

A Compilation of Spiritual Experiences

Compiled by Glen W. Chapman-Updated March 2005

An Experience Reported in the Women's Exponent Vol. 3, page 139

One faithful Latter-day Saint sister, who was recently baptized, became intensely desirous of communicating with angelic beings. On February 21, 1867, she expressed these desires to an Elder, who prophesied that they would be fulfilled that very night. She gave an account of its literal fulfillment:

"... I dozed off and dreamed that the angels were at my bedside ready to converse with me, and that I must pray for still great courage to behold them in the glory that surrounded them... I woke up, with a shock like lightning to my whole system, far more powerful than anything I had yet experienced The room was filled with consuming flames, as a rushing, mighty wind, and a pillar of fire far above the brightness of the noonday sun. . . As I gazed mute and helpless toward heaven, in the midst of the light, just beneath the ceiling, I saw two immortal beings. Their countenances transcended the . . . sun, as stopping in their descent. They then continued their... descent... till they had descended within a foot or two above me. They then rested their chins upon their right hands and smiled again.

I now beheld the full and lightning like appearance of their countenances. On their heads were crowns of pure gold like transparent glass, inlaid with immortal stones of every conceivable color, higher and of more exceedingly fine workmanship in front than at the sides. They were dressed in robes of most exquisite whiteness and texture of pure linen. . . Not a speck of mote was upon their countenances, which were perfectly transparent - I could see through their faces plainly as through a window. To notice all this consumed but a short time, perhaps half a minute. One of them began speaking to me.

He spoke four words to me, which pierced as living fire and I was as one dead before him and shrank... I then looked at the other angel and saw that it was a female. She spoke and told me her name.

The first did not tell me his name, but spoke of the glory that I should enjoy after my afflictions in this world were over. Gazing at each of them alternately, I asked if they were married The woman answered, No. There is no marrying or giving in marriage in Heaven, but it must be done on the earth"

From David O. McKay, Gospel Ideals p. 54

President David O. McKay related a couple of inspiring incidents concerning mortal contact with the spirit world. One account reads as follows:

"I spoke at the funeral service of a mother in Logan only recently. That good mother, before she died, as she lay on the bed of illness, was wont to inquire about her brother. Nearly every night she would say, "How is he getting along?" mentioning his name, but, suddenly, one day that brother left his mortal existence almost instantly. That afternoon as the sister awoke from sleep, she made no inquiry as to the condition of her brother, didn't ask about him, but stated, "I have seen William and Mother together. How happy they seem. They wanted me to go with them, but I was not ready. How happy they will be."

She knew he was gone. Nobody had said a word to her, but a consciousness had come to her that her brother William was with her Mother, who had been dead for many years. The sister, however, was not quite ready. In two more days she, too, joined them. Her body was weakened by disease, suffering; her physical strength was wasted, but the spirit was responsive to another environment to which her loved ones, in the prime of physical life and health, were unresponsive."

An Incident reported by Harrison Burgess in Labors in the Vinyard of seeing a Heavenly Messenger

In the year 1833. At this time he was a young man of nineteen and had belonged to the Church for less than a year:

On the third Sabbath in May while speaking to a congregation I declared that I knew that the Book of Mormon and the work of God were true. The next day while laboring in the field something seemed to whisper to me, "Do you know the Book of Mormon is true?" My mind became perplexed and darkened, and I was so tormented in spirit that I left my work and retired into the woods. The misery and distress that I there experienced cannot be described. The tempter all the while seemed to say, "Do you know the Book of Mormon is true?" I remained in this situation about two hours. Finally I resolved to know, by exercising faith similar to that which the brother of Jared possessed, whether I had proclaimed the truth or not, and commenced praying to the God of heaven for a testimony of these things. Suddenly a glorious personage clothed in white stood before me and exhibited to my view the plates from which the Book of Mormon was taken.

Zerah Pulsipher Saw The Plates and Angels

Zerah had married prior to the restoration of the gospel. He lived with his wife, Polly or Mary Kendall, for approximately one year before she died. A few weeks after her death, Zerah was very anxious about her state and condition. He reported: "Consequently . . . she came to me in vision and appearing natural looked pleasant as she ever did and sat by my side and assisted me in singing a hymn-beginning thus 'That glorious day is drawing nigh when Zion's light shall shine.' This vision took away all the anxiety of my mind concerning her" (*The History of zerah Pltsipher as Written by Himself [Provo: Brigham Young University Library, 1958], pp. ~7*) Zerah reported that this event took place about ten years prior to the dawning of the Restoration. He later became a Protestant minister. He and his congregation heard about the gospel and the Book of Mormon. Zerah was determined to know for himself if the Book of Mormon was what Jered Carter, the Mormon elder, claimed it to be. Another vision was given to him. He stated:

I think about the seventh day as I was thrashing in my barn with doors shut, all at once there seemed to be a ray of light from heaven which caused me to stop work for a short time, but soon began it again. Then in a few minutes another light came over my head which caused me to look up. I thought I saw the Angels with the Book of Mormon in their hands in the attitude of showing it to me and saying "this is the great revelation of the last days in which all things spoken of by the prophets must be fulfilled." [The History of Zerah Puhipher pp.]

After he joined the church, Zera wrote about Mary's appearance:

"After her death I had some anxiety about her state and condition; consequently, in answer to my desires, she came to me in vision and appearing natural, looked pleasant as ever she did and sat down by my side and assisted me in singing a hymn beginning thus: 'That glorious day is drawing nigh when Zion's light shall shine.' This she did with seeming composure. This vision took all my anxiety concerning her in-as-much as she seemed to enjoy herself well. The hymn which she introduced and sang with me applied to the last great work of the last dispensation of the fullness of times."^o

In 1814, after his wife's death, Zera moved to Onondaga County in New York. He remarried and built a mill, which he ran with his brother. After the Book of Mormon was printed, a copy made its way to town. Zera bonowed the book and after carefully reading it through twice, believed it was true. He began investigating the church and prayed to know whether the new religion was true or not. Zera then received a witness. He wrote about his experience in his journal.

"One day I was thrashing in my barn with the doors shut. All at once there seemed to be a ray of light from heaven which caused me to stop work for a short time, but I soon began it (sic) again. Then in a few minutes another light came over my head which caused me to look up. I thought I saw angels with the book of Mormon in their hands in the attitude of showing it to me and saying 'This is the great revelation of the last days in which all things spoken of by the prophets shall be fulfilled.' The vision was so open and plain that I began to rejoice exceedingly so that I walked the length of my barn crying, 'Glory, Hallelujah to God and the Lamb forever.'

“For some time it seemed a little difficult to keep my mind in a reasonable state of order, I was so filled with the joys of heaven. But when my mind became calm I called the church together (I was their minister) and informed them of what I had seen. I told them of my determination to join the Church of latter-day Saints, which I did and a large body of my church went with me. I was ordained to the office of Elder and went to preaching with considerable success at home and abroad. I had the privilege of baptizing Wilford Woodruff on the 31st of December 1833 at Richiand, New York.”¹¹

After his baptism in the fall of 1831, Zera bore a firm testimony about the truth of the gospel to his friends in the Baptist Church. Many accepted the gospel’s message on the strength of Zera’s convictions and were baptized into The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Zerah Pulsipher called his parishioners together and informed them of what he had seen. He also told them of his desire to join The Church of Jesus Christ, which he did, bringing a large number of his congregation with him. Zerah Pulsipher was ordained an elder and then proselyted for the Church. One of the converts who became well-known was Wilford Woodruff, whom he baptized in December 1833. (From the book *Ancient Prophet Moroni*, p. 167,168 by H. Donl Peterson, Deseret Book, 2000)

MORONI VISITS PRESIDENT HEBER C. KIMBALL

The night before he died, President Heber C. Kimball, who had served as a member of the Council of Twelve under Joseph Smith, and as a counselor in the First Presidency under Brigham Young, saw the angel Moroni. A personal friend reported: "At family prayers, just a little while before his death, he remarked that the angel Moroni had visited him the night before and informed him that his work on this earth was finished, and he would soon be taken" (in Orson F. Whitney, *The died June 22, 1868. Lift of Heber C Kimball* [Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1967], p. 442).

Heber C. Kimball died June 22, 1868

(From the book *Ancient Prophet Moroni*, p. 167,168 by H. Donl Peterson, Deseret Book, 2000)

OLIVER GRANGER SAW MORONI

Sarah M. Kimball, secretary of the LDS Women's Organization, shared an interesting experience of her father's:

My father, Oliver Granger, had an interesting experience in connection with the coming forth of the Book of Mormon. He obtained the book a few months after its publication, and while in the city of New York, at Prof. Mott's Eye Infirmary he had a 'heavenly vision.'" My father was told of a personage who said his name was Moroni, that the Book of Mormon, about which his mind was exercised, was a true record of great worth, and Moroni instructed him (my father) to testify of its truth and that he should hereafter be ordained to preach the everlasting Gospel to the children of men. Moroni instructed my father to kneel and pray; Moroni and another personage knelt with him by the bedside. Moroni repeated words and instructed my father to repeat them after him. Moroni then stepped behind my father, who was still kneeling, and drew his finger over the three back seams of my father's coat, (which my father felt very perceptibly) and said, "A time will come when the Saints will wear garments made without seams." Moroni told my father that he might ask for what he most desired and it would be granted. He asked for an evidence by which he might know when he was approved of God. The evidence or sign was given, and remained with him until his dying hour, being more particularly manifest when engaged in prayer and meditation. I love the memory of my father. He died in Kirtland, Ohio, August 1843, aged forty-seven. [In *Augusta Joyce Crocheron, Representative Women of Deseret* (Salt Lake City: J. C. Graham & Co., 1884), p. 24]

An Incident reported by John Taylor while on his mission in England

A blessing extended to John Taylor during his mission to the Isle of Man in 1840.

While laboring on the Isle of Man he had secured the printing of some tracts, which he

wrote in reply to the falsehoods circulated by ministers and others regarding the character and doctrines taught by the Prophet Joseph Smith. When the tracts were ready the printer would not deliver them until every penny was paid which was due him. Elder Taylor did not have sufficient to meet the demand, and being very anxious to obtain the tracts went immediately into a private room, and, kneeling down, told the Lord in plain simplicity exactly how much he needed to pay for the matter he had published in defense of his cause. In a few minutes after his prayer was offered a young man came to the door, and upon being invited to enter handed Elder Taylor an envelope and walked out. The young man was unknown to him. The envelope contained some money and a little note which read: 'The laborer is worthy of his hire,' and no signature was placed thereon. In a few minutes later a poor woman engaged as a fish vender came to the house and offered a little money to assist him in his ministerial labors. He told her there was plenty of money in the world and he did not wish to take her money. She insisted that the Lord would bless her the more and she would be happier if he would accept it, whereupon he received the offering, and to his surprise the poor, woman's mite, added to what the young man had given him, made exactly the amount sufficient to pay the printer the balance due him. (Jensen, Biographical Encyclopedia, Chapter 1, p. 16)

Experiences of Lorenzo Dow Young the younger Brother of Brigham Young
[From the **Book Our Miraculous Heritage chapter 24, and in Fragments of Experience(SLC, Juvenile Instructor Office, 1882, pp. 27-36)]**

In the autumn of 1816, when about nine years old, I had a peculiar dream I thought I stood in an open clear space of ground, and saw a plain, fine road, leading, at an angle of 45 degrees, into the air, as far as I could see. I heard a noise like a carriage in rapid motion, at what seemed the upper end of the road. In a moment it came in sight It was drawn by a pair of beautiful, white horses. The carriage and harness appeared brilliant with gold,. The horses traveled with the speed of the wind. It was made manifest to me that the Savior was in the carriage, and that it was driven by His servant. The carriage stopped near me, and the Savior inquired where my brother Brigham was. After informing Him, He further inquired about my other brothers, and our father. After I had answered His inquiries, He stated that He wanted us all, but He especially wanted my brother Brigham. The team then turned right about, and returned on the road It had come.

I awoke at once, and slept no more that night. I felt frightened, and supposed we were all going to die. I saw no other solution to the dream. It was a shadowing of our future which I was then in no condition to discern.

In the morning told my father the dream, and my fears that we were going to die. He comforted me with the assurance that he did not think my interpretation was correct.

In the winter of 1819-20, I went to Hector, Schuyler County. A Methodist revival occurred in that town, and religious excitement ran so high that it became fashionable to make a profession of religion.

So far as I knew, every young person in the neighborhood but myself professed to receive "a saving change of heart" before the close of the revival.

As was usual during such periods of religious excitement, meetings were held nightly. In these meetings it was the custom to request those who were "seeking religion", to come forward to some seat reserved for the purpose, to be prayed for.

I was somewhat affected by the intense religious feeling. One evening, I attended a meeting presided over by Elder Gilmore, the leading minister. Two or three other preachers were also present. The usual invitation was given for penitents to come forward to the "anxious seat.,' Some time was spent in prayer, when all who had come forward, except myself, professed to have a "change of heart." The meeting was closed, and Elder Gilmore proposed that those who were willing to do so, should retire to a private house with me, and continue in prayer till I was converted.

As proposed, we retired to a neighboring house, where the praying continued until two o'clock

In the morning.

Elder Gilmore then asked me if I had not received a "change of heart."

I replied that I had not realized any "change."

After so much fruitless labor, they were evidently disposed to give me up as a reprobate.

Elder

Gilmore told me that I had sinned away the day of grace, and my damnation was sure. He asserted that he would never offer another prayer for me.

Although religious in my nature, even at that early age, sectarian religion seemed empty and void.

I eventually moved to Watertown, New York, where I was often ill, and recorded this event:

"One day I lay on a bed to rest where I could see the family in their ordinary occupations. All at once I heard the most beautiful music. I soon discovered from whence it came. Standing side by side, on the foot board of the bedstead on which I lay, were two beautiful, seraph-like beings, about the size of children seven or eight years old. They were dressed in white, and appeared surpassingly pure and heavenly.! felt certain that I was fully awake, and these juvenile personages were realistic to me. With their disappearance the music ceased.! turned and asked two of my sisters, who were in the room, if they had not heard the music.! was much surprised to learn that they had heard nothing.

