

Spiritual  
Experiences

told to

Zion's  
League

by

J. A. Holsworth

## FOREWORD

I was asked by the leaders of the Zion's League of Liberty Street Church in Independence, Missouri, who are under the supervision of Brother Carl Holsworth and his wife, Mabel, who are efficient leaders with the young people to come and tell some of my spiritual experiences which have been given to me.

What I have to say is no law to the Church, but they are spiritual experiences that have come to me by much fasting and prayer. I asked the Lord for these experiences, not for my own good alone, but that they might be of a help and strength to my brothers and sisters in the Church. If I should say anything to strengthen your faith, or cause you to live better or to be better, to God do we give the glory.

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## FIRST NIGHT

I come before you young people tonight, after being asked by your leader, Brother Carl Holsworth, to come and tell you some of the spiritual experiences that have been given to me by the Spirit of God, after much fasting and prayer. I have talked to hundreds of people, but I have never been thrilled as I am tonight seeing so many young people interested in the experiences that we bring to you. I want to tell you something that I hope will be of interest to you, something you may take home with you and think over. You can tell anything I say tonight to anyone you like, but tell it as I tell it to you. *When you repeat a spiritual experience be very careful how you repeat it. Brother R. V. Hopkins said that when a person speaks by the Spirit of the Lord, his reputation is in danger. Why? Because there are so many doubting Thomases. I have talked to audiences and have told them what I am going to say to you tonight. Then different ones have come to me and said, "Did you say such and such a thing?", something that I had not even thought of. I would say, "I did not." So if you want to tell what I shall say, tell it as I tell it to you.*

I do not know if any of you ever had a spiritual experience or not. One of the most important things about a spiritual experience is the proper interpretation of it. I know people who have had spiritual experiences; they would put their own interpretation on it, and it did not come to pass. Many hearts have been made sad because people have put the wrong interpretation on their spiritual experiences. If you ever have a spiritual experience, be sure to get the right interpretation; it is just as important as the experience itself. I do not know any of you. If I knew your names, I would possibly know your parents.

I live on Pendleton Avenue, across Walnut Street, on the north side of Swope's pasture. One night we were sleeping in our south bedroom upstairs. As I was lying there awake, I heard the clock strike two. It was two o'clock in the morning. All of a sudden I heard music in Swope's pasture. It was a band or orchestra playing a march. I could tell that from the tone of the music. It came from away down in the pasture. I thought to myself, "Why is the Church orchestra playing in Swope's pasture this hour of the night?" The longer it played, the louder it became. I knew it was getting closer to the house. It came up to the outside of the house, then it stopped. The room began to get light—brighter than this room is here tonight. I said to myself, "I am going to have a visitor. I will

He still and see what transpires." A personage came into the room. He came to the foot of the bed. There was a funnel-shaped light that shone from my face, across the bed, and took in the foot of the bed. He looked me straight in the face, asking me this question: "What is the greatest desire of your life?" If I would ask you young people that question tonight, what would you answer? I believe you will agree with me that you would ask for the thing you are interested in. I believe if a heavenly messenger would come to your bedside and ask you that question you would answer the same way. I had no time to think what I should say. I did not have time to gather my thoughts together. I want to say this: If it is ever your good fortune to stand in the presence of a heavenly messenger, and you are given permission to ask any questions, you will not ask anything except what you *should* ask. I will give you that much advance information. The thing you will ask will be the things you are interested in. This was my answer to that question—I thought it was a good answer then, and I think so now. In answering this, I was not thinking of myself, but of you young people—not only of you, but of my brothers and sisters in the Church. I said: "That I might have power over unclean spirits and all manner of afflictions." He said, "Your request shall be granted." "If I had the time, I could stand here for hours and tell you of the truthfulness of that statement.

He then said; "What is the next greatest desire of your life?" I thought of myself then. I had bodily affliction that I wanted to be relieved of. I asked that I might be relieved of that. He said, "Your request shall be granted." I looked at him and thought to myself, "I would like to know who you are." He read my thoughts and said, "I am Nephi." In the Book of Mormon, page 654, verse 4, are the names of the twelve disciples whom Jesus chose; one of them was named Nephi. When Jesus asked them what they desired when He returned to the Father in heaven, nine of them said that when they became 72 years of age, they wanted to come to Him in the Kingdom of Heaven. The other three said they would like to tarry on earth and be ministering spirits to those who were heirs of salvation. He told them their request would be granted. At your leisure, read the entire 13th chapter of the Book of Nephi, page 674.

I was as close to him as the length of the bed. I judge him to be about 70 years of age. A man as near his size, his height and build is Brother Elbert A. Smith. He was pleasant to look upon. I shall never forget that experience. He wore a dark suit, coat, vest and trousers. I did not see a hat. He was smooth shaved.

I want to tell you another experience, something you might be vitally interested in. One thing I think is a good thing to ask when a group is gathered together like you are here tonight is: "What is your mission in life?" What is your work in the Church? Would you not like for a personage to come to you and tell you what your mission in the Church is? I had that experience—I want to tell it to you. The Lord has shown me what my work in the Church would be in its local condition.

I had asked the Lord through fasting and prayer to reveal unto me certain things, not for my own good alone, but that they might be of a help and strength to my brothers and sisters in the Church. I dreamed one night that I was with a body of people, old and young, men, women, boys and girls. We were in a field of fruit and partaking of that fruit. It was the most luscious fruit we had ever eaten. There was an abundance of it. Everyone partook of it. The more we ate, the more we wanted to eat. All at once, I awoke from my dream. I became wide awake. I looked upon the face of that dream; it did not amount to much, but my feelings were that it amounted to something. I prayed a silent prayer to the Lord, asking Him if the dream meant anything to me, to show me the interpretation of it because I did not understand it. I went to sleep again. I dreamed the same thing again, only we were not in the field of fruit, but on the outside of it. There was a fence or barrier, so we could not get in. We all seemed to know what kind of fruit it was, but we could not get to it. Everyone was talking and giving his opinion on how we could get over there.

While we were all talking, a personage came up to my side, for I was the only one He spoke to, and said, "What are you people trying to do?" I said, "We are trying to get over into that field of fruit." He said, "The only way you can get over into that field of fruit is to *get in line and stay in line.*" I began to get the people in line. I told them we had to get in line if we were to partake of that fruit. It was a hard task to do. There were about a half dozen men standing about thirty feet to my left. I said, "Who are those men over there?" He said, "Those men represent the priesthood of My Church; Those people represent My Church, and that field represents the blessings of your Heavenly Father, if you will live for them." I went over to those men and said, "Listen here, let's get these people in line. Let's get them to live their religion so we can enjoy the blessings of our Heavenly Father."

They went at their work in a haphazard way. In other words, the priesthood did not seem to know how to go into the homes of the Saints and tell them how to live their religion. I would walk up and down the line watching over them, trying to get the people lined up. There were about a hundred people in that line, just about as many as there are in some of the groups in Independence.

As I stood there at the head of that line, I would see a man run out of the line on that side of the line. I would see some young men run out of the line, then I would see some girls run out. Some would come back; some would not. I watched very closely. I could not see what they were running after. I asked this personage who was still at my side, "What are those people running after?" He said, "They are running after the pleasures of the world." I walked up to a certain girl; she seemed to be a leader, for when she ran out, others would follow her. I am not going to tell you who that girl is. I know her and I know her parents. She was about 16 or 17 years of age. I walked up to this girl (now remember, this was a dream), I got down on my knees before her, looked up into her face with tears running down my face. I begged this girl to get back into line and live her religion. She gave me a gay laugh and went on her way. To this day that girl does not care a snap of your finger for this Church. She is lost to the Church. She runs after the pleasures of the world. I looked at those people and I recognized them; I recognize them on the streets of Independence today.

