Or if they called up my unstrung spirit-being, it would be crushed because of its unfitness. No other power except my own interior harmony could respond to my spirit's most conscious element, and break up the hidden fountains of the disjointed, misaligned, unsanctified soul."

Therefore I pled to somehow be released from the light, the harmony, and the bliss that filled the great congregation to an overflowing enjoyment. My arid suffering was beyond expression, yet at the time, I didn't consider the cause any farther than the fact that my soul was unstrung. I realized my complete unfitness for involvement in this society and the happiness of the members of this paradise. Previously, I had desired to be admitted with them, and to live forever in that holy sanctuary. But I had not properly considered what qualifications were lacking in me so that I could join them in their holy songs. True, I had witnessed the deformity of the infant spirit¹² and saw the wonderful operations of grace in its restoration, but I had never applied this knowledge/understanding to myself.

Hell is Better Than Heaven for the Unsaved

When I felt drawn by the sphere of darkness and saw the very cloud of death part to receive me, I looked up to the heavenly paradise with an earnest desire to enter and be saved. But I didn't know that even then, if I had been permitted to enter as a member into the spirit of heaven, I would've suffered excessive agony from the effects of the love and harmony of heaven upon me, so that my condition would put me in perplexity and misery equal to the deepest hell. With these things in my mind, I took a quick survey of the whole scene while pleading for relief. I began to understand my true condition and felt assured that all was lost. I was doomed to misery.

Eventually, an angel said, "Marietta, you are not lost. True, your deformity is exposed, and you are suffering because your spirit is awakening and discerning the true state of a soul out of harmony. It is by the contrast with goodness that you have been brought to an awareness of your need. In this, perhaps you will be better prepared to understand the goodness of God in the provisions he made for redemption through the Lord Jesus whom all of heaven adores.

"When you were previously admitted into the society of the sanctified, your discordant condition was mostly withheld from your sight. As a guest, you were only permitted to receive the influence as an outward sacredness which, like holy dew, fell upon you and watered your thirsty spirit. But so perfect is the breath of holiness here that it touched your inner life, and all your hidden unfitness appeared in contrast, causing your suffering. In this you may discover, to a certain extent, the wisdom of a benevolent Creator in bringing together spirits of like nature and tendencies to similar conditions and abodes. Therefore, the opposite elements of absolute good and evil are separated, and they will not enhance the misery nor annoy the bliss of the other class. So this is the reason why no unclean thing can enter the Holy City that John the Revelator saw. For no unholy spirit that has died and left its mortal body could enter into this sacred Temple; neither by the law of existence could any gross, unsanctified soul be received within the holy city of inward life, where the soft and spirit-inspiring melody originated which so greatly affected you. Nor could the inhabitants of this blessed abode dwell with spirits who have not been reconciled to God in the spheres of darkness. Marietta, observe the goodness of God in the law of life. How obvious the injustice of a Righteous Creator

¹²in Part 1 of this series of books

would appear if he doomed to the shades of night, or permitted one of these little ones to perish by being attracted into the deadly magnetism of the abode of the guilty in the regions of sorrow. Their tender and pure natures would writhe or squirm beneath the touch of the inflamed passions of those who are abandoned to the madness of insatiable desires. Indeed, God would be considered unjust if his law put an innocent one in such a position. Similarly, it would be unmerciful to bring any unsanctified and discordant spirit into a place of harmony and holiness, since their sufferings would increase to the degree that light and supreme good that pervades the dwelling place of the pure.

“The wisdom and the goodness of God is clearly displayed by this. No absolutely discordant element in the world of spirits mingles with the pure and harmonious. God’s word was speaking of these conditions when it said, ‘He that is filthy let him be filthy still, he that is righteous let him be righteous still, he that is holy let him be holy still’ (Revelation 22:11). In this spirit realm, let there be a separation between the habitations of the good and the evil ones (not like on earth where the good and the evil ones live right next to each other). Furthermore, let those who are holy be free of warring evil elements, and let the unholy mix according to the things they are attracted to. For in the nature of their existence, in contrast with that of the unrighteous, it is justly written that there is an impassable gulf fixed (Luke 16:26), since these extremes can in no way blend. And it is again written, ‘Whoever is born of God is born of love, and love has no likeness to hatred (1st John 4:20-21). Whoever is under the dominion of evil does not love God.’ If mortals only realized this law, they would strive against evil and cultivate righteousness in themselves, and through grace, be prepared for the spiritual lesson you cannot now fully learn nor comprehend. Consider what you have witnessed and what angels have taught you, Marietta. When these visions have past, accept the wisdom they have shown you. Guard yourself against greater evil, lest this happen to you, that you become entirely unfit for an everlasting inheritance with the sanctified.

“And when you are restored to live in your body on the earth, look to Jesus, who alone can prepare you to return and live in this enraptured realm and fellowship with those who worship in this place where the blest abide. Here, you have learned that those who have not been reborn cannot become the companions of these spirits” (John 3:3-8).

As I began to yield to grief and cry, the angel said, “Don’t weep, Marietta, don’t weep. For a ransom has been prepared. You may wash

in a healing fountain by which all the impurity of your soul may be removed. Rejoice greatly in this, since through God’s great mercy, redemption is offered, and those who could not in any other way attain to perfect joy are exalted from prison cells to mansions in our Father’s Kingdom. For this grace, the saints in heaven praise God, and do not cease day or night to utter hymns of thanksgiving to the One who is their Redeemer.”