While at Watertown, I married, and afterward removed to Mendon, Monroe County. At this place, I had a remarkable dream or vision. I fancied that I died. In a moment I was out of the body, and fully conscious that I had made the change. At once, a heavenly messenger, or guide, was by me. I thought and acted as naturally as I had done in the body, and all my sensations seemed as complete without as with it. The personage with me was dressed in the purest white. For a short time I remained in the room where my body lay. My sister Fanny (who was living with me when I had this dream) and my wife were weeping bitterly over my death. I sympathized with them deeply in their sorrow, and desired to comfort them. I realized that I was under the control of the man who was by me. I begged of him the privilege of speaking to them, but he said he could not grant it. My guide, for so I will call him, said "Now let us go."

Space seemed annihilated. Apparently we went up, and almost instantly were in another world. It was of such magnitude that I formed no conception of its size. It was filled with innumerable hosts of beings, who seemed as naturally human as those among whom I had lived. With some I had been acquainted in the world I had just left. My guide informed me that those I saw had not yet arrived at their final abiding place. All kinds of people seemed mixed up promiscuously, as they are in this world. Their surroundings and manner indicated that they were in a state of expectation, and awaiting some event of considerable moment to them. As we went on from this place, my guide said, "I will now show you the condition of the damned." Pointing with his hand, he said, "Look!"

I looked down a distance which appeared incomprehensible to me. I gazed on a vast region filled with multitudes of beings. I could see everything with the most minute distinctness. The multitude of people I saw were miserable in the extreme. "These," said my guide, "are they who have rejected the means of salvation, that were placed within their reach, and have brought upon themselves the condemnation you behold."

The expression of the countenances of these sufferers was clear and distinct. They indicated extreme remorse, sorrow and dejection. They appeared conscious that none but themselves were to blame for their forlorn condition. This scene affected me much, and I could not refrain from weeping.

Again my guide said, "Now let us go." In a moment we were at the gate of a beautiful city. A porter opened it and we passed in. The city was grand and beautiful beyond anything that I can describe. It was clothed in the purest light, brilliant but not glaring or unpleasant. The people, men and women, in their employment's and surroundings, seemed contented and happy. I knew

those I met without being told who they were. Jesus and the ancient apostles were there. I saw and spoke with the apostle Paul. My guide would not permit me to pause much by the way, but rather hurried me on through this place to another still higher connected with it. It was still more beautiful and glorious than anything I had before seen. To me its extent and magnificence were incomprehensible.

My guide pointed to a mansion which excelled everything else in perfection and beauty. It was clothed with fire and intense light. It appeared a fountain of light, throwing brilliant scintillations of glory all around it, and I could conceive of no limit to which these emanations extended. Said my guide, "That is where God resides." He permitted me to enter this glorious city but a short distance. Without speaking, he motioned that we would retrace our steps. We were soon in the adjoining city. There I met my mother, and a sister who died when six or seven years old. These I knew at sight without an introduction.

After mingling with the pure and happy beings, of this place a short time, my guide said again,

"Let us go."

We were soon through the gate by which we had entered the city. My guide then said, "Now we will return "

I could distinctly see the world from which we had first come. It appeared to be a vast distance below us. To me, it looked cloudy, dreary and dark I was filled with said disappointment, I might say horror, at the idea of returning there. I supposed I had come to stay in that heavenly place, which I had so long desired to see; up to this time, the thought had not occurred to me that I would be required to return.

I plead with my guide to let me remain. He replied that I was permitted to only visit these heavenly cities, for I had not filled my mission in yonder world; therefore I must return and take my body. If I was faithful to the grace of God which would be imparted to me, if I would bear a faithful testimony to the inhabitants of the earth of a sacrificed and risen Savior, and His atonement for man, in a little time I should be permitted to return and remain.

These words gave me comfort and inspired my bosom with the principle of faith. To me, these things were real. I felt that a great mission had been given me, and I accepted it in my heart. The responsibility of that mission has rested on me from that time until now.

We returned to my house; There I found my body, and it appeared to me dressed for burial. It was with great reluctance that I took possession of it to resume the ordinary avocations of life, and endeavor to fill the important mission I had received. I awoke and found myself in my bed I lay and meditated the remainder of the night on what had been shown to me. Call it a dream, or vision, or what I may, what I saw was as real to every sense of my being as anything I have passed through. The memory of it is clear and distinct with me today, after the lapse of fifty years with its many changes.

From that time, although belonging to no church, the Spirit was with me to testify to the sufferings and atonement of the Savior. As I had opportunity, I continually exhorted the people, in public and private, to exercise faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, to repent of their sins and live a life of righteousness and good works.

In the fall of 1828, I returned to Hector, Schuyler County, New York, Quite a number of people lived there of the Campbellite faith. Squire Chase, a prominent man in the neighborhood, who had been a preacher of the sect, said that they were cold in religion and had not held any meetings for several months. I had been there but a few days, when I went with him about two miles to a Methodist meeting. This occurred in the month of November.

Up to this time I had joined no church, although I had professed religion, attended meetings, and preached when I had an opportunity.

On my return, I remarked to Mr. Chase, "Why cannot we have meetings in our neighborhood as well as to go so far to them?"

He replied, "We are all dead there; we would have meetings but I do not feel like preaching.

But if you will do the preaching, I will appoint a meeting."

He did so. The first two meetings but few attended. The third meeting the house was crowded. Finally, meetings were held nearly every night in the week, and were well attended. A reformation started among the people, and there were quite a number of religious converts. Campbellite principles had long prevailed in the neighborhood. The converts desired baptism, as that was a prominent principle in the Campbellite faith. Mr. Chase urged me to perform the ordinance. I excused myself by telling him that I had never joined any religious denomination, and did not feel authorized to administer it. I finally utterly refused to do so. He then sent forty or fifty miles for Elder Brown, a regular Campbellite preacher.

He came and baptized about sixty converts and organized a branch of the Campbellite church out of the fruits of my labors. He quite exhausted his persuasive powers to induce me to join the Campbellite church, to take a circuit and go to preaching. I told him I would not preach his doctrines. If I preached at all, I should preach the whole Bible as I understood it.

He said I could do so, for he did not think I would preach anything wrong. A spirit worked with me to do all the good I could, but not to join any religious denomination. It prevailed within me against all temptation this time. Perhaps the guardian angel, promised by my mother, watched over my spiritual as well as temporal welfare.

I think, at the time of this reformation, I had as much of the Spirit of the Lord with me as I could well enjoy in my ignorance of the gospel in its purity. I was fully of the testimony of the truth as I understood it. This reformation in Hector, was a temptation to me. I had preached and labored with my might to lead the people to the truth, and Elder Brown had stepped in and reaped the results of my labors. Because I would not join the Campbellite church and preach for them, I was entirely thrown aside. The adversary would reason with me thus: "What is the use of all your preaching? It does not amount to anything to you. You had better attend to your own business and let such nonsense alone."

I listened to these suggestions until I had grieved the Spirit of the Lord which I had enjoyed. I no longer had the Spirit to pray or to exhort the people to lives of righteousness. I was in this condition for several months. In all this lethargy and darkness, I knew there was such a thing as joy in the Spirit of God that in the testimony of Jesus there was light and peace. I knew I had accepted a mission to bear this testimony while I should remain on the earth. Knowing these things, I became, in time, alarmed at my condition, I feared that the Lord had forsaken me. I humbled myself before Him in fasting and prayer. I promised Him that if He would return His good Spirit, I would never again reject its suggestions.

Matters continued thus with me for several weeks. In one of my seasons of prayer and supplication, I sensibly felt that I was again visited by the Holy Spirit. I was encouraged to resume my labors in exhorting the people whenever an opportunity was presented. I went from home on the Sabbath and held meetings in different places. I was employed in this way when I first saw the Book of Mormon, and when the gospel was preached to me.

This, and other experiences, have convinced me that when we question the Holy Spirit It is likely to be grieved, and leave us to ourselves. Then will our darkness be greater than if we had never enjoyed its influences. Perhaps this incident in my life may suggest wisdom to others.

In November, 1829, I removed to a place called Hector Hill. In February, 1831, my father, my brothers Joseph and Brigham, and Heber C. Kimball came to my house. They brought with them the Book of Mormon. They were on their way to visit some Saints in Pennsylvania. Through fear of being deceived, I was quite cautious in religious matters. I read and compared the Book of Mormon with the Bible, and fasted and prayed that I might come to a knowledge of the truth. The Spirit seemed to say, "This is the way; walk ye in it." This was all the testimony I could get at the time; it was not altogether satisfactory.

The following May, Elder Levi Gifford came into the neighborhood, and desired to preach. My brother, John, belonged to the Methodist church, and had charge of their meeting house which was in the neighborhood. I obtained from him permission *for* Elder Gifford to preach in it.

The appointment *was* circulated for a meeting the same evening.

This was on Saturday evening, and the circuit preacher of that district was to hold a meeting there on Sunday. Elder Midbury, the circuit preacher, attended the meeting. The house was crowded. As soon as Elder Gifford had concluded his discourse, Elder Midbury arose to his feet and said: "Brethren, sisters and friends: I have been a preacher of the gospel for twenty two years; I do not know that I have been the means of converting a sinner, or reclaiming a poor backslider; but this I do know, that the doctrine the stranger has preached to us tonight is a deception, that Joe Smith is a false prophet, and that the Book of Mormon is from hell."

After talking awhile in this strain, he concluded. I immediately arose to my feet and asked the privilege of speaking, which was granted. I said that Elder Midbury, in his remarks, entirely ignored the possibility of more revelation, and acknowledged that he had been a preacher of the gospel for twenty4wo years, without knowing that he had been the means of converting a sinner, or of reclaiming a poor backslider. But still he claimed to know that the doctrine he had just heard was false, that Joseph Smith was an impostor, and that the Book of Mormon was from hell. "Now, how is. It possible," I asked, "for him to know these things unless he has received a revelation?"

When I sat down a strong man, by the name of Thompson, who was well known in the neighborhood as a belligerent character, stepped up to Elder Gifford and demanded the proofs of authenticity of the Book of Mormon.

Elder Gifford replied, "I have said all I care about saying tonight." Then said Mr. Thompson, "we will take the privilege of clothing you with a coat of tar and feathers, and riding you out of town on a rail."

In the meantime, four or five others of like character came to the front. Acting under the impulse of the moment-true to the instincts of my nature to protect the weak against the strong, I stepped between Elder Gifford and Mr. Thompson. Looking the latter in the eye, I said, "Mr. Thompson, you cannot lay your hand on this stranger to harm a hair of his. head, without you do it over my dead body."

He replied by more threats of violence, which brought my brother John to his feet. With a voice and manner, that carried with it a power greater than I had ever seen manifested in him before, and, I might say, since, he commanded Mr. Thompson and party to take their seats. He continued, "Gentlemen, if you offer to lay a hand on Mr. Gifford, you shall pass through my hands, after which I think you will not want any more tonight." Mr. Thompson and party quieted down and then took their seats.

Since then the Elders have passed through so many similar experiences, that they have ceased to be a novelty. That there should be such a powerful antagonism of spirits manifesting themselves in muscle; in a Christian church, indicated a new era in religious influences. In the spring of 1831 there was a two day meeting of the Saints, about six miles from where I lived, in the State of Pennsylvania. I attended It, and became fully convinced of the divine origin of the latter day work.

In the summer of 1831, I settled up my business and started for the latter-day Zion, in the State of Missouri. On my way out of the State of New York, I visited Elder J. R Green, in the town of Avom.

As I arrived there on Saturday, he said, "Brother Lorenzo, I am very glad you have come. I have an appointment to preach at 10 o'clock, eight miles from here, but I am very unwell and not able to fill It. I want you to do it for me." I rather ridiculed the idea, saying, "You want me to preach as a Mormon Elder, when I have not even joined the Church?" He still desired me to go, and said, "it will be all right." E. M Green, the son of J. P. Green, accompanied me, with a revelation on the organization of the Church, which his father directed him to read to the congregation.

Arriving at the place appointed, I found the house full, and a Baptist preacher In the stand. I

introduced myself to the minister; he invited the congregation to sing, and I prayed, and B. M. Green read the revelation. I arose and commenced to speak. The good Spirit was with me, and I had much freedom. I talked about one hour and a quarter. At the close I gave any one the privilege of speaking who wished to. The Baptist minister arose and bore his testimony, that what they had heard was true Bible doctrine, and could not be questioned.

After meeting, several persons gathered around me and wished to be baptized. Knowing that I had not received authority to administer the ordinance, I put them off, telling them that when Elder Green came to fill the next appointment that had been made for him, he would baptize them. Among those who requested baptism, at that time, were the brothers Joseph and Chandler Holbrook, and Mary Ann Angell, now the relict of President Brigham Young. On the following morning I told Elder Green that, Inasmuch as I had believed in the gospel for some time, and had preached as a "Mormon" Elder, I thought it was time that I was baptized. He administered the ordinance, and ordained me an Elder. I then went on my way rejoicing.

Abigail Leonard saw in 1829 a vision of the Restoration

For many, the desire to know the will of God is so powerful that they, like Enos in the Book of Mormon, pour their souls out before the Lord to receive a remission of their sins. Such was the case with Abigail Leonard who, in answer to her prayers, was blessed with a compelling vision of the Savior. The following is her personal account of this vision and her subsequent conversion to the gospel in 1831.

"In 1829, Eleazer Miller came to my house, for the purpose of holding up to us the light of the gospel, and to teach us the necessity of a change of heart. He did not teach creedism, for he did not believe therein. That night was a sleepless one to me, for all night long I saw before me our Savior nailed to the cross. I had not yet received remission of my sins, and, in consequence thereof, was much distressed. These feelings continued for several days, till one day, while walking alone in the street, I received the light of the spirit.

Not long after this, several associated Methodists stopped at our house, and in the morning, while I was preparing breakfast, they were conversing upon the subject of church matters, and the best places for church organization. From the jottings of their conversation, which I caught from time to time, I saw that they cared more for the fleece than the flock. The Bible lay on the table near by, and as I passed I occasionally read a few words until I was impressed with the question: "What is it that separates two Christians?"

For two or three weeks this question was constantly on my mind, and I read the Bible and prayed that this question might be answered to me.

One morning I took my Bible and went to the woods, when I fell upon my knees, and exclaimed: "Now, Lord, I pray for the answer of this question, and I shall never rise till you reveal to me what it is that separates two Christians." Immediately a vision passed before my eyes, and the different sects passed one after another by me, and a voice called to me, saying: "These are built up for gain." Then, beyond, I could see a great light, and a voice from above called out: "I shall raise up a people, whom I shall delight to own and bless." I was then fully satisfied, and returned to the house.