Some time after I had this experience, I was called to administer to a certain sister here in Independence. I administered to her a number of times. She was on her deathbed. She could not get well. I knew it; she knew it. I said, "Sister, I have something I want to tell you." I told her this experience. I said, "In that line of people there were some who looked neither to the right or to the left. They had their eye on the goal. Sister, you were one of those who looked neither to the right nor to the left. You were living your religion. Sister, you have nothing to fear, your reward is sure."

She took my hand and with tears streaming down her cheeks, she said, "You don't know how much good that does me. I have tried to live my religion. I have tried to do what is right." That sister soon departed in peace.

Now I don't know how long I am going to live. The doctors have said not very long. But when my departure does come, if someone who knows would say, "You have nothing to fear; your reward is sure," they truly would be comforting words to me.

## III

I have another experience that I want to tell you. One night while alone in my bedroom, a personage came into my room and gave me permission to ask Him three questions. If a heavenly messenger would come to you and give you permission to ask three questions, what would you ask? I will tell you what you would ask. You would ask about the things you were interested in. That is what I did. These were my three questions:

1. When will Zion be redeemed?

He said, "The saints are gathering now to Zion, are they not?" I said, "Yes, they are gathering here in great numbers." "They will continue to gather," He said. Then raising His right hand, He said, "Zion will never be redeemed in its fullness until Christ comes."

Then my next question was:

2. When will the Lord come?

He said, "Sooner than any expect."

My third question was:

3. When will the endowment be given?

He said, "Whenever I have a people prepared to receive it."

I thought at the time there were wonderful questions. I think so now.

I was then enveloped with the Spirit of God. I was given to understand that I can represent, while I am here on earth, either the Church or the priesthood as I am a member of each. I will let you say whom I represent here.

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It seemed as though the power of the Adversary was seeking to take my life. I prayed that the Lord would deliver me from the power of the Adversary. A voice spoke into my ear and said these words, "Why don't you ask the Lord to help you deliver yourself from the power of the Adversary?" I had been asking the Lord to do it all instead of trying to help myself. I changed my prayer then, and asked Him to help me deliver myself from that power. After a hard struggle, I was able to deliver myself from that power.

I was then what one would say "being in the Spirit". I was shown many things. I was shown how Satan was entering the homes of the Saints, causing a division between the husband and the wife, and between the wife and the husband. I saw how Satan was entering the lives of the young people, causing them to walk in forbidden paths, causing many a heartache and many a tear of sorrow.

I saw how the spirit of greed for gain was taking hold of the Saints, causing them to forget the Lord and to seek mammon. Many things I was shown, but I will not repeat them to you here. It is not wisdom to do so. My dear young people; Satan is trying to hinder the progress of this Church. Let us hope and pray that he will not be able to accomplish his aim. My personal opinion is that *neither Satan nor any set of men can stop the progress of this Church.*

#### IV.

I want to tell you an experience that came to me. I want to show you how the Lord is watching over His own, protecting them from the power of the Adversary.

I was alone at home one night; my wife was attending a meeting at the church. About 9:30 I decided I would go to bed. I had taken off my street clothes, had on my night clothes and was in the act of getting in bed, when a voice spoke to me, just as plain as I am speaking to you now, and said, "Go and administer to sister so-and so," calling her by name. I hesitated; I knew that I was the only person in my home at that time. I stood there; I did not know what to do. Again these words were repeated to me. I hurriedly took off my night clothes, put on my street clothes, and hurried to this home, which was not very far from my own home. I knocked on the door, then opened the door myself. The reason I did that was because I was so well acquainted with them. As I opened the door, I knew there was something wrong. This sister was sitting in a big arm chair, her black eyes snapping like fire. The husband and father was sitting over in the corner of the room with his head in his hands. The dining room table was pushed over against the wall. The dining room chairs were tipped over. The children were in the far corner of the room, crying. To me it looked as if there had been a free-for-all. The husband never looked up all the time I was in the room. This sister would flop up on the arm of her chair just like a cat, and back again. I only asked one question. I said, "Sister, I came to administer to you." She looked at me and said, "If that's the way you feel about it, all right."

I walked over to where she was sitting. A feeling came over me giving me to understand if I could place my hands upon her head, I would have power over every other power in that room. I administered to this sister in the name of the Lord; I rebuked the opposing power that was in that room. During my prayer I could feel this sister sinking deeper in her chair until she became limp. After taking my hand from her head, I asked no questions. I bade

them goodnight and went home. I did or said nothing except what the Lord had told me to do.

I went to work the next morning. During the morning this sister came to my home and asked my wife why I came up to administer to her, when she had not asked for it. My wife said, "I don't know, only he said he felt impressed to do it." This sister said, "If Brother Holsworth had not come to the door when he did, I would have killed my children. I had murder in my heart. When he came to our front door, I could have killed him if I had had anything to do it with."

Now listen here, young people, that family is a fine family. Those children are as fine a young people as there are in Independence. But when the Satanic forces take hold of our bodies, it causes us to do things that afterwards we are sorry for. This sister said when I came in her front door, a feeling came over her that made her hate the ground I walked on. I know she doesn't, for I love that family. So you see, the Lord watches over His own.

## V

I am getting very tired tonight, but one more thing I want to say and then I will stop. There is a statement in the Doctrine and Covenants I could never understand. Section 42 verse 12 says, "The idler shall not eat the bread nor wear the garments of the laborer." That has always puzzled my mind. I was sure it did not mean material things, for during the war everyone was equal whether he worked or not. Everyone had a ration card. No one was barred from getting his portion of food. I thought if the time ever came when we as a Church had a storehouse, and they refused food to anyone who did not work, all he would have to do would be to report it to the Government. I took this matter to the Lord in prayer. This is the answer I received to my prayer.

"Have you not attended prayer meetings and other meetings of the Church where the gifts and blessings were poured out upon the Saints, and after these meetings heard some say they felt no different in that meeting than any other meetings?" I said, "I have." This was then made known to me that it did not mean material things but spiritual things. The idler is one who does nothing for the Church, either in money or service. The bread is the manna that God sends down from heaven, that is, the gifts and blessings that He sends to those who love and serve Him. The garments is that robe of righteousness the Lord has in store for His people. We sing a song sometimes—"The Saints shall wear robes as the lilies when Jesus

returns again." The whiteness of the lilies means the purity of the Saints. Rev. 19:8 says, "She, the Church (or the Saints of God) would be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white; for the fine linen is the righteousness of the Saints."

So you see, "The idler shall not eat the bread nor wear the garments of the laborer." May the Lord add His blessings to what I have said to you tonight is my prayer.

## SECOND NIGHT

### VI

I am glad to be here this evening and I am sure that it is wonderful to me to look into your faces. Brother Case wanted me to tell you something that he and I both failed to tell you. Two weeks ago we told you about visiting and walking with those Three Nephites. He told me to tell you tonight that when they became three score and ten years of age, they were translated upon this continent, they did not get any older than they were at 70 years of age. That has been about 1500 years ago that they were translated. They did not get any older. It is just like when a person passes from this life—they don't get any older.

I am going to tell you young people tonight something that you don't know. You do like to learn, don't you? I do, too. I cannot prove anything I say to you tonight, but somebody else can prove some of the things I say. But you have got to believe my testimony. That is why I am here tonight. I would not tell you an untruth. I am going to tell you something you don't know, although it is the truth.

The Three Books of the Church speak of three glories: the glory of the sun, the glory of the moon, and the glory of the stars. The glory of the sun is the celestial glory; the glory of the moon is the terrestrial glory; and the glory of the stars is the telestial glory. If you want to get a good explanation of these three glories, read section 76, which explains them and tells who shall come forth in these glories. I have visited two of these glories, and I want to tell you about them this evening. I have visited and talked to people in the terrestrial glory, and I have been to the telestial glory of the stars, or what the Bible says is the prison house, or hell, in plain English. Tonight we will call it the prison house.

