

Portions of - "A Vision of the Judgment."

Patriarch W.N. Dawson

I was thinking of the great plan of salvation, of death, the resurrection, and the great judgment day, when suddenly the scenery was changed. I saw myself walking on a vast plain toward the southeast. It did not appear to be as light as noonday, but more like a cloudy day, yet there were no clouds to be seen, neither sun, moon, nor stars...Before me, some forty or fifty miles away, there was an elevation in the land, beyond which the land was undulating...The land...was of a dark gray color, with no signs of life...There were no trees, shrubs, nor vegetation of any kind...There was no road or trail...I seemed to know that the judgment day had come, and that I was to be judged.

I was walking along studying about what the result would be with me, when suddenly I felt someone take hold of my right hand. On looking up I saw it was the angel of the Lord, the one whom I had seen many times before. We walked along together in silence, neither one speaking to the other; when presently I looked up and saw...the elevation in the land, at the edge of which was a great white throne, with steps leading up at the front. The wall at each end of the steps, the floor, which was some forty or fifty feet square, and the great chair of state, were all composed of the same white material, unlike anything I had ever seen before, not like marble, crystal, nor glass, but more like diamonds...When we approached the throne, I saw two persons; one sat on the throne and the other stood at his right hand. They looked so very much alike that I could not tell one from the other until I saw the hands of the one standing. There were the wounds made by the nails. I instantly recognized him as the Lord Jesus. My eyes unbidden by me looked at his feet...There were the wounds made by the nails on Calvary. Then I wondered if the spear-wound would show in his side. At this moment he turned his body slightly toward the Judge, his beautiful white robe parted, showing the wound made by the spear...

Then I found that I could speak and I said, "Lord Jesus, I heeded and recognized your voice, as you spoke through your servants; I accepted the plan of salvation that you offered. I followed not the strangers when they called to me. I loved your law, and I tried to keep your commandments. I know that I did many things wrong, but I did that which I thought was for the best under the circumstances at the time. My hope, my trust, and my faith are all centered on you."

Then I noticed an angel sitting with his back towards me, and a little to my right in front of him was the largest book I had ever seen. It was about two feet thick and nearly six feet square. It seemed to open of its own accord. It was ruled in bright lines, more than an inch apart. I saw my name written about the middle from top to bottom on the left hand side in the most beautiful handwriting I had ever seen...I was informed that they who looked on this book saw only their name and their sins written opposite. Then I noticed my sins written between the lines in the smallest letters I had ever seen, too small for me to read. Some places they were very dim and some very bright, indicating the degree of the offense. Some places were so thick, they almost seemed to be written on an incline, crowded together. Along toward the farther edge of the book it was thinner and dimmer.

As I looked back and forth over this record of sins I was surprised. I never thought that I had committed a hundredth part of that many sins. I felt sick at heart, and thought that my heart would sink away within me. My knees knocked together. I felt that I should sink to the floor. Then I felt the strong left hand of the angel...hold me up. Then I looked again to my Savior. He turned to the Judge and said, "This is my child. He has tried to keep my commandments; with my blood have I purchased him." Then the Judge, looking directly at me, said, "Inasmuch as you have tried, wherein you failed the blood of mine Only Begotten is sufficient. Your sins are forgiven you."

The angel who had the big book took up what appeared to be a marking-brush...He did not dip it in anything. He set it down on the first word of my sins. It filled the space between the lines, then he drew it across the two pages of the book some ten or eleven feet. It left a trail or streak of red like as of fresh blood. When he got to the farther edge...he raised the brush off the book, and all the red blood and the writing of sins vanished, leaving the book clean, as though no blood or writing of sins had ever been there. Then that passage of scripture came to my mind, where it reads, "They washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb, and made them white as snow."

I noticed now, for the first time, that I no longer had on clothes as we now wear; instead I had a most beautiful white robe...a white most beautiful to behold. I tried to express my thanks to my Savior, but could do so only in looks. The look he gave me I shall never forget, when he said, "You have done well; enter into the joys of your Lord."