

The Gift of Tongues

Compiled By Glen W. Chapman September 1999

Mormon Doctrine

The gift of tongues has been manifest among the saints in every age (Omni 25; Alma 9:21; 3 Ne. 29:6; Morm. 9:7), and it is desirable and useful in the Lord's work.. 'Let the gift of tongues be poured out upon thy people, even cloven tongues as of fire, and the interpretation thereof,' the Prophet prayed at the dedication of the Kirtland Temple. (D. & C. 109:36.)

Tongues and their interpretation are classed among the signs and miracles which always attend the faithful and which stand as evidences of the divinity of the Lord's work. (Morm. 9:24; Mark 16:17; Acts 10:46; 19:6.) In their more dramatic manifestations they consist in speaking or interpreting, by the power of the Spirit, a tongue which is completely unknown to the speaker or interpreter. Sometimes it is the pure Adamic language which is involved. Frequently these gifts are manifest where the ordinary languages of the day are concerned in that the Lord's missionaries learn to speak and interpret foreign languages with ease, thus furthering the spread of the message of the restoration. When the elders of Israel, often in a matter of weeks, gain fluency in a foreign tongue, they have been blessed with the gift of tongues.

An ideal and proper use of tongues was shown forth on the day of Pentecost. By using this gift the apostles were enabled to speak in their own tongue and be understood by persons of many different tongues; (Acts 2:1-18.) Indeed, "the gift of tongues by the power of the Holy Ghost in the Church," as the Prophet said, "is for the benefit of the servants of God to *preach to unbelievers*, as on the day of Pentecost." (*Teachings*, p.195.) "Be not so curious about tongues," the Prophet also said. "*Do not speak in tongues except there be an interpreter present; the ultimate design of tongues is to speak to foreigners*, and if persons are very anxious to display their intelligence, let them speak to such in their own tongues [that is, in the tongues of the foreigners]." (*Teachings*, pp.247-248.)

Caution should always attend the use of the gift of tongues. "It is not necessary," for instance, "for tongues to be taught to the Church particularly, for any man that has the Holy Ghost, can speak of the things of God in his own tongue as well as to speak in another; for faith comes not by signs, but by hearing the word of God." (*Teachings*, pp.148-149.) "*if anything is taught by the gift of tongues, it is not to be received for doctrine.*" (*Teachings*, p.229.) "*Speak not in the gift of tongues without understanding it, or without interpretation. The devil can speak in tongues; the adversary will come with his work; he can tempt all classes; can speak in English or Dutch. Let no one speak in tongues unless he interpret, except by the consent of the one who is placed to preside; then he may discern or interpret, or another may.*" (*Teachings*, p.162, 212.)

Tongues and their interpretation are given for special purposes under special circumstances. There are a host of gifts that are far more important and in the use of which there is less chance for deception. The gifts of exhortation, of preaching, of expounding doctrine, of teaching the gospel-though not nearly so dramatic-are far greater and of more value than tongues. "In the church I had rather speak five words with my understanding that by my voice I might teach others also," Paul averred, "than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue." (1 Cor. 14:19.)

As with other spiritual gifts, tongues "never will be done away, as long as the earth remains in its present state, "only according to the unbelief of the children of men." (Moro. 10:19.) But in the ultimate perfect day the gifts pertaining to tongues "shall cease." (1 Cor. 13:8.) Obviously in that final glorious day when the saints know all things (which includes a perfect knowledge of all languages) it will no longer be either necessary or possible to speak in tongues and give interpretation thereto.

(From the book Mormon Doctrine pp. 799-800, by Bruce . McConkie, 2nd edition, Bookcraft , S.L.C. Utah,1966)

Brigham Young Speaks in Tongues When He First Met The Prophet Joseph Smith

Thus, as Brigham Young appraised the man identified as the Prophet Joseph Smith, who stood before him dressed in rustic clothing and with an ax in hand, he was not so much impressed with his powerful physique and handsome features as he was with the spiritual impression that his attitude and demeanor conveyed. Brigham's own words indicate how Joseph met this test: '~Here my joy was full at the privilege of shaking the hand of the Prophet of God, and [I] received the sure testimony, by the Spirit~of

prophecy, that he was all that any man could believe him to be, as a true Prophet."⁴

One can only speculate about the unspoken thoughts and impressions, vague or explicit, that passed through the minds of these two young men as they shook hands that autumn day near Kirtland. It is enough to know that the prophetic insight Brigham received was to be a spur and incentive throughout his life. And an incident that occurred in the evening suggests that Joseph had similar impressions about his new disciple. The occasion was an impromptu dinner meeting at the Prophet's home to which the three visitors and others were invited. By now Joseph's long-suffering wife, Emma, had resigned herself to the unexpected intrusions upon her time and energy caused by her husband's hospitable and gregarious nature. Seldom did the Smiths sit at their dinner table alone, especially at this time while Kirtland was undergoing such rapid growth. So on this evening the hungry travelers from Mendon were welcomed into the heart of Mormondom's first family, where there was good food and lively conversation. Given the composition of the group and the occasion that brought it together, the conversation predictably centered upon spiritual themes. This in turn set the stage for the electrifying episode that followed when, during a prayer Joseph asked him to offer, Brigham spoke in tongues. Although Joseph had witnessed almost every other kind of spiritual manifestation, he had never before been exposed to the gift of tongues, nor had others from Kirtland who were present. Some asked the Prophet about it, expecting him to denounce the gift as being of satanic origin. Out of Brigham's hearing he answered the questioners: "No, it is of God, and the time will come when brother Brigham Young will preside over this Church." Joseph offered the explanation that his new follower had spoken in the pure Adamic language. Knowing of the high spiritual sensitivity he manifested throughout his brief career, it is not surprising to learn that Joseph also exhibited the gift of tongues during the short visit of the three converts from Mendon.

(from book Brigham Young Modern Moses/ Prophet of God pp. 27-28, By Francis Gibbons, Deseret Book Company, S.L.C., Utah, 1981)

BESTOWAL OF THE GIFT OF TONGUES

by
O. ORLANDO BARRUS

I always had a desire to fulfill a mission and at the age of twenty-three I accepted a call for a mission to the Samoan Islands. Prior to my leaving for this mission Brother Samuel Woolley (a patriarch in Grantsville) gave me a blessing, wherein he said: "You shall be given the gift of the language and shall speak it fluently." Upon arriving in Salt Lake City, Apostle Heber J. Grant set me apart for this mission and in doing so he said, among other things, "You shall go in peace and return in safety, and you shall be given the gift of the language and you shall speak it fluently, even as a ready writer."

On August the 18th, 1893, I, with other Elders, boarded the Monowai at San Francisco, and after one week's sailing we landed at Honolulu where we remained nine hours, at the end of which time we continued our journey to Samoa, where we landed at the end of another week. The Samoans came out to meet the boat in the Apia Harbor. They had coral and sea shells, etc., to sell and I wondered if I could ever learn to talk the language they were using. Pres. George Browning and two other Elders also came out with a rowboat and took me to Fagalii, where I stayed for about three months, painting the mission house for Pres. Browning, at the end of which time I was sent to Tutuila and was then sent out among the natives. Elder Frank Vancott was my companion. He had been there nearly three years and spoke the language fluently. The first meeting Elder Vancott held after my arrival was on Thursday, this being a testimony meeting. After singing and prayer, Elder Vancott arose and said something to the congregation, which numbered about thirty Samoans. They began arising and bearing their testimonies.

I did not understand what Elder Vancott said, neither did I understand what the natives said as they arose and spoke in their Samoan tongue, but after about thirty minutes had expired I felt impressed to arise and could not resist the prompting. As I have said, I did not know the language, even enough of it to ask for something to eat, but I was just put on my feet and given the gift of the Samoan language just as Patriarch Woolley and Pres. Grant had said it would be. I started out by quoting the words of John 14th Chapter and 6th verse of Revelations, in which he says: "And I saw another angel flying in the midst of heaven having the everlasting gospel to proclaim unto them that dwell on the earth," and in Samoan it was as follows:

'Na au iloa le tasi angelu us lele i le tau loto aiga a le lagi, ia te le tala leflele, a faavavau a folafola atu ie, nonofo I lie lalolagl.'

