



Anton Johanson

THE CHRISTIAN SEER FROM THE
NORWEGIAN FINNMARK

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SOME
VISIONS
 — of —
ANTON JOHANSON

THE CHRISTIAN SEER

— from —

Norwegian Finnmark About Future Events,
 With a Short Sketch of His Life

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Translated and Compiled by Nathaniel Carlson.
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Maranatha!

N.C. Not too Fast C

1 Cor. 16: 22

Nathaniel Carlson

3

1. Mar-an-ath-a! Mar-an-a-thal Let the mes-sage go a-
 2. Are you watch-ing? Are you pray-ing? That you may not fall in-
 3. Look a-round you! Time to a-wak-en! Hear the din of strife and

G7

round the world to-day, Christ is com-ing, soon re-turn-ing, In the
 to temp-ta-tions snare, Trim your lamp and keep it shin-ing, Fol-low
 bat-tle all a-round. Thrones are crumbling, na-tions trembling, Sigus in

C G7 C

man-ner that He went a-way. He will gath-er all His faith-ful,
 not the world's de-cep-tion flare, Do not fal-ter, do not wav-er,
 heav-en, earth and sea a-bound. Search the Scriptures, heed the warn-ings.

F

From a-mong the na-tions all the world a-round; No more
 Fol-low Je-sus, though the world may mock and jeer; He will
 Hear the watch-man cry-ing now: The time is night! Soon the

D7 C F D7 G7 C

sor-row, no more weep-ing, In a land where joy and peace a-bound.
 guide you, He will help you, Give you strength and take a-way all fear.
 trum-pet will be sound-ing, And the Prince of Peace ap-pears on high.

FOREWORD

The story of this singular man, Anton Johanson, his deep Christian life, his fervent and zealous interest in his fellowmen, his remarkable visions and predictions, and his unswerving faithfulness in carrying out the message to the world that the Lord had given him made a deep impression on the writer and compiler of the present book when he read an account of it the first time.

As nothing has appeared about him in the English language he has felt an urgent prompting to make it available to our American Christian brothers who would read it, sincerely hoping that it may have the wide distribution of which it is worthy. Several editions in Swedish about him have gone out in hundreds of thousands of copies.

The story is sent out with a prayer that it may be a blessing and a means of awakening those who are unmindful of the dangers of the present day. We hope that the young people and others of our churches may find -it interesting and thought-provoking. And this so much more as we see many of the visions and predictions being fulfilled and others coming to pass before our very eyes.

We cannot, of course, put these revelations on the same level as those in the Bible, specifically the Book of Revelation, but we believe that this man really had a message to our time from the Lord Himself. The way in which these things were revealed to him is very remarkable indeed. How lie later fully recognized places he had seen in the Spirit but never had been near in his body; or seen with his natural eyes; how persons whom he was to meet and who were to be an integral part in the following years of his life and his message—these were shown to him in an unmistakable way in the Spirit.

His own story of his experiences has been translated from a publication in Swedish, published in Stockholm in 1918 or 1920 by Mr. A. Gustafson, an engineer, of that city, and

compiled by the translator along with other material bearing on the subject.

May we from the reading of this book turn to our Bible and study it more diligently than ever, that we may be able to discern the signs more clearly of a closing age, and to see what time it is. See 1 Peter 4:17-18.

Nathaniel Carlson, translator and compiler

FROM FOREWORD OF SWEDISH EDITIONS

"The man whose visions and revelations are related here is a man of sterling character, sound in body and soul, of good intelligence and a sharp mind. A man of rugged, sturdy stock. he is simple and unassuming in his manners, kindhearted and charitable. A man of unquestioned integrity, known for his sincere and living faith in God since his boyhood days. He did not belong to any certain sect. As an evidence of the confidence he enjoyed, it may be mentioned that he was a member of the town-council of his home town for 18 years, and was an assistant to the officials of the Norwegian mapping service for 26 summers,. An official testimony of his work in this capacity is given elsewhere in this book.

(As early as in 1913 there were references to his revelations in the Swedish papers, especially about the World War, that Germany would lose her Colonial possessions by it. Later, as these things had come to pass, it was pointed out in some of these periodicals how true this man's predictions had been.)

"It was on March 15, 1918, just an hour before his train was to leave for Norrland when the undersigned, by a singular coincidence met the man of whom I had heard so much and had wished for a long time to see. It didn't take long before it was clear to me that he was a person of deep sincerity and rare integrity. I also perceived that there was much in his

experiences and visions that would be of real interest psychologically as well as for the individual seeker of spiritual values and for humanity at large. Consequently, his eagerness for some means of making his visions known on a larger scale was in its full right.

"It seemed inconceivable to me how anyone with normal intelligence and knowledge of human nature could doubt the veracity of this man and the sincere motive of his efforts; and that no one of those of whom he had met and talked with up to this time, several of whom were capable and some of the Christian faith, had done anything to put his experience into written form, or would assume the moral and economic risk to bring them before the public.

"Anton himself had taken his last savings and travelled over 1300 miles, not letting any trouble or hardship deter him in his purpose of letting the people and their rulers know of the fateful and dangerous times that were now at hand. His fully correct descriptions of the World War and warnings that were given about it in 1913, known in the Scandinavian countries through their papers, were now clear evidence of the value of his visions.

"The men to whom he had appealed for help in this matter were much better situated economically than he, as the sacrifices he had already made to come, spent the savings that were left from a whole year's work, or more. I was moved by a deep sympathy for this man and his mission which seemed to be so misunderstood and ungratefully received. So I was led to decide that no matter what people would say about it and irrespective of whether it would bring me loss or gain financially, I would give Anton all necessary assistance in order to make his visions and warnings known to the people, which by indifference had been denied him until now. And then I know that I had not shirked from what seemed to be my duty in this matter.

"We therefore went to work at once in drafting a copy of his remarkable life experience and visions. In order to accomplish as much a possible in a given time, Anton had to be kept at work on his narrative for six to seven hours a day, which would prove to be quite a task for one much younger than he in years. It has been a work of more extensive proportions than one would have supposed in the beginning, but the knowledge that one was working in a good cause was a great encouragement to bring it to a successful close. And the work that has been accomplished is now given to the public

"The story that here confronts the reader is of things that belong to that group of phenomena that has puzzled the greatest scientists, thinkers, philosophers, and learned men of all times, and which they have never been able to define satisfactorily.

"The power that dwells back d this phenomenon and that is discerned in this book, as well as in the life of the humble man here spoken of and alluded to in the story, should not affect the reader in a disturbing way, or cause anyone to lay the book aside, whether high or low, in governmental or in any other official service, rich or poor, Christian or infidel, socialist or conservative, learned or uneducated, before you have read it to the end. Do not lay it aside no matter what your views may be about spiritual life and problems concerning the soul. Because the Power that no wise man has yet been able to explain, this Power that the spirit of man seeks to contact in time of dire disaster or in the hour of death but which he so often forgets about in the day of earthly success and happiness; admitted by men of high genius to be existent in spite of everything, however yet unexplained and unexplored, it has nevertheless been experienced by millions as the best and truest help in life or death.

"And in this book there is another undeniable testimony as to the existence of this Power that shall be passed on to coming generations, and, as the visions are fulfilled in the

course of time, will compel the people who are at least interested to search for Truth and understand it better.

"As we are confronted, then, by manifestations in a life of the highest order, let us for a few moments forget about our views, titles and attainments, our social standing, and with each other seek the Truth without reluctance or prejudice, and think seriously about our responsibility to ourselves, our fellowmen, to posterity, before eternity and our God. . . ."

"Life on the other side of the grave is as yet a great mystery to the sons of men and too often they forget about it during the struggle for existence or arduous seeking for pleasure.

"If, therefore, such a result can be attained that the existence of this life can be brought to mind more vividly again in reading of this humble man, in such a measure that men to their own eternal benefit may have their attention drawn to the world that lies beyond the horizon of time and corruption—then the description of this man's experiences and travels to fulfill his duty as he saw it has not been in vain." (A. Gustafson).

A much later book has come to hand from Germany which gives more recent interviews with Anton Johanson. In it he indicates that the time table of many of the events of this later time as revealed (in the first vision from 1907-1913) were not definite but later impressions moved the time to 1958 and 1963, and so after consultation with many concerned the probable dates were made to coincide with what seems very plausible.

THE NORWEGIAN FINNMARK

Chapter I

It has been the compiler's privilege to sojourn in the Scandinavian countries recently, including a three-month' itinerary in Norway. This country has experienced a widespread' spiritual awakening the last few years.

While there we heard a great deal about a man from the extreme northern part, the so-called "Finnmark", who some years ago had remarkable visions about future events which have since to a great extent come true. We have heard of him before in this country, through religious newspapers, that quoted some of his visions in part at appropriate times, which always aroused a great deal of interest and so, when we had the opportunity to visit this part of Scandinavia, we made inquiries about him.

We will never forget this country with its singular mountain scenery, where above the Arctic Circle we had the rare privilege of viewing the midnight sun in all its glory, a phenomenon that makes a deep impression on a mind that is appreciative of the wonders and beauty in nature. We said "rare" opportunity, that is for tourists, as we were told of people who had come there many times to see this impressive sight, only to meet with rain or a cloudy and overcast sky that completely obscured the sun. Some had travelled from far-away Japan, only to be disappointed in this way. On our way up on the fast steamer, travelling mostly an inland way, the clouds hung low, and we could see only the base of the cliffs and the "fjells" along the fjords, and could only guess as to the rest. The west coast of Norway is known for its heavy rainfall, and from Bergen to Aalesund it seems to the stranger as if it were raining incessantly. We attended a religious convention at the latter place in June; each day was heavy with rain and the weather was really chilly, so the ladies were very comfortable in their heavy, beautiful home-knitted woolen

sweaters. The summer, although light and gay, is sometimes very short.

