

The Gift of Dreams

Compiled by Glen W, Chapman- December 2004

tions, or vain anxieties.

Some dreams may prove to be inspirational revelations from God; therefore, it is necessary for men to discern the difference between useless or meaningless dreams and those which are inspirational. Many men may have had revelations from God which they have passed off as insignificant, simply because they failed to discern or interpret the inspirational message which was offered through this means of communication.

Mankind generally have failed miserably in acquainting themselves with the means by which God dispenses his wisdom and intelligence. Dreams are one of God's most useful means of conveying inspiration and are one of the gifts of the Holy Spirit. We must learn to acknowledge and respect this gift as we do the gift of tongues, the gift of visions, or any other means of divine revelation. Too often the gifts of God are rejected, neglected, or misunderstood. Whenever a gift or talent is refused, it is quickly lost. However, when the gifts of God are received and appreciated, they will increase and grow "unto the perfect light of day."

For example, many Old Testament prophets were prepared to receive divine instruction and their dreams were prophetic and inspirational, and were considered as gifts from God. Joseph of Old said, "Do not interpretations belong unto God?" (Gen. 40:8), and Daniel said that "there is a God in heaven that revealeth secrets and maketh known to King Nebuchadnezzar what shall be in the latter days" (Dan. 2:28). Then the Lord spoke to Jeremiah and said, "The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream; and he that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully." (Jer. 23:28)

The multitude of inspired dreams that have been manifest to the Saints would fill many volumes.

And, nearly every faithful Saint has had, or should have had, many inspirational dreams; This brief compilation is intended only to illustrate God's reasons and methods of conveying His will to man through dreams.

The gift of dreams, like other gifts of God, is to be appreciated and developed for the benefit and salvation of His children. When men cultivate these virtuous inspirational powers, they will draw nearer to God, and God will draw nearer to them. For this reason these gifts of the Spirit are invaluable to us.

The editor of the Millennial Star wrote an article in 1853 in which he described one of the keys of discerning an inspired dream from one which is not:

"Now one mark of a dream from God is, that it is distinguished for the clearness and simplicity of the impress that it makes upon the mind of him that dreams. A dream from the Lord being always true in all its legitimate bearings, will be so disembarassed from error and uncertainty to him that has the spirit of truth in lively exercise, that he will know it perfectly in distinction from all false hallucinations or deceptions of the mind. .

The Lord does not suffer wicked spirits to foul and blot and mar a dream, when he wants to communicate His mind and will in a dream. Foul spirits are rebuked and commanded to depart when God wants to indict the truth upon anyone's mind. The Angel of God guards the dreamer till a clear and a distinct impression is made. And that impression is of an unmistakable character; it cannot be misunderstood, any more than the light of the sun can be mistaken for the darkness of midnight. (Millennial Star, 15:291)

A DREAM OF YELLOW FACE KREE INDIAN CHIEF

by

PRES. EDWARD J. WOOD

About the year 1910, a very *fine* looking Indian, calling himself Yellow Face, called in Cardston, and said he had with him 20 families of the Kree Nation from Eastern Canada, and that they were wandermg over the country to find a good trapping country, and as they liked the looks of this corner of Alberta they wanted permission to camp upon some of the vacant lands in our vicinity. Yellow Face had fairly well educated young men in his company who could talk fairly good English and who acted as interpreters. They had a written language, the charters resembling very much the characters seen on the facsimile cuts of the *Pearl of Great Price*. Yellow Face had rather sharp features, well shaped forehead, with deep set eyes. His color was a lighter brown than our Indians'; he was nearly 6 feet tall, was a very dignified man and seemed highly intelligent.

We directed him and his company to the west, where there were lands with many lakes and abundant grass for their horses. In a few days, Yellow Face sent word to me that they preferred the upper parts of the Cochrane Ranch lands, and that his company had camped on the Belly River near the bridge, waiting to hear from me as to their trapping on our Church lands. I sent word that if they would go on the hay lands and do some work in grubbing out a lot of low willows, they might earn a little money that way and also earn the right to do some trapping, to which agreement they willingly assented. They wasted no time, and soon went to the Mountain View store - in a town five miles from the camp - and had some fine muskrat hides to sell and also some finely beaded moccasins, well-tanned rugs and Indian curios. They did a lot of buying and selling in the Mountain View stores and some trading in Cardston during the trapping season. While in Mountain View, they seemed very curious about our meetings and asked to attend public services and also ward reunions of any kind, but would talk very little. When the season was about over for trapping, they came and very politely said goodbye, and seemed to appreciate our allowing them to use the Church lands.

They came back the next year and the third year, and traded and acted much as they did before, but never seemed to want to get acquainted with us, till one day nearing the close of the season, Yellow Face and his Council of Chiefs, comprising the head of each family, making 20 chiefs, sent to Mt. View for the Church Chief (Bishop) to get at once to their camp and meet in the large tent with the council. The bishop went and found them all seated around the edge of the tent, and wondered what ever they might want of him. On his entering, Yellow Face stood up and asked the bishop to stand in the center of the circle and address them. The bishop hardly knew what to say, but tried to explain the first principles and other principles he thought they would understand, through their interpreter, of our revealed gospel. He spoke over half an hour, and realized they didn't seem much interested, so he sat down and talked briefly on local matters and invited them to come to Mt. View meetings, and left feeling he hadn't made much of an impression.

About a week later they sent for him to come among them again, and to talk again, and he wondered more than ever at their wanting him so soon to talk when he knew he did very little good before, but as he entered the tent, he noticed a fine looking young Indian woman, who Yellow Face introduced as his daughter. The bishop states that as soon as he saw this woman, the feeling came to talk on the *Book of Mormon*; but before he started, Yellow Face asked him if he had anything new to tell them, that they didn't care to hear again what he had told them before, and when he said he would tell them about a book, every eye was on him and the young woman seemed very nearly white, and they paid marked attention and interrupted through the interpreter so that it was difficult for him to finish. They were much enthused, and pointed for him to be seated, where Yellow Face had been sitting, while Yellow Face in his dignified way said he would now tell his story, which he did as follows, while every eye was upon him:

"The year before our company came here first, I was taken very sick, and was told by some of my Indian friends who had been dead many years, that I would soon be better, but I would get sick again some day, and that when I did again, I would die, but my family should not think I was dead and bury me for I was not to be buried till my body was cold all over. When I woke up I

called my family together and also the council of five chiefs, of which I was a member, for our tribe now lived in Manitoba, and I told them of my dream, and they laughed at me and didn't believe me, but I was afraid. Time went on and one day some time afterward, I was taken very sick, and I at once feared my dream would come true, so I warned my family not to be in a hurry to bury me even if I died, till they were sure I was cold all over. So I got weaker and weaker till I left my body, and I went away among a lot of Indians that I knew were dead; some I knew and some I didn't, as they had been dead so long, but they were not dead at all, and they told me to die was only to leave the body for your folks to take care of, and I would be where they were, but as for me, I had to go back and use my body again for several years. They said I was to go among the white people till I found a book that told of the history of these dead Indians who were not dead. I asked them how I would know the people who had the book, and they gave me 5 keys by which I would know the people who had the book that would tell my live Indian friends all about who they were and about their dead relatives, as follows:

1st-They will let you camp on their own lands, and trap and hunt.

2nd-They will treat you like one of them in business with them.