First I want to tell you of visiting the terrestrial glory, the glory of the moon. After I tell you about the two glories I saw, and what

I was told, I will tell you where the world stands, or the people on earth today. We are living in a glory. I am going to make the same request tonight that I made two weeks ago. Tell what I say like I tell it. If you are not sure that you have gotten it straight, ask our sister who is taking this down, and she will verify and make it straight. If I don't explain things so they will be clear to your mind, if you will raise your hand, I will stop and explain it to you to the best of my ability.

A personage came to my room one night and told me we were going to visit the terrestrial glory—i. e. the glory of the moon. I found myself in a large manufacturing place. I saw people and I talked to them. I talked to one man and I asked him if he could tell me what they were manufacturing here. He said, "No one knows what is manufactured here; only those who come here to stay. As you are not here to stay, it is not given to you to know what is made here." I asked him, "Would you tell me your name?" He said, "I went by the name of Taylor when I lived on earth and my folks lived near Shenandoah, Iowa."

My wife's (Mrs. Holsworth's) uncle lived at Shenandoah and after a period of time I met him and asked him if he knew of anybody that lived around there by the name of Taylor. He said he sure did; there were several families by the name of Taylor; nearly all died off now, mighty fine people.

As I was talking to him (Mr. Taylor) in this experience, two men passed by, but I did not pay any attention to who they were, but after they had gone by someone mentioned the word "Oliver Cowdery" and when I heard that name, I looked around and I said, "I know of Oliver Cowdery. He was one of the men who were instrumental in bringing forth this latter day work." He said, "He and David Whitmer just passed through here." I said, "I would like to talk to them because I have read about their lives."

Now young folks, if you will read of the testimony of the three witnesses in the first part of the Book of Mormon, the ones who saw the plates, the twenty-four gold plates, and hefted them. You read their testimony. They bore testimony and at the last of this testimony, they said that if they were faithful, they know that they would be saved in the Kingdom of God and dwell with Christ and His angels. These men were not faithful to the end. David Whitmer published a book against the Church, and he denounced Joseph Smith as a false prophet. Oliver Cowdery left the Church. There was one thing they did do; they were faithful to their testimony. David Whitmer said on his deathbed that he did see the plates—but he was not faithful to the end of his life.

You may have a testimony of this latter-day work, and you may be faithful to that testimony and bear that testimony that this work is true, but being faithful to your testimony will not save you in the Kingdom of God. Being faithful to the *end* will save you. "He that endureth to the end will be saved in the kingdom of heaven." Oliver and David were not faithful; therefore they are not in celestial glory.

I am telling you what I saw and heard, and I know that sometime and somewhere I have to give account of what I say and what I do. I am telling you the truth of what I was told. These men are not in the celestial glory, although they were instrumental in bringing forth this latter-day work. You have probably been in Richmond, Missouri, and have seen their graves. There is a monument on which their testimony is written, but that does not save them in the Kingdom of God.

## VII

I want to tell you of visiting the celestial glory or going to the prison house. I don't know how I got there. I found myself before a large entrance made of stone. There was a big stone arch. It reminded me of the stone arch on 15th Street between Independence and Kansas City. It was about 200 feet wide. The center of the arch was about 25 feet high. The road that led to the arch was about as wide as the arch. As I stood at the entrance, I thought of this passage of scripture: "Wide is the gate, broad is the way, that leads to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat. Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leads to life everlasting, and few there be that enter."

We went inside. I met people inside and I talked to them. There was a personage with me. I talked to some of those people and asked them if they were satisfied and they said that they were. The personage said the reason they were satisfied was that while upon the earth, they never enjoyed anything better. Therefore they were satisfied with their lot there. I asked some others if they were satisfied there. They had a sad look upon their faces: "No, we are not satisfied here." This personage said the reason they were not satisfied here is because when they lived on earth, they enjoyed better things, they knew better, but the manner in which they conducted their lives while they lived upon earth brought them to this condition.

I recognized some of those people and talked with them and called them by name—those who seemed to be satisfied and some who were not. After coming out of there, I remembered everything

else but one thing. I could not remember the names of the people I saw. That was the wisdom of the Lord, who took that knowledge from me.

We went on to where the women were—the men and women were segregated, they were not together. I saw men and women who were weeping—crying in anguish and sorrow because of the torment upon them. I know that the scriptures say that they would be in a place of torment of fire and brimstone. I looked upon them; there was no fire about them. There was that feeling of consciousness of guilt. Their conscience was searing them as with a hot iron because of their wicked lives they had lived. "They shall go to a place where there is weeping and wailing." We went on. The further we went, the darker it became. You have read about the bottomless pit. We went down and down. It reminded me of the ramps of the Auditorium. There seemed to be no end to the place in which we went. We met people but they were in total darkness. There was a light around the personage and me, but the people that we passed were in total darkness. The Bible speaks of the bottomless pit. I have been there and I have seen people there. I don't know where I went or how far down I went.

I eventually found myself at the outside of the entrance where we went in. As I stood there gazing at the entrance, I turned around. Back up the roadway, I saw about 25 people together in a crowd. I said, "Why are so many people coming to this place in a body like this?" He told me that a great accident had just happened on earth, and this was the result of that accident.

I stood and watched them come two abreast, together. The first two people that came were a man and a woman. They looked to be about 70 years of age. Behind them was another couple—they looked to be about 50 years of age. Behind them were two women. They were elderly women that I judged to be around 75 years of age or more, and behind them I saw another couple—a man and wife. He was a minister of the gospel. You will wonder how I knew that. He had on a four-in-hand black tie and his collar was buttoned in the back. He was small but the woman with him was a large woman. She would weigh 200 pounds. When they came up to me, they stopped and she seemed to know where she was. She looked up, raised her hands, and said, "Oh have I lived all my life and this is my lot!" The personage who stood at my right beckoned them to go on. The minister had such a discouraged look. He looked as if the earth would open up and swallow them. They went on out of sight. How long I stood there, I don't know.

I found myself at home suddenly, lying on the bed awake. While I was pondering over the things that I had seen, I heard the clock strike four. I thought, "If there has been an accident on earth, it will be in the morning paper. When I hear the paper man go up the street, I will get the paper." I lay there awake until about a quarter till five. When I heard the paper car go up the street, I jumped up, dressed, and rushed out to get the paper. There wasn't a thing in it about the accident at all. You know just how I felt. I told my wife about my experience at the breakfast table that morning and asked her not to tell anybody, because I thought it would be in the morning paper.

When I went to work that morning there were two forces in my mind all that day. One force in my mind said, "You just thought you saw what you saw." The other force said, "I know I saw what I saw. I know I heard what I heard." When the evening came, I was almost a mental wreck. I was mentally sick as I quit work. I came home feeling very much depressed. I came into the yard and found the afternoon paper lying in the yard. I opened it up and there across the top of the page was this statement: "A hotel fire; 35 dead. Exclusive resort inn burned in the Catskill Mountains." There followed a partial list of the dead. Remember, I saw this between three and four in the morning. The morning paper goes to press about 1:30 or 2:00. The morning paper had already been printed and was on the way to delivery by that time. But the afternoon paper said that the fire occurred between three and four that morning.

You remember that I judged the people's ages. The first on the list were Mr. and Mrs. Beardsley, aged about 70 years, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Englo, aged about 50 years, Mrs. Hennessey, age 75 years, Mrs. Tinscher, age 80 years, the Reverend Doctor G. Livingston, retired Episcopal minister and his wife. That was in the afternoon Kansas City Star.