As the Finnmark is the scene of a great part of the narrative in this book, few words should be said about this section of Norway. It includes the whole northern end of Norway, separating the northern tip of Sweden, the so-called "Lappmarken" or Lappland, from the Arctic Ocean, bordering Finland on the east, which in turn touches Russia. The interesting city of Tromsø which is styled the "Paris of the North" located just south of the Lyngenfjord, the south boundary of the Finnmark, is approximately only 350 miles away from Murmansk, Russia. All of this northern territory in Norway, down to the Lyngenfjord, was visioned by the seer, later to be spoken of, as finally surrendered to the Russians, but not farther south. In this territory we find the towns of Hammerfest and Honningsvåg in the west, and Vardo, Vadso, and Kirkenes in the east, with North Cape at the extreme north.

The country was called "Finnmark", because of the many Finns who, following such catastrophes in their homeland as war and famines, immigrated across the border into the Norwegian Cape Country along the great Varanger, Tana, Porangser, and Laksefjords, these great arms of the sea, and south to the present Karasjøkk, near the Tana River boundary. Immediately south of the North Cape there is an immense plateau, smooth as a floor, ending abruptly at the Cape in a coastline that is 800 to 900 feet high, almost perpendicular, a great imposing wall of granite which no angry, roaring waves of the Arctic Sea nor the terrific Polar storms can tear down.

The tillable soil in these barren and bleak regions is very meager indeed, found mostly in spots here and there along the seashore or inland along the fjords, and is composed mostly of sand and peat. This will nurture only potatoes and

barley, the latter almost invariably cut for green fodder.* Every foot of available soil is carefully taken care of, and these green plots with their miniature- like buildings stand as inviting oases in this rugged landscape as one journeys along the fjords. Farther inland, in the northern part, there may be found some small groves of dwarfed birch and larch trees, and farther south the fir appears.

Consequently the interior of the country is sparsely settled, as the main livelihood for these people lies in the fishing industry. Of late years the summer tourists have brought added income to the towns along the shores. As a rule the short summer season is enchanting, as the sun does not set for 76 days at the Cape.

Yet the winter with its climax of almost continued darkness rests heavy over this terrain three-fourths or the year, and sometimes encroaches on the number of summer days in a discouraging manner. Take, for instance, the exceptional year of 1882, which is reported as a hard year. The winter then had been so long and cold that even at midsummer time, no bare places could be seen through the snow. The ground was deeply frozen, and as hard as a rock. Besides, this year witnessed four of the most terrible storms there; the first one on January 14th lasted two days, tearing down the church at Kjelvik, and was so violent that it carried the big timbers up into the mountains like so many pieces of paper, wedging them into the crevices so tightly that they could not be pried loose or taken down. The year 1900 was another that lives in the memory of the population; in February a terrific snowstorm raged for three days, burying the little houses under many feet of snow. The cold was so intense that people who ventured outside often were overcome by the cold, breathtaking wind, stiffened in a few minutes and falling

*Anton Johanson's mother's father brought the first barley potatoes into Lebesby and seed potatoes into Lebesby.

down unconscious, quickly froze to death. When summer eventually came, it lasted only two weeks. And in 1910 the "summer" was short and cold, with snow beginning to fly the 10th of August and continuing more or less for 14 days. On the other hand, the summer of 1901 was hot and dry. Sometimes the summer vegetation wilts and dries up for lack of moisture. The hardy people who successfully live here are surely worthy of our highest admiration.

But to those who would draw the conclusion that these people, mostly Norwegian, live as Eskimos, we would say that they are greatly mistaken. The Norwegian Finnmark is a civilized country. Churches are established in all places of any consequence. There are very few who are illiterate, as there are good schoolhouses with modern equipment and competent teachers. Printing presses, telephone and telegraph have found their way to every town of any importance, and in to the country also the telephone lines are strung, with radios bringing the news of the world. At Honningsvaag, only 16 miles from the North Cape, farther north than Hammerfest, and now aspiring to become the northernmost city in the world, there is a community with a thousand people, including a newspaper, drug store, hotel, rooming house, several cafes, hardware and bookstore, and a theater—the northernmost in the world. During the World War 70 percent of Norway's commercial fishing was done in the surrounding waters, but that intense period seems to have decreased the industry considerably and it appears as if the great shoals of fish now go farther north and east. Formerly there was an abundance of salmon, now almost extinct. The name of the great "Laksefjord" means "Salmonfjord." The wild duck and the white grouse were also plentiful formerly.

THE CHRISTIAN SEER FROM THE FINNMARK

Chapter II

In such environments as these, but not as modern as now, Anton Johanson, of whom we write the following sketch, was born in Tarna parish, near the Swedish Lappmark, on May 24th, 1858. He was the firstborn of eight children. His great grandfather was from Finland. His father was a man of great physical strength and endurance, a tiller of the soil and also a woodsman. Besides this he was a good hunter and marksman, and had bagged many a bear in his day. Many a time he had walked from Mosjon over the Norwegian border and home to Tarna, stretch of about 65 miles, in two days, carrying a load of provisions weighing a hundred pounds. Without a pack he could walk 60 miles a day. The grandparents on his mother's side were both Swedish. Both his father and mother were deeply religious, walking in the fear of the Lord, with implicit faith in His Word. The mother early taught her children to read at home, to pray and trust in God. This was fully backed up by a consistent Christian living and a happy home life.

About 1890 the family moved to Lebesby in the Norwegian Finnmark situated on the east shore of the great Laksefjord. There the father died 5 years later and the mother in 1906, 73 years old, the year before he had his great vision.

All his forebears reached a mature old age, were rarely sick, and there never was any case of weak-mindedness or insanity, so there was no hereditary reflection of this kind on Anton. There had been no infidels among them; all were religiously inclined, having the Bible and their conscience as their guide. Anton Johanson, therefore, learned early to pray. He tells us that during his childhood years when he met something in his way that was beyond his power to cope with, he folded his hands and asked God to help him. The first time he was in real danger was when at seven years of age he met a bear in the woods; fervently he prayed that God would protect him. The

bear stopped and looked at him, turned and walked away into the woods without touching either him or his little herd. Another time, when he was eleven, while out on the range with his herd, the animals became frightened and ran away, the sheep in one direction, the cattle in another. He was in a predicament. He dare not leave without finding them. In trying to locate the sheep he entirely lost the direction as to where the cattle had gone. He then thought of his mother, and prayed to God for help. Shortly after, the ox began to bellow, a thing he usually never did when the herd was alone, and through this Anton was able to locate and bring them together. His simple, unswerving faith in God and prayer, from childhood and on, never left him and became a strengthening and balancing influence that played an important part in his life as we see later. He promised his mother never to neglect his morning and evening prayers, which promise he faithfully kept.

His first biographer, A. Gustafson, says that "he seldom prayed aloud, or long; but often during the day's work one would see him in quiet meditation that would eloquently indicate where his thoughts and heart were. It could be said that his whole life was a prolonged prayer and contact with his Lord. 'If people would pray more,' he would say, 'they would avoid much of the visitation and distress that is now troubling the world. Let us begin and end the day with prayer, both among employers and leaders as well as workers, in public as well as private institutions, and there would dawn a new, better and more joyful day than the present;' and that is surely a fact. But how many see this and are willing to begin?"

At the age of six he could read fluently, but did not at that early date have access to readers, or as now, Bible story books, but had to be satisfied with the catechism, with commentaries, and an old Bible of 1753 with antedated type and spelling. To begin with, there was little literature available in these northern districts. His intense thirst for

knowledge could not, however, be held down indefinitely, and in spite of the incessant and exacting work that was necessary for a living, he spent the long winter evenings in reading whatever books on which he could lay his hands. He had an unusually good memory, which contributed to the fact that whatever he read and studied was retained to an amazing degree. The reader will understand this very readily, as we read the accounts of his visions later. His knowledge of history and geography was surprising to many. So, for instance, when he later travelled to Britain on his mission of warning to the government of impending disasters, a Serbian professor who had served through the 4-year war as a captain in the ambulance corps and who was a fellow-passenger with him became genuinely interested and greatly surprised when Anton J. related some details of Serbian history, and especially about the great defeat in the battle of Kosova in the 13th century. The professor exclaimed: "This is one of the most remarkable things I have ever met up with in my life! Here comes a simple man from the fisher folk of the northernmost parts of the world and tells me things from Serbian history that many of my own people even do not know!" The professor had during the years of peace, travelled extensively in Europe, Egypt and Arabia and spoke several languages, among them also good Swedish, so it was easy for the two strangers from the North and the South to converse with one another. Anton J. also won his respect by his thorough Bible knowledge. That had always been his favorite and most studied book.

If there had been any chance in his life for a more thorough education, he would have made a mark for himself. At 13 he was engaged as a shepherd, and during the same time was asked to serve as a teacher for some children who had a very long way to the school. Early in the morning and late at night he tutored the children from his small store of knowledge, and during the greater part of the day he herded his flock.

It was a strenuous and burdened life that he led for over half a century, full of dangers, up there among the fjords in the mountainous country of the far north. One who has never seen this country cannot fully understand such an isolated life, in a land that three-fourths of the year is a snowy desert, where darkness and cold reign supreme during the greater part of the winter, and what such a life would mean to a man of his intelligence. His gifts and talents, which could have afforded him a different life, were wasted in this unappreciative and drear environment. But he is not the first one whose talents have been lost to the world because of poverty. His weather-beaten features show that he has endured many vicissitudes of the arctic climate, and that the Finnmark had not always shown its pleasant side. Says an interviewer, quoting Anton: "It is many years I have spent in that country as you can see; many times the inhabitants there have faced famine and seeming defeat, years that no one ever forgets."