Then I said, this angel has come and brought the gospel to the earth just as John the Revelator said he would. He brought it to a young man by the name of Joseph Smith in America and I have come down here 5,000 miles to tell you about it. I continued to talk in their language for about fifteen minutes, telling them about the Angel Moroni bringing the Book of Mormon to Joseph Smith, etc., which contained the everlasting gospel. When I sat down Elder Vanoott arose and said that Elder Barrus had spoken in tongues. He said this was the same gift that was enjoyed on the day of Pentecost when Peter arose and spoke and they all understood in their own language. The peculiar thing about it was that I could understand then everything he said to them in Samoan but I could not understand what he said at the beginning of the meeting. The natives came around me and congratulated me and I could understand them, and thanked them. I occupied all of the time in the afternoon meeting the following Sunday, speaking their language with the greatest of ease. A young man by the name of Mamona came fourteen miles from Alao to see if it was true that I had been given the gift of the language, and the gift had remained with me. He spoke no English when he came into our home in Pago Pago and said: "Elder Barrus, when Jesus was hung on the cross, with a thief on each side of him, one of them said: 'If thou art the Christ save thyself and us,' while the other one rebuked him, saying, 'When thou comest into thy kingdom remember me.' Then Jesus said: 'This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.'" "Now," Mamona asked me, "how was it that this thief was saved and went to heaven without baptism." I told Mamona that Paradise was not heaven but that it was a place of departed spirits, where Jesus went to preach to them, while his body was lying in the tomb. I showed him where He told Mary to touch him not for He had not yet ascended to His Father in heaven, etc. All of this conversation was in the Samoan language. I continued to speak, read and write the Samoan language from that hour when I arose in meeting until now, and that has been more than fifty years ago. Just recently I borrowed Elder Quinney's *Samoan Book of Mormon*, and I read it and enjoyed it immensely as it was not printed in the Samoan language when I was in Samoa; but the language has stayed with me for these fifty years.

(from the book **Faith Like The Ancients Vol. 1**, first Edition, pp. 19-21, by N. B. Lundwall, Paragon Printing Co. , 1950

THE GIFT OF TONGUES

AND

THE GIFT OF INTERPRET~ON OF TONGUES

Compiled By Carol Lynn Pearson in her book Daughters of Light pp. 11- 25, Bookcraft, 1973

Seen in proper perspective, the gifts of speaking in tongues and interpreting tongues, while indeed dramatic, are actually among the lesser of the gifts. In their place, however, they were and they continue to be valuable tools in the building of the Kingdom.

In the early days of the restored Church, these gifts were manifest widely and enjoyed by both men and women. The Prophet Joseph, in telling of a meeting held January 22, 1833, relates that he and "all the Elders spake in tongues, and several members, both male and female, exercised the same gift"

It was not uncommon for the gift of tongues to be manifest in the meetings of the sisters of the Relief Society. In the minutes of that organization for April 18, 1842, we read:

Counselor Cleveland stated that she many times felt in her heart what; she could not express in her own language and as the Prophet had given us liberty to improve the gifts of the Gospel in our meetings, and feeling the power resting upon her, she desired to speak in the gift of tongues, which she did in a powerful manner.

Mrs. Sessions arose and gave the interpretation of what counselor Cleveland had spoken in an unknown tongue and said that God was well pleased with this society.

The early Saints evidently abused this gift somewhat, for Joseph was moved on several occasions to restrain them. "Be not so curious about tongues," he said. "The gifts of God are all useful in their places, but when they are applied to that which God does not intend, they prove an injury, a snare, and a curse instead of a blessing. "

The following instances show the righteous use of the gifts of speaking in and interpreting tongues, as manifest in the lives of the early sisters.

Zina - Speaker And Interpreter

A sister whose gift of tongues was widely recognized was Zina D. Huntington Young, who became the third President of the Relief Society. While still a young girl, she was baptized by Hyrum Smith and confirmed under the hands of Hyrum Smith and David Whitmer.

Soon after this, the gift of tongues rested upon me with overwhelming force. I was somewhat alarmed at this strange manifestation, and so checked its utterance. What was my alarm, however, to discover that upon this action upon my part, the gift left me entirely, and I felt that I had offended that Holy Spirit by whose influence I had been so richly blessed.

I suffered a great deal in my feelings over this matter, and one day while mother and I were spinning together, I took courage and told her of the gift I had once possessed, and how, by checking it I had lost it entirely.

Mother appreciated my feelings, and told me to make it a matter of earnest prayer, that the gift might once more be given to me.

I walked down to a little spring in one of the meadows, and as I walked along I mused on my blessing and how I had turned away the Spirit of God. When I reached the spring, I knelt down and offered up a prayer to God and told Him if He could forgive my transgression, and give me back the lost gift, I would promise never to check it again, no matter where or when I felt its promptings.

I have kept this vow, but it has been a heavy cross at times, for I know that this gift is the least of all gifts, and it is oftentimes misunderstood and even treated lightly by those who should know better. Yet it is a gift of God, and should not be despised by him who receives it, but magnified to its extent, even as the lowest grade of the priesthood is the least of all, and yet it needs be magnified as earnestly as are the higher and greater offices.

From the day I received the sweet testimony of the Spirit, when grasping the precious Book of Mormon in my hands to my breast, I have never doubted nor faltered in my faith. I know this is the Church and Kingdom of God, and I rejoice in putting my testimony before the daughters of Zion, that their faith may be strengthened, and that the good work may roll on.

Throughout her long life, Zina kept her vow and used the gifts as the Spirit moved her. The Woman's Exponent describes some of these occasions.

The absence of the pioneers on their journey to the Rocky Mountains was a time of great anxiety to those who remained behind, and especially to those whose fathers, husbands and brothers were members of that memorable company. The sisters held regular meetings, to pray and exercise faith for the pioneers. At these meetings Sister Zina was a regular attendant, and she is largely endowed with spirituality, which qualifies her admirably as an active worker in such a capacity. She has, perhaps, as perfect a gift of interpretation of tongues as any person in the Church, for although her opportunities for education in language have been limited, and she is not a poet or rhymist, yet she gives the interpretation of hymns, psalms and sacred songs in the most musical and happy manner, without thought or hesitation. There is something divinely beautiful in thus rendering, by the gift of inspiration, words uttered in an unknown tongue.

"Sister Lydia, Rise Up"

Lydia Bailey, who became the wife of Newel Knight, received with rejoicing the ordinance of baptism when the gospel was presented to her. It was Joseph Smith who baptized her, and who was instrumental in her receiving the gift of tongues.

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-fashioned 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 a flame, 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.

A Black Sister Receives The Gift Of Tongues

Jane Elizabeth James, a black convert to the Church, made her way to Nauvoo, met Joseph Smith, and impressed him with her courage in surmounting obstacles. Sister James reports that Joseph brought Emma to her and said, "Sister Emma, here is a girl that says she has no home, haven't you a home for her?" Emma replied, "Why, yes, if she wants one." Sister James lived in the Prophet's home until his death. She traveled to Salt Lake City and was a well-known member of the Church there. She and her brother enjoyed reserved seats near the front and center of the Tabernacle for Sunday services. President Joseph F. Smith spoke at her funeral. Her story is preserved in a 'Life Sketch," written in 1893.

When a child only six years old, I left my home and went to live with a family of white people. Their names were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fitch, they were aged people and quite wealthy. I was raised by their daughter. When about fourteen years old I joined the Presbyterian Church, yet I did not feel satisfied. It seemed to me there was something more that I was looking for. I had belonged to the church about eighteen months when an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was traveling through our country and preached there. The pastor of the Presbyterian Church forbid me going to hear them as he had heard I had expressed a desire to hear them; but nevertheless I went on a Sunday and was fully convinced that it was the true gospel he presented and I must embrace it.

The following Sunday I was baptized and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. About three weeks after while kneeling at prayer the gift of tongues came upon me, and frightened the whole family who were in the next room.

Mother Whitney Sings In The Adamic Tongue

Ann Whitney was widely known among the early Saints for her gift of singing in tongues. In his journal Wilford Woodruff writes of a visit to his home of Sister Whitney and Eliza R. Snow.

We passed a pleasant evening together, and before they left they sang in tongues in the pure language which Adam and Eve spoke in the Garden of Eden. This gift was obtained in the Kirtland Temple through a promise of the Prophet Joseph Smith. He told Sister Whitney if she would rise upon her feet she should have the pure language. She did so, and immediately began to sing in tongues. It was nearer to heavenly music than anything I ever heard.

In her biographical sketch, Assistant Church Historian Andrew Jensen tells more of Sister Whitney's gift.

She was among the first members of the Church to receive the gift of tongues, which she always exercised in singing. The Prophet said that the language was the pure Adamic tongue, the same that was used in the Garden of Eden, and he promised that if she kept the faith, the gift would never leave her. It never did, and many who heard her sing never forgot the sweet and holy influence that accompanied her exercise of this heavenly gift. The last time she sang in tongues was on the day she was 81 years old. It was at the home of Sister Emmeline B. Wells, the latter having arranged a party, in honor of Mother Whitney's birthday. At a meeting held in the Kirtland Temple, Sister Whitney sang in tongues and Parley P. Pratt interpreted, the result being a beautiful hymn descriptive of the different dispensations from Adam to the present age.

Sister Whitney occasionally edified the sisters of the Relief Society with her gift. The Salt Lake Stake Relief Society Record reports such an event on July 17th, 1880.