Not long after this a meeting was held at our house, during which every one was invited to speak: and when opportunity presented, I arose and said: "Today I come out from all names, sects and parties, and take upon myself the name of Christ, resolved to wear it to the end of my days." For several days afterward, many people came from different denominations and endeavored to persuade me to join their respective churches. At length the associated Methodists sent their presiding elder to our house to preach, in the hope that I might be converted. While the elder was discoursing I beheld a vision in which I saw a great multitude of people in the distance, and over their heads hung a thick, dark cloud. Now and then one of, the multitude would struggle, and rise up through the gloomy cloud; but the moment his head rose into the light above, the minister would strike him a blow, which would compel him to retire; and I said in my heart, "They will

never serve me so."

Not long after this, I heard of the "Book of Mormon", and when a few of us were gathered at a neighbor's we asked that we might have manifestations in proof of the truth and divine origin of this book, although we had not yet seen it. Our neighbor, a lady, was quite sick and in much distress. It was asked that she be healed, and immediately her pain ceased, and health was restored. Brother Bowen defiantly asked that he might be slain, and in an instant he was prostrated upon the floor. I requested that I might know of the truth of this book, by the gift and power of the Holy Ghost, and I immediately felt its presence. Then, when the Book of Mormon came, we were ready to receive it and its truths. The brethren gathered at our house to read it, and such days of rejoicing and thanksgiving I never saw before nor since. We were now ready for baptism, and on or about the 20th of August, 1831, were baptized."

(Our Miraculous Heritage chapter 16 and from the book The Women of Mormondom (Edward W. Tullidge, New York: 1877, pp.160-163)

The Death of Feramorz L. Young The Son of Brigham Young in 1881 as told By Heber J. Grant

Feramorz Little Young was sent by his father to the United States Academy at Annapolis in 1874. His Father took sick in 1876 so he left for home. Brigham his Father died in 1877. After his Father died he went to Rensselaer to study engineering , where he graduated with honors in 1879. He was called in a mission to help open up Mexico for the preaching of the gospel. While returning home in the Gulf of Mexico on a ship he took sick and died and was buried at sea.

President Grant said "*It always seemed to me a strange thing that a boy with all the education he had, who had made a wonderful success, should be taken from us.*

I thought that with his faith and knowledge, and with all the information he had gained, it was too bad he had to lay down his life while in the Lord's service.

One of my nearest and dearest friends in boyhood was Horace G. Whitney. Horace had a dream after Fera died in which the two had a conversation. Horace asked him what he was doing, and received this reply:

'I am here working, Horace, with the wayward boys and girls of the Church, who are drifting away from it, and! am trying to turn their hearts back to the truth. That is my calling, and it is of far great importance than it would have been for me to remain upon the earth. I have a great influence with them.'

I remember relating this to one of my wayward brothers who subsequently joined the Church after being Out of it for very many years, and he said:

"Well, if there was a boy on earth whom I respected when he was alive that boy was Fera Young."

I do not think that Fera Young in his life ever listened to an unclean story.. If anyone started to tell such a story he would excuse himself and walk away. I never heard an unchaste word uttered by him. If there ever was a clean, sweet, absolutely pure young man upon the earth, he was that young man.

When he died his mother said she could not remember a word or thought or act in his life that would bring her the least sorrow or uneasiness;

A Book of Remembrance - A Lesson Book for First Year Junior Genealogical Classes, 1937, pp.101-102.

A Dream Come True from the Book Faith Like the Ancients v. 1 , Paragon Press, 1950

by
Gertha Bishop

In the early part of November 1941, my husband, Henry H. Bishop, my two daughters, Shirley and Valair Virgin, our two-year-old son, Milo Ellis and I left Buhl, Idaho, to come to California to spend the winter and work in the vegetable harvest and packing, our destination being Imperial Valley. When we left we had ample funds for our journey, provided nothing unusual happened. However, misfortune seemed to smile grimly and set to work on us. We had

not yet reached Nevada when our car broke down, costing some fifty-five dollars to repair. When repairs were completed, we again hitched our trailer house to the car and started on. Everything went fairly well until just after we came through Sacramento, California, when a tire blew out on our trailer house. Our finances were getting low, so we bought a new tube and a used tire and the next day were on our way again. We had not traveled more than an hour when another tire on the trailer house blew out. We left the trailer house at the side of the road with my two daughters in charge and went back into Sacramento to obtain another tire and tube. This came to a few cents more than our entire funds. We were allowed to take them and returned to the trailer house. We decided the only thing to do was to get the house rolling and take it back to Sacramento, take what we could get for it, load our belongings into the car and go on to Imperial Valley. We were fortunate in having procured foodstuff enough to last to the end of our journey, were we not unduly delayed. But as our tank was only half full of gas and our money gone it seemed that the trailer house would have to go. By the time we had reached the long Trestle bridge over a sandy strip of land which would not support the highway itself, it was getting dark, so we pulled off the highway down beside the trestle work of the bridge and made ready for night.

Many times in' my life I have had dreams which seemed to have a definite meaning. My family, of course, knew this and that night just before retiring, my husband, half joking and half in earnest said I had better get busy with one of my dreams and find out where we might find work or get money to go on our way. We were still hating to sell the trailer house, but we could sleep in it for one more night.

Some time before midnight I dreamed that upon arising in the morning my husband and I were standing near the left wheel of the trailer house when I looked down and saw, folded up, lying right in the wheel track almost under the front wheel a folded greenback. In my dream I picked it up and my husband remarked that if he had pulled the trailer up one inch the bill would have been ground into the sand and we would never have found it. I unfolded the money and found it to be a five dollar bill and a one dollar bill folded together. I awoke and found my husband lying awake worrying about what we should do. I told him of my dream and we finally fell asleep again. I continued to dream about finding money, and just before I awoke at dawn, I dreamed I was with my sister just older than I, and I told her how badly I needed some money. She said she was very sorry and wished she could help me but that it was impossible at that time. She then said, 'If you will go out of your trailer house and take five paces straight out from the left side of it and come back at an angle to it, then look under the front of the left wheel, you will find some money.'

I awoke and again my husband was awake. I started to tell him my dream when my daughters, aged sixteen and seventeen, respectively, awakened and asked what I was talking about. I repeated the dream. I felt an urge to go out and investigate but tried to lie still. Soon I told my husband that I felt something pulling up on my shoulders and urging me to go out and look near the wheel. He said, "You better go and see if you feel that way." I got up and started dressing and happened to look through the glass in the door, when I saw a man sauntering away about one hundred feet from us. He seemed ordinary enough in his dress and slow walk and had I not been thinking of the directions given me in my dream by my sister, I would have paid no further attention to him. As it was I stooped to pick up a piece of clothing and looked out again only to find him gone. He had apparently just disappeared as there was no place he could have gotten out of sight in that length of time.

I decided if I was going to look for the money my sister had said in my dream would be there, I would do exactly as she had told me to do. This sister was in Idaho at the time. I followed her directions and coming back to the left wheel of the trailer house I dropped on my knees and there in the track of the wheel and just in front of it lay a folded greenback and just under the house trailer near the wheel were three one dollar bills, slightly crumpled but swaying back and forth.

I gave a cry, calling my husband's name. I gathered the bills into my hand and stumbled into the trailer house where I dropped on my knees at the foot of the bed too overcome to do anything but cry. At the sound of my cry outside, my husband had told the girls that I had found the money as I had dreamed, and when they all saw that I had the money in my hands, they too were overcome with emotion and no one could speak, only tears streamed down our faces. As soon as we could control ourselves we looked at the money and found there was a five dollar bill with a one folded inside of it and three ones, making nine dollars in all.

Try to imagine going through an experience like this—the joy, the amazement, the thankfulness it brings and above all the faith it gives in our Heavenly Father and His love for us if we but even try to do our part. We understand, now, He does indeed mark the sparrow's fall and is never unmindful of His children. Through tears and smiles of joy we discussed every angle of the wondrous thing we had witnessed.

The wind was blowing that morning with so much force that had those bills not been held by a stronger power than the eye could see they would have been carried away at once. It was and always will be a question as to the identity of the man who was walking away from our trailer house, and where did he go? He vanished from sight in a few seconds, and the nearest place he could get out of sight from where we were was a good five hundred feet away.

It goes without saying, we did not sell the trailer house, but hastened on our way, using the money, which seemed sacred to us, to buy gas and nothing else. We continued on our way without mishap to Indio, California. Our cash was getting very low again. We stopped at the employment office; they sent us on to Mecca, Calif., to the "Garden of the Setting Sun" date shop. We reached there near moon. The girls and I went in to see about employment and they told us to all three come back that afternoon at one thirty to go to work. We now learned why we had not been forced to sell our trailer house. There were no living quarters to be had at any price and no other work to be had for many miles. We felt we were truly guided even though our funds were gone, our employer was kind enough to advance us what we needed.

We were, indeed, grateful and humble before our Heavenly Father and pray that we may always live to be worthy of such a great blessing and testimony.

The Prophecies of Heber C. Kimball

JACOB HAMBLIN leaves the following on record:

"At the April conference I, with others, was called on a mission to the Indians in Southern Utah, in 1854 We commenced our labors at a place we called Harmony

"About the end of May of that year, President B. Young, Heber C. Kimball, P. P. Pratt and others, to the number of twenty persons, came to visit us. President Young gave much instruction, etc. Brother Kimball prophesied that if the brethren were united they would be prospered and blessed, but if they permitted the spirit of strife and contention to come into their midst, the place would come to an end in a scene of bloodshed.

"Previous to this meeting, President Young asked some brethren who had been in the country south of Harmony, if they thought a wagon road could be made down to the Rio Virgin. Their replies were very discouraging, but in the face of this report Brother Kimball prophesied in this meeting that a road would be made from Harmony over the Black Ridge, and a Temple would be built on the Rio Virgin, and the Lamanites would come from the east side of the Colorado River and get their endowments in it. All of these prophecies have been fulfilled." (1877)

One of the Elders laboring in the Manti Temple writes:

"In an early day when President Young and party were making the location of a settlement here, President Heber C. Kimball prophesied that the day would come when a temple would be built on this hill. Some disbelieved and doubted the possibility of even making a settlement here. Brother Kimball said, 'Well, it will be so, and more than that, the rock will be quarried from that hill to build it with, and some of the stone from that quarry will be taken to help complete the Salt Lake Temple.' On July 28, 1878, two large stones, weighing respectively 5,600 and 5,020 pounds, were taken from the Manti stone quarry, hauled by team to York, the U. C. R. R. terminus then,

and shipped to Salt Lake City to be used for the tablets in the east and west ends of the Salt Lake City Temple.

"At a conference held in Ephraim, Sanpete County, June 25th, 1875, nearly all the speakers expressed their feelings to have a temple built in Sanpete County, and gave their views as to what point and where to build it

Brigham Young said: 'The Temple should be built on Manti stone quarry.' Early on the morning of April 25th, 1877, President Brigham Young asked Brother Warren S. Snow to go with him to the Temple hill. Brother Snow says: 'We two were alone: President Young took me to the spot where the Temple was to stand; we went to the southeast corner, and President Young said: "Here is the spot where the prophet Moroni stood and dedicated this piece of land for a Temple site, and that is the reason why the location is made here, and we can't move it from this spot; and if you and I are the only persons that come here at high noon today, we will dedicate this ground."

COL. ROBERT SMITH, a veteran friend of President Kimball's, and for many years almost like a member his family, says:

"He said that this government would dissolve Pretty much all the laws passed by our legislature, and that the time would come when the government would Stop the Saints from holding meetings. When this was done the Lord would pour out His judgments.

At family prayers, just a little while before his death, he remarked that the angel Moroni had visited him the night before and informed him that his work on this earth was finished, and he would soon be taken."

ELDER EDWARD STEVENSON:

"I cheerfully contribute the following, concerning one of the greatest prophets of the nineteenth century

Heber C. Kimball: In 1856 a little group of friends, convened in the House of the Lord, were engaged in Pleasant conversation on the isolated condition of the Latter-day Saints.

" 'Yes,' said Brother Heber (by which name he was so familiarly known), 'we think we are secure here in the chambers of the everlasting hills, where we can close those few doors of the canyons against mobs and persecutors, the wicked and the vile, who have always beset us with violence and robbery, but I want to say to you, my brethren, the time is coming when we will be mixed up in these now peaceful valleys to that extent that it will be difficult to tell the face of a Saint from the face of an enemy to the people of God. Then, brethren, look out for the great sieve, for there will be a great sifting time, and many will fall; for I say unto you there is a *test*, a **TEST**, a **TEST** coming, and who will be able to stand?'

On the 22nd of October, 1867, there was gloom in the household of Heber C. Kimball. On that day died Vilate, the partner of his youth, the noble and unselfish sharer of his life's joys and sorrows. In the sixty-second year of her age, after an almost unexampled life of toil, heroism and self-sacrifice, God called her home to a glorious rest.

One of the immediate causes which led to her death-though for months she had been a sufferer, and the sun of her life was visibly setting-was the untimely end of her son, Brigham Willard Kimball, who died on the plains while returning from a mission to England Vilate took the death of her son very much to heart, and her grief over the event is supposed to have hastened the termination of her own life.

Her loss was a heavy blow to her sorrowing husband. Heber's struggle, in faith and prayer, to hold her to earth, was almost as great as that of death to take her away. He related that when she first fell sick, on going into her room to administer to her, he saw, standing at the head of her bed, an evil spirit, a female. Kneeling down he prayed, and then rebuked the apparition in the name of Jesus. It disappeared, but soon returned with a host of fallen beings.

He then called in several other Elders, and untidily they rebuked the evil spirits, when they departed, and he saw them no more at that time.

(From the Book Life of Heber C. Kimball by Orson F. Whitney,

Bookcraft, Salt Lake City Utah)

Prophecies to Sister Amanda H. Wilcox (May 1868) by Heber C. Kimball from book The Last Days by Robert Smith Oct 1931

Continuing, he said: "When the Temple roof is on, it will be somewhat better, but when the building is completed the Evil One will be shut out. The prayers of the Saints will be heard, and the sick will be taken there to be healed. The Spirit of God will rest upon his people, and *work for the dead will be continued night and day.* (First night shift, Friday, February 3, 1922) You will attend the dedicatory services on the third day, and if you will come to this very spot after the meeting is dismissed, you will hear a mighty voice cry out, 'All is well.'"

