

The Visions of Marietta Davis

Presented in Contemporary English

Part 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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copied from:

www.layevangelism.com/heavhell/book1-c.htm

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Printed: May 12, 2016

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Who is Marietta Davis?	1
Marietta Descends to Realms of Darkness.	2
The Abode of the Lost.	5
Abyss – Realm of the Desperately Wicked.	12
Marietta Ascends.	21

Marietta’s Unfitness to Enjoy Heaven.....	24
Appendix.....	30

Who is Marietta Davis?

Marietta Davis is a lady to whom God gave a vision in which she visited Heaven and Hell. This Part 2 book covers her visit to Hell, where she:

- ① spoke to two old friends from her earlier life
- ② was confronted by a philosopher with an enormous intellect
- ③ saw a false minister’s true nature being exposed
- ④ learned that she was not ready for heaven.

All these are absorbingly interesting accounts. 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.

In Part 1 of this book, she saw the spirits of many babies who died while they were very young, and she saw the guardian angels who nurtured the new-born spirits.

In this Part 2, she was taken to visit Hell.

In the Part 3 book she saw the events in Jesus’ life surrounding his crucifixion and resurrection. The infant spirits watched the scenes in Part 3 together with Marietta.

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. Hopefully it is suitable for children who are at least in their teen years.

— 1 —

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 seen¹ 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.

¹Refer to Part 1 of the Visions of Marietta Davis

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!"

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 endued 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 loathe; 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 forlorn² 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, 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

²forlorn = wretched, destitute, derelict, indigent

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.³

— 3 —

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 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

³This Paradise of Peace is described in Part 1 of this series.

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,⁴ 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.⁵ 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.

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 them⁶ 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

⁴pandemonium 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.

⁵Editor’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 hypocritizing minister. She transitions without a clear cut—as if the same galleries of song were before the philosopher and the minister.

⁶The word ‘them’ seems to refer to a choir who are seated in what Marietta calls ‘broad galleries’.

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. 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 grinding 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. 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.

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

“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’.”

— 4 —

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 nurseries⁷ 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 whom they now fixed their attention.

⁷In Part 1 of this series.

Oh, how blissful was the silence that prevailed and which revealed the perfect order and divine harmony of the place.

— 5 —

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.⁸ 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 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 spirit⁹ 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

⁸Editor'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.

⁹in Part 1 of this series of books

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 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 ~~~~~

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| Please ask for Part 3 of this series—FREE<br>James e-mail: <a href="mailto:Jmeletiou@BellSouth.net">Jmeletiou@BellSouth.net</a> |
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The Appendix has a story about another person who had a vision/dream similar to the story of the false minister on page 16.

## 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:

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.

## Marietta Davis.....

.....was given a vision/dream that lasted nine days, as she lay on her bed in a coma. In this Part 2 of her book, she describes the scenes in which she was permitted to visit hell and encountered ① two ladies (who had died) who she recognized from her earthly life, ② an atheistic philosopher, ③ a minister who was exposed as a hypocrite, ④ an angel who explained that she wasn't, as yet, prepared to live in the heavenly realm.