He was a successful fisherman as so many of his folks, but he also learned to be an assistant in surveying and proved to be a valued helper in mapping the unsurveyed areas. He was more or less engaged in this work throughout the summers over a period of 26 years. This is an exacting service, necessitating good judgment, comprehension, alertness, patience, perseverance, and a good memory. There is a valuable testimonial as to his ability from a certain captain of Lebesby which we quote in part: "I know Mr. Anton Johanson from the surveying work at Lebesby in 1898. In 1914 we corresponded and in 1918 we were together again. All that has been said about his integrity, faithfulness, and helpfulness, etc., is perfectly true. One cannot use too strong words in commending him. What he has suffered on the barren and cold stretches of the Finnmark in bad weather, with scant equipment as to tenting, clothing, and food, is not easy to describe. The surveying staff has had men with more

education and cultured appearance than he, but no assistant that has taken so many hard knocks more good-naturedly, with better temper and patience than he has. His perseverance and patience are phenomenal." (Signed Captain Einar Halle.)

Yet his life would have passed in obscurity if it had not been for his great devotion to God's Word, to a consistent and effective prayer life that led to the remarkable revelation of 1907.

Some have had the idea that this was a power or a capability over which he had command at will—to look into future events, and to discover the future destinies in the life of other individuals. But nothing could be farther from the truth. He was as an instrument which cannot of itself bring forth music, but responds to the master hand that sets it into vibration. This latent gift in him was passive, not active.

We have given these facts from the life of Anton Johanson to show that he was a man who was sound in body and mind, of normal parentage, that he was not of a nervous disposition, was deeply religious, and of a quiet character, commanding the respect of his fellowmen. To obey his Lord and the bidding of his own conscience was for him the highest duty on earth, and he never deviated from that course whatever the cost. Where others would knowingly sit down to reason, criticize, or judge, he simply obeyed. It may be that because of this state of mind and heart the Lord chose him and no one else, who might be better situated socially, to bring His message of warning to governors and rulers.

In all things that happen in this world he saw or sought to see God's hand and His Divine providence, not for material comforts but for the forming and development of the souls for their high eternal destiny. When Anton, in spite of his eager endeavors, did not succeed in getting warnings out in time for the impending World War, and it became a terrible reality, keeping on so long, he saw in this circumstance, although it

brought him bitter disappointment and pain, an evidence that the soul-life of the civilized world was such that it needed this scourge of punishment to bring men's thoughts into other and higher channels.

EARLIER PREMONITIONS AND WARNINGS

Chapter III

About his unusual visions Anton Johanson has much to relate and in interesting detail. We make some selections:

"My first vision came to me at the age of 26 years, in 1884, when in a trance on the night of Good Friday I saw two of my brothers perish by a rocky inlet about 25 miles from our home. It was about 5 and 6 o'clock in the morning when this appeared to me. I had been unable to sleep all night, and had therefore spent most of the time in prayer, because I understood that something unusual was about to happen. And then I saw my two brothers on the bottom of the lake, and heard a voice that said: 'See, there are your two brothers.' I recognized the place so well because I had rowed there many times when fishing. And the accident happened that morning at that same time."

* * *

"A few years later I had my second premonition. I was sitting in the Lebesby church near the door, in quiet prayer before the Lord, and among those who were in front at the altar in communion were a young couple, there for the first time. The gathering was small that day. Suddenly I felt as if a strong stream of power, had encompassed me, and a voice spoke into my right ear and said: 'Anton Johanson, you must pray for those communicants.' I felt like turning to see where this voice came from, but at that same moment there came a bright, blinding light that made it impossible for me to lift my eyes and see. I felt so unworthy and put my hand to my face and prayed for those up in front as I had been told to do. No one was down there by the door but myself. The voice that spoke to me was calm, mild, and distinct. It was a very pleasant voice, and there was no foreign or unusual accent, neither could I recognize any certain person or any of our departed relatives. When the communion was over I followed

the people doubtfully clown to the shore because most of them had come by boat; but before I arrived the two newlyweds were already out on the water in their boat. A week later these two, whom I was sure this intercessory prayer was meant for, were drowned.

"It was after this incident that I began to clearly understand who it was that followed me and gave me these revelations. From this time I began to study the Bible more, reading it from cover to cover, and at the end of every chapter I prayed that the Lord would fill me with His love and with humility."

* * *

Some years before the war came I was sent by the sheriff in our township on an errand to a neighboring family. When I entered the house, I felt unusually burdened, and at the same time there came, as it were, a dark veil before my eyes. Then I saw a widow sitting there in mourning with three little children. When this vision had left me, I saw that there were only two children in the family, with the husband and his wife. I felt heavyhearted and full of sorrow, and was urged to pray for this man, which I also did quietly and by myself. About three weeks after this the husband went out fishing in company with another man, for whom I earlier had been admonished to pray. Both were accidentally drowned, and not long after, the third child was born."

* * *

In our community there was among my neighbors a big, strong man about 30 years old, for whom I was admonished to pray several times. Every time I met him there appeared to me a dark shadow over his face, and especially the last time I saw him this shadow was very dense. I talked to him a little of things that people do not like very well to hear about. A little later in the summer he died in the 'Spanish flu'."

There was another person in our vicinity with whom I had a strong urge to pray and on whose face I also saw a dark shadow; a few months later he also was dead.

"This dark shadow I often see over the faces of persons who are soon to die or perish in some accident. I have always sought an opportunity to talk to people on whom I have seen this sign, and have always prayed for them. It has never happened that this sign has failed."

"Since this time I have heard and seen many things. Almost all the great disasters and calamities have been known to me beforehand in some way or other, including great volcanic eruptions and earthquakes, wars and epidemics, cyclones and great storms on faraway seas. But I have kept these things to myself, because people would only have laughed about it if I had told it. Besides, I do not think it would have been right for me to tell what had been revealed to me, when I had not been charged to do so. Among the great disasters of which I knew beforehand were those at St. Pierre, San Francisco, and Messina. I used to look in the papers to see if it had happened as I had seen and heard, and I do not remember that at any time there had been any misinformation about these great and significant events.

"One time I was awakened, at night by this voice and exhorted to intercede in prayer for some sailors who were in grave danger in a cyclone in one of the West Indian sea lanes. At the same time I was told that they were Christian Norsemen from the vicinity of Trondheim. I prayed for them as I had been told to do, and some time afterward I read in the papers about a large Norwegian vessel that had gone under in this storm and many sailors with it. Some had succeeded in saving themselves and had drifted ashore on a small island, but if it was those for whom I had been urged to pray, I, of course, do not know. But those who were saved were all Norwegians. Often I have also been admonished to pray for such who were not Christians, in most cases before an impending accident or death."*

*We would recommend the reader to send for a little booklet entitled "God Plans our

Praying," by the Africa missionary, Rev. A. W. Bailey, relating some very remarkable incidents out of his own experience, in this same line. Here prayer was the connecting link between Maine, U. S. A. and Angola, Portuguese W. Africa, in a moment of critical danger, in November, 1912, unknown to the parties in question at the time, supporting the testimony in this book, given by Anton Johanson. Send a dime for cost and postage to Osterhus Publishing House, 4500 W. Broadway, Minneapolis 22, Minnesota, U. S. A.

"My greatest revelation was the one I had in 1907. It included time throughout the years up to 1963. The visions and revelations I have had since then have generally only been complementary to what I saw at that time and touching mostly on single incidents. There was a multitude of things I was informed of that night in 1907, and when I felt at the time that I would be unable in my own power to remember it all, I prayed that the Lord might, by His Holy Spirit, guide me and inform me, that I during the years to come may not make a mistake on the time, something that He also promised to do.

"It has therefore happened during the years that have gone since then, that always a short time before these things were to take place I have been informed of them by new revelations. I have then generally received such clear and sufficient information that I did not need to be mistaken. If it has been applied to some accident or disaster, I have often been urged also in my spirit to pray for the place or the persons involved immediately before it happened, together with the new revelation about time, place and circumstances. Many times also, the promise has come, and the assurance, that my prayer would be heard, later also borne out in reality. On the other hand, I have sometimes prayed of myself about certain things that have not turned out as I prayed for, or thought they would.

"The nearest specified time has been to a day, month or year. But as near as I can remember I did not always get these times determined for all the important events, but must sometimes make out the time by following the order in which these events were revealed to me. And then as one after the

other of the visions became a reality, I knew which were nearest in order to be realized.

"The revelations have mostly been of three kinds: Some I have only seen, some I have only heard, and others have been made certain to me by communications to my innermost being, which—though not perceptible by the outer ear, I have perceived as clearly as if the voice had spoken—have given me information about coming events. Besides, as was the case during my vision in 1907, I was given the information by simultaneously hearing, seeing, and feeling.

"The voice that has spoken to me when I have been awake has always been mild, melodious and pleasant, has always spoken very plainly, and only by my right ear. It was the same voice that spoke to me in 1907, and I recognize that voice well. When things have been revealed to me by vision when awake, there has first come a veil before my eyes as it were. They have been changed and a great power has flowed through them, and also encompassed me. It felt as if I had changed eyes, and the panoramas before me have stood out just as clear for my soul as if I had seen them with my natural eyes. They have also been held out before me a sufficiently long time so that I could fully observe and comprehend. But I have never felt any discomfort in body or soul after an incident of this kind. I have only felt a purifying, heavenly power flowing through and filling my being as if I were in the immediate presence of the Divinity. There have never been any illusive or meaningless things shown to me, or any confusion in language, and boisterousness, coarse voices, any music, and there has never been more than one voice speaking to me. And by this voice I have never been told separately of any trivial things or of anything that belongs to the past, in any revelation. The more insignificant things have always been together with the more important, and in connection with these."

THE REMARKABLE VISION IN 1907 OF THE WORLD WAR

Chapter IV

We shall let Anton Johanson himself relate here of his great vision of the World War, according to his report to engineer A., Gustafson in Stockholm; his clear observation of the German battle-lines on the east front correspond exactly with that which took place seven years later during the great conflict.