I attended the services on the third day; and went to the designated spot, and heard the voice, as he said I would repeated three times.

He then went on to say, "An army of elders, will be sent forth to the four quarters of the earth to search for the righteous and warn the wicked of what is coming. All kinds of religions will be started and miracles performed that will deceive the very elect if such a thing were possible Our sons

daughters must live pure lives so as to be prepared for what is coming (2 500 missionaries out in 1931.).

After a while the Gentiles will gather to this place by the thousands, and Salt Lake will be classed as among the wicked, cities of the world.. A spirit of speculation and extravagance. will take possession of the Saints and the results will be financial bondage.

Persecution comes next and all true Saints will be tested to the limit. Many will apostatize, and others will stand still, not knowing what to do. Darkness will cover the earth and gross darkness the minds of the people

The judgments of God will be poured out upon the wicked to the extent that our Elders will be called home or in other words the gospel will be taken from the Gentiles and later on will be carried to the Jews.

The western boundaries of the state of Missouri will be swept so clean of its inhabitants that as Brigham Young tells us, when we return to that place "there will not be left so much as a yellow dog to wag his tail.

Before that day comes, however the Saints will be put to a test that will try the integrity of the best of them. The pressure will become so great that the more righteous among them unto the lord day and night until deliverance comes.

Then the Prophet Joseph and others will make' their appearance and those who have remained faithful will be selected to return to Jackson county, Missouri, and take part in the upbuilding

of that beautiful city, the new. Jerusalem."

HEBER C. KIMBALL'S PROPHETIC GIFTS by Benjamin Brown , from the book Faith Like the Ancients V. 1 by N. B. Lundwall, Paragon Press, 1950

By Benjamin Brown: In September, 1847, we found that the pioneers, and others of the Saints that had gone into the Valley shortly after them, had been hard at work, sowing all the winter, for every wagon had taken about two bushels of grain, consequently most of the wheat that the crickets had not harvested on their own account, the inhabitants had, and they had raised a considerable quantity of vegetables to boot. And, as it is well known, after we had been in the Valley about a fortnight they prepared a splendid feast, composed mostly of the fruits of their labor, to which feast all the Saints and strangers in the Valley were invited.

Such numbers, however, had arrived in the Valley that the vegetables raised by our brethren went but a little way, and after the feast at their expense, it was a rarity to get any vegetables until the following June, fourteen months from the time we left Winter Quarters, when We partook of vegetables raised by ourselves. Our bread also became scarce before the wheat put in by the Saints generally was ready to harvest. Some persons lived for three months on their cattle, which they had to kill for food, and on roots which they dug up. Of course, after a time,

our clothes and farming implements began to wear out, and we had the delightful prospect of realizing the ideas we had entertained at Winter Quarters, of wearing sheep skins, etc. Those who had habituated themselves to such luxuries as tea and coffee, found their stock exhausted, and no chance of getting any more from any quarter, for the first shop was a thousand miles off, and some began to doubt, and wonder what would be the issue of all this. There we were, completely shut out from the world, with scarcely any knowledge of its proceedings, and it equally ignorant of ours. Our boots, shoes, hats, coats, vests, and material to make them of, were either fast going or altogether gone through wear. Our picks, shovels, spades and other farming implements were also getting used up, broken, or destroyed. Our wagons were becoming scarce, many had been broken in the canyons, and we had no timber suitable for making more, and if there had been, from where were we to get the iron work necessary for making them, without which, of course, food would cease and starvation ensue? In

fact, generally speaking, things looked alarming, and just calculated to dry up our hopes, and fill us with fears.

Matters were at this crisis when one day Elder Heber C. Kimball stood up in the congregation of the Saints, and prophesied that "in a short time" we should be able to buy articles of clothing, and utensils, cheaper in the Valley than we could purchase them in the States. I was present on the occasion, and, with others there, only hoped the case might be so, for many of the Saints felt like the man spoken of in the Scriptures, who heard Elisha prophesy at the time of a hard famine in Samaria, "that before tomorrow, a measure of fine flour should besold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel." We thought that "if the Lord would make windows in heaven, then might this thing be," but without an absolute miracle there seemed no human probability of its fulfillment.

However, Elder Kimball's prophecy was fulfilled in a few months. Information of the great discovery of gold in California had reached the States, and large companies were formed for the purpose of supplying the gold diggers with food and clothing, and implements of every kind for digging, etc. As these companies expected a most tremendous profit on their goods, no expense or outlay of any kind was spared. Numbers of substantial wagons were prepared, stored with wholesale quantities of clothing of every kind. Spades, picks, shovels, and chests of carpenter's tools, were also provided to overflowing, and, to complete the list, tea, coffee, sugar, flour, fruits, etc., on the same scale. In fact, these persons procured just the things they would have done had they been forming companies purposely for relieving the Saints, and had they determined to do it as handsomely as unlimited wealth would allow.

When these companies, after crossing the plains, arrived within a short distance of Salt Lake City, news reached them that ships had been dispatched from many parts of the world, fitted out with goods for California. This threatened to flood the market. The companies feared that the sale of their goods would not repay the expense for conveyance. Here was a "fix" - the companies were too far from the States to take their goods back, and they would not pay to carry them through, and when to this was added the fact that the companies were half crazy to leave trading, and turn gold diggers themselves, it will easily be seen how naturally the difficulty solved itself into the decision which they actually came to: "Oh, here are these Mormons; let us sell the goods to them." Accordingly they brought them into the Valley, and disposed of them for just what could be got - provisions, wagons, clothes, tools, almost for the taking away, at least at half the price for which the goods could have been purchased in the States.

Many disposed of their wagons because the teams gave out, and could not get any further. Such sold almost all they had to purchase a mule or a horse to pack through with. Thus were the Saints amply provided, even to overflowing, with every one of the necessities and many of the luxuries of which they had been so destitute, and thus was the prediction of the servant of the Lord fulfilled.

One of the worst deficiencies we had experienced was with respect to iron manufacture or repair with, but as many of the "diggers" left their wagons on the other

side of the ferries, or sold them to the ferry-men to burn up as fuel, or had done so themselves, tons and tons of iron, used in the manufacture of wagons, were brought into the Valley and used for every variety of purpose. This was a miraculous providence, but not more so than those which it has been my lot to see the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints experience ever since my connection with it.

(Testimonies for the Truth, pp.27-29, London., 1853.)

President Brigham Young Foretells The Future for Utah as witnessed by Benjamin Kimball Bullock of Provo Utah. from book The Last Days by Robert Smith Oct 1931

Father said, "When President Young would make his visits among the Saints and hold meetings, some of us brethren living in Provo Utah would be appointed by President Abraham O. Smoot (who was then President of the Utah Stake), to go out on Provo Bench and meet President Young and accompany him into Provo, and on different occasions, when we met President Young, he would stop, get out of his carriage, straighten his legs, and then would talk to us, telling of many things that would come in the future. The Provo Bench was a vast stretch of land covered with sage and not a drop of water existed on it anywhere, but this is what President Young told us:"

"Some day all of this sage brush will disappear, water will be taken out of Provo River in canals to water this land and this Bench will become a beautiful garden spot, where many kinds of delicious fruits and vegetables will be grown, beautiful homes will be erected and Provo and Pleasant Grove will become one solid city."

On another occasion President Young stated, "Some day an earthen dam will be constructed in Provo Canyon across the Provo River, making a large reservoir and water will be taken from this reservoir around the foot hills of this valley into Salt Lake Valley and the people of Salt Lake city will get much of their supply of water from this source.

Father said, "On another occasion President Young was in Provo and pointing to Springville, Utah said, 'Some day one of the largest steel and iron plants in the United States will be constructed on the shore of Utah Lake, beginning between Provo and Springville, coal will be brought from the large coal deposits in the mountains and the iron will come from the immense iron deposits in Southern Utah. Railroad facilities will come and everything needed is in abundance in Utah!'"

President Young said, 'Save all pins, needles, buttons, buckles, nails, leather, pieces of cloth and rags, because the day will come when it will be almost impossible to secure them. Save your crusts and dry bread, delicious puddings can be made from them,' save bacon rinds, tallow, and grease for making soap. Do not waste anything, for the time will come when it will be hard to get these things, and they will be greatly needed,

An inland Empire will be established in these valleys of the mountains, which will be a place of refuge for millions of people to gather to, when the great day of the judgments of God comes upon the earth, and the righteous come here for safety. Our people will go East, West, North and South, but the day will come, when they will be glad to come back. We will be shut out from the rest of the world!'"

William B. Armstrong speaking: "I was employed as Master Mechanic of the Union Pacific Railroad Company in Salt Lake City, Utah, my home being there, but on different occasions my work took me to Ogden, Utah. On one trip I made there, President Young was standing talking to a crowd of men and said, 'Some day you will see a railroad constructed from Ogden, going westerly across the great Salt Lake, and the railroad now used around the north end of the great Salt Lake will be abandoned.'"

"Another occasion while I was in Ogden, Utah, President Young was there and made this statement in my presence: 'The day will come when the United States Government will construct between Ogden and Salt Lake City, one of the largest arsenals in the United States.

"While I was standing with a crowd of men in Salt Lake City one day, President Young

came along and started talking and said, 'The day will come when there will be large places of manufacture and storage constructed West of the Jordan River and there will be over three millions of people living there and Jordan River will practically run through the center of Salt Lake City'."

Prediction made in St. George, Utah by President Young and repeated to me by some of the St. George people: "I do not worry' about the Saints in poverty but when the Lord sees fit to open the great oil reserves in Utah, I tremble for them,"

(Signed) BEN H BULLOCK
184 East 5th North Street
Provo City, Utah

Joseph Smith Prophecies of the Rocky Mt. Zion

From (Recorded by Thomas Bullock HC, 5:85-86)

JOSEPH SMITH'S Journal. as contained In the History of the Church, has this entry under date of August 6.1842:

"I prophesied that the Saints would continue to suffer much affliction and would be driven to the Rocky Mountains; many would apostatize, others would be put to death by our persecutors or lose their lives In consequence of exposure or disease; and some of you will live to go and assist in making settlements and build cities and see the Saints become a mighty people in the heart of the Rocky Mountains."

Among those present when this prediction was uttered was Elder Anson Call, who has left on record additional details respecting this remarkable prediction. He says that in the shade of the building mentioned was a barrel of ice water and the men were drinking it to quench their thirst on that hot August day. The Prophet warned the brethren not to be too free with it. What follows is In Elder Call's own words:

"With the tumbler still in his hand he prophesied that the Saints would go to the Rocky Mountains; 'and', said he, 'this water tastes much like that of the crystal streams that are running from the snow-capped mountains.'

"I had before seen him in a vision and now saw. while he was talking, his countenance changed to white; not the deadly white of a bloodless face. but a living brilliant white. He seemed absorbed in gazing at something at a great distance and said 'I am gazing upon the valleys of those mountains.' This was followed by a vivid description of the scenery of these mountains as I have since become acquainted with it.

"Pointing to Shadrach Roundy and others he said: 'There are some men here who shall do a great work in that land.' Pointing to me, he said: 'There Is Anson, he shall go and shall assist in building up cities from one end of the country to the other and you [rather extending the idea to all those he had spoken of] shall perform as great a work as has been done by man; so that the nations of the earth shall be astonished and many of them will be gathered In that land and assist In building cities and temples and Israel shall be made to rejoice.'

"It was impossible to represent in words this scene, which is still vivid in my mind, of the grandeur of Joseph's appearance, his beautiful descriptions of this land and his wonderful prophetic utterances as they emanated from the glorious inspiration that overshadowed him." The subsequent history of the Latter-day Saints attests the fulfillment of that remarkable prediction. The Saints did continue to suffer much affliction and were driven to the Rocky Mountains ; many did apostatize; and others were put to death by their persecutors, or lost their lives in consequence of exposure or disease; and many others lived to go and assist in making settlements and build cities and see the Saints become a mighty people in the midst of the Rocky Mountains.

That part of the prophecy relative to what Anson Call would do In the settlement of the valleys of the mountains, that he should "assist in building up cities from one end of the country to the other" was literally fulfilled also. When Call came to Utah he first located In what is now

Davis County. In 1850 he settled in Little Salt Lake Valley and also in Parowan. He then moved to the northern part of Utah, but was called to take charge of a colonizing company to settle in the Pauvan Valley. In 1851 he assisted in founding Fillmore in Millard County. In 1854 he established Call's Fort: and in 1856 he was sent to Carson Valley, Nevada, on a colonizing expedition. In 1858 he returned to Utah and in 1864 he was colonizing in Colorado and southwestern Utah.

Wilford Woodruff(Millennial Star Vol. 54 (1892), p. 605)

Wilford Woodruff remembered Joseph's prophecy given on the night of the departure of Zion's Camp(1833):

"I want to say to you before the Lord [said Joseph] that you know no more concerning the destinies of this Church and Kingdom than a babe upon its mother's lap. You don't comprehend it. It is only a little handful of Priesthood you see here tonight, but this Church will fill North and South America— it will fill the world. It will fill the Rocky Mountains. There will be tens of thousands of Latter-day Saints who will be gathered in the Rocky Mountains, and there they will open the door for the establishing of the Gospel among the Lamanites.... This people will go into the Rocky Mountains; they will there build temples to the Most High. They will raise up a posterity there, and the Latter-day Saints who dwell in these mountains will stand in the flesh until the coming of the Son of Man. The Son of Man will come to them while in the Rocky Mountains."

Solomon Chamberlain Autobiography of Solomon Chamberlain pp. 3-11 (BYU Library Special Collection

"In the year 1816 . . .the Lord showed me in a vision that there were no people on the earth that were right, and that faith was gone from the earth, excepting a few, and that all churches were corrupt. I further saw in the vision that he would soon raise up a church that would be after the apostolic order, that there would be in it the same powers and gifts that were in the days of Christ, and that I should live to see the day, and that there would [be] a book come forth, like unto the Bible, and the people would be guided by it, as well as the Bible

[About 1830] I had occasion to go on a visit into Upper Canada. . . .When the boat came to Palmyra, I felt as if some Genii or good spirit told me to leave the boat. This was a few miles from where the record (Book of Mormon) was found. After leaving the boat, the Spirit manifested to me to travel a south course. I did so for about 3 miles. I had not as yet heard of the Gold Bible (so called) nor any of the Smith family. I was a stranger in that part of the country....About sundown...my guide directed me to put up for the night, which I did to a farm house. In the morning the people of the house asked me if I had heard of the Gold Bible; when they said Gold Bible, there was a power like electricity [that] went from the top of my head to the end of my toes. This was the first time I ever heard of the Gold Bible. I was now within a half a mile of the Smith family where Joseph [had] lived. From the time I left the boat until now, I was wholly led by the Spirit or my Genii. I soon made my way across lots to, Father Smiths and found Hyrum walking the floor as I entered the door. I said, 'Peace be to this house.'

