

took our axes and cleared some land for him. I was strongly impressed three times to go up and warn Father Hakeman. At last I did so, according to the commandment of God to me. The third time I met with him, his house seemed to be full of evil spirits, and I was troubled in spirit at the manifestation. When I finished my warning, I left him. He followed me from his house with the intention of killing me. I have no doubt about his intention, for it was shown to me in vision. When he came to where I was, he fell dead at my feet, as if he had been struck with a thunderbolt from heaven. I was then a Priest, but God defended me and preserved my life. I speak of this because it is a principle that has been manifest in the Church of God in this generation as well as in others. I had the administration of angels while holding the office of a Priest. I had visions and revelations. I traveled thousands of miles. I baptized men, though I could not confirm them because I had not the authority to do it.

I speak of these things to show that a man should not be ashamed of any portion of the Priesthood. Our young men, if they are Deacons, should labor to fulfil that office. If they do that, they may then be called to the office of a Teacher, whose duty it is to teach the people, visit the saints, and see that there is no evil or iniquity carried on. God has no respect to persons in this Priesthood any further than as they magnify their callings and do their duty.

It may be called egotism for a man to talk about his self; but I have a right to give my experience as you have a right to give yours; and I will give a little of mine to my friends, because I want our young men as well as our old men to understand that the Lord is not trifling with us at all. Brother Cannon has told you that it is the right of all the Latter-day Saints to have revelation. That is true. There is not a man, woman or child who has received the gospel, but has the right to receive revelation for himself or herself, as well as the Presidency of the Church.

After traveling quite a time in Tennessee, Kentucky, Mississippi and other places, I was ordained an Elder, by Warren Parrish, who was then residing in the southern country. We labored together there for about a year. After that, I was ordained to the second quorum of Seventies, under the hands of David Patten. I had many blessings pronounced upon my head by these Elders of Israel—similar to those that were given to me by Father Joseph Smith, the Patriarch, and by those who administered to me in the Kirtland Temple when I received my endowments.

Now with regard to revelation. What is revelation? It is the inspiration of the Holy Ghost to man. Joseph Smith said to Brother John Taylor in his day: "Brother Taylor, you watch the impression of the Spirit of God; you watch the whisperings of that spirit to you; you carry them out in your life, and it will become a principle of revelation in you, and you will know and understand this spirit and power." This is the key, the foundation stone of all revelation. Joseph Smith was full of revelation.

He could translate anything given to him of God. He could receive revelation without the Urim and Thummin. Many of the principal revelations contained in the Doctrine and Covenants were received without the use of the Urim and Thummin. They were given to him by the inspiration of Almighty God. In my own experience I have endeavored to get acquainted with that spirit and to learn its operations. I have many times had that spirit manifested to me, and if I had not followed its whisperings to me, I should have been in my grave long ago, with many of my companions. A few incidents I will name.

After I came to these valleys and returned to Winter Quarters, I was sent to Boston by President Young. He wanted me to take my family there and gather all the Saints of God in New England, in Canada, and in the surrounding regions, and stay there until I gathered them all. I was there about two years. While on the road there, I drove my carriage one evening into the yard of Brother Williams. Brother Orson Hyde drove a wagon by the side of mine. I had my wife and children in the carriage. After I turned out my team and had my supper, I went to bed in the carriage. I had not been there but a few minutes when the Spirit said to me, "Get up and move that carriage." I told my wife I had to get up and move the carriage. She said, "What for?" I said, "I don't know." That is all she asked me on such occasions; when I told her I did not know, that was enough. I got up and moved my carriage four or five rods and put the off fore wheel against the corner of the house. I then looked around me and went to bed. The same Spirit said, "Go and move your animals from that oak tree." They were two hundred yards from where my carriage was. I went and moved my horses and put them in a little hickory grove. I again went to bed. In thirty minutes a whirlwind came up and broke that oak tree off within two feet from the ground. It swept over three or four fences and fell square in that doorway, near Brother Orson Hyde's wagon, and right where mine had stood. What would have been the consequences if I had not listened to that Spirit? Why, myself and wife and children doubtless would have been killed. That was the still, small voice to me—no earthquake, no thunder, no lightning; but the still, small voice of the Spirit of God. It saved my life. It was the spirit of revelation to me.

When I moved the last company of Saints from the East (there were about one hundred of them) we arrived at Pittsburg one day at sundown. We did not want to stay there, so I went to the first steamboat that was going to leave. I saw the captain and engaged passage for us on that steamer. I had only just done so when the Spirit said to me, and that too very strongly, "Don't go aboard that steamer, nor your company." Of course, I went and spoke to the captain and told him I had made up my mind to wait. Well, it started and had only got five miles down the river when it took fire and three hundred persons were burned to death or drowned. If I had not obeyed that Spirit and had gone on that steamer with the rest of the company,

you can see what the result would have been.

Well, I have had a good deal of experience in these things in my day. I have learned them so thoroughly that I dare not disobey that Spirit. After one Conference, when we had set apart a good many missionaries, I went home quite weary, and I said to myself, I will go and have a rest. Before I got in my house, the Spirit told me to take my team and go to my farm. My wife says, "Where are you going?" "I am going down to the farm." "What for?" "I don't know," says I. I went down to the farm. I found that the river had broken over and had surrounded my house. The water was two feet deep around my house. My hogs were drowning, and my stables were full. By going there I saved my house and surroundings and stopped up the break.

These may be considered small things; still they show the working of the spirit. I will now tell you one incident where I did not obey the Spirit of the Lord, and it 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 in 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 meeting there on Sunday. "No," says 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. It was not five minutes after it commenced before 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 the 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 don't make any difference what the Spirit tells you to do, it will never tell you to do anything that is wrong. I want our young friends, especially, to be interested in the Gospel. I want them to be interested in the Church and Kingdom of God. I want them to listen to their fathers, and to the Elders of Israel and those that teach them, that they may be qualified to carry out these great and glorious principles laid down here in the Doctrine