"The days preceding that night in 1907 when I had my great vision went by in a quiet way like all the others. No great sorrow or any burdening cares had depressed me, as some have thought. My mother had died the year before, but of course I was no longer a child, and I knew that when she was getting up in years, this was only natural, that her days on earth would be ended. Our home-life was peaceful and cheerful, and the best understanding was prevalent between us and our nephew, who then was still living with us.

"In the afternoon of November 13th, however, I felt tired and went home to retire quite early. I went to sleep at once after going to bed, and enjoyed an undisturbed and dreamless slumber. But right after midnight I was awakened by a voice that spoke to me from my right side and said: 'To you it shall be given to know secrets of the Kingdom of Heaven. The first sorrow that will come to you is that your nephew shall drown tomorrow.' I later recognized the one who awakened me as my Saviour, Jesus Christ. At the same time I was surrounded by an overpowering heavenly light that lifted me into an atmosphere of indescribable purity. The illumination was so bright that it was almost blinding. From my right side, where the one stood who had awakened me, I felt a penetrating and uplifting power flow towards me, but when I sought to turn my head in that direction to see who it was, I felt so unworthy, and bowed in prayer. And at this time my soul was filled with

such an overwhelming and heavenly happiness, that I well understood Who was with me.

"In the spirit I was taken to the place where I plainly saw the accident with my nephew come to pass. I saw and recognized the man who stood at the rudder when my nephew was thrown overboard by the storm. They were sailing around point, and he turned the rudder too sharply with the result that the sail and its mast were thrown over so suddenly that the young man did not have time to turn, but was hurled into the angry waves. It was in the evening at dusk when this happened. As he went overboard, I saw him change into a white form.

"When I had seen this terrible misfortune, which made an awful impression on me, I was borne in the spirit farther through space. He who had awakened me followed me all the time on my right side, and an overwhelming heavenly power and bliss flowed towards me from that side. The entire region was like a whole as of indescribable light and beauty, and he who followed me said: 'This is the way it looks in the eternal mansions.' I then feared that I might be tempted to pride, because I had been permitted to see what others had not seen, and so I prayed in my heart for humility. After this I heard about things that were going to happen during the coming years concerning myself and in my immediate vicinity, about the crops and the fishing, about misfortunes at sea and on the land, and lastly about the coming World War, and subsequent disasters up to 1963.

"I was carried in the spirit to the scenes of these different events, and I recognized them and comprehended all this as clearly as if I had been sitting as a pupil in school, studying my uncle's map.* And simultaneously with seeing these places, I was also told about them. The Lord said thus: 'There you see the great conflagration at Bergen, there is the World War,

*His uncle was the school teacher at Lebesby.

there the violent volcanic eruption in the North Sea, there the one on Iceland, there Sweden's war,' and so forth, each in its turn.

"All these events were mentioned to me in successive order on through the time, and when I did not get the certain year or data for their occurrence, I had dependable guidance by the events that were to precede. Names as well as the different occurrences were given to me in the Norwegian language, and the voice that spoke to me was mild, calm and with distinct enunciation, following me all the time on my right side.

"after I had seen the events and partial misfortunes that were to befall different parts of the world, and especially my homeland, Norway, I was shown the greatest of all the calamities that were to visit the world—the World War. In my spirit I was given to see the different officials under whom I was to work the next seven years in the surveying work in the Finnmark. their names were also told to me, and for each name a year was given. this was revealed to me as a sign that this war would come after seven years. The name of the last official was Knutson. When this officer had been shown to me, and I also had been given to see the place in the Finnmark where I was to work that summer (the 7th in order, counting from the fall of 1907) I was taken in the spirit through the illuminated space down to Europe. I saw and heard how the was flared up in Austria-Hungary and Serbia, and along the east German frontier, where I was taken, and where I saw enormous battle-lines, and trenches full of people and armaments. the front was on a stretch way down from the Black Sea and to the Baltic, and over the whole front there was a terrible turmoil and a might din of weapons. I saw how masses of Russians milled over great stretches of German territory, and how great clouds of smoke arose along the fronts. Great bursts of fire could also be seen in many places. When I in the spirit had seen this fearful war and had been

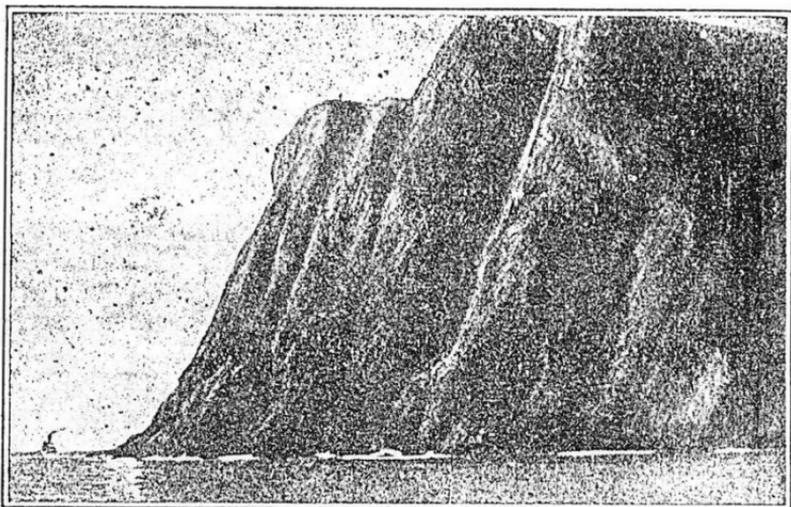
taken to the fronts in the east, west, and south, the Lord said: 'Because of the wickedness of man this World War shall come, but you are going to do all you can to inform and warn Kaiser Wilhelm that he might not be inveigled into this war. You shall be my witness. You shall stand before the Norwegian government, the parliament in Kristiania, you shall warn them in Stockholm and Berlin, and Kaiser Wilhelm.'**

"Whereupon I answered: 'I am unworthy to be Thy witness, but by faith in Thee I am saved and justified; I cannot write very well, I have no knowledge of the German language, and the way is thousands of miles long.'

"He then robed himself in a visible form, and I saw Him on the cross with a crown of thorns on His head. It was the pierced and dead Christ-body, although surrounded by an overwhelming and glorious light, that was shown to me, and from my right side the Lord spoke to me and said: 'This is the way I appeared when I suffered for yours, and the sins of the world. Do not be faint-hearted or discouraged, but you shall accomplish what I am telling you to do.' Then I feared that it might be a deception by the tempter, but the Lord knew my thoughts and said: 'Fear not, the tempter cannot bear a crown of thorns.' My soul was now filled with a wonderful power and I also received full assurance that it really was the Saviour before whom I was standing. His appearance was much like the one found on a picture which I have seen. His arms were outstretched, with coarse iron nails through His hands. His

**According to findings and exposures in later years, all historians and most scholars now know that it was not the Germans, but the French and Czarist Russians who started the greatest war of all history, so far and that the Kaiser did everything in his power to stop it, even after secret mobilization among the French and Russians, and the latter had crossed the eastern borders of Germany in several places. Serbia, as a Slavic nation, was used as a cat's-paw, and the assassination of the Austrian archduke at Sarajevo, in Serbia, was the Russian prepared match that set the fires going.

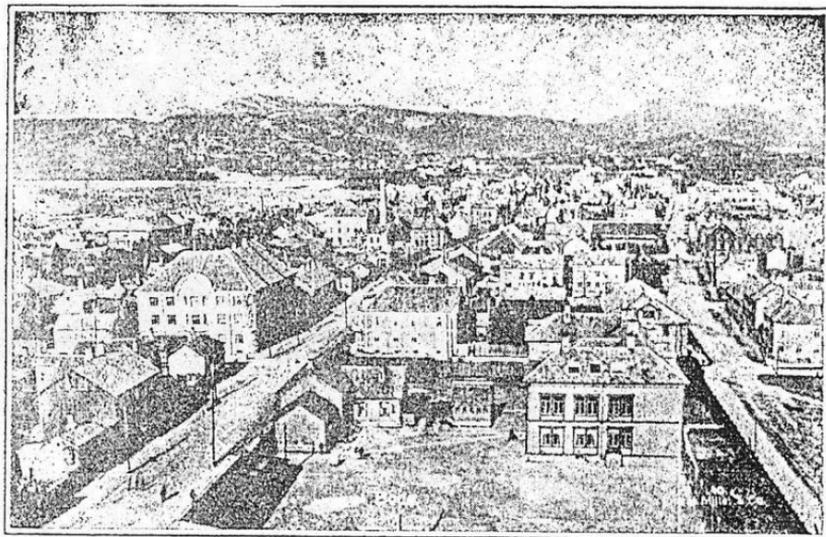
Kaiser Wilhelm rushed home from a yacht trip on the fjords of Norway, and tried to persuade Austria-Hungary to make a peaceful settlement with Serbia. Many of Germany's best ships were in foreign ports, among them "Das Vaterland," the then largest in the world, which was in New York.



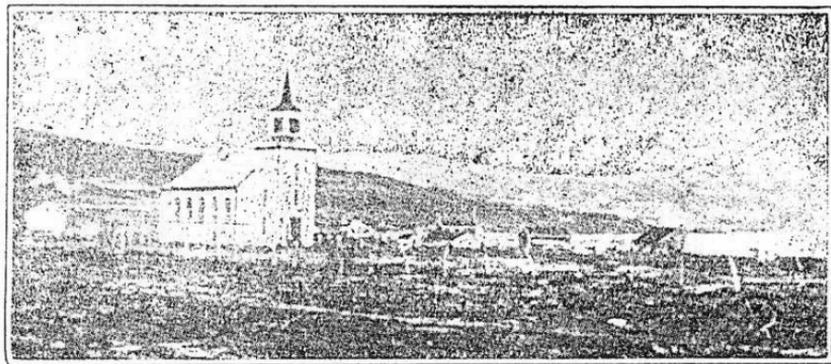
The North Cape, Norway



Winter Scene, Norwegian Finnmark



Bodö, above Arctic Circle, Norway.