Sister Whitney then sang one of her sweet songs on Zion in the language which was spoken and sung (the Prophet Joseph said) by our first parents in the Garden of Eden. Sister Snow explained that Joseph Smith told Mother Whitney if she would use the gift with wisdom it should remain with her as long as she lived. Sister Zina then gave the interpretation, the theme of which was rejoicing and praise to the Great Author

and Giver of Good.

A Young Girl Bears Testimony In Several Languages

The gifts of the Spirit were being enjoyed by the Saints in all parts of the vineyard. A sister identified only as a young girl working for Ann Howell Burt had an unusual experience with the gift of tongues in England.

This girl had been brought up among the poorest of the poor and had never had an opportunity of learning anything, but she was gifted with wonderful musical ability. She had joined the Church and was a good, true girl.

About a week after her confirmation into the Church, she went to meeting and the gift of speaking in tongues was given to her in a most wonderful degree. When she arose to her feet she began to sing a most beautiful song. The words and music were blended harmoniously, and although it was in an unknown tongue and no one present understood it, everybody was delighted, and the spirit that went with it was sweet and heavenly. The gift of interpretation was also given her, and she interpreted it herself in song. No one knew before then that the girl could sing; but after that she often delighted the people.

One day a gentleman named John McMamout, from India, came to visit Ann's father. He was highly educated and spoke many different languages. Brother Howell invited the stranger to dine with them, that he might have an opportunity of explaining the Gospel, which was his delight. The gentleman accepted the invitation, and an interesting Gospel conversation ensued. Afterwards, as was the daily custom, Brother Howell rang a bell for the members of his household to assemble for devotion in a certain room which had been set apart for that purpose. After Brother Howell had prayed and said amen, the girl arose and spoke in a tongue unknown to all present except the stranger, who understood and interpreted. She had told him that the "Mormon" Church was the Church of Christ and that there was no other. The girl spoke to him in several different languages, which he understood. He marveled greatly.

An Uneducated Collier's Wife Speaks In Hebrew

Another English convert to the Church had a similar experience: This story took place in 1854.

Many of the members of the White Chapel Branch of the Church enjoyed the gifts of the Spirit - the gift of tongues, the interpretation of tongues, visions, healings, and prophecy. Notably among these was the wife of a poor collier. This lady was uneducated and uncultured as to worldly learning; consequently her speech was ungrammatical and faulty, but when speaking under the inspiration of God, her language was lucid and elegant. One Sabbath day the members of the White Chapel Branch were surprised to see a neatly dressed gentleman, a stranger, take a seat in the congregation. After the customary devotional exercises, the sacrament was administered and then the services were given over to testimony bearing.

Among those who arose to speak was the collier's wife referred to. As she began to speak the stranger listened with warped attention. Following this speaker, another member arose and gave the interpretation in English. When the services were concluded the gentleman approached the collier's wife and addressed her in an unknown tongue. In blank amazement the poor woman shook her head and informed the visitor that she could not understand what he said. It was now his turn to show amazement. "What!" said he, "You do not understand me. I am a Hebrew scholar, and an officer in the British Army stationed in India. I have just listened to you speak the most perfect Hebrew I ever heard spoken, and now when I ask you a simple question in that tongue, you pretend not to understand me." "Oh," she said, "I was speaking by the gift of tongues and do not understand what I said." The Hebrew scholar departed without further word, imagining he was being duped.

The import of the message as given in tongues lay bare a plot then brewing among the native of India against the British Indian government, and was no doubt given for the express benefit of the officer.

Eliza R. Snow - "In The Mud Rejoicing"

The Saints at Winter Quarters seem to have received a special outpouring of spiritual gifts to sustain them.

Selected excerpts from the diary of Eliza R. Snow are moving testimony of this. A glimpse into the twelve days prior to her leaving for Utah shows the sisters receiving great comfort from the gift of tongues and from other of the gifts as well.

Tuesday, June 1. This is truly a glorious time with the mothers & daughters of Zion, although thrust out from the land of our forefathers & from endearments of civiliz'd life. This forenoon I made a cap for sis. Peirce; in the afternoon I visited at sis. Miller's, in company) of Priscinda, Zina, sis. Chase, Cristene etc. After supper sis. Whitney, Kimball (and) Sessions came in and we had a spiritual feast in very deed. Spent the eve. at br. Leonard's with Priscinda, Zina & Sarah

- great instruction was brought forth . .

Wednesday, June 2. Spent the after(noon) with Lucy in com(pany) of Zina, Loisa & Emily. E(mily) & myself spoke in the gift of tongues. In the eve. met at Harriet's; had a good time - Sis. Young join'd me in a song of Zion.

Thursday, June 3. Sis. Sess(ions), Kim(ball), Whit(ney), & myself spent the eve. at Sarah Ann's (Kimball's) - had a pow'rful time -deep things were brought forth which were not to be spoken.

Friday, June 4. We had a very pleasant visit at br. Leonard's. Present:

br. Joseph Y(oung) & wife, br. Sess(ions) & wife, sis. Whitney, Kimball, etc. I blest sis. Young.

Saturday, June 5. Fath(er) Sess(ions) leaves for the wilderness. I attended meeting at sis. Leavitt's.

Sunday, June 6. Had a glorious time at sis. Young's. Present: sis. Whit(ney), Kim(ball), Chase, etc. I had forgotten to mention a time of blessing at sis. K(imball)'s the day after we met at Sarah's. Sis. Sess(ions) & myself blest Helen (Mar Whitney). I spoke & she interpreted. I then blest the girls in a song, singing to each in rotation.

In the eve. that we met at Harriet's, sis. Young told me she thought (it) wisdom for me to go to the west, inasmuch as I could go so comfortable with br. Peirce. Sis. P(eirce) had mention'd her wish for me to go with them, in his absence, but he had not yet decided whether his means would permit.

Monday, June 7. Met at sis. Woodruff's in the afternoon - at br. Leonard's in the eve. Moth(er) Butler receiv'd the gift of tongues. Sis. Scovil present.

Tuesday, June 8. Met at Lyman Whitney's, stay'd in the eve., had a heavy shower of rain - went home with Loisa & Z(ina) in the mud rejoicing.

Wednesday, June 9. Visited with Zina, Martha, L(oisa), E(mily), Lucy, Eliza & Sarah. After supper we had a glorious time. Sis. Peirce came in - sis. Thompson, M. Jones & Francis. Before we retir'd to rest, Margaret, Martha, Loisa, Susan & Lucy receiv'd the gift of tongues.

Thursday, June 10. In the mor(ning) met sis. Chase at Clarissa's - blest her little daughter which was born last Tu(esday). Told Harriet she would get the gift of interpretation in the eve. In the aft(ernoon) call'd at sis. Woodru(ffs) & Priscinda's & went to br. Moore's where sis. Whit(ney)'s girls met, sent for Zina, Harriet came with her. Sis. Richards, Rhoda, Emeline, Anna, & one of sis. M(arkham)'s daughters spoke in the gift for the first time. Took supper with S(arah) Ann K(imball). While there Lucy W. came in - she receiv'd the gift. We then went into sis. K(imball)'s - Helen, Sarah Ann, Genet, Harriet S., sis. K(imball) spoke for the first time in the gift of tongues - H. Cook interpreted.

Friday, June 11. Sent for Harriet - we commenc'd improving in the gifts - Helen got the interpretation, also sis. W. Mary Ellen spoke in a new tongue, sis. Pack also - we had a time not to be forgotten. In the aft. met at Clarissa's - sis. Snow receiv'd the gift before we left Loisa's. We had a glorious time - sis. Leavitt & M(argaret) Peirce spoke in the gift & I could truly say that my heart was fill'd to overflowing with gratitude to my Father in heaven.

Saturday, June 12. Bade farewell to many who seemed dearer to me than life &, seated in the carriage with sis. P(eirce), M(argaret) & E(li), I took my departure from Winter Quarters. 13

After she was established in the valley, and indeed for the rest of her life, Eliza was a strong spiritual force among the Saints; This interesting excerpt comes from her diary of 1848.

Saturday, January 1. A dinner party at Br. Miller's. After dinner, Moth(er) M(iller) arose and express'd her wish for the sis(ters) to~roceed in their order of blessing, having call'd them in by the consent of her husband, requested Sis.

Sess(ions) to pray. Sis. Sess(ions) arose & said she was subject to Sis. M(iller) while under her roof & was willing to act in accordance, &c. She pray'd, after which I arose & bless'd Sis. M(iller) & was follow'd by Sis. Holmes, Howd, Sessions, three of Sis. M(iller)'s daughters [two of whom rec(eived) the gift of tongues], Love & Abbott - five breth(ren) present, 4 of whom spoke, Br. Jackman remarking that there was more intelligence in the hearts of the sis(ter)s that aft. than in the hearts of all the crown'd heads of Europe. By request of his wife, Br. M(iller) dismiss'd the meet(ing) - sent for Clara & spent the eve with Fath(er) Sess(ions).