3rd-They will invite you in their meetings and ask you to speak.

4th-They will invite you to sit with them at their tables to eat.

5th-They will visit you in your camp and their men will not bother your women nor molest any of you.

"When you find this kind of people, have them meet in your council, and tell you what they believe, and they will tell you about this book.

"I then woke up and found my wife and my friends had about decided to bury me as I had been dead several days and was cold all over except a small place over my heart, but when I came back to life and told them where I had been and that our Indian relatives were not dead at all, they wondered at me and when I told them I would pick about 20 families and would travel till I found the book, they again wondered, but as they all believed in a God, they would follow me, so in due time, we made up our company and started and made many camps, and traveled many seasons, but it was hard to find a people who answered the five keys till we landed among you, as we find not many people who are true friends of the Indian."

Yellow Face had grown quite eloquent in telling his (to him and his company) wonderful experience among the dead yet live Indians, as he termed them, and before he sat down he asked for the book and the bishop went and got a Book of Mormon and gave it to him. He took it as though it had always belonged to him and said to the bishop that it was his book, because it was the history of his people, both dead and the living.

After this very interesting experience of the bishop, I met Yellow Face at the home of the bishop and he told us of how he had watched us and his sitting by my side at a certain reunion of the ward the year before, and of how he had taken note of our treatment of him, and of his great surprise when I told him his company could camp on the Church lands, and of his object in camping right on the main road, so that all our people going to and from several of our main wards had to pass through this Indian village, and of his coming the three times-a year apart-as he wanted to see if we would change in our treatment of him and his company. He also told us of many principles of religion that he said his tribe believed in which were very interesting to us.

He then took the *Book of Mormon*, calling it their long lost book, and wrapped it among their valuables which they always carry in a separate buckskin sack and hang it apart from any

other belongings on a tripod in front of the head chief's house. These articles are held sacred by the tribe and are not exhibited only on rare occasions.

Yellow Face and his company now seemed satisfied and had no further desire to stay among us and soon left. We heard of them many times after - of how they would camp along the highways. Yellow Face would take his main interpreter, and would take "His Book" and would hand it to the family he would call on and ask them to read the book. We heard of this having been done and the book having been read to him and for him by many people who wondered at what the book contained, and they seemed quite interested when he would tell them it was the history of his people. It is now several years since they left us the last time and we have wondered ourselves as to the outcome of this quite strange yet interesting Indian experience.

These Indians, while camped near the river, visited our Church ranch home where Ole Olson and his wife worked, who invited them into the house. But they wanted the boss, Bishop Parker, who was then foreman of the ranch. The Indians visited Brother and Sister Olson several times before they met Bishop Parker, who later visited them as the above story relates.

Cardston, Canada, Feb. 3, 1925.

(Taken from book Faith Like The Ancients by N.B, Lundwall ,Volume 1, pp. 184-188, Paragon Printing Co., 1950, Salt Lake City , Utah)

Testimonies For The Truth by Benjamin Brown

About the age of twenty-five (1819), I married, and settled on a small farm of my own. About nine or ten years later than this, after a fatiguing day's labour, I returned home one evening, and having partaken of my supper, turned my back to the fire, as my custom was, and leaned, with my head on my arms, on the chair top, to rest myself, and dry my clothes, which were moistened with the perspiration caused by the heat. My wife retired to rest, expecting me shortly to follow. Thus left alone, I was musing on things generally, but not particularly on any religious subject, when a vision of my brother, who had died some fourteen or fifteen years previously, appeared before me, praying. I heard his voice clearly and distinctly, and listened attentively.

In the course of his prayer, he referred to a great work to be done on the earth during the last days, quoting several Scriptures. I did not, however, fully comprehend the meaning of them, until, coming into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, years after? I saw the applicability of his words to the views of that people, with regard to the restoration of the Gospel gifts, the great work of gathering the Saints of all nations in the last days, and the fullness of the Latter-day glory, for he particularly prayed for the hastening of these things. Soon he disappeared from my view, when suddenly, to use a Scripture phrase, a sound, as of a rushing mighty wind, with some accompanying influence, seemed to fill the house and myself, and I heard a voice saying—"This is the spirit of understanding." An open Bible appeared before me, so peculiarly placed that I could see portions of several books of the Prophets and Apostles at once. Directly I heard the above words, I began to read, understanding and intelligence burst upon my mind, and the glory and beauty that seemed to shine forth in the subjects treated of, no language can describe. The dispatch with which I read astonished me, for I seemed able to read a chapter in the time usually occupied in reading a verse, and the contents of a whole book were laid before my mind about as quickly as otherwise I could have perused a single chapter. With the rapidity of lightning, various truths of the Bible were presented to my mind, and what each Prophet or Apostle had said on each particular subject met my eyes, in consecutive order, concentrated and connected, showing that each and all of those men were inspired by the same Spirit, and had a

distinct knowledge of the same grand events and glorious truths, particularly those which I had heard my brother pray about.

I never before saw such connection between the Scriptures. What one Prophet had said on a subject met my sight, and directly, with the quickness of thought, I read what each of the other Prophets or Apostles had said about the same thing. I saw the whole at a glance, brought as it were, to a focus. Such a chain of testimonies, and an interweaving of evidences, accompanied with that perception and comprehension which the Holy Ghost alone can give, none can realize, but those who have received that Spirit and revelations unto themselves. Such persons know just how it is. I was disturbed, apparently in the midst of my vision, by my wife's calling to me, when the vision left me, and I felt just like a hungry man who is called or snatched suddenly away from a feast. But the joy and peace with which my spirit was filled remained with me, and I glorified God.

Things went on much as usual, till something like a year after wards, when I had a singular dream, which, as it had a bearing on my future life, I will relate. I dreamed that I had been called to preach the gospel, and the first time I thus officiated, it was in a schoolhouse, in an adjoining town, with which I was well acquainted. I saw all the members of the congregation, which was small, and, when I awoke, I could distinctly remember the position each person occupied in that room. This so impressed my mind that I told my wife of it, and said I believed it would be realized, but she scouted the idea. What was I, a working man, to do with preaching! Well, at other times it would have appeared equally foolish to myself, but it had been given to me that her mother, living at the place, knew by a dream the same thing, and I told this to my wife. At last she consented that if it turned out to be the case, she would believe the dream to be true. In a day or so, we paid her mother a visit, and found that she had dreamed, that night, that I was coming to preach in the town where she lived, and we learned, from her friends, that she had been entreating one of her relatives to carry her to my residence, that she might tell me of it. Although the truth of the dream was thus evidenced to me, I little thought what doctrines I was to preach, and in connection with what people or church. But I was to have greater evidence of the truth of my dream, as will be seen hereafter.....

My wife, who had managed to be present when I was going into the water, and even threatened that she would not live with me, was, for a long while after, perhaps a year and a half, bitterly opposed to the work, but I knew from the Lord that she would come into the Church, and I told her so. As the way she was at last brought in was very curious, I will mention it. She dreamed one night that a large company of visitors had come to her house, for whom she had to prepare supper. On going into her buttery to procure the necessary food to cook, she could only find a small potato, about the size of a robin's egg, lying on a wooden trencher. However, with this small stock she commenced and by some wonderful means converted this little affair into a splendid preparation of pies, puddings, &c. When they were ready, she stood still, wondering how it had all been done, for, as may be supposed, it puzzled her sorely to conceive how, from a little potato, and that on a wooden trencher, she had produced such an elegant entertainment. Just at this moment, while she was thus marveling, I was awakened from my sleep, with a command sounding in my ears that I was to say to my wife, "Don't you remember hearing that you should not despise the day of small things?" I was to speak at once, without waiting. So I awoke her, and without any preface did as I was bid.