He [Hyrum Smith] looked at me as one astonished and said, 'I hope it will be peace.'
I then said, 'Is there anyone here that believes in visions and revelations?'

He said, 'Yes, we are a visionary house.' I said, 'Then I will give you one of my pamphlets, which was visionary and of my own experience.'

They then called the people together which consisted of 5 or 6 men who were out at the door. Father Smith was one and some of the Whitmer's. They then sat down and read my pamphlet. Hyrum read first, but was so affected, he could not read it. He then gave it to a man, which I learned was Christian Whitmer. He finished reading it. I then opened my mouth and began to preach to them in the words that the angel had made known to me in the vision, that all churches and denominations on the earth had become corrupt and [that] no church of God [was] on the earth but that he would shortly raise up a church that would never be confounded or brought down, and be like unto the apostolic church. They wondered greatly who had been telling

me these things, for said they, we have the same things written down in our house, taken from the Gold record that you are preaching to us

I then said, 'If you are a visionary house, I wish you would make known some of your discoveries, for I think I can bear them.'

They then made known to me that they had obtained a gold record and [had] just finished translating it. Now the Lord revealed to me by the gift and power of the Holy Ghost that this was the work I had been looking for. I stayed 2 days and they instructed me in the manuscripts of the Book of Mormon.

After I had been there 2 days, I went with Hyrum and some others to Palmyra printing office where they began to print the Book of Mormon, and as soon as they had printed 64 pages, I took them with their leave and pursued my journey to Canada, and I preached all that I knew concerning Mormonism to all, both high and low, rich and poor, and thus you see that I was the first, that ever printed Mormonism was preached to this generation. I did not see anyone in traveling 7 or 800 miles that had ever heard of the Gold Bible (so called). I exhorted all people to prepare for the great work of God that was now about to come forth."

Edward Wood of Samoan Mission Raises the Dead

At times departed spirits may be influential in their own return to mortality, as was the case with Elder Brigham Smoot, a missionary who drowned in Samoa. The biography of Edward J Wood gives the following account:

Probably the most remarkable experience of Elder Wood's first mission resulted from a missionary's disobedience to his mother's council. When Brigham Smoot left for his mission to Samoa. He promised his mother that he would not go swimming out in the sea. Only one day after his arrival in Samoa, he was persuaded by Edward to join the group for the usual bath at sea. As the new Elder was wading out to sea, he slipped and fell into a deep hole in the reef. As he was unable to swim he soon dropped to the bottom of the hole. Edward had promised to be responsible for the new elder's safety, and noticing him absent, he began a frantic search.

Brigham Smoot was soon found in the attitude of prayer at the bottom of the hole. His limp body was dragged from the hole and carried to the beach. Blood was flowing from his eyes, nose and mouth. Elder Wood said of his companion. He was perfectly lifeless and dead.' In vain the elders used all normal restorative measures. By this time a large crowd of inquisitive natives had gathered around. Their telling of a native boy who had previously drowned in the same hole brought no comfort to the worried missionaries. Elder Wood said that at this time he felt inspired by the spirit that the only way his companion's spirit could reenter his body would be to administer to him. Accordingly the body of Elder Smoot was dressed in clean garments and a new suit of clothes. The superstitious natives warned against such treatment of the body, and thought it sacrilegious to tamper with life and death. Obedient to the inspiration, however, the body was anointed. While Elder Wood was sealing the anointing, he felt life come back to Elder Smoot's body.

Shortly after the administration, Elder Smoot talked with the missionaries and bore solemn testimony to them. He told of how, in the spirit, he watched them recover his body from the hole, take it to the beach and try to restore it to life. He also told of touching Elder Wood on the shoulder and telling him that the only way to bring life back into the body was to use the Priesthood which he bore.

(Melvin S. Tagg, The Life of Edward James Wood, Master's Thesis, BYU Library 1959)

June, 1933, was a sad month for President Wood. His firstborn son, Glen Wood, Bishop of the Glenwood Ward, was taken to the hospital with 'blood poisoning.' 'He seemed to know from the first that he would not recover,' wrote the father. He told his father of a dream he had in which he was in a sealing room of the temple and a messenger' came and said he could not be healed. He also told his father of his uncle and others who were dead who had come to visit him, and that he had been called to preach to Samoans in the Spirit World. (He had fulfilled a mission

in Samoa.) He began speaking in Samoan to his father and said h was going on a 'nialanga fou,' a new journey; whereupon he told his brothers, who were at his bedside, not to delay him, for he had to go. 'Near the end, wrote President Wood, he began speaking in Samoan to Saints in the Spirit World then died.

(Melvin S. Tagg, The Life of Edward James Wood, Master's Thesis, BYU Library 1959)

Food Provided by Heavenly Means

One Latter-day saint named Hoagland, whose father had been bishop' of the Salt Lake Fourteenth Ward, related the following marvelous incident in his father's experience:

"It was in the Spring of the year 1844, when many of the best men in the Church were out on a special mission to advocate the election of the Prophet, Joseph Smith, to the presidency of the United States, that my father, Bishop Hoagland, was traveling with Elder George A. Smith, stumping the country for this purpose. They were traveling in a light one-horse wagon, taking their chances with the people, for their food and lodgings. One day, when they had gone without these necessary accommodations too long, they both felt much in need o something to eat. They had entered a small patch of timber, where there was some nice, green grass, when Elder George A. Smith said: 'Let us stop here and ask the Lord for something to eat -here is plenty for the horse.' This suggestion was at once carried out. The horse was unhitched and let out on the grass, while the brethren retired into a more secluded place and engaged in prayer, especially asking for something to satisfy their hunger. After prayer they felt entirely satisfied as far as their cravings of their stomachs were concerned, and after a while they hitched up and proceeded on their journey, but they had only gone a very short distance, when they were surprised by finding a large cheese lying upon a stone in the middle of the road and a clean new knife lying crossways on the top of it. Brother Smith said, 'Here is our supper,' and so they stepped out, and with thankful hearts, proceeded on their journey, taking the cheese with them."

Juvenile Instructor, Vol.33, p.360.

Lydia Knight Speaks in Tongues

In the evening, the new members of the Church assembled in Mr. N. 's house for confirmation. God bestowed His Spirit very freely and the Prophet Joseph gave much valuable instruction.

Two more persons came to the Prophet and requested baptism at the meeting the next day. It was attended to and a branch of the Church was organized. Freeman Nickerson was ordained as the presiding Elder.

The evening of this day (which was the seventh day, the Prophet had been there, and came on Monday, October 24, 1833, the family were all seated around the wide, old-fashion ed fire-place in the parlor listening to the Prophet's words and full of rejoicing.

"I would be so glad if some one who has been baptized could receive the gift of tongues as the ancient Saints did and speak to us,,," said Moses Nickerson.

"If one of you will rise up and open your mouth it shall be filled, and you shall speak in tongues," replied the Prophet.

Every one then turned as by a common instinct to Lydia, and said with one voice, "Sister Lydia rise up.

And then the great glory of God was manifested to this weak but trusting girl. She was enveloped as with aflame, and unable longer to retain her seat, she arose and her mouth was filled with the praises of God and His glory. The spirit of tongues was upon her, and she was clothed in a shining light, so bright that all present saw it with great distinctness above the light of the fire and the candles.

(Lydia Knight's History - First Book of the Noble,Women's Lives Series, pp.23-24.)

On April 17, 1846, a small group of Saints left Nauvoo, intending to join the main body of

Saints who were then at Winter Quarters. However, this band, which included Newel Knight, his wife Lydia and their seven children, faced many delays and by late fall, still had a long journey ahead of them. Because the imminent freezing temperatures and heavy snow would make it dangerous to travel, Brigham Young counseled the group not to continue but to seek out a good place nearby and remain there through the winter. When Indians offered the small group a place to stay, the Saints gratefully set up a temporary camp.

Then one night in January, 1847, Newel woke Lydia, complaining of an intense pain in his right side. She gave him a home remedy but his fever soared and the pain increased. Over the next few days, none of Lydia's remedies helped relieve his suffering and on January 11, it became apparent that Newel was dying. In agony, he spoke to his wife: "Lydia," he whispered faintly. "It is necessary for me to go. Joseph wants me. It is needful that a messenger be sent with the true condition of the Saints. Don't grieve too much, for you will be protected."

"Oh Newel, don't speak so," Lydia replied. "Don't give up; oh I could not bear it. Think of me, Newel, here in an Indian country alone, with my seven little children. No resting place for my feet. No one to counsel, to guide, or to protect me. I cannot let you go."

"The dying man looked at her a moment, and then said with a peculiar look: 'I will not leave you now Lydia.' As the words left his lips, an agony of suffering seemed to seize him. His very frame trembled with the mighty throes of pain. The distracted wife bore his agony as long as she could, but at last, flinging herself on her knees, she cried to God to forgive her if she had asked amiss, and if it was really His will for her husband to die, that the pain might leave him and his spirit go in peace. The prayer was scarcely over 'ere a calm settled on the sufferer, and with one long loving look in the eyes of his beloved wife, the shadow lifted and the spirit fled."

Lydia and her seven children were alone in Indian country. As they struggled with their grief, Lydia wondered how she could possibly take her family to Winter Quarters alone, and from there, undertake a journey of a thousand miles to reach the Salt Lake Valley without Newel to watch over and provide for them. To complicate matters further, Lydia discovered she was pregnant.

Three weeks later, Brigham Young received a revelation about how to organize the Saints so they could travel across the plains to a new home in the West. While most of the Saints rejoiced at this, Lydia felt nothing but despair. How could she prepare for a journey of a thousand miles without her husband?

Feeling lonely and discouraged, she found a secluded spot and, cried out. "O Newel, why has thou left me?"

The account states that, "As she spoke, he stood by her side. with a lovely smile on his face, and said: 'Be calm, let not sorrow overcome you. It was necessary that I should go. I was needed behind the veil to represent the true condition of this camp and people. You cannot fully comprehend it now; but the time will come when you shall know why I left you and our little ones. Therefore, dry up your tears. Be patient. I will go before you and protect you in your journeyings. And you and your little ones shall never perish for lack of food. Although the ravens of the valley should feed you and your little ones you shall not perish for the want of bread.'

"As he spoke the last words, she turned, and there appeared three ravens. Turning again to where her husband had stood, he was not."⁷

Lydia's spirit was revived and strengthened by Newel's consoling visit. Knowing that her husband was nearby, watching over her and the children comforted Lydia and gave her the courage she needed to face a difficult and uncertain future.

In April, Lydia left with the group of Saints for Winter Quarters. Her thirteen-year-old son, Samuel, drove one wagon pulled by oxen and James, who was nine, drove the other. After arriving at Winter Quarters, the camp split up. Those who were able to fit themselves up with new supplies, left for the Salt Lake Valley. Approximately ten families, including Lydia and her children, remained behind. Brigham Young directed them to make a temporary settlement about two miles from Winter Quarters, at a place called Ponca Camp.

That August, Lydia had a little boy. When the infant was only one week old, a sudden,

violent rainstorm came up. Lydia lay in bed with her children gathered round her as rain began coming through the roof. She had her daughter Sally cover her and the newborn baby with all the bedding they had. When the top layers became soaked, she had Sally remove them. Finally, everything was completely wet and Lydia became chilled.

She told her daughter, "Sally, go to bed, it's no use doing any more unless some power beyond that which we possess is exercised, it is impossible for me to avoid catching cold. But we with trust in God, He has never failed to hear our prayers."

That night Lydia asked God to watch over her and her children. Then her thoughts—as they often did—turned to her departed husband. She remembered how he always used to protect her. Shivering in the cold rain, Lydia cried out despondently, "Oh Newel, why could you not have stayed with and protected me through our journeyings?" Suddenly a beloved and familiar voice plainly answered her from out of the darkness.

"Lydia, be patient and fear not. I will still watch over you, and protect you in your present situation. You shall receive no harm. It was needful that I should go and you will understand why in due time." When the voice ceased, a pleasant warmth crept over her, taking away the chill. Physically exhausted, yet inwardly at peace, Lydia drifted off to sleep. Although she woke in the morning still wet to the skin, she did not become ill.

Since Lydia did not have enough provisions to make the westward trek that year, Brigham Young told her to remain at Ponca Camp and asked if she would let other Saints borrow her oxen and wagons to make the journey. Lydia agreed. She stayed in Wmter Quarters for several years but later, Lydia and her children made their way across the plains, arriving in the Salt Lake Valley in October of 1850.(

Apostle Wilford Woodruff Received the Administration of Angels

"I have had the administration of angels in my day and time, though I never prayed for an angel. I have had, in several instances, the administration of holy messengers. In 1835, at Brother A. O. Smoot's mother's house in Kentucky, I received a letter one day from Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, requesting me to stay in Kentucky and Tennessee and take charge of the Church there. He wanted David Patten and Warren Parrish to go to Kirtland to receive their endowments. Joseph said in that letter: "You shall lose no blessing by pursuing this course." That letter was a great joy, a great comfort and consolation to me. I had traveled with Joseph Smith to Missouri. I had been acquainted with him, and I knew he was a Prophet of God. In the evening of that day I went into a little back room, in which was a small settee. I was alone. I was overwhelmed with joy and consolation at the letter I had received and the encouraging words it contained. I knelt down and prayed. I arose from my knees and sat down. The room was filled with light. A messenger came to me. We had a long conversation. He laid before me as if in a panorama, the signs of the last days, and told me what was coming to pass. I saw the sun turned to darkness, the moon to blood, the stars fall from heaven. I saw the resurrection day. I saw armies of men in the first resurrection, clothed with the robes of the Holy Priesthood. I saw a great many signs that were presented before me by this personage; and among the rest, there were seven lions, as of burning brass, set in the heavens. He says, "That is one of the signs that will appear in the heavens before the coming of the Son of Man. It is a sign of the various dispensations." Now, had I been an artist, on the next day I could have sat down at my table and drawn, as clearly as though I had studied them all my life, everything I saw. I went to meeting the next day, with Brother Smoot. I hardly knew where I was. I did not comprehend a being, scarcely. I was entirely overwhelmed with what I had seen the night before."

