

Then he made some exclamation that was rather profane. I sat down and commenced warning him. I told him that he had apostatized from the Gospel of Christ; he had had the Priest hood and he was pursuing a course that would send him to destruction, and the judgments of God would overtake him. Well, he raged like a demon. That is about all I said to him. I certainly did not stay long, but I delivered my message. When I left the house he followed me, and when he came to where I was he fell dead at my feet as though he had been struck with a thunderbolt from heaven. He was a very large man and he turned as black as an African, and his skin seemed almost to burst open. The next day I attended his funeral. But he had raised a mob and had sent word for them to come and drive us out of the country or hang us, and they had sent warnings to us to leave. The consequence was, there were some fifteen or twenty deaths during my stay there. Men were taken with what was called pleurisy. Doctors came in and opened a vein, and they died in five minutes. One of these men sent for me, and I went and saw him. Two men were holding him. He said to me, "I wish you would cut open my side; I have a pain here and it is skin deep; you can cut it out and save my life." I looked at him, but did not say anything to him. I said to myself, "If your eyes were open, you would see the angel of death standing by your side." He died while I was there. After this my partner left me, and I went alone to Memphis, Tennessee, and met with Brothers Patten and Parrish.

After laboring in that part for a length of time, I received a letter from Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, in which they requested me to stay in that country and take charge of the churches that we had built up there. The Prophet promised me many things, and said I should lose no blessings by tarrying in that country and doing as he wished me, and letting the other brethren go and get their endowments. I was then at the house of Brother Abraham O. Smoot's mother. I received this about sundown. I went into a little room where there was a sofa, to pray alone. I felt full of joy and rejoicings at the promises God had made to me through the Prophet. While I was upon my knees praying, my room was filled with light. I looked and a messenger stood by my side. I arose, and this personage told me he had come to instruct me. He presented before me a panorama. He told me he wanted me to see with my eyes and understand with my mind what was coming to pass in the earth before the coming of the Son of Man. He commenced with what the revelations say about the sun being turned to darkness, the moon to blood, and the stars falling from heaven. Those things were all presented to me one after another, as they will be, I suppose, when they are manifest before the coming of the Son of Man. Then he showed me the resurrection of the dead—what is termed the first and second resurrection. In the first resurrection I saw no graves nor anyone raised from the grave. I saw legions of celestial beings, men and women who had received the Gospel all clothed in white robes. In the form they were presented to me, they had already been raised from the grave. After this he

showed me what is termed the second resurrection. Vast fields of graves were before me, and the Spirit of God rested upon the earth like a shower of gentle rain, and when that fell upon the graves they were opened, and an immense host of human beings came forth. They were just as diversified in their dress as we are here, or as they were laid down. This personage taught me with regard to these things. Among other things, he showed me, there were seven lions like burning brass placed in the heavens. I asked the messenger what they were for. He said they were representative of the different dispensations of the Gospel of Christ to men, and they would all be seen in the heavens among the signs that would be shown. After this passed by me, he disappeared. Now, if I had been a painter I could have drawn everything that I saw. It made an impression upon me that has never left me from that day to this. The next day we had a meeting in the academy. Brother Smoot and some others went with me; but I was a lost man. I hardly knew where I was, so enveloped was I in that which I had seen.

I refer to this as one of the visitations that was given me in my boyhood, so to speak, in the Gospel. I was a Priest at the time. Of course, there was a motive in this personage visiting me and teaching me these principles. He knew a great deal better than I did what lay before me in life. It was doubtless sent to me for the purpose of strengthening me and giving me encouragement in my labors.

The other instance I want to refer to is what I spoke about at the recent General Conference. I need not dwell particularly upon this now; but I had a motive in laying it before the people on that occasion. The history of Brother Kimball's operations with those evil spirits in England is before the Church. And while on this point I want to correct a mistake that I made in referring to this matter at our General Conference. I got the names of Brother Kimball and Brother Hyde confused in my mind, and made it appear that Brother Kimball rebuked those evil spirits from Brother Hyde, when in fact it was Brother Kimball who was afflicted with those spirits and Brother Hyde administered to him. As this is a matter of history, I wish to state it correctly, and therefore make this explanation. When Brother Kimball, Brother George A. Smith and myself went to London, we encountered these evil spirits. They sought to destroy us. The very first house that was opened to us was filled with devils. They had gathered there for our destruction, so that we should not plant the Gospel in that great city. Brother Kimball went to Manchester on some business, and left Brother George A. Smith and myself there. One night we sat up till 11 o'clock, talking Mormonism, and then we went to bed. We had only just laid down when these spirits rested upon us, and we were in a very fair way of losing our lives. It was as if a strong man had me by the throat, trying to choke me to death. In the midst of this a spirit told me to pray. I did so, and while praying, the door opened, the room was filled with light, and three messengers came in. Who they were I know not. They came and laid their hands upon us, and rebuked those powers, and thereby saved our

lives. Not only so, but by the power they held they rebuked the whole army of devils that were in that great city, and bound them so that they have never troubled any Elder from that day to this.

Now, those messengers were sent to us because it was necessary. We would have lost our lives if somebody had not delivered us. We needed help, and we could not get it anywhere else.

This is all I want to say with regard to the administration of angels to myself. This Apostle that I refer to told me he had prayed and prayed for the administration of angels. Well, if it had been necessary to save his life, as it was in my case, he would have had the administration of angels. But he had access to the gift of the Holy Ghost, as all of us have. And that, brethren and sisters, is what I want to talk to you about.

One morning, while we were at Winter Quarters, Brother Brigham Young said to me and the brethren that he had had a visitation the night previous from Joseph Smith. I asked him what he said to him. He replied that Joseph had told him to tell the people to labor to obtain the Spirit of God; that they needed that to sustain them and to give them power to go through their work in the earth.

Now I will give you a little of my experience in this line. Joseph Smith visited me a great deal after his death, and taught me many important principles. The last time he visited me was while I was in a storm at sea. I was going on my last mission to reside in England. My companions were Brother Leonard W. Hardy, Brother Milton Holmes, Brother Dan Jones, and another brother, and my wife and two other women. We had been traveling three days and nights in a heavy gale, and were being driven backwards. Finally I asked my companions to come into the cabin with me, and I told them to pray that the Lord would change the wind. I had no fears of being lost; but I did not like the idea of being driven back to New York, as I wanted to go on my journey. We all offered the same prayer, both men and women; and when we got through we stepped on to the deck and in less than a minute it was as though a man had taken a sword and cut that gale through, and you might have thrown a muslin handkerchief out and it would not have moved it. The night following this Joseph and Hyrum visited me, and the Prophet laid before me a great many things. Among other things, he told me to get the Spirit of God; that all of us needed it. He also told me what the Twelve Apostles would be called to go through on the earth before the coming of the Son of Man, and what the reward of their labors would be; but all that was taken from me, for some reason. Nevertheless I know it was most glorious, although much would be required at our hands.

Joseph Smith continued visiting myself and others up to a certain time, and then it stopped. The last time I saw him was in heaven. In the night vision I saw him at the door of the temple in heaven. He came and spoke to me. He said he could not stop to talk with me because he was in a hurry. The next man I met was Father Smith; he could not talk with me because he was in a hurry. I met half a dozen brethren who had held high positions on earth,