The wonderful concurrence of these words with her dream, and the self-evident interpretation of it, referring as it did to her past conduct (for one of the principal reasons of the opposition she felt to my joining the Church was that she considered it disgraced her to have her husband belong to a Church that was so poor, and everywhere spoken against), so impressed itself upon her mind, with other confirmations, that she was baptized, and has remained firm to the Church ever since....

By this time, most of the members of the Pomphret Branch, into which I had been baptized, were gathered up to Kirtland, the first gathering place of the Saints; and I was left

without any one to counsel or direct me as to the way in which I should devote my labors. in spreading the principles of truth, when one day the Word of the Lord, by the power of the Spirit, came unto me, saying, "I have fourteen sheep in Portland: go and gather them; then go South, where I have twenty two more, and gather them also." I then began to preach for the first time, and for that purpose procured the schoolroom in Portland, and, through my friends, circulated a notice that I was going to preach. This gathered a small congregation of some thirty or forty people. At the time appointed I stood up to address them. As soon as I rose on my feet and looked on the congregation, the dream which I had had five years before, but which I had entirely forgotten, flashed across my recollection—there was the identical room I had seen with the very people and children, just in those positions in the place that I had described them to my wife years before, when I informed her that I dreamed I was called to preach the Gospel! This was summer time. ...

(Taken from book Faith Like The Ancients by N.B. Lundwall, Volume 1, pp. 202-211, Paragon Printing Co., 1950, Salt Lake City , Utah)

A strange dream by Samuel W. Richards

It was the purpose of the Prophet Joseph to come here and locate with his people. He organized this company and held weekly meetings with them for several weeks in Nauvoo, and when he had them sufficiently instructed, as he thought, to properly understand what was to be the character of their mission and fit-out, he went across the river and made a start to go toward the mountains. It was his intention to go to the mountains with us, as a company of pioneers. But he was followed by those who did not like the idea of his leaving, and while they were pleading with him to return, he told them, "If I go back, I go as a lamb to the slaughter." Nevertheless, they determined he should return, and he went back to Nauvoo. From there he went to Carthage, and we all know the history of what followed.

Suffice it to say, I attended four meetings of this company and at one of them, which was in charge of Hyrum Smith, and three or four of the Twelve were also present, it was said that Joseph the Prophet had remarked that he wanted young men for that mission who could go upon the mountains and talk with God face to face, as Moses did upon Mount Sinai. When I heard that statement, I felt in my soul that I was not the one to go; and just before the meeting closed I got up out of my seat for the purpose of going to Brother Hyrum Smith and telling him I was not the one to go for I did not feel that I could meet these conditions, but as I got up there was a voice came to me and I heard it distinctly as from one standing by my side, saying, "Stop; rest awhile." I took my seat again, and instead of telling the Prophet Hyrum that I did not feel I could go, I went home, and before retiring I knelt by my bedside and prayed to my heavenly Father. If I ever prayed in earnest it was then, that I might know before morning whether I was a suitable one to go on that expedition, under the terms specified. The idea of going into the mountains and talking with God face to face, as Moses did on Mount Sinai, was more than I, as a boy, could think of encountering.

No one perhaps need wonder that I should shrink from such a consideration. I retired to my bed and remained there about four hours, and during that four hours I got the answer to my prayer, and when I awoke I was prepared to go upon that journey and do just as the Prophet wanted me to do. During that four hours I saw all that I expect to see if I should live a thousand years. Someone came to me and told me where to go, and I performed that journey that night while I lay upon my bed. I came to this valley first. I don't know how I got here, but I went down through these valleys and into Southern California. It had been stated that possibly we might have to go that far. When I came here I had to pass four sentinels, and in passing them I gave a countersign, which I got direct from heaven at the time it was needed. I passed them all, and went on down into Southern California. Then I was prompted to go farther, and I went into the northern part of Mexico. I returned from there to Jackson County, Missouri, and there I stayed and helped build the temple. I saw the temple thoroughly completed; in fact, I labored upon it

until it was complete. When this was done, the vision continued, and I went and laid down my body in the ground, and my spirit left this tabernacle. Then I traversed this continent from end to end. I saw the Garden of Eden as it was in the beginning and as it will be restored again. It was a land filled with verdure and vegetation, and with all manner of fruits, on which man was living. I saw it filled with cities, towns and villages, and people happy, living under the administration of divine providence. It was a Garden of Eden in very deed.

Now, all this I saw while I was sleeping, and it was so impressed upon me that it can never be forgotten. I saw that this was the result of the Latter-day Saints coming to these valleys of the mountains and following the direction that the Prophet Joseph indicated. I could tell a long story about this matter, if I had the time to do it, but it is not best that I should. I wish, however, to make the statement distinctly, that this coming to the mountains of the Saints of God and establishing themselves here was under the special direction of the Prophet Joseph Smith. Although there are those who say to the contrary, this is my testimony. The Prophet Joseph Smith had all this planned, and if he had been allowed to have had his way, I believe he might have been with us even today. He would certainly have gone with that company to these mountains and have located the people. I was one of that company, and I think I have the names of the rest. However, the conditions became so severe at Nauvoo that the people had to pick up and leave in a body, before there was time for this company to make the proposed exploration. The Prophet Joseph and his brother, Hyrum, were martyred in Carthage, and the mob would not let the people remain in Nauvoo.

These are the facts in regard to this matter, and I am proud and thankful that I know of these things, and am glad that the Saints are building up these valleys of the mountains as I saw them built up in vision. If the people of God will only go on and keep His commandments, the time will come when the whole land will be filled with towns, cities, and villages, and the earth will bring forth all that is necessary for the support and sustenance of the people thereof. Amen.

(General Conference Report, April, 1905.)

(Taken from book Faith Like The Ancients by N. B. Lundwall, Volume 1, pp. 230-232, Paragon Printing Co., 1950, Salt Lake City , Utah)

Wilford Woodruff on dreams

When I was a boy eleven years old, I had a very interesting dream, part of which was fulfilled to the very letter. In this dream I saw a great gulf, a place where all the world had to enter at death, before doing which they had to drop their worldly goods. I saw an aged man with a beaver hat and a broadcloth suit. The man looked very sorrowful. I saw him come with something on his back, which he had to drop among the general pile before he could enter the gulf. I was then but a boy. A few years after this my father and mother removed to Farmington, and there I saw that man. I knew him the moment I saw him. His name was Chauncy Deming. In a few years afterwards he was taken sick and died. I attended his funeral. He was what you may call a miser, worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. When the coffin was being lowered into the grave my dream came to me, and that night his son-in-law found one hundred thousand dollars in a cellar belonging to the old man. I name this merely to show that in this dream I had manifested to me certain things that were true. I think of all the inhabitants of the world having to leave their goods when they come to the grave.

After this scene had passed before me I was placed in a great temple. It was called the kingdom of God. The first man who came to me was Uncle Ozem Woodruff and his wife whom I helped into the temple.