Lebesby Church

face was thin with a partial contortion of pain, and drops of blood were running down I-Es cheeks in long dark streaks. His cheekbones were discolored, but not bloody. The color of His face was sunburnt and dark. His hair was black, medium thick, stroked back and hanging down over half of His neck. It was evenly cut, without any curl, but was mussed at the top of His head. The thorns of the crown were pressed deeply into His scalp and forehead. His eyes were medium large—their color I could not discern—and His forehead was high and broad. His nose was finely shaped and was almost straight. His beard was black and wavy and reached up towards His ears. His head was of usual size, not unusually long or wide. His body was lean and almost naked, and blood was running out of the wound in His side. His arms were thin. There was a strong iron nail through His feet, with one over the other, and a wooden cleat under them. On the other hand I did not notice any inscription over His head, and the cross was not quite like the usual pictures of it. It looked more like a large T. When He spoke to me He did not move either His lips or His head, but once He turned His side with the wound in it towards me, so I could see it plainly.

"When I had thus seen Him on the cross, surrounded with glory, I sank down in humble prayer before Him, and asked Him to help me through the years that were to come, and when the time would be at hand when I should make the journey, and to instruct me by His Holy Spirit, that I would not make a mistake on the time. This He promised to do.

"After this scene was changed, and without seeing Him I felt that He was following me through space. In the meantime He spoke to me of the things that were to come.

"In connection with the statements about the World War I heard the Lord say that peace would not be wholly

consummated until 1921, but that there would be some change for the better at that time.

"The World War was to be followed by great political upheavals, fearful epidemics, periods of distress and poverty. Socialism and its derivatives would make great progress over the whole world; repeatedly I heard the Lord speak of the progress of socialism and its connection with the revolutionary turmoils in different lands. By the time of 1963 socialism had broken through to victory in many countries, and had reached a position of great power. But the Lord also grieved over the fact that by then socialism had drawn great multitudes of the world's inhabitants into its maelstrom of infidelity and Godlessness.

"The word revolution or violent interior disturbances was mentioned to me about many countries in Europe, but also about some outside of that continent. Russia, Germany, and Austria-Hungary were mentioned in the first place, next also England and Italy; America, Canada, India, and China, and many colonies of the European countries especially those of England. Concerning

RUSSIA

the Lord said that war, revolutions and afflictions would take such an enormous toll in human lives in that country that no one would ever know how many people perished there. About

GERMANY

it was said that it would be harassed by revolutions for some time to come, and that they would be worst in the southwest states. As late as 1963 there would yet be interior disruptions. The old mayor, whom I saw in the visions about the war in Sweden in 1963, lamented over 'Germany's great calamity during the World War and onward.' He said among other things: 'It is sad that things :should go so badly for Germany.'

In

ENGLAND

the disturbances should be the worst in the southern parts, in Wales and thereabouts. In this connection the voice said that 'England is standing before an abyss and would be falling into it.' About

AMERICA

I heard the Lord say that five wars awaited that country in the future, of which there were two very violent civil wars that end with the breaking up of America into four or five smaller federations. One of the greater of these was caused by complications with Canada.

"I heard other things about America, but as these things would not concern us here in Europe, I did not pay so much attention to them. I cannot therefore recollect any exact data or circumstances in this connection now.

"However, I have later met a person in Norway who also had some revelations of these future troubles in America, who in the spirit saw bloody battlefields over there, partly in the interior, partly along the Atlantic Coast and partly up towards Canada.

"I do not remember that I heard anything about Japan in this connection but about CHINA I heard that there had been great disruptions and more would come. This Was to be between the World War and 1963. About revolutions in

FINLAND

and its liberation from Russia I also heard, but the voice said that its freedom would be short, and that its people should come under the Russian yoke again and be oppressed worse than in the days of the Czarist regime. Much blood should flow in this country. By 1963 its national status would be completely paralyzed.

THE SCANDINAVIAN COUNTRIES

did not escape political turmoil either. Socialism also came through here with complete victory. In Sweden it happened later than in other countries, but by the time 1963 came the socialists seemed to have complete control, to do as they

pleased. In the smaller countries the changes came first, and for two of them I heard the word 'revolution' mentioned, but did not see any bloodshed in connection with it.

AFTER THE WORLD WAR

Chapter V

"A time full of trouble followed the World War. The Lord said: 'There shall be much suffering, want, and misery among the people.' Tuberculosis would make great ravages and there would be great poverty in Europe. To all this came years of distressing crop failures that brought additional privations. Catastrophes in nature took place in different parts of the world, and disquieting disturbances began in the bowels of the earth.

GREAT EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS visited different areas, and also in places that heretofore had been spared. In Italy these became more violent and destructive than ever before. If I remember correctly I heard about a great new eruption of Vesuvius in this connection. Great mine disasters and gigantic floods also happened during this time. Floods visited western Germany where large areas were inundated. Damages of enormous proportions were caused by these floods. Several mines were filled with water and collapsed, caused by subterranean catastrophes. Storms of greater or lesser violence and extent raged in several parts of the world. Europe and America suffered from them, and especially England. Not less than five great storms during the time from the World War and on were mentioned to me. Much damage was also done by excessive thunder and lightning during these years; northern Germany, Denmark, and southern Sweden were visited in this way. During these years

EPIDEMICS OF GREAT PROPORTIONS

also ravaged the inhabitants of the earth. They came in three periods, and the first took place during the last phase of the World War, and continued a few years after.*

*The wide-spread "Spanish influenza" period.

"The next epidemic period came after the English-Indian war, when unknown maladies of great severity appeared. They were more dangerous than any that had been known to visit the earth before, and spread out to different parts of the world, exacting an enormous toll in human lives. And especially in Russia did they rage violently, and the voice said this and other maladies should be visited upon Russia because of her great ungodliness. If I remember right, it was said that a fourth of its population would perish in these epidemics. One of the most terrible of the afflictions affected the eyes and mind of its victims so that they became blind, and lost their reason. For those who were attacked by this malady it was especially dangerous to consume alcoholic liquors.

"The third great period of plagues came after the Spanish-French war, which took place a few years after the Indo-English war. It was partly a serious lung-malady that raged this time, but new and unknown afflictions also appeared in connection with it. One of these caused the people who were attacked by it to become utterly wasted and emaciated. Another was a loathsome pus-forming disease, akin to leprosy, that caused partial decomposition of the body.** The two warring nations suffered most of it, but in its course it also spread out over all Europe and into other parts of the world. In France it raged most violently, where great numbers of its best youth succumbed to it. It was said that all of these plagues together would cause such a staggering toll in human lives, that the equal of one fourth of the earth's population would go under from them.***

"THE FUTURE OF ENGLAND

seemed dark, then repeatedly I heard its name mentioned in disastrous connections. Interior disturbances and rebellions, war in the colonies, war in Ireland, and visitations by the

**Zechariah 14:12

***It is to be remembered that they would not come all at once, but at intervals, with several years between each one.

elements of nature,' were among the calamities I heard that were awaiting that country.

"One major war that England had to wage after the World War, was in India. It began with great revolts in north India, where I heard the city of Delhi mentioned as one of the places badly ravaged. After the war had started in the north, rebellion also broke out in the middle and southern parts of India. I heard the name of Calcutta mentioned as one of the most important places. It was here before the war was settled, and the Englishmen were driven into the sea. Great battle-lines were stretched out between Delhi and Calcutta, with great, bloody battlegrounds. Around these two cities there were also great encounters. The lines were drawn in northwest to southeast, and the battles raged in great violence along the whole front. People fell in great masses, and there was not given enough respite to bury the dead. Great stretches were covered with the fallen, who in many places lay in great heaps. The war ended with full independence for India from England, but was followed by terrible epidemics, famine and suffering. This war took millions of India's population. If I am not mistaken, it was said about 25 million in this connection.

"If India was the only country that England lost I could not discern exactly, but I heard that she also had trouble and rebellion in other colonies. I heard special mention of Egypt and colonies in Africa in this connection.

TWO CATASTROPHES IN NATURE

fraught with fatal and disastrous consequences, were to take place some years after the World War. The one was a gigantic hurricane that hurled itself over two continents, and the other a violent earthquake in connection with a volcanic eruption in the North Sea.

"After I had been permitted to see the terrible World War, and the misfortunes and sufferings that would follow in its train, I was borne in the spirit to the countries and the coast of

the North Sea, where the first of these disasters was revealed to me. One of the first names I heard in connection with the earthquake was Iceland. But if the source of the eruption was at this place or from the bottom of the North Sea I could not discern so clearly. It surprised me when the Lord mentioned these places, because I did not know that earthquakes or eruptions took place in this part of the world. But the Lord mentioned these places several times distinctly, and later I understood that I had not been mistaken when I saw the disaster and the places where it happened. While it affected all the countries around the North Sea, none seemed to be as hard hit as England, especially on its east coast. The voice said this came as 'a punishment for England's pride.' Twilight seemed to extend over this whole area, and no stars were visible in the skies. A strong wind came in from over the sea, and snow had not yet fallen.

"I was taken farther in the spirit, to the vicinity of Trondheim. I stood on the shore and looked out over the sea, when suddenly

THE EARTH BEGAN TO SHAKE

under me. The houses in the city trembled like leaves, and tall wooden buildings near the shore collapsed. A terrible roar was heard out from the sea, and a great tidal wave came rolling in with fearful velocity and dashed against the steep mountainside. In the lower places it continued far inland, inundating large sections of the city, and causing great damage. Great warehouses with their stores of goods were hurled over and carried away by the waves. The floods extended thus all along the coast, from southern Norway and up to Bodo in the north.