Jane Grover Confounds Indians In Their Own Tongue

An occasion in which the gift of tongues was of great practical value occurred near C6undl Bluf~ as the Saints were on their way westward. It is told in the journal of Jane Grover, later Mrs. Stewart, and happened when she was a girl of seventeen.

One morning we thought we would go and gather gooseberries. Father Tanner (as we familiarly called the good, patriarchal Elder Nathan [John] Tanner), harnessed a span of horses to a light wagon, and, with two sisters by the name of Lyman, his little granddaughter, and me, started out. When we reached the woods we told the old gentleman to go to a house in sight and rest himself while we picked the berries.

It was not long before the little girl and I strayed some distance from the rest, when suddenly we heard shouts. The little girl thought it was her grandfather, and was about to answer, but I restrained her, thinking it might be Indians. We walked forward until within sight of Father Tanner, when we saw he was running his team around. We thought nothing strange at first, but as we approached we saw Indians gathering around the wagon, whooping and yelling as others came and joined them. We got into the wagon to start when four of the Indians took hold of the wagon-wheels to stop the wagon, and two others held the horses by the bits, and another came to take me out of the wagon.

I then began to be afraid as well as vexed, and asked Father Tanner to let me get out of the wagon and run for assistance. He said, "No, poor child; it is too late!" I told him they should not take me alive. His face was as white as a sheet. The Indians had commenced to strip him - had taken his watch and handkerchief - and while stripping him, were trying to pull me out of the wagon. I began silently to appeal to my Heavenly Father.

While praying and struggling, the spirit of the Almighty fell upon me and I arose with great power; and no tongue can tell my feelings. I was happy as I could be. A few moments before I saw worse than death staring me in the face, and now my hand was raised by the power of God, and I talked to those Indians in their own language. They let go the horses and wagon, and all stood in front of me while I talked to them by the power of God. They bowed their heads and answered "Yes," in a way that made me know what they meant. The little girl and Father Tanner looked on in speechless amazement. I realized our situation; their calculation was to kill Father Tanner, burn the wagon, and take us women prisoners. This was plainly shown me. When I stopped talking they shook hands with all three of us and returned all they had taken from Father Tanner, who gave them back the handkerchief, and I-gave them berries and crackers. By this time the other two women came up, and we hastened home.

The Lord gave me a portion of the interpretation of what I had said, which was as follows:

"I suppose you Indian warriors think you are going to kill us? Don't you know the Great Spirit is watching you and knows everything in your heart? We have come out here to gather some of our father's fruit. We have not come to injure you; and if you harm us, or injure one hair of our heads, the Great Spirit shall smite you to the earth, and you shall not have power to breathe another breath. We have been driven from our homes, and so have you; we have come out here to do you good, and not to injure you. We are the Lord's people and so are you; but you must cease your murders and wickedness; the Lord is displeased with it and will not prosper you if you continue in it. You think you own all this land, this timber, this water, all the horses: Why, you do not own one thing on earth, not even the air you breathe it all belongs to the Great Spirit."

Singing In The Red Man's Tongue

Another story of a woman being blessed with the gift of tongues in the face of danger from Indians is told by Irene King Read. The central character in this event is her grandmother, Matilda Robison King, who was living with her husband at Cove Fort.

My grandfather, Thomas Rice King, lived for a time at this Cove Fort. It was during a period of much trouble with the Indians. In 1867 the fort had been built to accommodate ten or twelve families. It was built

of stone, with big, thick walls and heavy gates. My grandparents, with other families, lived in this fort for some time, while the Indians were on the war-path.

One day the men left the women and children to go into the canyon for a load of wood. As the Indians had not been bothering for some time, and the men didn't expect to be gone very long, they left the gate unbolted. Soon after they left several war-painted and vicious looking Indians stalked through the gate and into the Fort.

The poor, frightened women caught up their children and hurried to my grandmother's room. The Indians followed them to the door, banged loudly on it and demanded food. The terror-stricken women did not dare refuse, and so allowed them to enter while they quickly set food on the table. Grandmother was able to conceal her fright more than the other women. As the warriors started gulping down their food, one of them, who appeared to be their leader, or chief, motioned to her and grunted, "You sing now." Grandmother hesitated, not knowing what to do. She felt she could never control her voice for the fright she felt, hidden though it was. But at the second more gruff command, the sisters, fearing for their own and their children's lives, pleaded with her. "Oh, please, Sister King, sing for them." As the Indians began again to grunt, "Hurry up. Sing!" she started to sing the first song that came to her mind, hardly realizing that it was a Latter-day Saint hymn, "O Stop and Tell me, Red Man." After the first verse she paused, but the Indians, who had stopped eating to listen, demanded more. The women were looking at her in astonishment.

When she had sung the entire four verses of the hymn, the Indians, to the amazement and relief of the little group, got up from the table and filed silently out of the door and out of the gate. The women flew to my grandmother. "Why, Sister King, we didn't know you knew the Indian language." Grandmother stared at them. "Know the Indian language? Why, I don't." "But you sang that entire song in their language," they said excitedly. "That's why they got up and left. They understood every word you sang to them!"

And so she had God's spirit directing her. The message of that hymn went straight to their black, superstitious hearts, and they left the frightened white people to go back to their camps and ponder the words of the song sung by my Grandmother King. It used to be in our hymn books, but so many of the old hymns have been dropped that I will give the words here.

O STOP AND TELL ME, RED MAN (The Song She sang in Tongues)

"O stop and tell me, Red Man, who are you, why you roam.

And how you get your living; have you no God, no home?

With stature straight and portly, and decked in native pride,

With feathers, paint and brooches, he willingly replied:

"I once was pleasant Ephraim, when Jacob for me prayed, But O, how blessings vanish, when man from God has strayed! Before your nation knew us, some thousand years ago, Our fathers fell in darkness, and wandered to and fro.

And long they've lived by hunting, instead of works and arts, And so our race has dwindled to idle Indian hearts. Yet hope within us lingers, as if the spirit spoke:

'He'll come for your redemption, and break the Gentile's yoke.'

'And all your captive brothers from every clime shall come And quit their savage customs, to live with God at home.

Then joy will fill your bosoms and blessings crown your days, To live in pure religion and sing our Maker's praise."

'Plant And You Shall Reap'

The pioneers that arrived in Utah during the first few years of settlement were in the front ranks of the battle to make the desert blossom. They needed all the comfort and courage they could muster. Many stories are told of the Saints receiving divine encouragement, such as this one by Mrs. R. C. Attwood .

I will here relate an incident of our seed time: My husband had taken a lot of land near what is now called the Sugar House Ward. He took his team and went to plow and prepare it for the seed. In due time he went to plant his corn and he found the ground as dry as ashes to a great depth. It seemed impossible to him for the seed ever to germinate in such a soil. He planted the seeds, however, knowing that if he did not plant he surely could not reap. He came home at night hungry, faint and weary. I was also very weary from the labors of the day. We had planted a garden near the house and I brought water from the City Creek in pails every day to water it (the creek then flowed down the east side of Main Street); and the water made the ground as hard as an adobe. We partook of our scanty meal and prepared to retire to rest. We then bowed ourselves before the Lord to implore His blessing to rest upon us.

His Spirit did rest upon us powerfully in the gift of tongues and the interpretation of the same. My husband commenced praying in his own language and suddenly he broke out in an unknown tongue. I understood what he said. At first it was a reproof from the Lord for our unbelief. It was thus. "Have I not brought you all this way from the land of your enemies to this goodly land? and I will bless this land for my people's sake, if they will put their trust in me, and it shall bring forth in great abundance of grass, grain and vegetables of every kind, fruit also, of the choicest kind, and your tables shall be loaded with the best fruits of the earth. Only put your trust in me. Plant and you shall reap."

We arose and retired to rest, but not to sleep. Sleep had departed from our eyes. We were filled with wonder, love and admiration. We could not doubt more. We went to work with fresh courage. The earth yielded more and more each succeeding year, and in the year 1850, my husband reaped forty bushels of wheat per acre. Our garden also produced choice vegetables

Spiritual Power Of Anna Widtsoe

Anna Karine Gaarden Widtsoe, born in Norway, traveled to Utah as a widow with two sons. Her accomplishments, spiritual and temporal, are recorded by, her devoted son, John A. Widtsoe.

She grew rapidly in spiritual power. Under Gospel influence her comprehension was quickened, and a prophetic view of the future was developed. She walked in close communion with the spiritual forces which she invited by eager, never-failing attention to her duties as she learned to understand them. One day in her ward testimony meeting she arose, her face glowing with a new light, and spoke in an unknown tongue. Another faithful sister arose and interpreted Sister Widtsoe's remarks. Both had received that day the gift of tongues. The widow had the same gift on several later occasions. She grew more and more as an inspired women of Israel.