In process of time, after embracing the gospel, and while on my first mission to Tennessee, I told Brother Patten of my dream, who told me that in a few years I would meet that man and baptize him. That was fulfilled to the very letter, for I afterwards baptized my uncle and his wife and some of the children; also my own father and stepmother and stepsister; and a Methodist priest or classleader-in fact, I baptized everybody in my father's house. I merely mention this to show that

dreams sometimes do come to pass in life.

Then, again, there are visions. Paul, you know, on one occasion was caught up to the third heaven and saw things that were not lawful to utter. He did not know whether he was in the body or out of the body. That was a vision. When Joseph Smith, however, was visited by Moroni and the apostles, it was not particularly a vision which he had; he talked with them face to face.

Now, I will refer to a thing that took place with me in Tennessee. I was in Tennessee in the year 1835, and, while at the house of Abraham O. Smoot, I received a letter from brothers Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, requesting me to stay there, and stating that I would lose no blessing by doing so. Of course, I was satisfied. I went into a little room and sat down upon a small sofa. I was all by myself and the room was dark; and while I rejoiced in this letter and the promise made to me, I became wrapped in vision. I was like Paul; I did not know whether I was in the body or out of the body. A personage appeared to me and showed me the great scenes that should take place in the last days. One scene after another passed before me. I saw the sun darkened; I saw the moon become as blood; I saw the stars fall from heaven; I saw seven golden lamps set in the heavens, representing the various dispensations of God to man—a sign that would appear before the coming of Christ. I saw the resurrection of the dead. In the first resurrection those that came forth from their graves seemed to be all dressed alike, but in the second resurrection they were as diverse in their dress as this congregation is before me today, and if I had been an artist I could have painted the whole scene as it was impressed upon my mind, more indelibly fixed than anything I had ever seen with the natural eye. What does this mean? It was a testimony of the resurrection of the dead. I had a testimony. I believe in the resurrection of the dead, and I know it is a true principle. Thus we may have dreams about things of great importance, and dreams of no importance at all.

The Lord warned Joseph in a dream to take the young child Jesus and his mother into Egypt, and thus he was saved from the wrath of Herod. Hence there are a great many things taught us in dreams that are true, and if a man has the spirit of God he can tell the difference between what is from the Lord and what is not. And I want to say to my brethren and sisters, that whenever you have a dream that you feel is from the Lord, pay attention to it.

When I was in the city of London on one occasion, with Brother George A. Smith, I dreamed that my wife came to me and told me that our first child had died. I believed my dream, and in the morning while at breakfast, I felt somewhat sad. Brother George A. noticed this and I told him my dream. Next morning's post brought me a letter from my wife, conveying the intelligence of the death of my child. It may be asked what use there was in such a thing. I don't know that there was much use in it except to prepare my mind for the news of the death of my child. But what I wanted to say in regard to these matters is, that the Lord does communicate some things of importance to the children of men by means of visions and dreams as well as by the records of divine truth. And what is it all for? It is to teach us a principle. We may never see anything take place exactly as we see it in a dream or a vision, yet it is intended to teach us a principle.
(JD 22:331-333, October 8, 1881.)

While in the St. George temple I had a son, who was in the north country, drowned. He had a warning of this. In a dream he was notified how he would die. We had testimony of that after his death. I asked the Lord why he was taken from me. The answer to me was, "You are doing a great deal for the redemption of your dead; but the law of redemption requires some of your own seed in the spirit world to attend to work connected with this." That was a new principle to me; but it satisfied me why he was taken away. I name this, because there are a great many instances like it among the Latter-day Saints. This was the case with Brother Abraham Cannon. He was taken away to fulfil that mission. And where we have anything of this kind, we should leave it in the hands of God to reconcile.

(MS 58:742, October 4, 1896.)

I will now tell you one incident where I did not obey the spirit of the Lord, and came pretty

near costing me my life. I was over at Randolph one December, visiting. On Monday morning the Spirit said to me, "Take your team and go home." I made up my mind to do it; but some of my friends felt anxious that I should stop, as my visit had been rather short, and I was persuaded to stop. I stayed until Saturday morning, but I felt uneasy. That warning of the Spirit rested upon me to that degree that I felt condemned, and I told my friends that I was going home. I ate an early breakfast that morning, put my horses to my wagon, took some hay and grain, and started for home by way of Wasatch, which was some thirty miles from there. When I got to Woodruff, the bishop wanted me to stay and hold a meeting there on Sunday.

"No," said I, "I have already stayed too long by one week."

Well, after I got about three miles from Woodruff, which is fifteen miles from Wasatch, I met with one of the most terrific snowstorms I ever saw in my life. Five minutes after it commenced I could not see the road. I could not guide my horses at all, so I let them go where they pleased. They had been twice over the ground before. I shut down the wagon cover and went to praying. I asked the Lord to forgive me for not obeying his commandments. At eight o'clock my horses carried me into Wasatch, the hubs of the wheels being under the snow. I think they must have got there by inspiration. I stayed there until Monday night. I made up my mind then that whenever the Lord told me to do anything I would do it.

I speak of this because every man should get the Spirit of God, and then follow its dictates. This is revelation. It doesn't make any difference what the spirit tells you to do; it will never tell you to do anything that is wrong.

(MS 53:644 (1891)).

REDEMPTION OF THE LAMANITES-A DREAM

I had a dream one night about our temple in Salt Lake City. I thought the temple was dedicated and organized, and we as the elders of Israel were laboring there for the redemption of our dead, and suddenly there was a door opened in the west, and an Indian chief came into the temple, leading a vast host of his tribe, and took possession of the temple, and I thought they performed more work in one hour than we could do in a day. This made a strong impression on my mind. I am satisfied that, although we have done a little for the Lamanites, we have got to do a great deal more. I believe I sealed the first Lamanitish man and woman together that ever were sealed in this dispensation. It was in the Endowment House, and quite a number of brethren and sisters were present. The man's name was Laman. I believe the day will come when these Lamanites, with the dark skin that rests upon them, will enter into these temples of the Lord in these mountains and do a great deal of work. They will come to an understanding of the redemption of the dead. They will have wisdom given unto them. They will have light and truth given unto them, and the spirit of their forefathers will be manifest unto them.

(MS 54:605-607 (1892).)

A DREAM COMES TRUE

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, ages 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 noon. The girls and I went in to see about employ meat 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.

(Taken from book Faith Like The Ancients by N. B. Lundwall, Volume 2, pp. 12-16, Mountain Valley Publishers, Manti, Utah, 1968)

ELDER JOHN MORGAN'S DREAM COMES TRUE

One day, not long after his arrival (at Chattanooga, Tenn., to preside over the Southern States Mission), he set out for Rome (Georgia) with the intent of holding a meeting. while on the way it dawned on him that he had forgotten to notify the people of his coming. Nevertheless, he trudged on feeling rather sorry for himself for being so negligent. Soon his mind was taken up with thoughts of Civil War experiences for this very road was one over which he had traveled at times as a Union soldier; it was one of the main highways which ran from Chattanooga to Rome, Georgia.