I am not responsible for where they went or where they are now. I *am* responsible for what I say and what I do, and I know that not all those thirty-five people went there, only about two dozen that I saw. If you believe that the prison house or hell is in the bottom of this earth, please get that out of your mind. The prison house is a planet the same as the earth. The ground was the same as ours, only the soil was of a reddish color. Through Oklahoma and Arkansas the soil is of a reddish color and it colors the water. In Texas there is Red River, because of the color of the silt in it. You have seen red clay. That was the color of the soil. The terrestrial glory is a planet the same as the earth. I am going to tell you where we live. The people on the earth live in a sphere between the celestial and the

terrestrial glories. The reason I know that is because the people in the terrestrial glory are on a higher plane of life than we are, and we are above the people of the celestial glory.

Some people think that if they could just get into heaven, they would be satisfied. Maybe you would and maybe you would not be satisfied. Suppose after this meeting Carl (Holsworth) would say, "We are going to have a big feast and we want everybody to stay." Suppose there was something wrong with my digestive organs that I could not eat anything. I would be miserable. That is just the way it will be in the resurrection. What good will it do you to get in and not enjoy anything? As one star differs in glory from another, so shall it be in the resurrection. ~~X~~ I have visited many penitentiaries. There are people who go there because they commit a felony or grand larceny, and they get in for two or three years. Then they come out. Another man commits a crime and goes for ten or fifteen years. A murderer goes there for life. When you pay your penalty, you come out. So it is with the justice of God. When these people have served their time, they go out.

I am going to explain the three glories so that you may understand them. I am going to use the automobile as an example of the three glories. In order to make an automobile, you have to go to the bottom of the earth and dig out the ore. It is smelted and made into steel bars and sheets of steel. That is the celestial glory. That steel is sent to the factory in a manufacturing place like Detroit, where it is made into automobiles and it is finished ready to be used. That is the terrestrial glory. We do not make it, but we enjoy its use. That is the celestial glory. That is the way of the different glories. The celestial serves the terrestrial glory, which serves the celestial glory. The Bible speaks of the city that is made without hands. I don't know how it will be built. I don't know anything about it. The people who live in it have nothing to do with the making of it by hand. The other two glories serve the celestial glory. The people of the celestial glory are those who are faithful to the end and follow the teachings of Christ. They enjoy the things that the people of the lesser glories produce for them.

## VIII

I want to give you a testimony of this latter day work. I believe that everybody here is a member of the church. Anybody who is antagonistic would not be at this meeting. I believe that everybody here believes that this is the true church. I *know* it! I want to tell you the difference between belief and knowledge. Faith is to believe; knowledge is to know. *You* believe — *I* know. I told you

two weeks ago that I have been active up until a short time ago, until I had to give up work because my heart was not working the way it should, and I had to resign. I have been a group elder for about 25 years, and I know what group work is.

In the group I had charge of, there were some that were not as faithful as they ought to have been. They were attending other churches. So I prayed over the matter as to what I should do. I made up my mind to attend this other church our people were going to, to see what they had to say and what they had to offer. My wife and I went to this church to hear what our group membership were hearing that caused them to attend this other church. We went there a few times and one night when we were there, the minister was just about half through his sermon, and I turned to my wife and said, "I've got enough of this. Let's go home." We got up in the middle of that man's sermon and went home. I could not swallow what he was teaching; we talked about that on the way home.

That night in our evening prayer, I presented this matter to the Lord. I talked to the Lord just as I am talking to you. I told the Lord, "I have been placed in charge of these people, and if that man is right, I want to know it. I don't want to lead Your people astray. If that church is right, show me and I will obey You and I will join it." I talked to Him just as I am talking to you. I meant everything I said.

When we retired for the night, I lay there but I did not sleep. I could not sleep. I don't know how long I lay awake until the room began to get light. It got about as light as a coal oil lamp. A personage came up to the door of the bedroom and stood there. I was facing him and he came to the foot of the bed. He said, "You are doing wrong to keep the people from that church. That man is right and you are wrong." The Lord has blessed me with the gift of discernment. I raised up my left elbow, and pointing with my right hand said, "Get thou behind me, Satan, for I perceive thou hast changed thyself nigh into an angel of light." He began to weep and cry, and he left the room. A feeling came to me that I had rebuked the Spirit of the Lord. I prayed a silent prayer to the Lord, "Lord, I have witnessed one force here tonight—one power. Manifest the other power to me that I may not be deceived, for I don't want to lead Your people astray. If this church is right, if that people is right, show me and I will do what You tell me to do."

I had not much more than finished that prayer until the ceiling disappeared and I saw a shaft of light from heaven, and in that light there was a ladder. The ladder was gold and the stands were about three inches in diameter. The rounds were about 1½ inches in

diameter. The ladder was in the light and as far as I could see, that ladder reached to the heavens. I saw two personages come down that ladder, a step at a time, and both stopped on the floor. One sat in a chair in the room, and the other sat on the side of the bed. The one that sat on the side of the bed talked to me. When they conversed together I could not understand them. The one that sat in the chair did not say anything to me. When the one sitting on my bed talked to me, I could understand him. The first words were these: "I come to see if you are still in the faith." I said, "I think I am. I am trying to live my religion the best I know how." I looked on him and thought, "Now I have received the other force. I saw one force come in the door. The other came from the heavens."

I said, "I would like to ask you a question." He gave me permission to ask a question. "Is this man right and is this church right that I went to last night?" The messenger had a pleasant look on his face. When I asked him that, there was a sad look on his face. He said, "No, they are not right. You should stand by Frederick M. Smith, the prophet of God, one who has been chosen and ordained to lead the people." Those are the words he spoke to me. I asked him who he was. He said this: "We are angels of agency. When a child becomes eight years of age we come and place our hands upon their heads and give them the right to choose for themselves. Before that time the sins of the child are upon the heads of the parents." That is in harmony with the Doctrine and Covenants 68:4. You ask your parents to show it to you.

I know where the laying on of hands originated. It originated in heaven. Did you ever think of it? We lay on hands to confer authority, to administer and ordain. I have always thought of why we had to lay on hands for different ordinances. They said that they were angels of agency. You have seen trapeze performers, men with close fitting uniforms: That is the way they were dressed in white. Their trousers and coats were tight fitting. When he told me that I should stand by the prophet of God, the leader of this church, I went among the people and told them this. I got every one of them back into the church except two or three families.

## IX

I want to tell you the greatest experience that I ever had in my life. You might think what I have said was wonderful, but what I will tell you now is the most wonderful experience that could come to man—that is meeting and talking with the Savior. I have proof for it if you want to believe the testimonies of others: I can tell you

later who they are. But I want to tell you of meeting the Savior, and talking to Him face to face. I fasted and prayed for years to get that testimony. I believed there was a Savior but I did not know it. To know anything I have to see it. I have believed that there was such a being; that is faith. Some of us *believe* that Christ is the Son of God and some of *know* that He is. You have to see to know.

I don't know where I was, but I found myself in a room just about as big as this room. I was upon my knees praying for divine direction and divine guidance. It seems as if the power of darkness seeks to overcome you when you are trying to do right; it seemed as if the forces of evil were doing everything they could to thwart me in what I was trying to do. As I began to pray, the power got greater until I thought I would not pray anymore. Up in the far corner there appeared a light just about as big as a dishpan and in that light there was a face. The face was as big as a plate. I realized that was deliverance. I continued to pray to that light that I might be worthy of a blessing. I prayed for worthiness and humility that I might be able to receive that light. The light got larger and the man came closer until I saw Him completely. He got closer and walked on the floor. He came to me where I was praying on my knees. As He extended His hand, I saw the prints of the nails. I felt so weak I thought I would faint, as I grasped His hand in mine. Then I raised my hands crying, "Glory be to God in the highest. Now I know Jesus lives, for I have seen Him." He said, "*When you have seen me, you have seen the Father.*" He extended His hand a second time, and repeated the same words. He told me to bear this testimony. "*You bear this testimony to this unbelieving, dying world that I live today.*"

What a wonderful testimony that is to be able to bear—the testimony that Jesus lives today and that He is the Son of the living God. That is the greatest testimony that man can give. We are going to be one of the most surprised people when we see Him. He does not look like the pictures we see of Him. He had on a one-piece garment as far as I could see. His garment was a little above His wrist, baggy like a nightgown. I could look up His sleeve, and I could not see that He had on anything else. His garment came down on His breast, and there was not a seam in the garment. It was white—whiter than snow. His hair was combed straight back, but it didn't touch His garment. There was about an inch between His garment and His hair. He had a high forehead. His hair was dark but sprinkled with gray. He had a beard like a Jew—a rabbi beard. It was not a Van Dyke beard as you see in pictures. He was not very large nor heavy. I would judge Him to be a man about 30 or 35

years of age. He seemed to be about 135 pounds in weight. I am going to tell you a man about His size—Brother C. Ed Miller. Did you ever see a tall Jew? I never did. The Jews are short, and I judged Him to be 5 feet 6 inches or 5 feet 7 inches tall. He had a pleasant look upon His face. I thought then, and I have thought since then that when my time of departure shall come, and when I have to stand before Him to be judged, if I receive the same welcome smile then, as I received when I saw Him, I will feel that my life will be well spent here.

