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Ministry

Garden of Eden.

Water-vliet 2<sup>de</sup> June 1842

by

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The Following Communication  
was written on a silver breastplate.

June 4<sup>th</sup> 1842.  
Introduction, Or Words of the  
Writer

When I first heard of this holy  
City marked out by the footsteps of the  
Almighty one, a sudden thought  
struck my sense, that the garden of  
Eden was within its holy Walls;— and  
at this moment I felt the power of God  
run thro' my mortal frame, and silent  
meditation veiled my sense from out-  
ward things. At this moment a  
holy spirit stood close by my side, &  
seemed to be listening to my thoughts;—  
but spoke not;— therefore I asked naught.

concerning this thing;

From this time until the time of the above date, whenever I thought of the holy City, the Garden of Eden seemed to be one with the same; But I never had heard any one, mortal or immortal mention this thing, that Ulisdom's Valley, was the garden of Eden; but I entertained a feeling that I would ask the holy spirit the next time I had a suitable opportunity concerning this matter. Accordingly, Saturday afternoon, June 4<sup>th</sup> While sitting in silence, I saw my holy assisting spirit standing by my side. I bowed low before her and asked her of the subject of which I had thought so much;

She then took a silver breastplate which I had previously received from holy Mother from around my neck, and with a pen which resembled a blaze of fire, she first wrote my questions, and then wrote her own words, as she spoke them aloud to my hearing.

With love thanks and zeal I copied the words from the holy plate, in the presence of this holy spirit, sent from Mother Ann, while a little lamb stood upon my arm.

### The Instrument's Questions.

O pretty little spirit,  
Will thou listen unto me?  
May I receive an answer,  
To what I now ask thee?

If it's the will of Mother,  
An answer you will give,  
And I will bow in spirit,  
'Till I the same receive.

2.

O tell me where the garden  
Of lovely Eden stood?  
Where man fell from his Maker  
Before the mighty flood.  
Was it in foreign countries,  
Where God is scarcely know?  
Or was it on Columbia's shore,  
Where the true gospel's sown?

The Spirit. 3

"My Mother bid me tell you,  
Concerning Eden's land,  
Where man in his first order,

In purity did stand,  
Before the man was formed  
Or yielded to vain mirth,  
God planted this fair garden,  
Upon this spacious earth.

4

It was Eastward in Eden,  
Two and a half square,  
All kinds of fruit delightful,  
Did grow and flourish there.  
A gentle flowing river,  
Did thro' its centre glide,  
Spreading its cristial branches,  
Around on every side.

5

The two, — The male and female,  
Were in this garden placed;

And of the fruit of nature,  
Forbidden for to taste;  
They stood in perfect union,  
In innocence and love,  
Before God, their Creator,  
Of earth and heaven above.

6

"I'll try the reins of power,  
" In man which I have made,  
" Saith God for good and evil  
" Before him I have laid.  
" His firmness and obedience,  
" In wisdom first I'll try,  
" And if he yields to Satan,  
" His soul shall surely die."

7

In this state of probation,



Man yielded up to sin,  
And lost his holy birthright;  
The garden he was in.

God turn'd them from the garden  
They fled from Eden's ground,  
Where death and condemnation,  
A heavy curse they found;

8

A mighty tree was planted,  
By God's eternal hand,  
Right in the perfect center,  
Which evermore shall stand.

Saith God, "I'll close my garden,  
"Man shall not rest therein,  
"Until I show salvation,  
"Redemption from all sin."

Continued

This pure and holy City  
 Mark'd out with Gods own feet:  
 Is sure the lovely garden,

All walled in complete.

Its lovely Wisdom's Valley,  
 On fair Columbias shore.

Where Christ and Mother Anna  
 Shall reign forever more.

From Adam's fall, 'til Mother  
 Came hither with her band,  
 Myriads of holy Angels  
 Did guard this holy land,  
 Bright Seraphim and Angels  
 Equip'd with Gods swift might,  
 Surrounded this fair garden  
 The place of his delight

Man knew not where the garden  
 Of lovely Eden stood,  
 After the ark of Noah,  
 Sailed out upon the flood.  
 For God himself determined,  
 The riched should not find,  
 The lovely garden Eden,  
 For his true Church design'd.

He turn'd the natural river  
 From this pure garden fair,  
 And mark'd his holy city,  
 Two miles, and afe square.  
 Pure bright most holy mansions  
 Within her walls do stand,  
 A holy cristial river,  
 Runs thro' this holy land.