"After I had seen the extensive damages wrought by this disaster in my own country, I was taken in the spirit to the large cities along the eastern coast of England. Here it was most violent, and great stretches toward the interior were flooded. I heard the name Hull mentioned as one of the places

badly damaged, with its immediate vicinity. Scotland was hard pressed, and it appeared to me as if some of it was submerged. Further south I saw the, city of London. That seemed to be the place where the disaster wrought its greatest destruction in England. Harbors and docks were completely wrecked. A great number of buildings collapsed, with wreckage and debris floating around in great quantities in the turbulent waters. Several ships were wrecked in the harbor, and others were thrown up on land among the buildings. It was the greatest calamity ever seen in England. Out at sea there were many shipwrecks and many sailors perished. Great masses of fish were also killed and floated around in the leaves.

"The tidal wave continued along the English channel destroying harbors and creating great havoc in the cities on both sides. I heard the French city Rouen mentioned especially, and a couple of other places on the north coast of France, the names of which I cannot now recall. Great parts of Holland, Belgium, and the German North coast were also mentioned as among those that would suffer much from this disaster. I heard Antwerp and Hamburg mentioned as among the cities that were hardest hit. I also saw Hamburg, and the destruction there was next to London in extent. I heard mention made of great stores of goods and merchandise that were lost there.

"Denmark's north and west shores, with their harbors and the Swedish west coast suffered greatly from this disaster. On the Swedish side I heard Gothenburg, Malmo, and Helsingborg especially mentioned.

"The tidal wave proceeded on into the Baltic and down towards the Mediterranean, but the damages must not have been so great there, as I could not see it so distinctly, and there were no names mentioned.

"About the same time as this before mentioned earthquake and tidal wave, I also observed A TERRIBLE HURRICANE

that seemed to reach over two seas. It was shown to me at almost the same time, and because of this I am not sure which one of these powerful disturbances came first. It was not so easily discerned, but I believe the earthquake was first. If the earthquake and the storm had any connections with each other I cannot say. In the spirit I was then taken from there to the Pacific Ocean, in the vicinity of the Panama Canal. Here the hurricane started. The names of these places were mentioned to me very distinctly, and from my place of elevation I could clearly distinguish the form and character of the landscape. It was a mountainous country, and I saw islands.

"The hurricane continued from these parts north and northeast up over the North American continent. It raged over the coast cities with their millions, and harbors, over industrial plants, over plantations, and with such violence that great stretches were devastated. Buildings were thrown down, and the debris flew around in the air. Large plantations in several states were badly damaged, with other stretches inundated, as the waves rolled in over the land. Many vessels were shipwrecked at sea, and others were carried inland over the shores. Harbors and docks were wrecked so badly, that it was doubtful if some of them would be rebuilt, and commerce was ruined for a long time. Of the plantation states Virginia was especially mentioned. The states bordering on the Mexican gulf were also ravaged by the storm, and I heard Florida mentioned. The storm raged over a wide belt from the Atlantic coast and up over the Mississippi valley, continuing up towards the Great Lakes, where it seemed to gather new strength.

"Over the Mississippi valley the storm raged just as violently as along the Atlantic coastline, but a belt between these two areas was spared; an area that was more rugged and where the soil was not so rich.

"I heard Chicago, Minneapolis, Washington, and New York

especially mentioned as visited by this great storm, among North American cities. Among these New York suffered most. Here many ruins of wrecked buildings were seen. The storm roared on in a terrifying manner through the streets, and the high skyscrapers were seen waving as reeds in the wind, in a most threatening way. Great clouds of dust and smoke arose, and a great number of objects, big and small were thrown up by the storm and whirled around in the air. Down by the harbor great waves rolled in overland. Huge warehouses with stores of goods collapsed and were washed out to sea. Ships were thrown ashore, or wrecked in the harbor. Fires also broke out in more remote parts of the city, and farther inland fires were seen to be raging, lighting up the skies in a terrifying manner. Way up towards the forests in Canada fires were discernible. Disastrous fires were mentioned for Canada at different times. The hurricane also reached up into that country. I saw how the timber was broken down in places, especially near the great lakes in the north. The city of Quebec was mentioned a couple of times in connection with this storm, as badly harassed. From North America and Canada the storm continued eastward towards Europe, where the western and southwest areas were subject to its ravages.*

*In connection with this description of a storm of such unheard of proportions we quote from Minneapolis papers of March 25, 1940, the following: "Minneapolis was one of thousands of communities affected by a tornado--not of earthly origin--but which swept across the face of the sun, nearly 100,000,000 miles away. The tornado disrupted long distance telephone service, teletype operation, radio programs and other communication service by causing super-powered electrical impulses to be discharged at the earth . . . the worst ever recorded.

The streams of electrical charges shot at the earth interrupted normal flow of current on power lines and at times were 'strong enough to reverse the direction of currents. Northern States Power Co. reported unusual fluctuations in voltage. An earth current pressure of 400 volts, or more--normally there is none--was reported here, at Milwaukee it was 450 and at St. Louis 750 volts.

Dr. W. J. Luyten, professor of astronomy at the University of Minnesota, said there was a series of spots some 100,000 miles in diameter across the face of the sun, individual spots being some 100,000 miles in diameter. . . .

In the east the magnetic storm cut off New York City, Washington and other cities from communication with the rest of the world for several hours. Important news and diplomatic exchanges were help up.

What caused it all ? Nobody knows. Dr. Donald H. Menzel, astrophysicist of Harvard Observatory, said scientists do not yet understand exactly how the sun causes such storms." (This shows the possibility of wide-spread storms that baffle scientists, and who knows—it may come nearer earth some day—Compiler).

"The storm then proceeded and pressed on over France, Spain, and Morocco, out into the Mediterranean Sea and ravaged the countries along its coasts. Here it was also quite violent, and reached way over to the Black Sea, continuing over southern Russia. There I lost track of it. In the sound by Constantinople I saw a very rough sea and floods on both sides of it. I heard the Crimean Peninsula mentioned and the island of Sicily. Some other disaster also complicated matters in Italy, besides the storm, but I did not understand what it was. The vicinity of Vienna was also visited by the storm. In France the most damage was done along its west coast, and the southern parts, and along the Channel. Of the cities I heard the name of Rouen and Marseilles also mentioned, this time. In Spain the effects of the storm were also felt to a great degree.

The hurricane raged over England with just as great a violence as over the North American States. A number of ships were wrecked in the harbors and along the coasts. I heard Southampton especially mentioned,* and cities on both sides of the Channel. Telegraph lines were torn down, and trees uprooted in the forest in the interior. The voice told me that telegrams could not be dispatched from England for several days. Floods rolled in over the low-lying stretches along the coast. Now as before, during the effects of the volcanic eruption, England was one of the countries hardest hit by the storm. No country was mentioned so many times in connection with disasters as England.

*Anton J. could not pronounce this name, but described the city's location, etc., so well that his interviewer could easily understand what place it was, and Anton recognized the name at once when he heard it.

"Not less than three great storms were mentioned to me that night that were to visit different parts of the earth before 1956. But no detailed particulars were given to me about the others; nor did I get the year in which they were to be. But it seemed as if two were to take place not so long after the World War, and before the French-Spanish war.

"These two storms seemed to rage in Belgium, Holland, and the German North Sea coast, but in England the greatest ravages were wrought this time also. Much land was inundated there. Western Germany was also mentioned in this connection as badly ravaged by the storm. It then continued from west and southwest towards the Scandinavian countries, and raged with great violence over the North Sea; many vessels and sailors went under. I heard the voice say it was 'a pity about the poor seamen.' There was a terrific roar from the great angry waves. I had never seen the sea in such great turmoil before as it now appeared to be, between England and the Norwegian coast.

"This hurricane also caused great damages in Denmark and southern Sweden, and brought floods along its west coast. I heard Gothenburg, Malmo, and Helsingborg mentioned this time also. It continued north until it struck the Norwegian coast tearing up several of its harbors, and wrecking ships. But the Norwegian mountains seemed to check it considerably, so that the other side of Norway and middle of Sweden were spared to a great extent. Yet from the south it rushed in over Finland where it was the most violent between Vasa and Helsingfors. It passed on, up over Russia, towards Murmansk and Siberia. The severest damages were around the great lakes of Onega and Ladoga.

"For more than two years I have prayed, with hundreds and thousands of other Christians, that the Lord might spare us from this misfortune, which was said to be coming because of the wickedness of men.

"And even if these calamities should be delayed, let us not forget to pray that the Lord might protect us, because it seemed sure that they would come.

"At first I doubted what the Lord said about the volcanic eruptions, and thought to myself that this is not a place where earthquakes' origin usually take place,, But the Lord said positively that it would come.**

**From an editorial in M-V in Chicago we take the liberty to quote the following: "Turbulent changes are now taking place everywhere in quick succession. Not only among the people of the earth, but all creation seems affected, and the material substance as well. When have we ever read so often about the trembling of the earth as now ? And here is something peculiar about these earthquakes when we think about it. That these phenomena are not now generally localized as formerly, is also attracting the attention of scientific scholars. They really begin to happen according to accounts of scripture. See Matt. 24:7: 'And there shall be famines and pestilences and earthquakes in .divers places; At one of our universities there are two scientists who believe that the cause of these simultaneous, world-wide disturbances is found deep and powerful enough to work in different areas and directions. And that they are not caused by sliding movements near the earth's surface, but by gigantic explosions deep in the bowels of the earth." (Compiler).

OTHER REMARKABLE VISIONS AND PREDICTIONS

Chapter VI

It is to be regretted that Anton J. did not meet anyone during the earlier years after his visions with enough consideration and understanding to help him reach the practical results for which his visions were intended. This becomes more apparent after reading the following account. But it has always been thus, that men would not listen to or have sympathy with other things than those which they, often with a limited knowledge, could understand. Or else they have no time for anything else than that which appeals to an earthbound mind. Anton J. is not therefore the first one to stand alone and unhelped in a world full of misunderstanding and shortsightedness. But we will now relate a few other quite remarkable visions. (A. Gustafson.)