A Reproof Sent In Tongues

. The gift of tongues was often sent as a means of bringing some helpful message. Such appears to be the case in an incident in the life of Anna Maria Isaacson Whiting, related by, her daughter, Martha Whiting Brown Berry

Mother was told in her Patriarchal Blessing that she would be blessed with the "Gift of Tongues." One Sunday when we had fast meeting from two o'clock to four o'clock in the afternoon, I was sitting by Mother in church. The house was full and as the Bishop opened services he said in all the years he had been Bishop he had never felt so humbled by the Spirit of God. We all felt it and soon a sister rose to bear her testimony and suddenly she told the congregation that she would like to speak in tongues, which she did. A little later another woman prayed for an interpretation. Soon I saw my Mother start to weep. She gave me the babe she was holding, rose to her feet and told us she had received the interpretation. She said we had been told by the sister that if the people in Mapleton would stop finding fault and backbiting one another the typhoid fever would be taken from their midst. After that it was discovered to be in the water and was brought under control.

Interpretation Of A Blessing To Hyrum G. Grant

On the first Sunday of January, 1900, Apostle John W. Taylor and his wife Nellie had in their home a gathering of patriarchs and other Church officers. After dinner they were expressing to

one another their feelings about the gospel and their desire to do as the Lord wanted them to do. A nephew of "Aunt Nellie" tells of a blessing given that night and of its fulfillment:

John Kennison, Patriarch, got up and walked across the room and put his hands on the head of Hyrum G. Grant and gave him a blessing, speaking in tongues; and when the blessing was concluded, he resumed his seat. And there was a moment or two of silence in the room, and then John W. Taylor nudged Aunt Nellie with his elbow and said, "Nellie, you have the interpretation." She whispered back and said, "Yes, I know, John, but I'm just frightened to death." And he said, "You stand on your feet, and as soon as you start to speak that fear will leave you." So she stood up and she said Brother Grant has received a very remarkable blessing. The Lord has told him that He had a work for him to do - that he's called to do - and that if he would live true and faithful to the gospel, that the Lord would preserve him and he would be able to fulfill this calling that was for him." She said that the evil one would seek to destroy him, and that

his protection would come about by living the principles of the Gospel .

Some years later, after they had established a colony in Canada, John W. Taylor had taken Aunt Nellie up there. . . . I was living in West Bountiful in the same ward where Hyrum G. Grant lived at that time. He had a very serious sickness - in those days it was called yellow jaundice. His body turned almost completely black. And I remember going down there and saw that they had scattered straw for about a quarter of a mile on the dirt road in front of his house so that the wagons would make less noise going back and forth. He was very dangerously ill. Finally the sickness reached a point where they thought that it would be impossible for him to recover. So the family sent wires out to such members as were absent.

One of his brothers, Frank Grant, was up in Canada. He received the wire and had to ride a considerable distance to take the train. He thought, well, I'll ride around by Aunt Nellie's and see if she has any word to send down to the folks in Utah. So he went by her place and when he spoke to her, she said, "Yes, Frank, I do have something. I want you to go to your mother as soon as you arrive and tell her that her son is not going to die, but to remember the blessing that was given to him on this occasion as mentioned."

So he went to the old home; and when he arrived, all the family were there (including Heber I. Grant, who later became president), the wives, and the doctor. Frank stepped up behind his mother and put his arms around her and said, "Mother, I have a message for you from Aunt Nellie. She said to tell you that your son is not going to die, but to remember the blessing that he was given on the occasion mentioned." About this time, the doctor who had been kneeling at the head of the bed, arose as he thought Hyrilm G. Grant had expired. He got up to turn to the mother and wives that were there, but as he looked back on Hyrum G. Grant, he noticed just a little flicker of his eyelid; so he knew from that, that the spirit had not left his body

It was President Grant, who said let's administer to him, which they did; and from that very low spark of life (the doctor had actually thought the spirit had left), he returned - he regained his health and strength.

And as a boy, I lived there and knew him as the stake president. So he fulfilled that mission that was given to him by Patriarch Kennison in tongues and interpreted by Nellie E. Taylor.

(The Above Examples of tongues were taken from Daughters of Light)

Zina D. H. Young Blesses Her Grand-daughter

A grand-daughter of Zina D. H. Young, Mar' Jacobs Wilson, tells of receiving a prophetic blessing from her grandmother and of its fulfillment.

In 1896, Grandmother made the trip from Salt Lake to West Weber, Weber County, Utah, the day before New Years to spend the rest of the holidays with her son Chariton and family. Visiting her children and their families was one of her greatest joys in life. After dinner was finished and the dishes put away, we all gathered in the parlor. My father asked his precious mother what she would like done at that time. My mother's brother, George Rigby, had just returned from a mission to England and was with us that evening. Grandmother stated that she would be very pleased to hear him tell of his missionary experiences while away. Then the conversation drifted to a discussion of the principles of the Gospel. Soon each one present felt a choice spirit in their midst, and Grandmother arose as the gift of tongues had come to her, and gave my father, Henry Chariton, a most beautiful blessing. This was followed by each one present receiving a blessing in the same manner. I was a baby less than a year old.

Gift of Tongues Manifested in Winter Quarters.

Joseph Hovey recorded in his journal the following experiences:

July 4, 1847. When I arrived at Winter Quarters, Mother Kimball had called a female meeting. Brother Joseph Young was to preside. She waited until eleven o'clock, but Brother Young did not come. So Mother Kimball asked me to open with prayer. I did so by the help of God. I afterward arose and spoke, saying: "It was quite unexpected for to speak inasmuch as I was not in the habit of speaking and the meeting was got up for females. Therefore, I would give way inasmuch as I did not have much to say at present." Sister Laura Pitkin arose and said she had a blessing for me. Mother Kimball called me to the chair and Sister Laura asked me if I would receive a blessing under her hands. I said I would, so she laid her hands upon my head and spoke in tongues. Sister Harris interpreted. I do not recollect much, but I do recollect I was to go to the

nations of the earth, preach the gospel, gather out every nation, tongue, and people and fetch them to Zion. Also that my wife (who was dead) watched over me and my little ones and her heart entwined about me and loved me. Also that I should become a teacher in Zion; and if I believed these things not one word should fail. She (Hovey's wife) was taken from me for the trial of my faith for she had work to do. I do not recollect any more at that meeting. Others spoke and were blessed with the power of the gospel. Joseph Young came in about an hour later. He spoke and said he perceived that the spirit was here. It made him rejoice to sit there and hear them speak. He said: "The last Sabbath I was here and caught the spirit, my bones did burn within me" I did catch the gift of tongues. Brother Birch blessed him and Sister Harris Whitney interpreted that Brother Young should be a mighty man to lead young warriors to wield the sword of the Spirit and that he should be a mighty king. The meeting continued until night.

After supper Mother Kimball called on me to pray. She then said if anyone had anything to say they may say it. Brother William Kimball came before I got through my prayer. After! had finished he said Sister Laura and some others desired me to come to their places as they had started a meeting. Mother Kimball said they had better come to Kimball's so they came over. Sister Janet arose and spoke in tongues and exhorted William Kimball to bless his mother. He did in tongues. It was quite a feeling after he blessed his mother.

Sister Frances Snow interpreted. He (William Kimball) said to me: "Brother Joseph, you have passed through troubles and trials. I feel like blessing you if you will receive a blessing from under my hands." He called on Aunt Laura Pitkin to be mouth for him and she did so in tongues. Sister Frances interpreted and prophesied many great things. He said my wife knew the greatness of the work I had to do. And that she had a work to do. And that she was taken for the trial of my faith and that she was interceding with our Heavenly Father for me. Also I shall go into another temple and receive more knowledge' even into the Holy of Holies and commune with the resurrected bodies and be a mighty spokesman in the house of the Lord, yea, even like Aaron of old, yea, even like John of old, to pass through the fire and many more mighty works. I have not the space to record all that was said and I do not have the time to write what some of my brethren have said. I shall therefore keep an account only of particular items. I pray God in the name of Jesus Christ that I may live to finish my work for I delight in the principles of the priesthood. After William Kimball's blessing I got up filled with the spirit of God and spoke in tongues. I prophesied many great things - that we should go preaching together unto the nations of the earth and stand before kings and bear our testimonies unto them and many more things. Brother William called on me to bless with him so we did so until we blessed all who were in the room. There were some sixteen persons and we did not get through until three o'clock in the morning. I arose in the morning quite revived and with a goodly portion of the spirit of God.

(Journal of Joseph Hovey, July 4, 1847, Church Historian's Office.)

Alonzo A. Hinkley given the gift of the Dutch Language

Elder Hinkley was a practical man, sound in his thinking, patient and kindly in his ways, persuasive in speech, full of faith and with a profound knowledge of the Gospel.