Following this experience of seeing the Savior, Patriarch J. F. Curtis and I had charge of the afternoon prayer meeting in the basement of the Stone Church one Sunday. During the prayer meeting, I arose and told of seeing our Savior. Brother Curtis listened very attentively to my description of the Savior. After I had finished, Brother Curtis arose and said, "I was interested in our brother's description of the Savior. I too have seen the Savior and have talked to Him face to face. I cannot give you a better description of our Savior than our brother has given you." Then he sat down.

## X

One thing more I want to say. There was a song given me by the Spirit of the Lord and I want to give you the background of that song. I was at 628 West Lexington Street. We had about 25 or 30 people in that room that evening for prayer service. During the meeting the Spirit of the Lord rested upon me to call upon a certain brother in that room to offer prayer and designated his name. I was to ask him to pray for the priesthood and especially for me. "If you will do that, the Spirit of the Lord will be manifest here tonight in this prayer meeting. There are some here whose minds are not on the purpose of this meeting. Ask the people to concentrate their minds on this meeting, and if they will do that, the Lord will bless them."

The brother prayed a wonderful prayer, and after we arose from our knees, I suggested that we sing one verse of number 251 in the Saints' Hymnal. As we sang that, the Spirit of the Lord rested on me. I arose and sang a song that some of you here are going to sing tonight. I hope that you feel the Spirit as I felt it that night.

### GIVEN THROUGH THE SPIRIT TO ELDER J. A. HOLSWORTH (sung to the tune of No. 251 [older] Saints' Hymnal)

Oh, my people, saith the Spirit, hear ye now the word of God;  
Be ye humble and obedient to the Master who has said,  
"If ye would be rich, be faithful, for my promise are sure,  
All I've promised to my people is the same day of yore.

Shun ye every worldly pleasure for the world is deep in sin  
 And the bidding of my Spirit is for you to live within.  
 As you see destruction round you, lift your hearts to God in praise  
 For my Spirit shall protect you, guide your footsteps day by day.

Unto you, my chosen people, come to me with polished hands,  
 That the spreading of my gospel may go forth to distant lands;  
 That the world may hear the story for the last and only time;  
 And my Spirit be upon you if you'll place your hand in mine.

I now bid you come up higher for my blessings to enjoy,  
 For my coming is upon you and the angels sing for joy.  
 Oh, be faithful to your promise that you'd serve me day by day  
 And the coming of your Savior by your lives you'd not delay.

## XI A VISITOR

One night while sleeping in our south bedroom upstairs, my head was to the south. I was facing east. All of a sudden the east side of the house disappeared and I heard a choir singing up towards Pleasant Street. They were singing "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name". I have heard the Stone Church choir sing. They have beautiful voices, but when you hear a chorus of angels' voices, the Stone Church choir cannot carry a tune by comparison. After this song was sung, at the east end of the house a man appeared in a highback chair like the picture we sometimes see of a king sitting upon his throne.

A dove flew from him to me and rested on my left shoulder. This dove was as white as snow. I can see his little pink bill and his purple eyes now. As the dove sat there, there was a voice speaking as coming from the dove, saying these words: "*My thoughts are the same as he who sitteth upon yonder throne, and what I say would be the same as if he would say it himself. Many things are soon to transpire in the world. Some will be very trying to the Saints, but to the world it will be destruction and woe, for the ingenuity of men, the workmanship of God's hand and God's law are going hand in hand to accomplish God's purposes.*"

Then the scene changed. I could look away to the east and there appeared a large man, which represented to me Power, and in his hands he held reins which were represented to me as ribbons and these ribbons extended from him to all the principal cities of the United States, from the large cities, to the small cities. This was

made known to me as the banking system.

I saw this man pull on these ribbons as if stopping a team of horses, which was made known to me that he was calling in the money that was in the banks. Then I saw a sight I never experienced before. I saw prominent men in the United States commit suicide because they had lost everything they had in this financial crash and it was very trying to the Saints. They too had lost all.

I do not know when this depression is coming. That was not made known to me, but this much I do know--it is not very far in the future, and if my counsel is worth anything to the Saints, I would admonish them to get out of debt and stay out of debt.

## XII

### "MY PERSONAL TESTIMONY"

Brother Holsworth

You don't know how much thrill I get out of coming here and looking into your faces. It is an inspiration. I am sure glad to be here.

I want to talk to you of an experience that has come to me and I want to talk to you about some things--maybe you have not heard of or witnessed or seen healings in the church. Then I want to talk to you just a little about the church and a real testimony of the church. Some of you haven't had a testimony of the truthfulness of this work, perhaps. The Bible says, "Prove all things and hold fast to that which is good." I am going to relate an experience to you that I can substantiate and prove to you by the Three Books. I suppose all of you are students of the Three Books, particularly the Book of Mormon.

I told you the last time I was here that I was going to tell you about the trip where I was taken to the North Country and visited the Lost Tribes. There is a statement in the Bible where we can locate 2½ tribes of the 12 tribes. But there are 9½ tribes that were taken and we have never heard anything from them. I know you have heard about the Lost Tribes of Israel. Very few of you know where I live: 213 Pendleton. On the west side of the house we have a screened-in porch. The porch is as long as the house is wide. It is about nine feet wide. It is about 26 or 28 feet long. In the summer time my wife and I sleep out there. The door that leads from the porch is on the south side. Along the north side of the house is the garage, at the corner of the house. On this particular night that I was asleep, our heads were against the house. I was sleeping on the north

side of the bed. There was enough room to walk around the bed.

It was during the night in the summer time of September. There was a personage who came up to my side of the bed and took hold of my left arm and gave me a shake and said, "*Get up, we are going on a long journey.*" My first thought was that I was dying and that was the death angel to take me where he wanted to take me. I threw back the covers and put my feet on the floor and stood up. The screened-in porch has boards up about three feet. Instead of going around the bed and going out the screen door, we went right through that screen wire. After we went through that screen, I looked back, and there wasn't any hole there. I believe that my spirit left the body and my body still lay on the bed. Of course a spirit can go anyplace. But I had my mental faculties and senses. I could see everything around me. I knew and observed everything. Instead of going around to the driveway, we raised up two or three hundred feet, enough to clear the trees and houses, and we went by the north and west. In other words, we went right over the high-school. I looked down and the lights were lit at the entrance of the highschool. I wasn't very high, but enough to clear everything. Everything was dark around us. We went very swiftly. We did not go as one swimming. We went like I am now, upright. The personage was on my left. We went like we were walking, but we were up in the air. We passed over many places and I looked down and there were bright spots. I discerned that they were cities. Then we would go out where everything was dark below us, and I discerned it was country we were passing over.