He tells the following: "That same night in 1907 I was also informed of A GREAT NEW SHIP BY THE NAME OF TITANIC that was going to go against floating icebergs and be wrecked on its first trip 'from Europe to America. This disaster was one of those that were to take place shortly before the World War. I was taken in the spirit to a place in the Atlantic not so far from the American coast, where I saw this happen. Icebergs of greater or lesser size were floating around in the sea. The night was dark and heavy with fog. Suddenly I saw the lights of a ship penetrating the nightly haze. It was coming fast, and I soon noticed the outline of a giant steamship. Simultaneously a great iceberg rose up in the sea a little further away, but directly in the course of the ship. There was a clanking and cracking sound around the proud ship, which travelled at a high speed. A few moments later the awful thing had happened. The sound of a fearful crash roared through the darkness. The great ship had rammed into the iceberg, and started settling very fast. I was filled with terror

and anguish as I saw the poor people struggling desperately in the water to save their lives.

"I saw the whole gruesome incident as if illumined by a searchlight. The voice told me that this disaster came as a punishment for the pride of the Englishmen. I heard the names of several passengers mentioned, and among them the name of Astor very distinctly, the American multimillionaire. And I was admonished to telegraph to this man and the company that built the ship, and it was said that he would be one of those who would have believed and been saved, and who afterwards would have reimbursed me for the expense. The name of the ship and the company who owned it, and the city in England where the company was located, was given me very distinctly.

"A few years after this vision I read in the paper, at home in Lebesby, about a great ship that had been launched in England, and given the name of Titanic. I became almost paralyzed with fear, and sank down on my knees in prayer to God, that He would save the ship and the people who were to journey with it. I prayed several times for this ship, but neglected to send a telegram, partly because I was weak in my faith, and thought nobody would believe me, and partly because I thought the disaster would be prevented through prayer. But maybe my faith was too weak.

"That same night when this ship was lost, a night between Sunday and Monday in the month of April, it was impossible for me to sleep. I felt a great anxiety, and the name Titanic came to my mind time and time again. These thoughts were so insistent that I had no peace. I was extremely unhappy because I had not done my duty in sending the telegram. I started again to pray to the Lord about this ship, but after a little while I was certain that this terrible misfortune had already overtaken it. I felt as if a wave of cold water had gone over me, and an icy chill went through my soul. Shortly after this I felt calm.

"During that night in 1907 I also heard the name of some other ships that were to go under. The name that I understood and can remember best was the Empress of Ireland which I saw sinking near the coast of Canada. And I heard that the Englishman was the cause of the disaster.

"I was not, however, admonished to do anything about this incident. The other one was the Malmberg, but what caused it to go down I could not understand. In January 1912 I met two sailors from this ship and was urged in my spirit to pray for them. This I did quietly for myself, and then admonished them to turn to the Lord, to be careful on the sea, and not as reckless as they had been up here in the Finnmark. Here both of them had been in trouble with the police. In December 1913 the Malmberg was shipwrecked and both of these sailors perished. Both were about twenty years of age, and one was Swedish; his name was Holmberg.

"In connection with the vision of the World War, I also saw a great number of sinkings of ships. And several battles on the North Sea. At one time I saw a number of large battleships together on the North Sea, and heard the German battleship 'Blucher' mentioned.* The ships raced around at high speed, so the water was whipped into great foamy whirlpools along the sides and in the aft of them. As early as in 1913 I spoke to the minister of war Keilhaug in Kristiania (now Oslo) about things, and also to Colonel Mellander of Stockholm.

"I also saw a number of ships torpedoed and sunk along the Norwegian coast, and heard that there was great danger, especially for the ships that were to come with hay and supplies for the Finnmark. Earlier I had been informed how the fishing and the crops would be in the Finnmark for a couple of years—the two hardest years. During the one year the failure of crops would be so bad that people would have to

*This, as we remember, was one of the ships sunk in the great North Sea encounter in 1916.

resort to the small herring of the fishing catch for feed for the cattle. And in 1915 this crop failure came, over the whole northern part of Norway, bringing great worry and anxiety to the people. And added to this, in the latter part of March 1916, came the decision of the Germans to move the danger zone farther up into the waters adjacent to the Finnmark, tightening up their blockade on shipping in a manner that made it almost impossible to get any supplies from the south, or for the fishermen to go out to sea and get fish for food.

"That year the Russian polar seal also came in great numbers and chased the fish out to sea, making it necessary for the fishermen to sail far out in order to catch any fish. At Eastertime in 1916 I went to the communion in humble prayer that the Lord might help us in some way, so that it would be possible for the hay transports to get through with fodder for our cattle, and so we could get out on the sea to fish. Otherwise famine and death would overtake us. And all the following days I prayed earnestly and unceasingly for the Lord to help us. And—one day there came a heavy fog, with snow, lasting several days and making any observation by U-boats impossible. We fishermen could now go out and catch fish so sorely needed for food, and in the meantime the hay transports slipped through unnoticed, and both the people and our cattle were saved from starvation. A little later the danger zone was moved farther away, and it became possible for us to fish, and keep up our connections southward.

"There are two other places in Norway that were mentioned that same night in 1907 as threatened by danger. The one was Fionningsvaag, one of the northernmost fishing posts in Norway, not far east of the North Cape, and the other Bodo. I did not clearly understand what the nature of this danger would be, whether floods, fire, or affliction. I was urged several times in my spirit to pray for Bodo. A lady in

Kristiania who had been a missionary in Zululand, Africa, had in the spirit seen a black cross over Bodo.*

Finally, in this connection, there should be a mention of a few other visions, published earlier, that may belong to a near future.

1. "There appeared to be a new war in the Balkans, this time against Turkey, in which Greece took an active part. In the districts south of Constantinople I saw long battle-lines and bloody encounters, and heard that Turkey was threatened with elimination from among independent states, if its people did not turn to Christ."

2. "I heard that the Jews would return to their country in great numbers, (during the time before 1956)." Since this was published the first time, the Balfour declaration about Palestine has taken place).

3. "In the Balkan states things were in very bad shape by that time, (between the World War and 1956), and especially in Serbia, where the people were sorely oppressed, and 'endured a great deal of suffering.'

4. "I heard that the French had lost their earlier power, (after the French-Spanish war), and that there was danger of them losing a part of North France."

5. "I heard that Russia might lose a greater part of Eastern Siberia, which is a fertile country."

6. "I believe that the League of Nations will not bring peace among the nations, but will be a cause of strife instead.""

*In his interesting book, "Nature Catastrophes in Norway," published in Bergen, 1937, F. G. Steen Berg tells us that these disasters in recent times in Norway, have been caused in three different ways: 1. By giant snow slides; 2. Mountain slides (caused by ice forming in the great fissures near the face of the mountain, finally exerting a pressure so strong as to force great slabs of the mountainside into the sea); 3. And by clay slide-outs, when great underlying beds of clay, soaked by rains and water, suddenly loosen and become displaced. This happened in Verdal in May, 1893, When a huge quantity of clay slid out into the Verdal river from the Folio valley during the night, estimated to 55 million cubic meter, the slide lasting for about an hour, burying the little town where 112 people lost their lives, and completely damming up the river.

Upon inquiry when in Bodo in the summer of 1938, we learned that a similar layer of clay exists there. (Compiler.)

**In conjunction with this we quote from a biblical magazine from Sweden the following: Pastor J. S. relates in a Norwegian paper that when he had services in a certain church in Oslo in 1928, it happened one night that an old man with an unusual appearance came up to greet him.

It was Anton Johanson from Lebesby, in northern Norway, known here and in Sweden as "the prophet from the Finnmark," who has become well known in the north and other parts of the world by his prophetic visions about the World War of 1914 - 18, and subsequent visions. The "Finnmark Prophet" requested that Pastor S. would bring a message from him to the people in Gothenburg. Yes, this would be granted, if it was found that this could be taken as a message from the Lord. And there was something about this old man that gave evidence of unusual godliness, honesty and faith.

THE SWEDEN-NORWAY DESPERATE STRUGGLE WITH THE RUSSIAN-FRENCH ENEMIES IN 1963

Chapter VII

"The last great trouble which I saw that night was a war by Norway and Sweden against the Russians and the French in 1963. Socialism had by this time completely broken through over the whole North, and in Sweden the government was in Socialist hands. They seemed to do as they pleased, and by their actions became partly responsible for the unhappy results of this war. They had by this time brought about disarmament to a great extent, plus considerable limitations in the defense of the country. As a consequence great numbers of Swedish soldiers lost their lives unnecessarily, and the success, with full victory for the Swedes, that would have come to them with just a little more effort, did not materialize. A contributing cause to this disaster was also that the socialists had lured great numbers of the Swedish people into atheism and godlessness which partially caused this rebuke and punishment to come over the country.

"However, arming for war was carried out in great haste. Two new inventions of implements of war, which had either been kept secret or just completed, became a great help in the Swedish defense. One of these, of which the Swedes were sole owners and possessors, was an electrical device which caused the French to fall in great numbers at Gothenburg. There was very little that lacked in turning the battle into victory for the Scandinavians, and if other defense in the country had not been in such poor shape neither the French nor the Russians could have curbed the Swedes. The voice told me that 'if the Swedes could just have held out 14 days longer, the whole French army would have been cut down.' And if the French had known that the Swedes had such fearful weapons at their command, they would never have dared to attack them."