He stood at the head of a strong and brilliant family of sons and daughters, and left a name and memory that will be cherished forever by those who knew him. The following incident is taken from a discourse which he delivered at the general Priesthood meeting of the Church in October, 1934:

THE GIFT OF A NEW TONGUE

"When I first arrived in Holland to fill a mission in 1897, I was unable to learn the language. I wrote home to my father and asked him to call upon the Bishop of the Ward, the Patriarch of the Stake, and other men in whom he had confidence, and invite them to join him in praying to the Lord in my behalf that I might

acquire the language and be able to deliver my message to the people.

"I had never sought for a sign because I was fearful of them, but I did seek the Spirit of the Lord to help me touch the hearts of men. I not only prayed to the Lord to assist me to learn the Dutch language, but I also studied it as faithfully as I could. I succeeded in learning two or three sentences which enabled me to deliver my literature from door to door.

"One day, when I was alone, visiting among the people at Rotterdam, it was my duty to go back to the homes in which I had left tracts and take up the literature. As I went to gather the booklets, some power, that I cannot understand, possessed me until I quaked and trembled. I stood and looked at the house at which I was to call and felt as if I could not go to the door. But I knew my duty and so, with fortitude and determination I went to the house, raised the knocker and dropped it. Almost instantly, the door opened and an irate woman stepped out and closed it behind her. She talked in a very loud, shrill voice, berating me most severely.

"I did not realize for the moment, that I was understanding Dutch as clearly as though she had been speaking English. I felt no supernatural power, or influence, or feeling. I just knew every word she was saying. She spoke so loudly that a carpenter, who was working across the street, building a porch on a little store, heard her and, I suppose, thought I was abusing the woman, for he came over to where we stood and brought his son with him and, greatly to my alarm, he carried a broadax. The man took his position near me and listened to the woman, who continued her tirade against me in a shouting voice.

"I did not grow angry because of the woman's abuse, but to the contrary, my soul was filled with a burning desire to speak her language and to testify of the divinity of the Gospel and of the Lord Jesus Christ. I thought if I could only explain to her the importance of my message and the good it would do her, she would not berate me as she does now.

"In a few moments she ceased her abuse and I began speaking. And I spoke the Dutch language. I defended the Truth and bore testimony of the restoration of the Gospel.

"I had forgotten the large man who stood near me with his ax, and, as I looked at the woman and delivered my message of truth, he put his arms across my shoulders and, looking the woman in the face said, 'The Mormon Church may have its black sheep, but this is a man of Cod.'

"Her bitterness now gone, the woman replied, 'I know it.'

"After the conversation, I went back home, hardly touching the ground. It dawned upon me that the prayers

I had offered-and perhaps as a result in part, of the hard study I had made and the prayers of those at home, had been answered in a moment, for I had spoken the Dutch language intelligently for the first time in my life.

"In ecstasy, I rushed home to tell Brother Thatcher in the office, and to tell the president of the mission; but when I attempted to speak, to my great dismay, I was the same as before. I could not understand nor speak the language.

"President Farrell asked me if I would go to meeting that night.

'Yes, President Farrell,' I answered, 'after a man has been blessed of the Lord as I have been, I will gladly go. But I beg of you not to call upon me to speak even if you call upon someone to interpret what I say.'

"'Very well,' he agreed, 'I promise you, Brother Hinckley, that if you go you will not be asked to speak.'

"I went to meeting, and everything progressed nicely, as I thought, until Brother DeBry, the Branch President arose and, contrary to Brother Farrell's promise, announced 'We shall now hear from Elder Hinckley.'

"President Farrell stepped forward, greatly embarrassed, and, addressing me, asked, 'Brother Hinckley, shall I interpret for you?'

"I felt a power I can not describe. 'Wait, President Farrell,' I said as I stood upon my feet. And then I

began to speak, not in my native tongue, but in the Dutch language. And, then and there, I delivered the first discourse in my life in the tongue of that mission. The following morning I was sent to preside over the Amsterdam District.

"I know that the Lord can give power to his servants, can equip the honest soul for his work and that the inspiration and power of the Spirit of God, with all the gifts and blessings that pertain to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as he, himself, established it anciently, are the Latter-day Saints today."

(Confrence Report, October 1934)

T. Edgar Lyon Given the Gift of Tongues in Holland

T. Edgar Lyon was born in Salt Lake City in 1903, the eighth child of David and Mary Cairus Lyon. Graduating from the Latter-day Saint High School, Ed studied for two years at the University of Utah before he was called on a mission to Holland. He was somewhat apprehensive about the mission because he had not done particularly well in Latin at high school and feared the Dutch language might prevent him from being an effective missionary. However, when Melvin J. Ballard set him apart, he blessed him with the gift of tongues and the gift of healing.

Following the blessing, Ed departed without language training or other missionary preparation.

When they finally arrived at Rotterdam, Ed and his companions were dead tired, hardly able to keep our eyes open," but they were immediately whisked away to church and invited to sit on the stand. Naturally Ed could not understand the opening song or prayer. When the first speaker began to talk, Ed noticed both of his companions were fast asleep, but "I was wide awake, sitting on the end of my bench, and I was understanding everything the man said." He talked about the ancient Christian church, the apostasy and restoration",,; Ed was amazed. Though he knew no Dutch, he "got pretty well the whole gist of the thing."

A second speaker addressed the congregation and Ed understood his talk as well. But of the third talk "I never got a word out of it except the 'Jesus Christus, Amen' at the end." To him it was fulfillment of Elder Ballard's blessing. He was convinced that nothing but a spiritual gift could have given him the understanding of those talks.

He began studying the Dutch Book of Mormon, learning the words as he went along. One day, before he knew much of the language, he was tracting an old section of town. It was not unusual in his mission for companions to split up and work different sides of the street, and Ed was alone. He met a Dutchman "about six foot six inches I guess, with broad shoulders.... He was raking the leaves up and had a little fire burning." The man refused Ed's tract. Ed persisted. Again the man refused, then took the pamphlet and threw it into the fire. "I walked away and something turned me around and I went back and I said, 'Mijn Heer, will you please read this tract?' and I handed it to him. He put it between his fingers, leaned on the end of the rake. . . and I was talking and he was listening." Then Ed realized the man knew no English, but he understood what Ed was saying. Ed was speaking Dutch!

His companion could not believe it when Ed told him what had happened. So a few days later they returned to the house. The man wouldn't invite them in but said he had read the pamphlet. "There were some good things in it," he said, and other things he couldn't accept. Then Ed's companion said, "Well, now, we're missionaries from America;"

"I know that. He told me that last week, and you're over here at your own support. You're not taking up collections; you're not selling these tracts."

"No, we're coming to preach the restoration of the gospel," the missionary continued.

"Yes, he told me that. He told me about Joseph Smith, the prophet who he said restored the gospel to the earth and organized the church on the earth today," said the Dutchman. Then the missionary proceeded to discuss the first principles of the gospel. "Yes," said the man, "he told me about that."

"He can't," protested the missionary. "He doesn't speak Dutch. He's only been here for a few weeks."

"Whether he speaks Dutch or not I don't know," countered the Dutchman, "but he talked good Dutch to me and he didn't speak with an American accent like you do."

"It came just like that," Ed recalled, "and left me just like this understanding did this first day. But to me it gave me the feeling, I can learn it. I'm going to try."

At one stake conference Elder Melvin J. Ballard was the visiting General Authority. When Ed was called to speak, he mentioned that when Elder Ballard had set him apart for his mission, he had promised him the gift of tongues and the gift of healing. Then Ed related his mission experiences, and Elder Ballard

responded, "You know, of the hundreds and hundreds of missionaries I've set apart, I have never given anyone else a promise like that. I worried from that day to this because I didn't remember who it was I said it to, but I remember I told somebody that. I often wondered, was he disappointed if it didn't happen?" (Taken from *SAINTS WITHOUT HALOS* pp. 144-146, by Leonard J. Arrington and David Bitton, Signature Books, S.L.C. 1981)

Daniel Tyler

When I got able to walk sufficiently on my crutches I attended a weekly prayer meeting which, in the absence of a meeting house, was held in a private house. At this meeting a sister spoke in tongues with great power, directing her conversation to me, which was as clear to my mind as if she had spoken the English language. Among other things she said: "Your limb will be healed by the power of God, and you will preach the gospel in four languages, and do a great work, and return bringing many sheaves."

Three years later (1853) I was called on a mission to Europe. After laboring about eight months in England I was appointed to the presidency of the Swiss and Italian Missions, to which were soon added the German and French Missions. Here were four missions, speaking as many different languages, over which I was called to preside and direct the energies of the Elders.

FAITH LIKE THE ANCIENTS, By N.B. Lundwall, Vol. 1, pp. 255- 257, Paragon Printing Co. First Edition 1950

IN the fall 1854, I was sent to Switzerland, to take charge of the Swiss and Italian missions; the French and German missions were subsequently added.