A tree in a fork in the road brought him out of his reverie. For a moment he was uncertain as to which road in the fork would lead him to Rome and while meditating there came to his memory a dream he had had one night, ten years before while residing in the home of Bishop Heywood of the 17th Ward, in which he saw this very fork in the road that now lay before him. In the dream, however, he saw President Brigham Young, who, standing in the fork advised him that the right hand fork would lead him to Rome, but if he would take the left hand fork, it would lead him to an experience that would be proof sufficient to him of the divinity of the Gospel of Jesus Christ as taught by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

John remembered he had remarked to Sister Heywood, "I'm not looking for evidence of the divine authenticity of your church, but, I still would like to know what you think of that dream."

To Sister Heywood the matter was not to be lightly treated. "I can give you the interpretation!" She prophesied: "Some day you will join our Church. You will be gent on a mission for our Church. You will be going over the same road you saw in your dream and will come to that identical fork in the road. You will recognize that tree. Brigham Young will not be there, but don't forget what he told you. Act upon his counsel."

Now, here he was! Just as he had dreamed ten years before that he would be! Traveling along the forest road as a missionary; confused as to which road to take. Remembering Sister Heywood's advice to follow the counsel of Brigham Young, he took the left fork of the road which led him into a place, which, surprisingly, was called Haywood Valley.

As he came out of the woods, there spread before him, was a beautiful valley clothed in autumn finery. He felt he had never beheld a scene more lovely. No longer did he fret over not having gone to Rome for his meeting. He took it all as a providential part of this experience, He was tingling with anticipation and felt that something very important was about to happen--that the promise given him in his dream was about to be fulfilled. He quickened his pace. At a turn in the road he met a man from whom he made some inquiries. He found that Haywood Valley had some twenty-five families of thrifty farmers. He felt a deep urge to stop at the first home he came to. The lady of the house answered. When he had explained his mission he was invited in and made welcome. It was late afternoon. The head of the house had just returned from the fields. Supper was prepared and Elder Morgan was invited to join in the family meal. After supper and evening chores the family gathered in the front room where, by invitation, Gospel subjects were discussed. He was blessed with great freedom of expression as he made plain the truths of the

Bible, the first principles, and the plan of salvation prepared by God for the redemption of His children. Before they knew it the midnight hour arrived.

Elder Morgan was invited to spend the night but before concluding the evening's religious feast, the father brought out the family Bible and opened it to the scriptures Elder Morgan had been reading and explaining. Every reference and quotation he had used in his evening's presentation of the Gospel plan was underscored in red in this old family Bible,

As the father proceeded to point to passage after passage marked in red, he had difficulty in suppressing the excitement he felt as he went on to relate that a stranger had visited them about ten days before. They did not know from whence he came. They did not know his name or where he went upon leaving them. They did know that he was neatly dressed and possessed of a most pleasant personality. This stranger spent some time with them and marked numerous passages of scripture in the Bible. Then, strangest of all, he had told them that within a few days another man would visit them to explain in detail and with great clearness the meaning of the marked scriptures and the purpose of this life and eternal life,

Though John Morgan was amazed, yet he was prepared for just such a situation. His faith had increased from the moment he found himself before the fork in the road and had recollected his dream and its interpretation by Sister Heywood many years before. Here was the miraculous incident which Brigham Young had said would give him additional evidence as to the divinity of the Book of Mormon.

To Elder Morgan, the stranger to whom the head of the house was referring was none other than one of the Three Nephites who were chosen and blessed by the Savior during one of his visits to the western continent to the end that they should never taste of death, but should "live to behold all the doings of the Father, unto the children of men, even until all things shall be fulfilled, according to the will of the Father, when I shall come in my glory, with the powers of Heaven"

Before retiring that night, on bended knee, and in the spirit of deep humility he thanked God for this great testimony that had been given him and promised that from then on he would dedicate all his talents and possessions to this work of saving souls and bringing to pass the purposes of the Almighty on the earth.

The first thing he did the next morning was to send a letter to Rome advising a friend there that it might be some time before he would get to that city as he had much work to accomplish in Haywood Valley, but when he had concluded it he would visit with them.

From his kindly benefactors he obtained the names of the various families living in the valley. He set about the ministry that lay before him. For the next month he devoted every waking hour to the teaching of the people, visiting every home in the valley. He found to his utter amazement that, with the exception of one or two cases, the stranger had visited every family, marking their Bibles and assuring them that shortly another would come who would explain the Gospel to them in its fullness. Every family thus visited by the stranger was converted and baptized into the Church by Elder Morgan, including the Methodist minister.

His church building became the meeting house for the new converts and he, himself, became the Presiding Elder of the Haywood Branch.

(The Life and Ministry of John Morgan, pp. 119-123.)

(Taken from book Faith Like The Ancients by N. B. Lundwall, Volume 2, pp. 185-188, Mountain Valley

Publishers, Manti, Utah, 1968)

THE HEARTS OF THE FATHERS SHALL TURN TO THE CHILDREN

Henry Weiss heard the Gospel in Nuremberg, *Germany*, in 1909, and accepted it with all his heart. As he studied it, both before and after being baptized, he learned of the principle of salvation for the dead, but was not actively interested in it. He felt there was plenty of time for this work to be done in the years ahead after he had reached Zion.

After emigrating to Zion, Elder Weiss utilized every opportunity to attend the temple and assist in bringing salvation within the reach of his departed kindred. As the ordinances were completed, they were recorded with exactness in his voluminous record book. He labored through the day and then in the evenings, with his own family--his married children and their wives and husbands--went regularly to the House of the Lord.

So grateful was he to the Lord for life, health and happiness that he volunteered for a short-term mission to the Northwestern States. The day before *he was* to return home *from his*

mission, his wife in Salt Lake City had an unusual dream. She saw a big, wide valley and in the valley a great concourse of people gathered and in earnest and animated conversation. At their head, evidently their leader, was a person dressed in the costume of an old-time schoolmaster. A little farther away she saw her father-in-law-- the father of her husband, Henry Weiss--who had died just after hearing of the Gospel from an Elder of the church. The schoolmaster approaching said to him: "We have heard that upon earth some labor has been performed in our behalf which will bring us great happiness. Can you tell us about it?"

The father-in-law answered, "I am sorry, but I cannot. I only heard of the Gospel once before I died. you should have my son, Henry Weiss, here as a missionary. He could tell you all about that." It was decided among the group to get up a petition asking for Henry Weiss to be called to the Spirit World on a mission to preach to his numerous kindred.

When she awoke next morning she was deeply concerned as to the meaning of the dream. Her husband returned. He seemed in good health and two days after his arrival resumed his regular business and church duties. At the first opportunity, she related her dream to him. He said, *"It seems to refer to me, and I suppose it means that I should redouble my efforts to gather records of my relatives."*

But the family noticed that as the weeks went by he spent a great deal of time checking over all his records, seeing if any names had been omitted, and if all baptisms, endowments and sealings had been completed. He prepared a Book of Remembrance record of his life that was most creditable, containing, among other faith-promoting experiences, the war time incident related above.

About six months after his return, his health was impaired and he suffered much pain. When at last he consulted a doctor, an X-ray picture showed that he was afflicted with cancer. An immediate operation was advised. When the operation was performed, the examination showed the cancer had already eaten its way through his stomach and had infected the spine. But Henry Weiss, not knowing his serious condition, had high hopes of a speedy recovery. Only a few mornings later, on February 1, 1932, as a nurse adjusted his bed, he turned over on his side and in an instant he was dead.