After we had gone quite a long distance, I said this: "May I ask where we are going?" He said, "*We are going to visit the Lost Tribes of Israel.*"

I had read a great deal about those Lost Tribes of the North. I wondered in my mind if I would be able to understand them, and would they understand me. After we had traveled a long distance, I could look into the distance ahead of us and could see glaciers of ice. They rose hundreds of feet, just like a mountain of solid ice. I did not have of myself any power of locomotion, but we did not make any effort to go any higher. I thought to myself, "Here is where we stop because we cannot go through ice." If I had thought, I would have realized that if we could go through a screen wire, I could go through ice. But we went right up to it like a wall. I don't know whether this opening was already there or not or whether it was made when we got there. The opening was about 20 feet wide and 20 feet high. We entered that hole. As we went into it, I felt a chill come over me. You know how you feel when you go

into an ice house. That is the way I felt. We were only just an instant going through that ice until we came out in space on the other side. We went only a very short distance after going through the ice compared to the distance we had come from, until we stepped on the ground.

We were at a place like a street intersection, like Main and Lexington. The streets ran both ways and we stepped on the ground right in the middle of an intersection. There was no jar. We went diagonally to the right front corner. It seemed to be the northeast corner. We walked across the street. The streets were paved with concrete like ours. We walked to the sidewalk. The sidewalks were seven or eight feet wide.

We turned to the right and we went to the first house on the corner and turned in. There was a walk that led to the house, wider than ours--about five or six feet wide. The house was sitting back a little further than Carl's house. There were three steps that led to the porch, which extended across the front of the house. The personage opened the door and we walked in.

I never saw a house like it. The front of the house was about 26 to 28 feet wide. It was about 35 feet deep, and the living room extended clear across the front of the house and down through the center of the house in the shape of a "T". There were two rooms for sleeping rooms and on the other side was the dining room and kitchen. The living room was about 14 feet wide. The house was a frame building. I was only permitted to see the front yard. From the streets and the houses I knew that we were in a town, I don't know how large. The grass and trees were green. The trees were about 25 or 30 feet high. Now, understand, we were in the North Country.

The door was in the center of the room. We entered the room--walked across to the right side of the room. There was a man sitting at a desk or a table busy doing something. We walked over to him. As he looked up, he picked up a book off the table and handed it to me. He said, "Read this book." I took the book from his hands. Upon opening it, I said, "I cannot read this book: I don't understand the language." I laid it down. He did it again. I said, "I cannot read the book." I took the book a second time. I opened it. I looked at it and I said, "Yes, I know what this book is. This is the Book of Mormon." I don't know if my eyes or the words were changed.

If you will turn to Second Nephi and the 12th chapter and the 72d verse on page 158, it says, "The Nephites and the Jews shall have the words of the Lost Tribes of Israel; and the Lost Tribes of Israel shall have the words of the Nephites and the Jews." There

were four books on that table. Different ones have different gifts in the church. The Lord has blessed me at times with one of the gifts: the gift of discernment. I discerned what those books were. I understood what they were. This is what came to me. One is the Book of Mormon, another is the Bible, another is their history, and another is our Doctrine and Covenants.

I want to read to you just a little. I want to read to you Second Nephi, the 12th chapter, on page 157, beginning with the 66th verse. "For out of the books which shall be written, I will judge the world, and every man according to their works, according to that which is written. For behold, I will speak unto the Jews, and they shall write it." That is the Bible. "And I shall also speak unto the Nephites, and they shall write it." That is the Book of Mormon. "And also I shall speak unto the other tribes of the house of Israel which I have led away, and they shall write it;" the Lost Tribes' History, "and I shall also speak unto all the nations of the earth and they shall write it." That is the Doctrine and Covenants. "And it shall come to pass that the Jews shall have the words of the Nephites and the Nephites shall have the words of the Jews. And the Nephites and the Jews shall have the words of the Lost Tribes of Israel; and the Lost Tribes of Israel shall have the words of the Nephites and the Jews." And in verse 70 where it says, "I shall also speak unto the nations of the earth and they shall write it." What is that book? Turn to the first section of the Doctrine and Covenants beginning with the first paragraph: "Hearken, O ye people of my church says the voice of Him who dwells on high, and whose eyes are upon all men; yea, verily I say, Hearken ye people from afar, and ye that are upon the islands of the sea, listen together." Down in the third paragraph it says: "The voice of the Lord is unto the ends of the earth, that all will hear my voice." This is the book that Nephi refers to in the Book of Mormon. Don't ask me how they got our Doctrine and Covenants; I cannot answer that.

When I said, "This is the Book of Mormon," there was a lady just a little larger than our sister (Mabel Holsworth) and she had on a black dress. She had her back to me. She turned around and said, "I used to belong to the church. I don't anymore." I asked her why. "I never could understand that book," she said. I still held the book in my hands. I don't know where I read, but I turned to different places in the Book of Mormon and read to her. After I had read several places, she said, "Now I understand that book. I am going to be rebaptized and come to Zion."

The man who was sitting at the table asked me about Zion. I believe you will all agree with me that there are two sides to Zion:

the good side and the bad side. I picked the good side to describe. I did not say anything about the evils in Zion. I told about the good things that are here. I said, "Are all the people here coming to Zion?" He said, "Do all the people in Zion belong to the church?" I said, "No, they do not." He said, "Neither are all the people here coming to Zion. Only those that belong to the church are coming to Zion."

Their prophet seemed to be about 35 or 40 years of age. He said, "We are coming with our wealth to help build up Zion."

Turn to Doctrine and Covenants, Section 108. This is the revelation concerning the North Country. In paragraph 6 it says these words: "And they who are in the North Country shall come in remembrance before the Lord, and their prophets shall hear His voice, and shall no longer stay themselves, and they shall smite the rocks, and the ice shall flow down at their presence. And a highway shall be cast up in the great deep. And they shall bring forth their rich treasures unto the children of Ephraim, my servants." He told me they were coming with their wealth to help build up Zion. There were all ages of people: old people, young, middle-aged, children. They were all talking about Zion. These people are in a state of preparation and are getting ready now. I noticed their manner of dress. The men had coats and trousers similar to what I have on. The women had dresses like you women wear. The North Country where they are is not a frigid country. They were dressed just like you are here tonight. There were no women who had on a low-necked dress. Their sleeves were long; half-way between their elbows and wrists. Everybody had on the same kind of shoes. They did not have the kind of shoes that we wear. I remember when everybody wore square-toed shoes—what we call box-toe shoes. Everybody's shoes were about two inches across the toe. Everybody had them on: men, women and children. The boys had pockets in their trousers, but they were in front. The girls had pockets in their dresses the same way; what we call patch pockets. When the word "Zion" was mentioned, the children and some of the other people would put their hands in their pockets and say, "Goody, goody we are going to Zion." That was the only thing on their minds. The Lord says in the Books that they are coming.

Now you ask me where they are. If they are not in a frigid country, where are they? You remember we did not go over the ice, we went *through* it—the earth is hollow. When the Lord was on this continent, He told the people that He was going to visit the Lost Tribes. In the Book of Nephi, chapter 8, page 648, paragraph 4, Christ said, "But now I go unto the Father, and also to show myself

unto the Lost Tribes of Israel, for they are not lost unto the Father, for He knoweth whither He hath taken them." The Lord knows where they are. It is going to be a wonderful day when that transpires.

In Jeremiah, the 23d chapter, verses 7 and 8, it says, "Therefore behold the days come, saith the Lord, that they shall no more say, the Lord liveth which brought up the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt; but the Lord liveth, which brought up and led the seed of the house of Israel out of the North Country, and from all countries whither I had driven them; and they shall dwell in their own land."