The Deseret Weekly, Vol.38, March 3, 1889, p.389.

Wilford Woodruff Raises Wife From the Dead from Leaves From My Journal , First

published 1881 also from book Treasured Stories p. 21 , by Lucy Gertsch Thomson, Bookcraft, 1958

"The 1st of December was a trying day to my soul. My wife continued to fail, and in the afternoon, about 4 o'clock, she appeared to be struck with death. I stopped my team, and it seemed as though she would breathe her last lying in the wagon. Two of the sisters sat beside her, to see if they could do anything for her in her last moments.

She called me to her bedside in the evening and said she felt as though a few moments more would end her existence in this life. She manifested great confidence in the cause she had embraced, and exhorted me to have confidence in God and to keep His commandments. To all appearances, she was dying. I laid hands upon her and prayed for her, and she soon revived and slept some during the night.

December 3rd found my wife very low. I spent the day in taking care of her, and the following day I returned to Eaton to get some things for her. She seemed to be gradually sinking and in the evening her spirit apparently left her body, and she was dead. The sisters gathered around her body, weeping, while I stood looking at her in sorrow. The spirit and power of God began to rest upon me until, for the first time during her sickness, faith filled my soul, although she lay before me as one dead.

I had some oil that was consecrated for my anointing while in Kirtland. I took it and consecrated it again before the Lord for anointing the sick. I then bowed down before the Lord and prayed for the life of my companion, and I anointed her body with the oil in the name of the Lord. I laid my hands upon her, and in the name of Jesus Christ I rebuked the power of death and the destroyer, and commanded the same to depart from her, and the spirit of life to enter her body. Her spirit returned to her body, and from that hour she was made whole; and we all felt to praise the name of God, and to trust in Him and to keep His commandments.

While this operation was going on with me (as my wife related afterwards) her spirit left her body, and she saw it lying upon the bed, and the sisters weeping. She looked at them and at me, and upon her babe, and, while gazing upon this scene, two personages came into the room carrying a coffin and told her they had come for her body. One of these messengers informed her that she could have her choice: she might go to rest in the spirit world, or, on one condition she could have the privilege of returning to her tabernacle and continuing her labors upon the earth. The condition was, if she felt that she could stand by her husband, and with him pass through all the cares, trials, tribulation and afflictions of life which he would be called to pass through for the gospel's sake unto the end. When she looked at the situation of her husband and child she said:

"Yes, I will do it!"

At the moment that decision was made the power of faith rested upon me, and when I administered unto her, her spirit entered her tabernacle, and she saw the messengers carry the coffin out at the door."

A Spirit Visit From Hyrum Smith in 1859

One faithful Latter-day Saint sister, Elizabeth Davis, became acquainted with Lovina Walker, daughter of Hyrum Smith, who received a visit from him. The martyred patriarch gave his daughter certain instructions:

"I first became acquainted with Sister Walker (Lovina Walker, daughter of Hyrum Smith) in May, 1859. I with my two little children and an elderly sister who was living with me, had come from Philadelphia with the Emigration on my way to the Valley. I had expended my last means and had no provisions left. We arrived in Florence Nebraska at 9 o'clock p.m.; and it was dark and raining. The brethren helped us from the wagons into a vacant home; and went to rest as soon as possible.

Early next morning we were awakened by someone knocking at the door. The sister with me opened it. There stood a little girl with a cup of milk in her hand. She asked if "there was a little woman there with two little children " The sister told her "yes" and asked her to come in.

She did so and when she saw me said, "If you please, my ma wants to see you. She has sent this milk to your little girls." I asked her ma's name, thinking it was someone by that name. I accordingly went to her mother's house; and she met me at the door with both hands stretched towards me in welcome. "Good morning, Sister Elizabeth," said she. I told her she had the advantage of me as I did not remember ever seeing her before. She said, "No, and I never saw you before. I am Hyrum Smith's daughter. My father came to me three times last night and told me that you were a child of God that you were without money, provisions or friends; and that I must help you. The first time he came to me I awoke my husband and told him. Not liking to be disturbed, he told me I was dreaming - that it was only my fancy. My father came to me again and told me your name. He also told me to send my little girl with some milk and prove to my husband that it was not fancy." She requested me to go for my children and the sister that was with me to come into breakfast. Afterwards I learned that the last food she had in the house was on the table that morning. After breakfast she went to Brother Johnson, told him the circumstance and asked him to help her provide for me while I was in Florence which he did directly as I have since learned. When I left Florence I did not see her again for thirteen years; then Brother Hyrum Smith came to see me in a dream and told me to go to Farmington and help Lovina as she was sick. Being unable to go I sent my daughter to see her who wrote me to come directly as my dream was too true.

From that time to this we have not been separated long; and I thank God our Father to live the rest of my life so that when I go home, there will be one happy greeting.
Woman's Exponent, Vol.5, p.85.

Sidney Rigdon Handled By the Devil by Philo Dibble

"At this time (1831) Sidney Rigdon was left to preside at Kirtland and frequent{y preached to us. Upon one occasion he said the keys of the kingdom were taken from us. On hearing this, many of his hearers wept; and when someone undertook to dismiss the meeting by prayer, he said praying would do them no good, and the meeting broke up in confusion.

Brother Hyrum came to my house the next morning and told me all about it, and said it was false, and that the keys of the kingdom were still with us. He wanted my carriage and horses to go to the town of Hiram and bring Joseph. The word went abroad among the people immediately that Sidney was going to expose Mormonism.

Joseph came up to Kirtland a few days afterwards and had a meeting in a large barn. Nearly all the inhabitants of Kirtland turned out to hear him. The barn was filled with people, and others, unable to get inside, stood around the door as far as they could hear.

Joseph arose in our midst and spoke in mighty power, saying, "I can contend with wicked men and devils-yes with angels. No power can pluck those keys from me, except the power that gave them to me; that was Peter, James, and John. But for what Sidney has done, the devil shall handle him as one man handles another."

Thomas B. Marsh's wife went from the meeting and told Sidney what Joseph had said, and he replied, "Is it possible that I have been so deceived? But if Joseph says so, it is so. About three weeks after this, Sidney was lying on his bed alone. An unseen power lifted him from his bed, threw him across the room, and tossed him from one side of the room to the other. The noise being heard in the adjoining room, his family went in to see what was the matter, and found him going from one side of the room to the other, the effects of which laid Sidney up for five or six weeks. Thus was Joseph's prediction in regard to him verified." ("Philo Dibble's Narrative", Early Scenes in Church History (Eighth book of the Faith-Promoting Series, Salt Lake City: Juvenile Instructor Office, 1882), pp. 79-80. also from book Insight and Inspiration, pp. 276-277, by Margie Calhoun, Bountiful Press. 1993)

Spirit of Discernment Given to President John Taylor by Elder Matthias F. Cowley

On one of the three days during which the dedicatory services of the Logan Temple were

held, President John Taylor and President Charles O. Card stood at the top of the stairs leading to the assembly room and as the people were surging up the steps to get to the assembly room, President Taylor sighted a woman in the crowd whom he did not know, but indicated her to President Card and said, "Don't let that woman come into the assembly; she is not worthy." Brother Card was greatly surprised and said, "Why not?" President Taylor said, "I know not but the Spirit of God said, 'She is not worthy.'"

And so Brother Card went down the steps and met the woman and told her she would have to go back. Brother Card said to President Taylor, "She couldn't pass the door keeper without a recommend"

President Taylor replied, "That matters not; she is not worthy." She did not raise much opposition when confronted by Brother Card when she showed her ticket of admission. Brother Card turned her back and later on he went to see her at her home and he asked her how she had gotten her recommend to go to the temple, and she said there was a man in the ward who was not worthy of a recommend, but the bishop gave him one, thinking it would make him feel glad to attend the dedicatory services, and also help him renew his religious duties. This woman happened to meet the man on the street and he asked her if she would like to go to the dedication of the temple. She said she would like to, but could not get a recommend. He said, "I have a recommend and will give it to you for one dollar." And so she got her recommend by paying this amount.

The thing in this matter was that the spirit of revelation was manifested in President Taylor who did not know personally the woman and had never seen her before nor ever afterwards. It was an instance in which was manifested the promise of Joseph Smith the Prophet to Elder Taylor in Nauvoo when the Prophet said to him, "Elder Taylor, you have received the Holy Spirit and if you are faithful in heeding its promptings the day will come when it will be within you a fountain of continuous revelation from God."

The following statement was uttered later by President Taylor to Brother Card and others: "Brethren, you may deceive the bishop and you may deceive the president of the stake, and you may deceive the General Authorities of the Church, but you cannot deceive the Lord Jesus Christ nor the Holy Ghost."

(N.B. Lundwall, *Temples of the Most High*, pp.108-109 (Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1947), pp.108-109. Also in the book *Insight and Inspiration*, pp. 291-292, by Margie Calhoun, Bountiful Press. 1993)

Charles Woodbury Sees a vision of the Celestial Kingdom

" One night, as I lay in a hospital bed contemplating the fragile state of my mortal existence, I was privileged to see into the celestial kingdom. A glorious heavenly light, so bright it exceeded the brightness of the sun, burst into view. Then, the most beautiful sight I ever beheld was presented to me. Men and women, dressed in light clothing and obviously contented and happy, were busily engaged. While gazing intently upon this inviting scene, a voice said to me, 'This is the celestial kingdom, the highest degree of glory. This is the reward that awaits those who in mortal life complied with the new and everlasting covenant of marriage in the temples of the Lord, and kept those covenants sacred. This is the reward that awaits you and your wife when your mission is finished on this earth, if you continue keeping the commandments of the Lord and the sacred covenants that you have made.'

The scene then closed as though a curtain had dropped and I was left to my thoughts. It was so beautiful and glorious to behold that I hated to have it depart. As I lay there reflecting on that vision, another light appeared, this time so dim that there was barely sufficient light to see. The scene I then beheld was most heart-rending. Men and women were dressed in dark clothing and a spirit of contention and strife was among them. They were going to and fro and it appeared as though they were searching for something they couldn't find. Again the voice addressed me

saying, 'This is what is spoken of in the Bible as the 'bottomless pit,' where there shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. This is the reward that awaits those who in mortal life disobeyed the commandments of the Lord and the laws of the land. They created appetites and took things into their bodies which were detrimental to them. When their bodies were laid in Mother Earth, the appetite they had created went with their spirit. In mortal life, they could get those things to satisfy that appetite and craving, but here it is not to be found. They'll remain in that condition for a thousand years until the Millennium has ended before their bodies are resurrected from the grave. This is their reward, and they shall remain here in torment because of the life they lived in mortality.'

It was very disturbing to look upon their pitiful plight and distress. I was happy to have this scene closed from my view. These scenes made such an impression on my mind that I determined to do all that I could to make myself worthy of gaining entrance into that glorious world I beheld in the celestial kingdom.

I regained my health and strength, and some time after returning home a friend commented on his ailments and then said to me, "Brother Woodbury, I'll be glad to get rid of this stinking body of mine!" "Who made it that way?" I challenged. "When your spirit took possession of that body, it was pure and clean. The things you have taken into it have defiled it and made it 'a stinking body' as you called it. Now, if you think when that body is laid away in Mother Earth you're going to get rid of that appetite you've acquired here, you've got another guess coming! You'll have to overcome it sometime, but remember how much quicker you could overcome it with your body than you can without a body."

He replied, "I've never thought about it that way, my good friend." I then bore my testimony to him, as I do today, that that is just the way it is. I know, because I've been permitted to see and understand the fate of those who disregard the wisdom and counsel of our Church leaders. When a person dies, the priesthood he holds goes with him into the spirit world, as well as the appetites and cravings he has created."

(Charles R. Woodbury, Faith-Promoting Experiences of Patriarch Charles R. Woodbury (in possession of his daughter Jennie Lee), pp. 17-18. Edited with the approval of Jennie Lee. Also in book Insight and Inspiration, pp. 313-315, by Margie Calhoun, Bountiful Press. 1993)

A Conversation With The Apostle James

In a correspondence, dated December 24, 1846, a Brother M. Serrine of Manchester, England wrote to Apostle Orson Hyde, who was on a mission to the British Isles, of a marvelous night vision he (Serrine) had received:

"Dear Brother Hyde, - I take the opportunity to drop these few lines to you. I am not in the habit of relating dreams or visions, but in consequence of the heavenly impression that a certain dream or vision left on my mind, I thought I would relate it to you. I preached in Bolton the evening of the 16th of December, on the resurrection of the dead. After meeting I went to the house of one of the brethren and retired to bed at about 11 o'clock at night. I had not been in bed long before this singular occurrence took place. I viewed myself traveling in company with two or three of my brethren in the ministry, and were conversing on the principles of the kingdom of God, when all at once, a very fine looking man fell in company with us. He said, "Well, brethren, how do you all do?" We looked at him and said, "You have got the advantage of us, for we do not know you." He said, "If you will keep it to yourselves whilst I am with you, I will tell you who I am." We told him we would. By this time we had arrived at a brother's house, where we intended to stay all night, for it was then getting evening. We all went in and were seated in a private room, when the following conversation took place. Said the stranger to

us, "My name is James. I am one of the twelve apostles that was on this earth in the days of our Savior, and you now see my resurrected body. Handle me and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as you see me have." We then viewed him very closely, but oh, the beauty and glory of that body, would to God that I had language to describe it. His flesh and skin looked so beautiful and pure, and his cheeks bloomed like the rose. I then took my hand and laid it on his cheek, but he said to me, "Be careful, do not handle me too much for I am very choicer of my immortal body." Said I, "Brother James, how did the people treat you and the rest of the Saints in that age of the world." Said he, "Very much the same as they treat you and the twelve at the present time; they mocked and derided us, our names were cast out as evil; the priests contended with us, they told the people we were false prophets, imposters, and not fit to live on the earth, just as the people say at the present day about the twelve that God has sent in this dispensation. The truth is," continued he, "the people are the same now that they were then, and the pure principles of Christ they will not receive any more at the present day than they would when we told them the truth; and in that day only a few believed our testimony, and but few will receive the truth at the present day." Said I, "Brother James, the people have got a chapel reared to your name in this country. I wonder if they would let you preach in it." "Oh no," said he, "they would not let me preach in their chapel any more than they would one of the twelve of the present age, for if I should, my preaching would come in direct opposition to all their false traditions. You know my writings. What little of them they have, they do not practice, although they are not half so plain as when I wrote them for the plainest part of my writings they have taken away, and if I should go and tell them of it they would not believe me. So all that can be done is to preach where you can get an opportunity and gather the honest, then the rest will be cut off from the earth, for all the Lord does is to warn people, and when they reject his warning, he cuts them off from the earth by his judgments." I then said to him, "What do you think of P. P. Pratt's poem that he has written to his wife and family at Council Bluffs, Missouri?" He replied that it was very good; it expresses the feelings of his heart in a plain and forcible manner. He further added, "There once lived a sister in Rome who wrote a piece of poetry on the persecutions that we passed through, which I think full as good as Brother Pratt's. She was a faithful sister, had great faith in the twelve apostles, for I taught her myself the pure principles of the gospel." I then asked him what he thought of the twelve apostles that we had now with us, that are the leaders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Said he, "They are good men, and if the Saints will follow their counsel they will be exalted in the kingdom of God." Said I, "They have learned many great and glorious principles since the organization of the church." "Yes," says he, "but they are all but babes yet to what they will be when they get their immortal bodies, as you now see me have." Said I, "How long have you had your resurrected body?" He did not answer me definitely, but said it had been some time. Said I to him, "I wish that I had my immortal body, as I see you have, how glad I should be." Says he, "it will not be long, if you are faithful, before you and all the rest of the Saints will have just such a body as you see me have." By this time I thought that supper was ready, and we were called into another room. He said, "If you will not tell who I am, I will take supper with you.