His wife, Mrs. Marie W. Weiss, after his death wrote these words: *"The interpretation of the dream is very clear to me now. My husband's father was the last who died in his family. without having accepted the Gospel. The oldest man, dressed like a school-master, was the earliest ancestor on our pedigree chart, who emigrated in 1620 from Silesia into Bavaria as a soldier and school teacher. The Gospel had to be preached to them and so they looked for someone in mortal life to be called on a mission over to the Spirit World to instruct them. My husband was the only one out of a big family of fifteen children to hear the Gospel message and accept it, and was ready to go over as a missionary to his father's household and preach to his own kindred in the Spirit World the glad tidings of the Gospel.*

This is my testimony, that sometimes when my heart aches in longing for my husband, this dream is a solace and comfort to me, a source of faith and hope from which I get renewed strength to go forward. I can see clearly that he was the only one that was able to go and do this great and glorious work for his people." (Junior Genealogical Text, 1937)

(Taken from book Faith Like The Ancients by N. B. Lundwall, Volume 2, pp. 232-237, Mountain Valley Publishers, Manti, Utah, 1968)

Father Joseph Smith Sr. had several significant dreams in 1811. Lucy Mack Smith writes of them

THE GLOOMY DESERT

I seemed to be traveling in an open, barren field, and as I was traveling, I turned my eyes towards the east, the west, the north and the south, but could see nothing save dead, fallen timber. Not a vestige of life, either animal or vegetable, could be seen; besides, to render the scene still more dreary, the most death-like silence prevailed, no sound of anything animate could be heard in all the field. I was alone in this gloomy desert, with the exception of an attendant spirit, who kept constantly by my side. Of him I inquired the meaning of what I saw, and why I was thus tra-

veling in such a dismal place. He answered thus: "This field is the world, which now lieth inanimate and dumb, in regard to the true religion, or plan of salvation; but travel on, and by the wayside you will find on a certain log a box, the contents of which, if you eat thereof, will make you wise, and give unto you wisdom and understanding." I carefully observed what was told me by my guide, and proceeding a short distance, I came to the box. I immediately took it up, and placed it under my left arm; then with eagerness I raised the lid, and began to taste of its contents; upon which all manner of beasts, horned cattle, and roaring animals, rose up on every side in the most threatening manner possible, tearing the earth, tossing their horns, and bellowing most terrifically all around me, and they finally came so close upon me, that I was compelled to drop the box and fly for my life. Yet, in the midst of all this I was perfectly happy, though I awoke trembling.

From this forward, my husband seemed more confirmed than ever in the opinion that there was no order or class of religionists that knew any more concerning the Kingdom of God than those of the world, or such as made no profession of religion whatever.

(History of Joseph Smith, by Lucy Smith, p. 47)

Lucy Smith wrote about another dream which her husband received in Vermont in 1811, instructing him on the true gospel:

THE MOST DELICIOUS FRUIT

"I thought," said he, "I was traveling in an open, desolate field, which appeared to be very barren. As I was thus traveling, the thought suddenly came into my mind that I had better stop and reflect upon what I was doing, before I went any farther. So I asked myself, 'What motive can I have in traveling here, and what place can this be?' My guide, who was by my side, as before, said, 'This is the desolate world; but travel on.' The road was so broad and barren that I wondered why I should travel in it; for, said I to myself, Broad is the road, and wide is the gate that leads to death and many there be that walk therein; but narrow is the way, and strait is the gate that leads to everlasting life, and few there be that go in thereat.' Traveling a short distance further, I came to a narrow path. This path I entered, and, when I had traveled a little way in it, I beheld a beautiful stream of water, which ran from the east to the west. Of this stream, I could see neither the source nor yet the mouth; but as far as my eyes could extend I could see a rope, running along the bank of it, about as high as a man could reach, and beyond me was a low, but very pleasant valley, in which stood a tree such as I had never seen before. It was exceedingly hand-some, insomuch that I looked upon it with wonder and admiration. Its beautiful branches spread themselves somewhat like an umbrella, and it bore a kind of fruit, in shape much like a chestnut bur, and as white as snow, or, if possible, whiter. I gazed upon the same with considerable interest, and as I was doing so, the burs or shells commenced opening and shedding their particles, or the fruit which they contained, which was of dazzling whiteness. I drew near and began to eat of it, and I found it delicious beyond description. As I was eating, I said in my heart, 'I cannot eat this alone; I must bring my wife and children, that they may partake with me.' Accordingly, I went and brought my family, which consisted of a wife and seven children, and we all commenced eating and praising God for this blessing. We were exceedingly happy, insomuch that our joy could not easily be expressed. While thus engaged, I beheld a spacious building standing opposite the valley which we were in, and it appeared to reach to the very heavens. It was full of doors and windows, and they were all filled with people, who were very finely dressed. When these people observed us in the low valley, under the tree, they pointed the finger of scorn at us, and treated us with all manner of disrespect and contempt. But their contumely we utterly disregarded. I presently turned to my guide and inquired of him the meaning of the fruit that was so delicious. He told me it was the pure love of God, shed abroad in the hearts of all those who love him, and keep His commandments. He then commanded me to go and bring the rest of my children. I told him that we were all there. 'No,' he replied, 'look yonder; you have two more, and you must bring them also.'

Upon raising my eyes, I saw two small children standing some distance off. I immediately went to them, and brought them to the tree; upon which they commenced eating with the rest, and we all rejoiced together. The more we ate, the more we seemed to desire, until we even got down upon our knees and scooped it up, eating it by double handfuls. After

feasting in this manner a short time, I asked my guide what was the meaning of the spacious building which I saw. He replied, 'It is Babylon; it is Babylon, and it must fall. The people in the doors and windows are the inhabitants thereof, who scorn and despise the Saints of God because of their humility.' I soon awoke, clapping my hands together for joy."

(*History of Joseph Smith* by Lucy Smith, p. 48-50)

Brigham Young tells of a strange dream of Joseph's herd of sheep

"Several supposed that they would be able to so sanctify themselves, that in one year they could take Great Salt Lake Valley and the regions round about up to Enoch, or have him come here. I did not so view the matter, and did not give any special instructions upon it.

At that time I dreamed that while I was a little below the road and just north of the Hot Springs, about four miles from here, I saw Brother Joseph coming and walked up to the road to see him, and asked him where he was going? He replied, "I am going north."

There were two or three horsemen along, and some men were riding with him upon a few boards placed loosely upon the running gears of a wagon, upon which were also a tent and camp utensils. I wished to talk with him, but he did not seem inclined to conversation, and it occurred to me that he was going to Captain James Brown's to buy all his goats.

I had been promised ten or a dozen of them, but I thought that he was going to buy every one, and that I should not get a single goat to put with my sheep, and I laughed in my sleep.

Pretty soon he came back, with a large flock of sheep and goats following the wagon, and as I looked upon them I saw some sheep that were white, pure, and clean, and as large as a two year old cow, with wool from ten to twenty inches in length, as fine as silk and as white as the driven snow.

With them were all lesser sizes down to the smallest goat or sheep I ever saw, and all mixed up together. I saw some sheep with hair like that of goats, and goats of all colors, red, black, white, etc., mixed with the sheep; and their sizes, colors, and quality of fleeces, seemed to be almost innumerable.