Here was fulfilled a prediction spoken in tongues by a Sister More, in the tenth Ward, of Salt Lake City, the year before I was called on my European mission. I was at the time going on crutches, with a broken leg, and having but little hope of ever being able to walk. The leg was badly fractured, and by getting out of place and having to be reset caused the bones to be very slow in knitting together. It was about seven months before I could bear any weight upon my broken limb. While in this condition, I went on my crutches to a little prayer meeting in a private house, there being no public meeting house then built in the ward.

In going to the meeting, my worst fears of always being a cripple had loomed up before me like a great mountain, and, like Jonah, I felt that "it was better for me to die than to live." This was a weakness in me, of course, but so it was.

After the meeting was opened, Sister More arose and began to speak in tongues. She addressed her remarks to me, and I understood her as well as though she had spoken the English language. She said: "Your leg will be healed, and you will go on a foreign mission and preach the gospel in foreign lands. No harm shall befall you, and you shall return in safety, having great joy in your labors."

This was the substance of the prophecy. It was so different from my own belief and the fears of many others that I was tempted not to give the interpretation, lest it should fail to come to pass. The Spirit, however, impressed me and I arose, leaning upon my crutches, and gave the interpretation.

Not long afterwards I was told in a dream what to do to strengthen my fractured limb, and it began to receive strength immediately, and in the short space of about one week I dispensed with my crutches and walked with a cane.

Daniel Tyler

Scrap of Biography, pp. 41-42, From Book Classic Experiences and Adventures, Bookcraft Inc. S.L.C., 1969

PARLEY P. PRATT from his autobiography

Late in July I arrived in the City of New York, on a mission, took lodgings, and commenced to preach and write. My first production in that city was a book of upwards of two hundred pages, entitled the "*Voice of Warning*." The first edition of this work consisted of four thousand copies; it has since been published and re-published in America and Europe, till some forty or fifty thousand copies have not been sufficient to supply the demand. Thousands date their conversion to the fullness of the gospel to the reading of that book.

But to return to my own narrative. Of all the places in which the English language is spoken, I found the City of New York to be the most difficult as to access to the minds or attention of the people. From July to January we preached, advertised, printed, published, testified, visited, talked, prayed, and wept in vain. To all appearance there was no interest or impression on the minds of the people in regard to the fullness of

the gospel. There was one member of the Church of the Saints living there, whose name was Elijah Fordham; he was an Elder, and assisted me. We had baptized about six members, and organized a little branch, who were accustomed to meet in a small upper room in Goerck street; sometimes two or three others met with us. We had hired chapels and advertised, but the people would not hear, and the few who came went away without being interested. So we had been forced to give them up, after spending our money and strength in vain.

We had retired to our private room up stairs with the few members we had, to hold a last prayer meeting, as I was about taking leave for New Orleans. We had prayed all round in turn, when, on a sudden, the room was filled with the Holy Spirit, and so was each one present. We began to speak in tongues and prophesy. Many marvelous things were manifested which I cannot write; but the principal burthen of the prophesyings was concerning New York City, and our mission there.

The Lord said that He had heard our prayers, beheld our labors, diligence, and long suffering towards that city; and that He had seen our tears. Our prayers were heard, and our labors and sacrifices were accepted. We should tarry in the city, and go not thence as yet; for the Lord had many people in that city, and He had now come by the power of His Holy Spirit to gather them into His fold. His angels should go before us and cooperate with us. His Holy Spirit should give the people visions and dreams concerning us and the work of the Lord; and He would make bare his arm to heal the sick and confirm the Word by signs following; and from that very day forward we should have plenty of friends, money to pay our debts with the publishers; means to live, and crowds to hear us. And there should be more doors open for preaching than we could fill; crowds, who could not get in, should stand in the streets and about the entrance to try to hear us; and we should know that the Almighty could open a door and no man could shut it.

As these things were manifested in power and the demonstration of the Spirit, we could not doubt them. So we gave up going to New Orleans, and concluded to stay; but we were almost ready to say in our hearts, like one of old:

"If the Lord should make windows in Heaven could these things be?"

Now there was in this little meeting a man named David Rogers, whose heart was touched. He, being a chair-maker, fitted up a large room, and seated it with the chairs of his ware house, and invited us to preach in the same. This room was crowded. He then joined with one of our members, who was a joiner, and rented a small place, and seated it for a regular place of meeting; this was generally crowded. In the meantime, a Methodist clergyman came to hear me, whose name was Cox. He invited me to his house to preach, near East River; he and household were obedient to the faith, with many of the member' of his society. While preaching, a lady solicited me to preach in her house in Willett street; "for," said she, "I had a dream of you and of the new Church the other night." Another lady wished me to preach in her house, in Grant street.

In the meantime I was invited by the Free Thinkers to preach, or give a course of lectures, in Tammany Hall. In short, it was not three weeks from the delivery of the prophecies in the upper room till we had fifteen preaching places in the city, all of which were filled to overflowing. We preached about eleven times a week, besides visiting from house to house. We soon commenced baptizing, and continued doing so almost daily during the winter and spring. One lady, who had been four years under the doctor's care with a crippled leg, arose and walked, with her leg instantly restored whole, even as the other. Her physician was immediately dismissed, and was very angry, because we had spoiled his patronage. He even threatened to sue us. Another lady, who had lain in her bed four years with the dumb palsy, arose and walked. She had not, previous to our laying hands on her, been able to stir a finger, or a toe, on her right side for about four years; so said the family, and so she herself testified. In this case her physician, and also some religious ministers, who called to see her, glorified God, acknowledged His hand, and exhorted her to persevere in the faith.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF PARLEY P. PRATT pp. 168- 171, Deseret Book Co. S.L.C. Utah, 1976 edition

Lorenzo Dow Young Speaks in Tongues to A Church of Christ Congregation

In the spring of 1832, it was thought best that I should go on a mission to the State of New York. I spent the summer in preaching the gospel. I had joy in my labors, being instrumental in bringing many into the Church.

I visited the town of Hector, where, by my preaching, as before stated, a Campbellite church had been organized. I preached in the same house that I had occupied on the previous occasion. Soon after I commenced to talk, such a spirit of darkness and opposition prevailed in the house, that for the first and only time in my life, I was entirely bound. I stood speechless. The congregation looked at me as if wondering what could be the matter. A sensation such as I had never felt before came over me. My tongue seemed numb or paralyzed. In a short time I commenced to speak in an unknown tongue. I probably spoke about fifteen minutes. Soon after ceasing to talk, the interpretation came clear and distinct to my mind. I at

once gave it to the congregation.

I had no further difficulty. I talked about an hour. My old friend, Squire Chase, arose and testified that what he had heard was the truth, and that the power of God had been made manifest. He and several others shed tears. Their hearts were softened by the influence of the good Spirit.

I had some prior engagements to meet at a considerable distance from Hector. These would keep me away about two weeks. I regretted the necessity of going away, and left an appointment for another meeting on my return. I indulged in the hope of establishing a branch of the Church there.

While I was absent, the Elder Brown, who had organized a Campbellite Church from converts made by my preaching, heard that I was preaching "Mormonism." He came there, held meetings and visited from house to house. He repeated to the people all the extravagant stories and falsehoods about the Prophet Joseph and the Book of Mormon, which were so extensively circulated in those early times. When I returned, I found the minds of the people filled with prejudice and bitterness. The Spirit manifested to me that more preaching to them would be in vain, and I went away sorrowing. I have not heard since that any of that people have ever joined the Church.

Fragment of Experience pp. 39-40, from book **Four Faith Promoting Classics** published by Bookcraft S.L.C. Utah 2nd Edition 1968

One of the best known instances of the gift of interpretation of tongues in the restored Church is that which took place during President David O. McKay's visit to New Zealand in 1921. He said of this experience,

One of the most important events on my world tour of the missions of the Church was the gift of interpretations of the English tongue to the Saints of New Zealand at a session of their conference, held on the 23rd day of April, 1921, at Puke Tapu Branch, Waikato District, Huntly, New Zealand.

The service was held in a large tent, beneath the shade of which hundreds of earnest men and women gathered in anxious anticipation of seeing and hearing an Apostle of the Church, the first one to visit that land.

When I looked over that vast assemblage and contemplated the great expectations that filled the hearts of all who had met together, I realized how inadequately I might satisfy the ardent desires of their souls, and I yearned, most earnestly, for the gift of tongues that I might be able to speak to them in their native language.

that moment I had not given much serious thought to the gift of tongues, but on that occasion, I wished with all my heart, that I might be worthy of that divine power.

In other missions I had spoken through an interpreter, but, able as all interpreters are, I nevertheless felt hampered, in fact, somewhat inhibited, in presenting my message.

