

"I desire my blessings to come upon you, my people, but I cannot bless this people as I desire, unless my people comply with my commands, even the temporal laws of my children, for it is necessary that my people comply with these requirements, and then will I pour out my spirit more abundantly, and the temple shall be built.

"Therefore, be of good cheer, for I will pour out my Spirit, and your hearts shall be made glad. Amen."
—Zion's Ensign.

DREAM BY JOSEPH SMITH.

Related During the 1912 General Conference.

Your old men shall dream dreams and your young men shall see visions, and I will pour out of my Spirit in the latter days upon the young men and handmaidens, and they shall prophecy, etc. I dreamed a dream. I awoke from my sleep and lay thinking. I thought about the church. I thought about the meeting.

All at once I passed again into the dreamland. The spirit of dreams came over me. I saw a building like this. It may have been this building. I stood in the back. I saw the brethren in their places, considering important business. I was wondering how in the world we ever would agree. There had been a motion pending apparently, and they had divided. The twelve were divided, the presidency was divided, the seventy were divided, the delegates were divided, and the high priests divided.

I was sorrowful in my thoughts, and without knowing how it occurred, an individual stood to my right hand. He was about my height, possibly a little taller. He had a fair complexion, brown hair and brown eyes, with a full beard, not very long, not patriarchal looking; his beard was brown also.

I stood looking at him, and he said, "You are troubled in your thoughts." I said, "Yes, I am." He said, "They do not appear to agree very well." I said,

"No, sir; they do not!" He said, "Neither will they until they remember that unity means a submission to the rendition of the law by those who are called and ordained to teach the law, and thus interpret the law, and until these brethren of yours get into that condition they cannot agree." He smiled a little. I felt sad. He said, "They are doing well. No harm will come. No harm has thus far been done." He turned to go from me and says, "I must be about my Master's work. My name is John. I am of your brethren, the prophet." I saw him pass down into the assembly, starting from the back. I saw him touch several persons in this kind of way on the body or on the head or shoulder. Sometimes with two fingers, sometimes his whole hand. His whole countenance shone, as if he had been newly cleansed by bathing and combing. Each one that he touched put on the same kind of brightened countenance. He touched some of our young men. Some of our elder men, and he touched some of our sisters. They did not appear to notice the touch, but when he had passed they took on a similar appearance to that which he had, even to the clothing. I wondered what it could mean. He touched two of Bro. Kelley's sons, Winifred B. Kelley and his son Stanley. He touched one of my boys. It is not necessary for me to say which one. He touched James E. Kelley, the son of William H. Kelley, and a number of others whom I might name, the sons and daughters of leading men in the church. It passed from my vision. My dream was ended.—Kansas City Star, April, 1912.