In the Book of Mormon, page 645, verses 24, 25 and 26; it says: "And verily, verily, I say unto you, that I have other sheep, which are not of this land; neither of the land of Jerusalem; neither in any parts of the land round about, whither I have been to minister. For they of whom I speak are they who have not as yet heard my voice; neither have I at any time manifested myself unto them. But I have received a commandment of the Father, that I shall go unto them, and that they shall hear my voice, and shall be numbered among my sheep, that there may be one fold, and one shepherd; therefore, I go to show myself unto them." Now I challenge anyone to show me where in the three standard books of the church, where the Lord ever appeared unto a body of people except to the Nephites here in America, and in Palestine.

It is going to be a more wonderful day and a more prominent day when those people come out of the North Country than when the Lord led the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt, as the earth is hollow, which I believe it is; and I am not alone in that belief. J. W. A. Bailey and Roy Weldon believe that the earth is hollow and there is where the Lost Tribes are. They are in a mild climate because they were not dressed in sealskins like Eskimos. They are hidden from the world, but not from God.

In Redway and Hinman's geography on page nine, it says this: "There are two colors of the sea, the light blue sea and the dark blue. The light blue sea is less than one mile deep; the dark blue sea is much deeper. If the water was lowered one mile in the ocean, the United States and Europe would be one land."

Section 108, verse 5 says: "He shall command the great deep and it shall be driven back into the north countries, and the islands shall become one land, and the land of Jerusalem and the Land of Zion shall be turned back into their own places, and the earth shall be like as it was in the days before it was divided; and the Lord, even the Savior, shall stand in the midst of His people, and shall reign over

all flesh."

We are just supposing now. If there is enough space up there to lower the ocean one mile, then there would be no Atlantic. This land would be connected with Europe. It would be as it was in the beginning.

I don't know how I got back home from the North Country. I don't know how long I was there, but when I came to myself, I was lying on my back looking at the ceiling, just as wide awake as I am now. Just to substantiate what I am telling you, I have proved to you by the Three Books that there is a people in the North Country. They are not hidden from the Lord. I am going to read you a vision that was handed to me to verify the things that were told me. That substantiates what I am telling you, that there is a people hid in the North Country beyond the land of rocks and ice. In the Lord's own due time, they will come forth. When they will come, I don't know. I hope you have enjoyed this experience that I have told you.

### XIII A VISION

"Editors, Herald"

Leviston, Ill., December 12

*"While reading the article from the pen of Brother Deabo, of Grant's Pass, Oregon, speaking of the people of the North Country coming very soon, brought to my mind a vision I had (when Brother Gurley, Sr. was living) in a prayer meeting in Abingdon more than thirty years ago. I saw a vessel start for the North Country with no one on board but the crew, enough for the working of the ship, and two elders and the writer of this; a beautiful vessel, clean as clean could be.*

*"We sailed directly to the ice-bound regions, reaching all in safety. The vessel was guided through the different openings that seemed to be made for her especial benefit, and finally came to a wall of ice so high that I could not see the top. The vessel came up to the wall of ice head on, so that the end of the bowsprit touched the ice, and stopped, as if the vessel was alive and knew what was wanted of it. The two elders then took their stations; one on the starboard and the other on the larboard on the forecastle. The one on the larboard raised his hands and commanded the wall of ice to open a passage in the name of Jesus Christ.*

*"As soon as the command had gone forth, a tremendous crack with a very loud noise accompanying it was seen from top to bottom, and the ice parted and continued to do so, till*

a passage opened plenty wide enough for the vessel to pass through.

*"I had mounted the forecastle and was looking to see what I could see beyond the wall. I saw a very large body of smooth water, and on the shore as far as I could see was an immense multitude of all ages, and they seemed to be expecting us; for such clapping of hands and gestures of joyful display I never saw. We landed and they were informed that the time of their return had come or would come shortly. They received the word readily and rejoiced to know that they were not forgotten."*—T. F. Stanford.

There are members of the church who believe the ten lost tribes are in the low countries of Europe. They may be. There are those who believe the tribe of Dan is in Denmark. They may be. But they are not the ones the Lord refers to in Doctrine and Covenants, Section 108:6. The ice does not have to flow down at their presence, nor does a highway have to be cast up in the midst of the great deep for them to come to Zion.

Remember only two families of Nephites came to America. Look what a great nation they became. If only one family was taken by the Lord from each tribe and taken by Him into the far north, and hidden from the world, they never would have been missed by the rest of the tribe.

Below is something I cut out of the Kansas City Times, dated January 25, 1951:

*"Valdos, Alaska, January 25, AP—Note to shivering Americans: The weather up here has been unprecedented. For 25 days and nights there has been no snowfall. An all-time record for January. Warm winds are blowing into town from the north, carrying dust everywhere. The nightly thermometer reading has been 50 degrees above zero. Above, not below."*

Valdos is a coastal town near the Arctic Circle.

#### XIV

As I told you last week, I will tell you how Satanic forces come into the homes of the Saints. My wife said, "Those are young people, and be careful what you tell them." I have met the Devil and talked to him face to face. I won't tell you about that, but I will tell you about an administration. One evening I was called by phone

from Kansas City and asked if I could go to the General Hospital and administer to a certain sister who was there. They gave me her name and told me how I would find her.

I took another brother with me. I went to the General Hospital and I asked for this lady at the office. The nurse said, "I will take you there." The General Hospital is a big place. You can easily get lost in it. The nurse took us through long hallways and I noticed that we went quite a distance back into the hospital. She fumbled in her pocket—she had some keys in her hand; she unlocked a door and said, "The woman you want to see is in that room." The brother and I walked in and she locked from the outside. She said, "When you are ready to leave, ring the bell."

We looked around and there were seven women in that room—seven crazy women. Four of them were chained to the bed with chains around their ankles and their wrists. I sure was glad they were. There was a double row of beds, three beds in one row and four in the other. Those four women were chained to the beds. As the nurse shut the door and locked it, they lunged on those chains like dogs that are tied up. It would be bad enough to be locked up in a room with *one* crazy woman, but to be locked up with *seven* of them . . .

The woman we came to see was in the middle bed on the side of the room. I asked, "Are you Sister So-and-so?" She said she was. I told the brother, "You see what we are up against here." The women on either side were not chained. I said, "Now listen, you get on that side of the bed and I will get on this side. You anoint and I will confirm. When you anoint, don't close your eyes. You keep your eyes open and watch the woman behind me, and when I confirm, I will watch the woman behind you."

My wife's grandfather, a Patriarch, Brother Henry Kemp, had told me about going to administer like that in a hospital, and the people would jump on his back like a cat.

He anointed and I confirmed the anointing. During the confirmation, this was made known to me: that this woman was possessed of an evil spirit and that we would not have power in that room to cast that evil spirit out of her. For there were legions of those spirits in that room—legions of them. But if that woman was taken out of there and placed in a home, and after we had fasted and prayed, then administered to her, that evil spirit would be cast out. So, after the administration I said, "Sister, do you know anybody in Kansas City?" She said, "I have a sister living on East 9th Street." I said, "You won't get better here. Would you like to go to your sister's house?" She answered, "Yes, if she would take me." I said, "I will

go by your sister's house on my way home." I did not tell her what was made known to me.

I stopped at her sister's home. I told this woman, "Your sister will not get better where she is. If you will take her into your home, we will come over and administer to her and she will get well." She said, "I will have my sister here tomorrow night. You can come anytime you wish after tomorrow." I wanted two or three days for preparation. This was on Tuesday evening. I said, "We will come Thursday evening and administer to your sister." During that period of time I fasted and prayed that we might have the power to cast that evil spirit out of that sister.