Now, I faced an audience that had assembled with unusual expectations, and I then realized, as never before, the great responsibility of my office. From the depth of my soul, I prayed for divine assistance. When I arose to give my address, I said to Brother Stuart Meha, our interpreter, that I would speak without his translating, sentence by sentence, what I said, and then to the audience I continued:

I wish, oh, how I wish I had the power to speak to you in your own tongue, that I might tell you what is in my heart; but since I have not the gift, I pray, and I ask you to pray, that you might have the spirit of interpretation, of discernment, that you may understand at least the spirit while I am speaking, and then you will get the words and the thought when Brother Meha interprets.

sermon lasted forty minutes, and I never addressed a more attentive, a more respectful audience. My listeners were in perfect rapport - this I knew when I saw tears in their eyes. Some of them at least, perhaps most of them, who did not understand English, had the gift of interpretation.

Brother Sidney Christy, a native New Zealander, who had been a student at Brigham Young University, at the close of my address, whispered to me, 'Brother McKay, they got your message!' 'Yes,' I replied, 'I think so, but for the benefit of some who may not have understood, we shall have Brother Meha give a synopsis of it in Maori.'

During the translation, some of the Maoris corrected him on some points, showing that they had a clear conception of what had been said in English

(from the book Gifts of the Spirit by Duane S. Crowther, pp. 341- 342, Bookcraft S.L.C. Utah, second printing 1966)

Speaking in Tongues by Ernest N. Eklof (From *Modern Day Miracles* by L. Brent Goates, 1996, Covenant Communications Inc, American Fork, Utah)

‘While I was serving as an interpreter at the October 1973 general conference of the Church, I was made aware that some Swedish brethren were attending the conference who had never attended before and perhaps would never come again. I therefore had a great desire that they receive everything the prophet had to deliver. As the General Priesthood meeting began, I had an experience which I have never had before.

Not having a script, I commended myself completely into the hands of the Lord. As President Harold B. Lee began to speak, I was startled by the fact that I knew *beforehand* what he was going to say. The words came in groups before he spoke them. Nevertheless, I dared not translate them and deliver the translation, fearing that some might be my own thoughts. In the past I have usually closed my eyes to better listen, then translated the words in my mind and delivered the interpretation. This time, however, the Spirit told me to not close my eyes, but to keep them on the speaker. Then something almost unbelievable happened.

At President Lee’s left temple appeared his thoughts—which were the exact words that had only a moment earlier entered my mind—written in golden letters in an absolutely perfect handwriting. The letters were about two inches in height and the thickness of writing was about 1 / 16 of an inch. The words came towards me and passed before my eyes at a distance of somewhat more than twelve inches. They did not appear to be written on anything, but hung as if written in the air. Both the words entering my mind and the writing were in English, exactly as he spoke them moments later. This gave me time to translate his message into Swedish and deliver the interpretation thereof at the very same moment he spoke the words in English from the pulpit. Not only did I receive the words of his thoughts in my mind and not only did I see the writing, but at the same time I was given the complete understanding of the meaning in English. Never have I felt the inspiration of the Lord more pronounced than I did during this experience. The same experience happened during his closing remarks Sunday afternoon, except that words remained near his temple rather than coming toward me.

After the session ended, I spoke with the Swedish members in attendance. They expressed amazement at what they experienced, telling me that they heard the interpretation and understood enough to realize that the interpreted message was delivered at the same moment Elder Lee spoke the very words in English. They would never forget this “fantastic” experience, they said.

Elder Lee later read Ernest Eklof’s letter describing his remarkable experience at the Quorum meeting of the First Presidency and Council of the Twelve on October 18. Then Elder Lee commented that “Brother Eklof is a reliable, able man, which add[s] weight to his experience.”. Also, that it was “likely that the experience of the Prophet Joseph Smith in using the Urim and Thummim was similar in some respects to the experience of Brother Eklof.”

President N. Eldon Tanner said that a report had come to him that one of the conference visitors who did not speak English said he understood President Lee’s talk without the need of a translator.

On October 23, 1973, President Lee wrote to Brother Eklof:

As I read your spiritual experience in making a direct translation, I had the feeling that your experience must have been similar to that which the Prophet Joseph Smith experienced when he translated the gold plates into English. He must have had about the same kind of thing that was given to you by the Spirit, as words came to him as he concentrated spiritually and saw the meaning and dictated them to the scribe on the other side of the screen.

Thank you for sharing this most sacred experience from you, one of the most dramatic experiences of the gift of tongues that maybe enjoyed by the translators, that I have ever experienced. I do so much appreciate you and thank you for all that you have done and for this confidence that you have entrusted to me. With kindest personal regards—Harold B. Lee

Three days after writing to Brother Eklof, President and Sister Lee were at Ricks College, Rexburg, Idaho, to speak before a studentbody and homecoming audience of over 5,000 persons. In his devotional talk on October 26, 1973, exactly two months before his death, President Lee read Brother Eklof's letter, then provided the following interpretation:

Latter-day Saints, don't you think for a moment that the Lord does not have means of communicating with us, sending us messages that are beyond our understanding, even to translating an unknown language into our understandable language. He did it with the Prophet Joseph. He did it with King Mosiah. He has done it with others. He will do it today, as we have need. I have no doubt.

My whole soul pleads that I may so live that if the Lord has any communication that he would wish me to receive for my beloved people that I could be a pure vessel through which that message could come. I do not ask for anything. I do not want anything more than the Lord is willing to send, but I trust that I may live worthy so that I won't be a lame vessel or a broken reed that the Lord cannot use in times when he wants to communicate with his people.

When Ernest Eklof was contacted over twenty years later, he responded with the following words:

I am humbly grateful for the opportunity to add my personal testimony some 23 years after my experience with the gift of tongues during general conference in October 1973. For nearly 11 years I served as president of the Swedish Branch of the Church in Salt Lake City. In this capacity, I had many opportunities to host Swedish dignitaries visiting here and to introduce them to our Church leaders. Of course, President Lee was the most desired person to interview during his leadership years. I always received highly complimentary comments after a visit to President Lee's office. Visitors would say, "Mr. Lee seems to be a very powerful man, but at the same time, a very humble and sweet person." That was the President Lee we knew, too.

When President Lee became president of the Church, my stake president called me and told me that I had been called as the president of the Swedish Branch, located in the Salt Lake

City Granite Stake, and that I was to be sustained the following Sunday, July 9, 1972. I cannot describe the turmoil my mind experienced at this disclosure. Nevertheless, I sought the Lord in prayer and learned whom He wanted me to choose as my counselors. Trying to settle myself and collect my thoughts on Saturday evening, July 8, 1972, I began reading *The Deseret News* stories about past Church President Joseph Fielding Smith and the new President Harold B. Lee.

The following morning, July 9, 1972, I woke up a few minutes before 6 a.m. to what may be the most fearful experience of my life. I could, in fact, hear evil spirits speaking to me. The voices told me what a very bad person I was, and they mocked my testimony.

I wondered if I was losing my mind or if I had been possessed by evil forces. The voices continued, "What now, Ernest Eklof, you who had such a strong testimony of Joseph Fielding Smith as your prophet? What now, when he is dead? You don't have a testimony of Harold B. Lee. What do you now have to stand on? And you know you are not the right man to be the president of the Swedish Branch. You realize also that the counselors you've chosen will not support you in that work."

Indeed, I was fearful of losing my mind. My wife was sleeping peacefully so I got out of bed, put on my robe, and went out to the living room. There on the couch was the newspaper with the pictures of President Smith and President Lee. I knelt down and poured out my heart to the Lord and asked Him to deliver me from the powers of Satan. I told the Lord that there was no doubt in my mind that President Harold B. Lee was His true and living prophet on the earth at that time. I told Him that I did not seek for a sign, but that I would gladly receive a firm personal testimony of President Lee as the new, living prophet.

I did not have to wait very long. Suddenly, there came a ray of sunlight, lighting up the picture of President Lee. But the light did not come from outside because the location of the couch was such that no windows or doors were near it. Yet, it was a clear and white light, covering the face of President Lee.

At this moment the evil spirit left me, and my spirit obtained the soft whispering voice of President Joseph Fielding Smith saying, "Rest assured that he, Harold B. Lee, is the mouthpiece of God," repeated three times. At that time a warm, peaceful feeling penetrated my whole body and centered in my bosom, just the same as I felt when I received my testimony of the Book of Mormon. Yes, I had received a powerful testimony of President Harold B. Lee as the living prophet of God on the earth.

To describe my feelings about President Lee, I would borrow from the Book of Mormon reference describing the great military leader, Moroni:

Verily, verily I say unto you, if all men had been, and were, and ever would be, like unto [President Harold B. Lee], behold, the very powers of hell would have been shaken forever; yea, the devil would never have power over the hearts of the children of men. (Alma 48:17)

I take from my personal journal and life's story these experiences, and I declare with soberness, with God as my witness, they are indeed true. To this I testify in the sacred name of the Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen.