At this I awoke, and behold, it was a dream. Some may think that it was nothing but a phantom of the brain, but to me it was something glorious and tangible, and which I never shall forget in time nor in eternity; for it is verily true, just as I have related it, and it makes my heart rejoice every time I think of it. Oh, the beauty and glory of that body!—language cannot describe it, therefore I feel willing to pass through sorrow and affliction whilst in this mortal body that I may obtain a glorious resurrection."

Latter-day Saints' Millennial Star, **VOL. 9**, pp. 29-30.

Here Comes The Mormon by Benjamin Brown

"A young man named Jesse W Crosby... had been engaged with his brother and brother-in-law, in felling trees in a wood. The trees grew very close together; and one which they cut

down had, in falling, struck another, and broken off one of its limbs, which hung suspended by the other branches.

It is a very common thing in forest country, to see dry, detached limbs hanging in this way for months, and sometimes years, without falling. This one was about ten or eleven feet long, and as thick as a man's thigh, and very high up the tree.

Not apprehending danger, Jesse was working without his hat, just under this branch. Suddenly, a

movement, caused by the wind, shook the tree, and the loose branch fell from a height of at least sixty feet, striking him on the crown of his head, crushing him to the earth. The violence of the blow broke in a portion of his skull, forming a hollow about as large as the palm of a man's hand. His neck and shoulders were also much injured. Altogether, a more deplorable object I never saw in my life.

He was carried home by his friends, most of whom were members of the Church, and his father; who was not a member, procured a doctor; who pronounced Jesse's case desperate, unless, on removing the broken part of the skull, it should be found that the skin of the brain was still entire, when, by using a silver plate over the exposed portion, a chance might still exist of his life. The doctor proceeded to cut Jesse's head for that purpose but was stopped by his mother, who strongly objected to this experiment, and sent for me to administer to him.

I was then eight miles off and at the time of my arrival he had not spoken, nor scarcely indicated any signs of life. Going into the room where he lay, I found it filled with the neighbors, who were mostly enemies of the Church. Sneers and jeers of 'Here comes the Mormon, we'll soon see whether he can heal now,' saluted my ears on all sides.

From a sign which I had received while on my way, I knew Jesse would recover, and being reminded ...that such people should not be privileged to behold a manifestation of the power of God, I, like Peter of old, cleared the house of all but Jesse's relatives, and administered to him in the name of the Lord. Jesse then recovered sufficiently to speak, after which he fell into a peaceful sleep, and, before morning, was altogether better.

In less than four days from the time of receiving this terrible accident, from which there seemed no human probability that he could recover, or, if he did, only to survive the loss of reason, he was again at work in the woods hauling timber, the wound being entirely healed up. Since then, he, as an elder of this Church, has been on missions to various parts of the world, including England, and has also fulfilled a mission to Nova Scotia."

(from Gems for the Young Folks, pp. 68-70 and Best Loved Stories of the LDS People Vol. 3, Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah, pp. 125-126, yr 2000)

How Did The Man Heal Your Eyes ? by Parley p. Pratt

"Mrs. Walton requested me to call on a friend of hers, who was also a widow in deep affliction, being totally blind with inflammation in the eyes; she had suffered extreme pain for several months, and had also been reduced to want, having four little children to support. She had lost her husband, of cholera, two years before, and had sustained herself and family by teaching school until deprived of sight, since which she had been dependent on the Methodist society; herself and children being then a public charge. Mrs. Walton sent her little daughter of twelve years old to show me the way. I called on the poor blind widow and helpless orphans, and found them in a dark and gloomy apartment, rendered more so by having every ray of light obscured to prevent its painful effects on her eyes. I related to her the circumstances of my mission, and she believed the same. I laid my hands upon her in the name of Jesus Christ, and said unto her; 'Your eyes shall be well from this very hour.' She threw off her bandages; opened her house to the light; dressed herself, and walking with open eyes, came to the meeting that same evening at sister Walton's, with eyes as well and as bright as any other person's.

The Methodist society were now relieved of their burden in the person of this widow and four orphans. This remarkable miracle was soon noised abroad, and the poor woman's house was

thronged from all parts of the city and country with visitors; all curious to witness for themselves, and to inquire of her how her eyes were healed. 'How did the man heal your eyes? 'What did he do?-tell us', were questions so oft repeated that the woman, wearied of replying, came to me for advice to know what she should do. I advised her to tell them that the Lord had healed her, and to give Him the glory, and let that suffice. But still they teased her for particulars. 'What did this man do?' 'How were your eyes opened and made well?' 'He laid his hands upon my head in the name of Jesus Christ, and rebuked the inflammation, and commanded them to be made whole and restored to sight; and it was instantly done.' 'Well, give God the glory; for, as to this man, it is well known that he is an impostor, a follower of Joseph Smith, the false prophet.' 'Whether he be an impostor or not, I know not; but this much I know, whereas I was blind, now I see! Can an impostor open the eyes of the blind?' 'Perhaps, then, you intend to be his disciple, to join the 'Mormons'?' 'He said nothing to me about joining the 'Mormons,' but taught me the gospel, and bore testimony that God had restored its power to the earth. Would you like to be partakers thereof? Or why do you inquire so earnestly about my eyes being healed?' 'Oh, we are John Wesley's disciples. We are the Christian Church. We know John Wesley, but as to this man, we know not whence he is.' 'How is this that you know not whence he is, and yet he hath opened my eyes? Did John Wesley open the eyes of the blind? Can an impostor do it?' 'Ah, we see how it is. You are determined to forsake the Christian Church, the good old way, for the sake of these fools, these weak impostors the Mormons. Well, farewell. But remember, you will have no more support from our society, no more encouragement of any kind; you shall not even teach a school for us. How then will you live?' Such contentions and discouragement as these, poured into the ears of a poor mother from day to day, together with railings, lying, and various sophistry and slander, soon caused her to waver, and like thousands of other poor, weak mortals, she shrank back into the net of sectarian delusion, and was seen by the Saints no more. In the meantime our meetings commenced at Mrs. Walton's. At first very few attended, but they gradually increased till her rooms, and sometimes her yard, were well filled with attentive hearers." (Autobiography of Parley Pratt, pp. 117-118, also in Best Loved Stories of the LDS People Vol. 3, Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah, pp. 131-133, yr 2000)

She Was Sent to Commune With Me

Parley P. Pratt described his wife, Thankful, as tall and slender, having large dark eyes and black glossy hair. The couple longed for children, but Thankful had very poor health and was unable to conceive. However, after Heber C. Kimball gave her a priesthood blessing, she regained her health and became pregnant. Sadly though, Thankful died a few hours after giving birth to their first child—a son—born on March 25, 1837. Parley mourned his wife's death but was comforted to know that their love was eternal and that one day they would be reunited.

At this time, persecution against the Saints was steadily increasing. Often the leaders of the church found themselves cast into jail because of false accusations. Two years after Thankful's death, Parley was imprisoned on bogus charges in Richmond, Missouri, along with several other brethren. Days, then weeks passed, yet no progress was made toward achieving their release. Indeed, the jailers seemed content to keep them there indefinitely and regaled their captives with stories about how some prisoners had languished for years within those very cells. Parley began to wonder if that was to be his fate as weeks of imprisonment turned into months.

One day, the apostle became despondent when he appeared before a judge and learned that he and his brethren were no further toward being released than on the first day they had been jailed. Kneeling in the dark, cold and filthy dungeon, Parley began

praying daily to know if he would ever be released to preach the gospel and be with his friends again. Finally, during one of those prayers, a sweet angel brought him a comforting answer.

He writes: "After some days of prayer and fasting and seeking the Lord on the subject, I one evening retired to my bed in my lonely chamber at an early hour, and while the other prisoners and the guard were chatting and beguiling the lonesome hours in the upper part of the prison, I lay in silence, seeking and expecting an answer to my prayer, when suddenly I seemed carried away in the spirit and no longer sensible to outward objects with which I was surrounded. A heaven of peace and calmness pervaded my bosom; a personage from the world of spirits stood before me with a smile of compassion in every look, and pity mingled with the tenderest love and sympathy in every expression of the countenance.

"A soft hand seemed placed within my own, and a glowing cheek was laid in tenderness and warmth upon mine. A well-known voice saluted me, which I readily recognized as that of the wife of my youth, who had then for nearly two years been sweetly sleeping where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. I was made to realize that she was sent to commune with me, and to answer my question. Knowing this, I said to her, in a most earnest and inquiring tone:

'Shall I ever be at liberty again in this life, and enjoy the society of my family and the saints, and preach the gospel, as I have done?'

"She answered definitely and unhesitatingly: 'Yes!'

"I then recollected that I had agreed to be satisfied with the knowledge of that one fact, but now I wanted more. Said I: 'Can you tell me how, or by what means, or when, I shall escape?'

"She replied: 'That thing is not made known to me yet.'

"I instantly felt that I had gone beyond my agreement and my faith in asking this last question, and that I must be contented at present with the answer to the first. Her gentle spirit then saluted me and withdrew. I came to myself. The noise of the guards again grated on my ears, but heaven and hope were in my soul.

The next morning, Parley related his experiences to his two fellow prisoners who were overjoyed to know that at some future time, they would be freed. Later, Parley remarked that to some people, seeing his wife might seem like an idle dream or the product of a wild imagination but that he personally regarded it as a reality. In time, Thankful's assurance that her husband would be free came true. With the help of fellow Saints on the outside who orchestrated a daring and sensational breakout, Parley and his brethren were able to escape.

(From the Book And There Were Angels Among Them Spiritual Visitations in Early Church History, Marlene Bateman, Sullivan, April 2002, Horizon Publisher, Bountiful Utah)

Here I am a Live Man

by Levi Curtis

About the month of August, 1856, William D. Huntington and I went into Hobbles Creek Canyon to get a log suitable for making drums. After we started for home, our conversation turned upon the experiences of the past, when the life and labors of the Prophet Joseph were touched upon. This subject aroused into more than usual earnestness the mind and conversation of my associate.

He said that in Nauvoo he lived in the family of and worked for Joseph Smith at the time the Prophet had such a wonderful time with the sick. He said he had been sick some weeks and kept getting weaker, until he became so helpless that he could not move. Finally he got so low he could not speak, but had perfect consciousness of all that was passing in the room. He saw friends

come to the bedside, look at him a moment, commence weeping, then turn away.

He further stated that he presently felt easy, and found that he was in the upper part of the room near the ceiling, and could see the body he had occupied lying on the bed, with weeping friends standing around.

About this time he saw Joseph Smith and two other brethren come into the room. Joseph turned to his wife Emma and asked her to get him a dish of clean water. This she did; and the Prophet with the two brethren washed their hands and carefully wiped them. Then they stepped to the bed and laid their hands upon the head of his body, which at that time looked loathsome to him, and as the three stretched out their hands to place them upon the head, he by some means became aware that he must go back into that body, and started to do so. The process of getting in he could not remember; but when Joseph said "Amen," he heard and could see and feel with his body. The feeling for a moment was most excruciating, as though his body was pierced in every part with some sharp instruments.

As soon as the brethren had taken their hands from his head he raised up in bed, sitting erect, and in another moment turned his legs off the bed.

At this juncture Joseph asked him if he had not better be careful, for he was very weak. He replied, 'I never felt better in my life' almost immediately adding, 'I want my pants.' His pants were found and given to him, which he drew on, Joseph assisting him, although he thought he needed no help. Then he signified his intention to sit in a chair at or near the fireplace. Joseph took hold of his arm to help him along safely, but William declared his ability to walk alone, notwithstanding the continued help.

Throughout the room, astonishment had taken the place of weeping. Every looker-on was ready to weep for joy; but none were able or felt inclined to talk. Presently William said he wanted something to eat. Joseph asked him what he would like, and he replied that he wanted a dish of bread and milk. Emma immediately brought what he called for. Every hand was anxious to supply the wants of a man who, a few moments before, was dead, really and truly dead! Brother Huntington ate the bowl of bread and milk with as good a relish as any he ever ate. In a short time all felt more familiar; and conversation upon the scene that transpired followed.

William related his experience, and the friends theirs. Joseph listened to the conversation and in his turn remarked that they had just witnessed as great a miracle as Jesus did while on the earth. They had seen the dead brought to life. At the close of his narrative to me, William Huntington remarked, 'Now I have told you the truth, and here I am a live man, sitting by the side of you on this log, and I testify that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God.' (Juvenile Instructor 27: 385-86 also in Best Loved Stories of the LDS People Vol. 3, Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah, pp. 134-136, yr 2000)

Mrs. Leon F Liddell

“Raised from the Dead”—H.B.L.

(From Modern Day Miracles by L. Brent Goats, 1996

This story, titled “The Open Grave—A Story of Faith” was published in the Church News on 16 May 1948. Accompanying the article written by Mrs. Leon F Liddell was a photograph of the Eti Te’o family posed with Elder Lee.