The holy Ark of safety,  
 Upon its waters sail,  
 All while Angels from the heavens,  
 Fair Zion's beauties hail.  
 No tempests move the waters,  
 No dark clouds overspread,  
 But gently it is flowing,  
 From Wisdom's fountain head.

This cristial holy river,  
 Is purity and love,  
 And by this gentle power,  
 Its holy waters move.  
 Its banks are raised with jasper,  
 And set with diamonds square,  
 Its pleasant shores are paved,  
 With onyx stone most fair.

In this delightful garden,  
 A mighty tree does stand,  
 Right in the perfect center  
 Of this pure holy land.  
 Right Westward of this center  
 Two rods, and inches four,  
 Does lay the holy river,  
 The brilliant eastern shore.

This gentle flowing river,  
 Is just ten rods across,  
 Exact by natural measure,  
 From east, to the west coast.  
 Angels and holy spirits,  
 From the eternal court,  
 Are constantly now sailing,  
 To holy Wisdoms port.

With many precious tidings,  
 Which joyfully they give,  
 To Gods peculiar chosen,  
 Who in this garden live.  
 Where heavenly fruit is growing  
 Of each delicious kind,  
 For all the true and living,  
 Who do the victory find.

Now said the little spirit  
 What more wouldest thou ask?  
 I cheerfully am waiting,  
 To finish out my task.  
 Whatever upon this subject,  
 You now do wish to know,  
 Ask freely and I'll tell you,  
 For Mother told me so.

Instrument. 19

When man was first created,  
To in this garden stand,  
Did winter's blasting season,  
O'er spread this holy land?  
Was Autumn, Spring, and summer,  
As different in their course,  
As since they have been ruling,  
This clime with binding force?

Spirit. 20

When first this lovely garden  
Was form'd in beauty fair,  
Sweet-scented trees delightful,  
Most precious fruit did bear.  
No blasting winds of Autumn,  
Did thro' this garden sound,  
The barren robe of Winter,  
Fell not upon this ground.

No hot and sultry seasons,  
 No Drouth did intervene,  
 But gentle gales did spread forth  
 Sweet air pure and serene.  
 Mild seasons in their order,  
 Roll'd round with even chase,  
 And gave full scope to beauty,  
 To fragrance and solace.

North West in this pure garden  
 The Tree of Life does bloom  
 Reveald by Christ and Mother  
 The holy Bride and Groom.  
 Their true and living children  
 Access to it have found,  
 They shall explore its beauty,  
 The sacred spot of ground.



Yea true this tree was planted,  
 By the Eternal One,  
 Who gave the full dominion,  
 To his beloved Son.

The true and holy Savior,  
 Who came upon this earth,  
 To lay the first foundation,  
 Of the new heavenly birth.

To guard lifes tree eternal,  
 A cherubim was placed,  
 That of its fruit delightful  
 Mortals should never taste  
 Until the holy Savior,  
 Should come the second time,  
 Unveil the eyes of mortals,  
 To see first Adam's crime.

The root, the whole foundation,  
 The hidden seat of sin,  
 The dark abodes of horror,  
 Mortals were groping in.  
 Christ now in his full glory,  
 Does in the clouds appear,  
 Of witnesses who wisely,  
 Unfold the matter clear.

And his unspotted armies,  
 Shall now explore this land,  
 The lovely garden Eden,  
 Planted by Gods own hand.  
 The pool of true repentance,  
 Which purifies the heart,  
 Stanceth within the Temple  
 Even in the first part.

Through out this lovely Valley  
 Its gentle waters flow,  
 To all the true and faithful,  
 Who at the altar bow.

Where nations, kings, and Princes  
 Shall yet their offerings bring,  
 And soar on wings of freedom,  
 From death's tormenting sting.

Now in Christ's last appearing,  
 Eternal life's revealed,  
 The gospel which for ages,  
 Has wholly been concealed.  
 The sound shall be repeated  
 And echo far and near,  
 Until most distant nations,  
 This gospel trump does hear.

The worldly wise and nobles,  
 Who shall obey this sound,  
 Shall yet declare this Valley,  
 To be fair Eden's ground.  
 The light of Wisdom's power,  
 Shall shine in every place,  
 And Zion's spotless armies,  
 Shall walk in open grace.

In this pure holy City,  
 Her lamps are raised high,  
 By which lost souls shall enter;  
 And for salvation cry.  
 All holy Wisdom's army bright,  
 Who in this garden dwell,  
 Shout loud a full salvation,  
 While you its beauties tell.

Waterkiet. Second Order.

Copied by Phebe Smith.