I remarked to Joseph that he had got strangest flock I ever saw, and looked at slyly and laughed, and asked him what he going to do with them. He looked at me in usual shrewd manner and replied, 'They are *good* in *their places*.'

On awaking I at once understood the dream, and I then said, go to California, or where you please, for goats are as good in their places as sheep, until the time for them to mingle is over. And in striving to guide and improve the flock we sometimes have to cry out, shoo, and at other times to draw them nigh by calling, sheep, sheep.

We are trying to train the flock, and to turn the goats into sheep, and the spotted, ring-streaked and speckled into beautiful white, and how shall we succeed? Perhaps we shall see rather a curious flock at last, but we will do The best we can. "

(Brigham Young, J.D. 3:321-22)

George Q. Cannon was instructed in a dream about the power of prayer and faith:

RAISING THE ANCHOR

There were ten of us, of whom I was the youngest, wind-bound in the Bay of San Francisco, and we had been thus delayed for nearly a week near the Golden Gate in consequence of head winds. I dreamed one night that this party of brethren were heaving at the windlass, having a rope attached to it reaching forward to the anchor at the bow of the vessel. We were working with all our might endeavoring to raise the anchor, but seemingly we made but little progress. While thus engaged I thought the Prophet Joseph came from the after part of the vessel dressed in his temple clothes, and tapping me on the shoulder told me to go with him. I went, and he climbed on to the fore-castle which was higher than the main deck and on a level with the bulwarks, and there he knelt down, also telling me to kneel down with him. He prayed according to the order of prayer which is revealed. After prayer, he arose upon his feet. "Now," said he, "George, take hold of that rope"--the rope we had been pulling on with all our might. I took hold of it, and with the greatest ease and without the least effort, the anchor was raised. Now said he, "let this be a lesson to you; remember that great things can be

accomplished through the power of prayer and the exercise of faith in the right way." (George Q. Cannon J.D. 22:289)

A dream of the other side

He retired to rest one night in his usual good health, and soon fell asleep. He dreamed that his spirit left the body and proceeded, in company with a messenger whose presence was very pleasing, to a most beautiful country. The land was covered with the richest verdure, dotted here and there with houses of convenient size and rich proportion.

He was informed by his companion that one of these residences was occupied by the Prophet Joseph, another by his brother Hyrum, and others by brethren whom he had personally known in life or whose names were familiar.

He inquired if he might see these brethren, but was told by the messenger that they were not at home, their duties, which were very numerous and pressing, having called them to another part of the realm. The impression which this reply made upon the dreamer was that they were engaged in the important and seemingly almost limitless work of preaching the Gospel to the spirits in prison.

He next asked if his daughter who had died some time previous, was in this delightful place, and if so might he be permitted to see her. That she was here he was assured, and groups of children engaged in some instructive amusement was pointed out to him, in whose company she was; but the father would not be permitted to see her now! The disappointment did not last more than a moment, for in this heavenly place naught but joy can endure. As the dreamer was standing on a street corner he saw two ladies approaching him, one of whom he recognized as a young lady which lived not far from his earthly home. He expressed surprise at seeing her, but learned that her present visit, like his, was merely temporary, though he learned that she would soon make this her permanent home.

After a visit, the length of which was great when the sights he had beheld was considered, but so short that it lasted only part of one night, his spirit returned to its earthly tabernacle. He awakened his wife and told her that the young lady whom he had met in the other sphere was destined soon to die.

Several weeks later our brother was called to visit this same young lady. She was very sick, and apparently had no desire to recover her health. After the visitor had administered to her she indicated that she desired to speak to him, and he placed his ear close to her mouth when she whispered, "You remember having met me some weeks ago in the other sphere; Well, I am now going there to remain.

Shortly thereafter she quietly and peacefully passed away, and without doubt went to that delightful place which our dreamer saw, that was not lighted with sun or artificial means, but was made bright by the presence of the Father. (*Mill. Star* 58.: 823 and *Contributor* 17:41)

A Mormon Elder wrote about a dream that warned him of persecutors who were trying to do him bodily harm His dream depicted the death of one of the apostate persecutors--this came to pass just as he saw it.

DEATH OF A SERPENT

In the early days of the Church, it was a great treat to an Elder in his travels through the country to find a "Mormon" it was so with us. We were hardly in Arkansas when we heard of a family named Aheman. They were in Jackson County in the persecution. Some of the sons had been tied up there and whipped on the bare back with hickory switches by the mob We heard of their living on Petit Jean river, in the Arkansas Territory, and we went a long way to visit them.

There had recently been heavy rains, and a creek that we had to cross was swollen to a rapid stream of eight rods in width. There was no person living nearer than two miles from the crossing, and no boat. The people living at the last house on the road, some three miles from the crossing, said we would have to tarry till the water fell before we could cross. We *did not* stop, feeling to trust in God. Just as we arrived at the rolling flood a negro, on a powerful horse, entered the stream on the opposite side and rode through it. On our making our wants

known to him, he took us, one at a time) behind him and carried us safely over, and we went on our way rejoicing.

We arrived that night within five miles of Mr. Akeman's and were kindly entertained by a stranger. During the night I had the following dream: I thought an angel came to us, and told us we were commanded of the Lord to follow a certain straight path, which was pointed out to us, let it lead us wherever it might. After we had walked in it a while we came to the door of a house, which was in the line of a high wall running north and south, so that we could not go around. I opened the door and saw the room was filled with large serpents, and I shuddered at the sight. My companion said he would not go into the room for fear of the serpents. I told him I should try to go through the room though they killed me, for the Lord had commanded it. As I stepped into the room the serpents coiled themselves up, and raised their heads some two feet from the floor, to spring at me. There was one much larger than the rest in the center of the room, which raised his head nearly as high as mine and made a spring at me. At that instant I felt as though nothing but the power of God could save me and I stood still. Just before the serpent reached me) he dropped dead at my feet; all the rest dropped dead, swelled up, turned black, burst open, took fire and were consumed before my eyes, and we went through the room unharmed and thanked God for our deliverance.

I awoke in the morning and pondered the dream in my mind. We took breakfast, and started on our journey on Sunday morning to visit Mr. Akeman. I related to my companion my dream, and told him we should see something strange. We had great anticipations of meeting Mr. Akeman, supposing him to be a member of the Church. When we arrived at his house he received us very coldly, and we soon found that he had apostatized: he brought railing accusations against the Book of Mormon and the authorities of the Church.

Word was sent through all the settlements on the river for twenty miles that two "Mormon preachers" were in the place. A mob was soon raised, and warning sent to us to leave immediately or we would be tarred and feathered, ridden on a rail and hanged. I soon saw where the serpents were. My companion wanted to leave; I told him no, I would stay and see my dream fulfilled

There were an old gentleman and lady named Hubbel, who had read the Book of Mormon and believed. Father Hubbel came to see us, and invited us to make our home with him while we stayed in the place. We did so, and labored for him some three weeks with our axes, -clearing land, while we were waiting to see the salvation of God. I was commanded of the Lord by the Holy Ghost to go and warn Mr Akeman to repent of his wickedness. I did so 'and each time he raged against me, and the last time he ordered me out of his house. When I went out he followed me and was very angry. When he came up to me, about eight rods from the house, he fell dead at my feet, turned black and swelled up, as I saw the serpents do in my dream.