Then the angel touched my forehead and a stream of light entered my being, and I arose. “Now,” said the angel, “you may listen to the soft notes of the song sung by the infants who have just come in from the temples of learning into this great center dome of the infant paradise of instruction.” With sweetness, the music of the infant choir arose with harmony from their pure hearts, filling the expanse and swelling into gentle waves which moved along the atmosphere above. But grandeur was added to the scene as I watched them form into bands, and united class with class, united as one throughout, each class being composed of equal numbers, each spirit glowing with the holy fire of the sacred hymn.

Then a female spirit appeared dressed in pure white clothing, moving from band to band. There was a crown upon her head set with gems which shone with the brightness of the sun. In her left hand she held an open book, and in her right, a scepter. She appeared to observe every infant and to accurately distinguish every voice, so as to know their different qualities, and how those qualities relate to each other and to everyone. Likewise, her every movement was noticed by the infants who sought to imitate her even as pupils imitate their instructors in schools among men.

The infants performed music consisting of many different parts, yet all were in harmony and the melody was the perfection of beauty. As they sang, their spirit fingers moved over their soft, mellow-toned harps. All of them were increasingly inspired with confidence that added to the melody, and appeared to blend them into one great soul, whose breath was the spirit and harmony of heavenly love.

~~~~~ The End of Part 2 of Marietta Davis’ Visions ~~~~~

Please ask for Part 3 of this series—FREE  
James e-mail: Mr.James7@ATT.net

The Appendix has a story about another person who had a vision/dream similar to the story of the false minister in Chapter 13.

## — Appendix —

Nick was an immigrant from Greece, but when he was young, he got involved in crime and ended up in prison. It was in prison that he had a dynamic encounter with Jesus Christ the Messiah, and his whole life was changed. Following is his account of an incident that happened while he was still in prison. Nick wrote:

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I started getting some flak from inmates who were known Satan-worshippers. One night, as I was waiting for a guard to open my cell, a guy named Tony, who was into astro-projection and witchcraft, sneaked up behind me and plucked a hair out of my head.

“Tonight, Greek!” he said, “is your night. You’re going to get the hex.”

“Whatever you do to me, double back to you in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ!” I said. I went into my cell and ignored what Tony said. I fell asleep immediately and started having a strange dream. At first, I thought I was in a church service because I was in this sanctuary-type room with a bunch of people who were standing around chanting and bowing their heads. Many of the people were wearing monk-like robes, held together by a rope around the waist.

I thought, “Wow, this is beautiful!” and I settled down to enjoy the service. The leader of the group, a tall guy who was wearing a cassock, moved up to the altar and opened up a huge book that was resting on a stand. I couldn’t see his face because it was mostly covered by a hood over his head, but his voice came out rich and forceful as he said, “The text today is a familiar one. It concerns Jesus of Nazareth,” Then he began to read, “The Virgin Mary was a whore and Jesus Christ was a bastard...”

“Hold on!” I interrupted (still in my dream). “That’s a lie! You know he’s the Son of God! You’re misquoting Scripture. The Bible says a virgin shall bear a son and his name shall be Immanuel, God among us.”

“Quiet! You’re out of order!” he said, raising his head so I could see his face. He was a handsome, forceful-looking man except for one thing—his eyes. They were so glassy they didn’t look human. He looked like he was totally doped up on cocaine or some other drug, except that he was too much in control of himself to be any drug addict.

“Oh, oh!” I said. “I know what I’m under now. I rebuke you in the name of Jesus! I’m washed in the blood of the lamb, and you’re a liar. I’m bought by a price, and you’re a liar. The Bible says you’re going to be cast into the bottomless pit. Aren’t you the one that made the nations quake? Aren’t you the one that made kings shake? Greater is the one who is in me than the one who is in you!”

By this time, this demon, who was maybe Satan himself, was really angry at me. I looked around and recognized one of the people in the congregation—a relative who had practiced witchcraft in Greece.

The leader started calling Jesus and his disciples homosexuals and made all sorts of other wild accusations. I waded right in—defending the true identity of Christ using Scripture. But the intensity of the evil in that room was so overwhelming, I finally started panting and found I couldn’t take it any more. That was when I woke up, drenched in sweat. The cell was pitch black, but I knew I was in my corner of the prison and not in a Satan-worshiping sanctuary. But for some reason, it didn’t end there. I could still hear the chanting, and even though my eyes were wide open, I could see those people dancing around their leader.

I knew what I had to do, so I hopped out of bed, grabbed my Bible and started reading out loud. I punctuated those readings with a hurried rendition of the Lord’s Prayer: “Our-father-who-art-in-heaven-hallowed-be-thy-name...” And I said, “Get behind me, Satan—I bind you in the name of Jesus!”

I was trembling and sweating when I started this routine at about 3:20 a.m., and finally got some peace about 5:00 a.m.

My celly woke up and the first thing he said was, “What was going on last night? I felt the presence of evil and I heard music and chanting. At one point, I almost felt like I got knocked out.”

I was pretty sure that my experience had been more than just a dream, and this seemed to confirm it.

The above was adapted from Too Mean To Die by Nick Pirovolos, Tyndale House Publishers, Inc. Wheaton, Illinois, pages 179-183.

Please ask for Part 3 of this series—FREE  
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