You remember when Nephi stood by my bed, I told him that I wanted to have power over unclean spirits. We went on Thursday evening, two nights after she was taken to her sister's home. We went in, the same brother being with me. The woman was sitting on a couch in the front room, and she could not look me in the face. She held her head down. I never took my eyes off her face. I knew what I had to contend with. The brother anointed and I confirmed again and the Spirit of the Lord rested on me and I said, "In the name of Jesus Christ, come out of her," and that evil spirit departed from that woman. This thought came into my mind: "These come out by much fasting and prayer." After I took my hands off her head she cried like a little child. Before that she was rebellious and had an antagonistic look. She wept and she cried. I knew there was a story behind this, and I wanted it. I asked her sister and brother to go out of the room. I got this story and I am going to tell it to you. I sat on the couch beside her and I said, "Sister, tell me how you came to be this way. There has been an evil spirit in your body, but tonight that evil spirit has been cast out. How did you come to be this way?"

She wiped her eyes and quit weeping. "I am the mother of five children," she said, "two boys and three girls. About a year ago we lived in Oklahoma City. There was a voice that spoke to me and I thought that it was the voice of the Lord. The voice told me that it would be all right for me to leave my husband and children and come to Kansas City with another man. I thought that it was the voice of the Lord talking to me. I left my husband and my family and came to Kansas City and we lived here about six months when my health began to fail. I began to go down hill. My health got worse and worse until I wound up in the General Hospital."

I said, "Would you go back to your husband if he would take you?" She said, "I would be glad to go back to him and my family." She told me her husband's address. I wrote to the husband and

explained things to him and he took her back. They don't live far from Independence, but they are living happily together and those young people are working in the church today. They are a real Latter Day Saint family.

Now listen here. When Satan enters our lives, we let down the bars. As long as we keep the bars up Satan cannot get into our lives. He will do it to anyone because that is his mission here on earth to deceive whom he can. He had deceived that sister. You remember in the Bible when Job was tried and the Lord spoke to Satan, and he said, "Where have you been, Satan?" and he said, "I have been going through the earth deceiving whom I can." So he goes through the earth deceiving whom he can. He does not have his headquarters in China. He has his headquarters just as close to Independence as he can. He is doing everything he can to thwart the purpose of the church. But he or no set of men can stop the progress of the church.

## XV

I was going to tell you about some healings that have come into my experience that I have had and also I am going to tell you a testimony of this latter-day work. A short while ago I was called to go to Lake Tapawingo by a sister. She said, "There is a doctor here who has had a heart attack and is in bad shape. He is a German Jew—not a member of the church." I told her I would go. I thought to myself, "I wonder what reaction I will get from administering to a Jew. I know they are the Lord's chosen people." He asked for administration. I have administered to thousands of people—I have administered to dozens of people who are not members of the church. The Jewish brother was at death's door. He could not sleep because he was in such intense pain. Some of the organs of his body would not function. He said, "Will you administer to me, please?" I said, "That is what I came out here for, Doctor." I anointed his head and confirmed the anointing. I never experienced any more of the Spirit of the Lord that came over me as when I administered to that Jew. It seemed as though I was enveloped with the Spirit of the Lord. He had not slept for days. I thought I would sit down to encourage him, but I did not talk two minutes until he was sound asleep and beginning to snore. I went home and the sister said later that he slept for several hours. When he awoke, the organs of his body functioned normally. That doctor is well and strong now. He is an old man—80 years of age. He is hale and hearty now. He said, "I shall never forget the spirit that came to me when you administered to me." So God heard our prayers.

On West Lexington Street by the highschool, on the west side, lives Sister Bartlett. She has a son and daughter-in-law living with her. Her son and daughter-in-law do not belong to the church. Sister Bartlett kept roomers. A woman was staying there. Just about sundown the daughter-in-law called me and said, "This woman is just about to die. Won't you come and administer to her?" I had been working in the garden. I said, "Sister, it will be about 20 minutes." She said, "Come as soon as you can. She is dying." I hurried, but it was about 20 minutes before I got there.

When I got there, the sister was sitting on the side of the bed. I rapped on the door and the daughter-in-law said, "Why didn't you come in the house when you came up here a while ago?" I said, "I did not come here a while ago." She said, "Ten minutes ago you came up on the porch—I saw you. I saw you come up on the porch and I went to the door to let you in. I did not see you then. I looked around." I said, "Sister, I was not here. I was getting ready at home to come up here." She said, "I will swear by the heavens that I saw you in your brown suit and brown hat." She said, "When I went back into the house the sister was sitting up in bed." I went over and talked to the sister who had been so ill. I said, "You don't need to be administered to now. Somebody has already administered to you."

I talked to this young couple with two little children. "What do you think of this church now?" I asked. She said, "I have always been wanting a testimony that there was something in this church that was not in any other church. I wanted something I could tell my associates that the Latter Day Saint Church has something that does not exist in other churches. This is a testimony to me that there is a power in this church. I am ready to be baptized."

Her husband spoke up and said, "I have been waiting for you. Whenever you are ready I am ready." They were baptized. I blessed both the little children and they are doing fine. They are living on the south side now. That is a wonderful testimony that God is in this work.

Now what happened? I will tell you what happened. I heard Brother Ruch, Pastor in Council Bluffs now, tell this experience at the Stone Church when he was Pastor in Tulsa. He said that there was a sister who came to him at Tulsa and she told him, "I know who you are." He said, "Sister, I never saw you before." "I have seen you," she said. "I was nigh unto death one time and I prayed the Lord would administer to me, and you came and placed your hands on my head and I was instantly healed." Brother Ruch said, "I did not know anything about it." The same power that was

manifested in his behalf was manifested in my behalf. When anybody tells you, there is nothing to administration, send him to me. I can tell you for hours, one experience after another.

I am going to stop now with this thought. What do you think of the church? You don't have to answer, but I am going to ask you this question. What does the church mean to you? Does this church mean anything to you and do you mean anything to the church? Think that over, young people. I have a book here. It is the Book of Mormon. That book isn't worth but about a dollar, but the contents of that book I cannot place a value on. It is more valuable than gold. What is in that book? That is like the church. The church is an organization like any other organization that does not mean much. But it is what is in the church—that is what counts. That is the value of the church; not just another church but what is in it—that is what counts.

Now, in order to be in this church and active in it we must become a part of it. You cannot be a part of this class here without becoming a part of it. So you become a part of it if you are interested in it. If any one of you young people here tell me who you are associated with, I will tell you what kind of a person you are. If you go to these road houses and to these places you should not go to I will tell you what kind of a person you are. We sing a song sometimes: "Let us be no longer sleeping for the day is near at hand; let each our watch be keeping as a firm united band."

We hear sermons about the storehouse. A storehouse of what? You young people have a storehouse right here. I am not thinking of material things—I am thinking of what is in your head. You have faith; you have a storehouse of knowledge. You have a storehouse of wisdom. And as you develop them look what a wonderful storehouse you have. Look what you can accomplish. I am not talking about a storehouse where you have something to eat. That is not the storehouse I have reference to. The Lord in the Doctrine and Covenants called His people Zion. Why? Because they were of one heart and one mind and they dwelt together in righteousness. We can do that and we shall.

What does this church mean to you? What does this church mean to me? It is something to work for. It is something to live for. It is something to love. If you work for this church—if you live for this church—you will love it.

In conclusion, my dear young people let me admonish you always to take the Lord into your confidence in everything you do. I have done that. There will come times in your life when you will have to make some major decisions. Nearly everyone does. Decisions that

may change your future life—like changing your line of work or moving to another town to take another position. When you know you will have to do that, always pray over it. Ask the Lord if it is the right thing to do. Ask Him to show you or tell you what to do in the matter. When the time comes for you to make your decision and the Lord has not revealed what to do, then ask the Lord saying, "Lord, if in Your wisdom You do not choose to tell me what I should do, then the way that I decide to do may be the right way." I have always done that. I can testify to you tonight, I have never made a mistake yet in making decisions like that I have always been prosperous, both temporally and spiritually.

If you will do that I will assure you the Lord will not desert you. If you are humble He will always direct your mind in your work. May the Lord bless you in your life's work is my prayer.

(Signed)

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