His family, as well as ourselves, felt it was the judgment of God upon him. I preached his funeral sermon. Many of the mob died suddenly. We stayed about two weeks after his death and preached, baptized Mr. Hubbel and his wife, and then continued on our journey.

(Juvenile Instructor 2:74-75)

The Prophet Joseph Smith received a dream which warned him of the dangers in connection with some men.

THE PROPHET'S DREAM OF APOSTATES

In the evening I attended meeting in the Seventies' Hall. George J. Adams preached and I made some observations afterwards, and related a dream which I had a short time since. I thought I was riding out in my carriage, and my guardian angel was along with me. We went past the Temple and had not gone much further before we espied two large snakes so fast locked together that neither of them had any power. I inquired of my guide what I was to understand by that. He answered, "Those snakes represent Dr. Foster and Chauncey L. Higbee They are your enemies and desire to destroy you; but you see they are so fast locked together that they have no power of themselves to hurt you." I then thought I was riding up Mulholland Street, but my guardian angel was not along with me. On arriving at The prairie, I was overtaken and seized by William and Wilson Law and others, saying, "Ah, ah! we have got you at last! We shall

secure you and put you in a safe place!" and, without any ceremony dragged me out of my carriage tied my hands behind me, and threw me into a deep, dry pit, where I remained in a perfectly helpless condition, and They went away. While struggling to get out, I heard Wilson Law screaming for help hard by. I managed to unloose myself so as to make a spring, when I caught hold of some grass which grew at the edge of the pit.

I looked out of The pit and saw Wilson Law at a little distance attacked by ferocious wild beasts, and heard him cry out, "Oh, Brother Joseph, come and save me!" I replied, "I cannot, for you have put me into this deep pit." On looking out another way, I saw William Law with outstretched tongue, blue in the face, and the green poison forced out of his mouth caused by the coiling of a large snake around his body. It had also grabbed him by the arm, a little above the elbow, ready to devour him. He cried out in the intensity of his agony. "Oh, Brother Joseph, Brother Joseph, come and save me, or I die!" I also replied to him, "I cannot, William; I would willingly, but you have tied me and put me in this pit, and I am powerless to help you or liberate myself." In a short time after my guide came and said aloud, "Joseph, Joseph, what are you doing there?" I replied, "My enemies fell upon me, bound me and threw me in." He then took me by the hand, and drew me out of the pit, set me free, and we went away rejoicing.
(June 13, 1844. D.H.C. 6:461-462)

Wilford Woodruff saw the Salt Lake City temple in dream many years before the Saints entered the Valley:

THE SALT LAKE TEMPLE

When in the western country, many years ago, before we came to the Rocky Mountains, I had a dream. I dreamed of being in these mountains, and of seeing a large fine looking temple erected in one of these valleys which was built of cut granite stone; I saw that temple dedicated, and I attended the dedicatory services, and I saw a good many men that are living today in the midst of this people. And I saw them called of God and sent forth unto the United States and to Babylon, or what is called the Christian world, to bind up the law and seal up the testimony against the nations of the earth, because they had rejected the testimony of Jesus, and of the establishment of the Kingdom of God upon the earth. When the foundation of that temple was laid I thought of my dream and a great many times since. And whenever President Young held a council of the brethren of the Twelve and talked of building the temple of adobe or brick, which was done I would say to myself, "No, you will never do it;" because I had seen it in my dream built of some other material. I mention these things to show you that things are manifested to the Latter-day Saints sometimes which we do not know anything about, only as they are given by the Spirit of God.

(Wilford Woodruff, J.D. 21: 299)

Millennium Dream

It's not easy for me to share this, but I just wanted to see if anyone else has had dreams like mine.

In my dream, I was waking up from a peaceful nights sleep very excited about a planned meeting that was to take place that day. I remember examining my heart and was surprised to find no feelings of anxiety, guilt, guile, or stress. There was only this indescribable peace that permeated the air. I was in perfect harmony with the Spirit and I knew that I possessed charity. It felt so wonderful to be alive and breathing was very invigorating to my soul.

I was very excited to go to the meeting. It was more a seminar with speakers that was to last all day like an education week seminar. I was most excited to listen to the speakers who were from the city of Enoch, but there were also speakers from the 10 tribes of Israel. There were to share their scriptures and experiences and teachings from the Savior. I saw many of them as I walked toward the meeting and they were beautiful to behold with love that radiated out from their

bodies.

I became so thrilled inside as I made my way to the meeting that I awoke to find myself at home and in bed. Even though I was disappointed in waking up, the feeling I had inside my heart lingered for a few moments and I was able to say a quick prayer of thankfulness for letting me feel charity and what it is going to be like during the millennium.

The Millennium is going to be so wonderful, but all of us know what is to take place before that happens and it is possible that many will not make it before passing on to the other side of the veil.

I am going to take the liberty of sharing a teaching of President Hinckley about the 2nd coming of Christ with the reference. I hope this is ok in light of the letter recently read in sacrament meetings about sharing notes and quotes from general authorities without their permission. My mission president once told me, "Elder, it is easier to get forgiveness than permission..." (true story, I promise!).

"Some years ago one of our brethren spoke of the payment of tithing as 'fire insurance.' That statement evoked laughter. Nonetheless, the word of the Lord is clear that those who do not keep the commandments and observe the laws of God shall be burned at the time of his coming. For that shall be a day of judgment and a day of sifting, a day of separating the good from the evil. I would venture a personal opinion that no event has occurred in all the history of the earth as dreadful as will be the day of the Second Coming--no event as fraught with the destructive forces of nature, as consequential for the nations of the earth, as terrible for the wicked, or as wonderful for the righteous.

"It will be a time of great and terrible fears, of cataclysmic upheavals of nature, of weeping and wailing, of repentance too late, and of crying out unto the Lord for mercy. But for those who in that judgment are found acceptable, it will be a day for thanksgiving, for the Lord shall come with his angels, and the apostles who were with him in life, and those who have been resurrected. Further, the graves of the righteous will be opened and they shall come forth. Then will begin the great Millennium, a period of a thousand years when Satan shall be bound and the Lord shall reign over his people. Can you imagine the wonder and the beauty of that era when the adversary shall not have influence? Think of his pull upon you now and reflect on the peace of that time when you will be free from such influence. There will be quiet and goodness where now there is contention and evil."

(Gordon B. Hinckley, Teachings of Gordon B. Hinckley [1997], 576)

I am not one to have a lot of dreams, but this one had a great impact on me to cause me to know that the trials ahead are worth enduring, but not to just endure, we must endure them well for the blessings that will come can never be repaid or thanks can never be given enough to the Lord for His love for His children.

Dream of The Apostle James

England 1846

Dear Brother Hyde, I take the opportunity to drop these few lines to you. I am not in the habit of repeating dreams or visions, but in consequence of the heavenly impression that a certain dream or vision left on my mind, I thought that I would relate it to you.

I preached in Bolton on the evening of the 16th of December (1846), on the resurrection of the dead. After meeting I went to the house of one of the brethren, and retired to bed at about eleven 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 we 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 Saviour, 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 choice 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 out 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, lie 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 gadded that there once lived a sister in Rome who wrote a piece of poetry on the persecutions that we pass 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. Even so, Amen.

I remain, as ever, your friend and brother in the gospel. M. SIRRINE.
(Manchester, December 24, 1846; Millennial Star, Vol. 9:29)