When Elder Matthew Cowley of the Council of the Twelve visited our stake, he told us many beautiful stories of the great faith of the Samoan people and of the earnest desire of many of these Saints to visit the temple in Hawaii. In response, many present sincerely hoped to be of assistance to these wonderful people in their effort to visit the Hawaiian Temple, so far away from their little island.

The opportunity to assist them came quite unexpectedly in June 1947 when the MMenlGleaner convention for Northern California and Nevada met in San Francisco.

Participating were 560 young people from seven stakes and one mission. There was quite a sum of money left over the estimated cost of the convention, and with the memory of Elder Cowley's talk still burning in their hearts, the stake representatives of these young people decided to donate the entire amount (\$790) to Elder Cowley to assist these faithful island people to visit the temple.

The opportunity to meet some of these amazing Samoan Latter-day Saints came unexpectedly as well. We were especially thrilled to know Eti Te'o, a chief from the village of Mapusaga, Samoa, who came to make his home in San Francisco. Eti told us the following story from his youth.

At eighteen he was living in the village of Pago Pago helping to translate the Doctrine and Covenants into Samoan. A friend of his named George came to the village to work as a carpenter. After about three months he became very sick and was taken to the Navy Hospital where he stayed six months. He grew steadily worse and one morning asked his uncle to send for the Mormon elders to administer to him or he would die. His uncle refused, saying **it** could do no good since not even the doctors had not been able to help him.

George then called the nurse. "If I die," he asked, "please send a note to the elders and have my body taken to the mission home." At 7:30 that night George died. Eti recalled: "The next morning I was passing the hospital on my way to work when the nurse called to me. She was crying when she told me what had happened. I immediately took the news to Brother Lopati at the mission home, and he asked me to go behind the house and start digging the grave. I had dug [to a depth of] about two-and-a-half feet when he came to me and said, "Put the shovel back. We are going to the hospital to see George."

It was now 10 o'clock in the morning. I could not understand what he wanted to go to the hospital for, but I put the shovel back and went with him. George was laying in an outer room where the dead were kept and as we passed **it** I could see *lagomea* (flies that cover dead bodies) all over the windows, and I was angry with Brother Lopati.

"Don't you think we will disgrace the Church by doing this?" I questioned him, but he went right on into the hospital. We were not allowed to enter the room where George lay—both the nurse and the doctor told us that if we entered **it** we would be sent to jail.

Brother Lopati sent for his wife and two other elders and after kneeling in prayer they signed a paper, one by one, signifying that they would willingly go to jail after entering George's room

Eti could not bring himself to sign the paper as he had no desire to go to jail. Brother Lopati came up to him and told him that he had been promised in his patriarchal blessing that if he lived right he would have power to raise the dead. He also said that they must wait for him—that it was urgent for him to witness this event. At 12 o'clock noon Eti finally signed the paper, and they all went in beside George's bed.

Brother Lopati unwrapped the gauze from his face and we all knelt by his bedside. I remember only three words he spoke as he lay his hands on the boy's head. They were, "George, come back." He spoke a few words further, then said, "Amen." George sneezed and began to breathe. His first words were, "I would like a cup of rice."

Then he sat up and said, "I heard your voice from a long distance. I ran from the room—shaking all over. Running down the halls, I kept saying, almost hysterically, "George wants a cup of rice!" over and over. I rushed into Dr. Lane's office without knocking and could only say, "George wants a cup of rice!" He hurried back with me and when he saw George sitting up talking, he was speechless. He could not speak for a long time, then he slowly walked over to the bedside to examine George. After a few minutes he stated that the boy was normal and his heart action was perfect.

Turning to Brother Lopati, Dr. Lane said, "No one but God could do that." He asked us to

come to his house later and we stayed there all the rest of the day answering his questions. He joined the Church in due time, as did several other hospital workers.

Now, twenty-three years later, George is in good health and lives in the village of Aua, Samoa—but his story will not be forgotten. The open grave is still there back of the mission home near where I live. I keep it just as I left it that day. I want my children and grandchildren to see it and know this story.

Zebedee Coltrin Remarks

Salt Lake City School of Prophets, 11 October 1883

TESTIMONIES OF ZEBEDEE COLTRIN

(Brother [Zebedee] Coltrin then gave an account of the appearance of the Father and Son as given in the minutes of the meeting of the 3rd inst.) Jesus was clothed in modern clothing, apparently of gray cloth. When he saw Him in the Kirtland Temple, on the cross his hands were spiked to the wood and he had around him what appeared like a sheet. He had seen Joseph giving revelation when he could not look on his face, so full was he (Joseph) of the glory of God, and the house was full of the same glory. About the time the school was first organized some wished to see an angel, and a number joined in the circle and prayed. When the vision came, two of the brethren shrank and called for the vision to close or they would perish; they were Brothers Hancock and Humphries. When the Prophet came in they told him what they had done and he said the angel was no further off than the roof of the house, and a moment more he would have been in their midst.

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Once after returning from a mission, he [Zebedee Coltrin] met Brother Joseph in Kirtland, who asked him if he did not wish to go with him to a conference at New Portage. The party consisted of Presidents Joseph Smith, Sidney Rigdon, Oliver Cowdery and myself [Zebedee Coltrin]. Next morning at New Portage, he noticed that Joseph seemed to have a far off look in his eyes, or was looking at a distance and presently he, Joseph, stepped between Brothers Cowdery and Coltrin and taking them by the arm, said, "Let's take a walk." They went to a place where there was some beautiful grass and grapevines and swampbeech interlaced. President Joseph Smith then said, "Let us pray." They all three prayed in turn--Joseph, Oliver, and Zebedee. Brother Joseph then said, "Now brethren, we will see some visions." Joseph lay down on the ground on his back and stretched out his arms and the two brethren lay on them. The heavens gradually opened, and they saw a golden throne, on a circular foundation, something like a light house, and on the throne were two aged personages, having white hair, and clothed in white garments. They were the two most beautiful and perfect specimens of mankind he ever saw. Joseph said, "They are our first parents, Adam and Eve." Adam was a large, broad-shouldered man, and Eve as a woman, was a large in proportion. (Brother Coltrin was born September 7th, 1804, and was baptized into the church on the 9th of January, 1831.)

In Kirtland Temple, I [Zebedee Coltrin] have seen the power of God as it was in the day of Pentecost! and cloven tongues as of fire have rested on the brethren and they have spoken with other tongues as the spirit gave them utterance. I saw the Lord high and lifted up and frequently throug the solemn assemblies, the angels of God rested on the temple, and we heard their voices singing heavenly music. At another time when consecrating some oil, we saw visibly the finger of God enter the mouth of the bottle. About four years ago, I was ordained a patriarch under the hands of President Brigham Young, John Taylor and others. That spirit and calling has been upon me ever since. It is the spirit that rested on the patriarchs of old. By its power I can bless you. I can tell you what God requires of you, and what will befall you throughout your generation.

And now brethren, I testify to the truth of these things, so that when I, your fellow laborer, shall have passed away, you may know that you heard my voice bear witness of them. And yet notwithstanding all these visions, and all these testimonies, the more sure testimony of the voice of God is, the meek and mild testimony of the spirit of God swelling within us.

He saw the heavens open and Jesus standing at the right hand of the Father. At Kirtland, we were called to the school of the prophets, and at one time when Joseph was in the translating room, myself and others were talking about the gift of tongues, when the spirit of tongues fell upon me and I [Zebedee Coltrin] spoke under its influence. Joseph came into the room and said, "God bless you, Brother Zebedee, that is the spirit of God." He told me to continue and the gift of tongues and of prophesying rested on the greater part of the brethren present and we continued speaking in tongues and prophesying through that day and the greater part of the following night.

At another time after fasting and prayer, Joseph told us that we should see the glory of God, and I saw a personage passing through the room as plainly as I see you now. Joseph asked us if we knew who it was, and answered himself. "That is Jesus, our elder brother, the Son of God." Again, I saw passing through the same room a personage whose glory and brightness was so great that I can liken it to nothing but the burning bush that Moses saw, and its power was so great that had it continued much longer, I believe it would have consumed us.

(Source: Minutes, Salt Lake City School of the Prophets, October 11, 1883.)

Zebedee Coltrin first heard about the newly restored gospel in 1831, when his father, John Coltrin, invited Solomon Hancock—a recent convert to the fledgling church—to his home to speak about the restoration of the gospel. Twenty-seven-year-old Zebedee attended the meeting at his father's home in Strongsville and was deeply impressed with what he heard. Since it was late when the meeting adjourned, the elder Coltrin invited his son and Hancock to stay the night. The two younger men shared the same room and Hancock spent many hours expounding the gospel to his interested friend. The missionary finally fell asleep around 1:00 a.m. but Zebedee could not put the words he had heard out of his mind. Long after 2:00 a.m., Zebedee lay awake, reflecting deeply on all that had been said. Finally he made a decision.

Zebedee recorded in his journal; "Thinking on what I had heard, I resolved to be baptized and as I lay meditating, the room became lighted up with a brilliant light and I saw a number of men dressed in white robes, like unto what we call temple clothes. Soon after the vision closed." This experience was proof to Zebedee that being baptized was the right course of action and that God was pleased with his decision to join the church.

The next morning, on January 9, 1831, Zebedee asked Solomon Hancock to baptize him. It was a frigid day and the ice that covered the nearby body of water was a foot thick. The men brought out their axes and chopped a hole in the ice so that the ordinance could be performed. Zebedee stated that the cold did not bother him at all, as he was warmed with the fervor of his newfound faith. After his conversion, Zebedee became a great friend and stalwart supporter of the Prophet Joseph Smith and served many years as a leader in the church.

(From the Book And There Were Angels Among Them Spiritual Visitations in Early Church History, Marlene Bateman, Sullivan, April 2002, Horizon Publisher, Bountiful Utah)

Be of Good Courage

After the martyrdom of Joseph Smith, Eliza R. Snow was blessed to receive a visit from the dead prophet to comfort her. The account states; "June 27, 1844, Sister Eliza was prostrated with grief, and besought the Lord with all the fervency of her soul to permit her to follow the Prophet at once, and not leave her in so dark and wicked a world. And so set was her mind on the matter, that she did not and could not cease that prayer of her heart until the Prophet came to her and told

her that she must not continue to supplicate the Lord in that way, for her petition was not in accordance with his design concerning her.

“Joseph told her that his work upon earth was completed as far as the mortal tabernacle was concerned, but hers was not; the Lord desired her, and so did her husband, to live many years, and assist in carrying on the great Latter-day work which Joseph had been chosen to establish. That she must be of good courage and help to cheer, and lighten the burdens of others. And that she must turn her thoughts away from her own loneliness, and seek to console her people in their bereavement and sorrow.

Eliza followed the advice of the prophet and just four days after the death of Joseph and his brother Hyrum, wrote a poem vividly describing the tragedy of the assassination. Eliza R. Snow continued through her lifetime to be a great leader in the church and wrote many poems and hymns that brought comfort and peace to church members.

(From the Book And There Were Angels Among Them Spiritual Visitations in Early Church History, Marlene Bateman, Sullivan, April 2002, Horizon Publisher, Bountiful Utah)

His Dead Wife Walked Into The Room

George G. Bywater related the following incident, which occurred in Wales. “The wife of one of our brethren in a Welsh parish was nigh unto death with typhoid fever. Before she died, her husband begged her to come back to him from her heavenly home and tell him how things were there. She did so; one morning, a few weeks afterwards, the husband was sitting in his bedchamber when his dead wife walked naturally into the room. As she came towards him, his mind was filled with a hundred questions which he desired to ask; but she divining his thoughts, raised a restraining hand and said:

“It is no use asking me those questions for I am not permitted to answer them. But I can tell you some things. We have our organizations and our meetings, just as you do here. We have our work and our duties to attend to just as you have on earth. We hold council meetings and talk over matters. At a council held recently it was decided to send for Brother _____ and Brother _____. In two weeks from today they will be called hence.’

“When the husband’s heavenly visitor had departed he hurried to the president of the branch to tell him of the dream and to then warn the two brethren who were so shortly to die. But when he related his vision to the president, he was told to keep his vision quietly to himself. If the brethren spoken of were not to die, it would cause considerable talk and scandal, which would better be avoided under any circumstances. But in exactly two weeks from the day of the vision, the two brethren spoken of were blown up in a mine, and they were the only two injured.”

(From the Book And There Were Angels Among Them Spiritual Visitations in Early Church History, Marlene Bateman, Sullivan, April 2002, Horizon Publisher, Bountiful Utah)

He Saw Joseph and Hyrum

As a young man, Alexander Neibaur saw a newly translated book of scripture in a vision and was impressed that the new book had been brought forth by the power of God. Because of that vision, when Alexander heard that Joseph Smith had seen an angel and translated a book of scripture, he knew without a doubt that this ‘new’ religion was true.

Alexander was one of the first Jews to accept the newly restored gospel and shortly after his conversion, he sailed to America. Upon his arrival in Nauvoo, in February of 1841, he became friends with the Prophet Joseph. Alexander was a very educated man, able to speak seven languages and began teaching the prophet German and Hebrew.

Alexander fled Nauvoo with the Saints and traveled across the plains. His testimony of the gospel and the divine calling of Joseph Smith remained firm throughout the years of hardships and in the last moments of his life, he had the privilege to once again behold his dear friend Joseph, as well as his brother Hyrum. Several of Alexander’s children were with him during his

last hours on earth. In a feeble voice, Alexander related the many difficult trials he had faced because of his membership in the church.

One son then asked, “Father, you have been telling us of your long and hard experience. . . . But let me ask you, is it worth it all? Is the Gospel worth all this sacrifice?”

A glow lit Alexander’s eyes and he spoke firmly, ““Yes! Yes! And more! I have seen my Savior. I have seen the prints in his hands! I know that Jesus is the son of God, and I know that this work is true and that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God. I would suffer it all and more, far more than I have ever suffered for that knowledge even to the laying down of my body on the plains for the wolves to devour.”

The account then states that, “. . . a short time before the end, his face suddenly lit up and his countenance brightened. He cast his eyes upward as if he could see far into upper distant spaces.

“What do you see, father?’ they asked.

‘The dying man murmured clearly, ‘Joseph—Hyrum’—then his weary eyes closed forever.”

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