"There were other implements and machines of warfare

used in this war that are not to be found now.* Aeroplanes and airships were considerably larger and more completely developed than now. For example, the airships that the French brought over, in great numbers for the bombardment of Gothenburg came in three different layers of formation, one under the other with considerable space between them. And if I discerned right, they seemed to be connected with fine steel wires.** The highest, or upper layer, consisted of great, spool-shaped gas balloons, and beneath these, about 300 feet down, there was another layer of somewhat smaller ones, and further down a layer of others, still smaller. These airships came in great swarms or flotillas, like huge clouds, enclosed in masses of smoke, disgorging great quantities of shells and bombs over the earth below. The people fell in great numbers on the streets of Gothenburg and strangely enough, there were many people out. The largest and most important quarters of the city at that time located west of the river was completely reduced to ruins, while the other half of the city was comparatively spared.***

"The biggest and bloodiest battle was fought on the west side of the river and along the coast. Here the French attacked several times, and lost great numbers of men. But they landed

*This was first published some time before 1918.

**It could also be presumed that these lines, or wires, would be used for other purposes, as for instance for radio communication, which could not then be understood by Anton J.

***These statements by Anton J. are very remarkable. Before 1919 he had never been in Gothenburg nor seen any pictures of the city, nor studied the location of it. Why should it particularly be on the west side that the city should suffer this destruction, and where the greatest part of the battle should be fought? Engineer Gustafson says in a note that he came to think of this at a later visit to Gothenburg, when a map of the city accidentally came into his hands. He then discovered something he had never thought of before, namely that all the most important establishments were on the west side, such as docks, warehouses, machine shops, factories, etc., and that the ground on this side is quite level, while the eastern part of the city consists mostly of residential quarters and is surrounded by mountainous bluffs of very difficult approach. Evidently then, Anton J. had seen a perfectly true view of the city that night in 1907, more than 1300 miles away. The statements related here about this part of the vision were published in Swedish papers as early as 1914.

new troops and reinforcements continually, while the Swedes did not get any help to speak of. Yet, masses of French soldiers fell on a comparatively small area, and their resources were almost exhausted when the Swedes capitulated.

A dense smoke hung over the Swedish west coast way down to Helsingborg and Malmo, and I heard that the cities located here were also subject to bombardment from the air. Helsingfors, Malmo and Lund were especially mentioned as hardest pressed. Even Stockholm was attacked by air fleets, and had many buildings ruined by bombardment. But its air defense seemed to be better arranged and was more effective than that of Gothenburg; it had more "air machinery" at its command, and came through the attacks to much better advantage.

There was a city on the Swedish west coast of which he heard special mention as one of those badly wrecked by bombardment from the air. He was not sure, but thought it must have been Falkenberg. Here he saw something he could not figure out, but which was of great shipmasts stuck into the ground, and what they were for, he could not understand. There could be no thought of a shipwreck, as the sea was quite a distance below, and these were on top of a hill. (This was evidently the modern radio plant at Grimeton, toward Falkenberg). In

NORTHERN SWEDEN

the Russians invaded Tornea and the "Kvark", where there was a railroad built at that time. Furious fighting took place here, north of and nearer Stockholm, when the Swedes showed undaunted bravery. The Russians fell in masses, but that didn't seem to matter, as they surged on in a numberless horde. All of northern Sweden was conquered, and Gevle was one of the cities that was mentioned as badly wrecked and pillaged. By some treacherous trick of the Socialists, Boden (with its munitions factories and manufacturing plants), had surrendered without any struggle. South of Stockholm, in the

vicinity of Vestervik, the Russians landed in order to march on Stockholm and Gothenburg. Previous to this they had conquered the islands of Gottland and Oland, which were literally overflowed by the hordes of Russian soldiers, and it seemed like the last named island had to be ceded to Russia, when peace was negotiated. I saw long, marching columns of Russian troops on Gottland. A dense smoke hovered over the whole island. The Russians, after disembarking on the mainland in order to march on Gothenburg and help the French, only got a short distance into Smoland when the Swedes surrendered. The

RUSSIANS INVADED NORWAY

in the north-east part of the Finnmark. There was a railroad at this time from Finland and up to the Enare marshlands, continuing north-east from these through the Pasvik valley. From this main line there seemed to be an auxiliary line running north from the south end of Enare. Close by the Tana river, between Valljok and Post, at the lower end of Karajokk parish, I saw the first battle-lines and the first great encounter. The Norwegians were beaten and fell back toward Gagangajarna, where they drew up new defense lines and another battle ensued. Here I saw countless graves, corpses, torn bodies and faces distorted with pain. The fallen were spread over great stretches of land, and were lying in heaps at some places. There had also been battles toward Kirkenaes.

"But the battle was not confined to these places because the voice said: 'There is violent fighting along the borders, and there you see two of the battles.' The Norwegians, who made several attacks and counterattacks, were nevertheless beaten, and were compelled to retreat far southward. In southern Norway, south of Oslo and near the border, the Swedish and the Norwegian men were fighting shoulder to shoulder. The French battleships and air-fleets also attacked the cities along the Norwegian coast, causing great destruction in some places. The bombardment from the air was carried on from

southernmost Norway and way up to Trondheim. This latter name was mentioned to me. Bergen, Drammen and Oslo were also attacked, but did not suffer such ruin as was inflicted on Kristiansand in the south, which was completely wrecked.

"In the defeat of Sweden, Norway's fate was also sealed. Norway had to cede all the territory north and east of Lyngenfjord to the Russians. The war had been short and fierce. It began in the summer of 1963, and seemed to end the same summer, or early in the fall. The Finns had not taken part in this war. They were now deeply oppressed and most likely had no access to any weapons. Holland was occupied with war in its colonies in eastern Asia, otherwise they would have helped us. Just a little more weight on the side of Sweden would have turned the conflict to defeat for both France and Russia.

"There was great indignation in Sweden over the terms of peace. In Europe it was believed that both Sweden and Norway would be crushed. It looked as if the Russians had intended to take the whole north half of the Scandinavian peninsula. When I anxiously asked the Lord if both these countries would be lost, He pointed to the Lyngenfjord and said: 'So far they will come, but no further.' As far as I remember, the Swedes did not give up any part of Norrland.

"Commerce in the north Finnmark border district was the cause of this war. It was started by the Russians, and then the French joined in to help them.

NEW VISIONS AFFIRMING THE TIME

Chapter VIII

'When I had seen these great calamities and disasters that were to visit the world in coming years, I was informed about myself and my last days. I would live until my hair and beard would become white, I was told, and I would depart from this world in a quiet manner. I was also informed that conditions would be better for me in my old age. The voice then told me that I might choose between two ways. The one was to settle down to a quiet life and rear a family; the other to go out into the world with the information and the warnings that the Lord would give through me. If I chose this last mentioned way the promise was given that the Lord would protect and bless me. I chose to go this way. And lastly the Lord said: 'You must be careful, so that you may not fall a victim to pride, and wander away from me.'

"Whereupon I prayed that the Lord might help me through the coming years, and by His Spirit inform and instruct me that I might not make a mistake about the time.

"After the Lord had promised to fulfill my prayer, the vision vanished, and I awoke with a sense of fear, awe and heavy responsibility; but after a little while I was filled with a wonderful inner power and a great calm. It was about 4 o'clock in the morning when I awoke, and it was impossible for me to sleep any more that night. I thought about this remarkable experience, and folded my hands anew in prayer to God. The following hours until dawn I spent in prayer. I prayed especially for my nephew, and the people out in the world who were mentioned in the vision.

`All through the day I was in deep meditation over these things that the Lord had shown me, and I prayed continually that the Lord would make me able to go His ways and to do what He wanted me to do. During the next few years I did not

talk about the things which I had seen.

"Nobody up around there would have believed me anyway, I thought. It only would have become a matter for scoffing. The only time I said anything to others was in the afternoon of the day my nephew drowned. I then mentioned something about what I had seen the previous night, but no one paid any attention to it. 'You have been dreaming', they said. There was an old Christian fisherman at Lebesby, with whom I often worked, and to whom I spoke somewhat of it, but he, too, did not pay much attention to me.

"But, back to the morning again. We had breakfast about eight o'clock, and my nephew was with us, but it was impossible for me then to bring myself to say anything to him about what I had seen that night. I cannot explain how hard it seemed for me to do this, and instead I quietly prayed for him all the time, asking that the Lord would be with him and protect him. By this I thought that the Lord would spare him.

"A short while after breakfast the young man slipped away without my knowledge and went out on the water for the day's work before I had been able to warn him. He was away all day, and about 4 o'clock in the afternoon as I stood out there in the yard chopping wood I suddenly felt as if cold water had been poured over me. I felt as if I would suffocate; a struggle and great anxiety arose in my soul, together with a strong urge to pray. It was now clear to me what was happening to my nephew, what I had seen, and that he would be lost at sea. I immediately fell on my knees on the spot where I stood, and prayed that the Lord might have mercy upon his soul. After a little while I felt a quietness and calm, and then I understood that my nephew was no longer among the number of the living. But I was also given the assurance in my heart that the young man was saved when he went overboard, and I was admonished to thank the Lord for this, which I did. There was storm on the sea that day, and my nephew had followed another man on a trip farther in on the fjord. This misfortune

happened exactly as I had seen it in my vision the previous night.

"This was a terrible blow to Me, and the days that followed were full of sorrow. Ever since he was a little boy I had been very much attached to him, and he to me. He was a gifted young man, industrious, and of a happy disposition. I have regretted so many times that I did not take him with me into the prayer chamber to pray with him and admonish him to be careful; then possibly' he would have lived. But—probably it was the Lord's will that he should go.

"After this the years rolled on in their course. The officials whom I had seen in my vision in 1907 as my future foreman in the surveying work for the coming summers came one after the other. Next to the last one came in the summer of 1913. In the fall of that same year I received an inner assurance that the time was now at hand to go and make known the information of these world disasters, especially this of the World War. I then made the journey as I had been told, and when I came back to Finnmark in early spring of 1914, from Stockholm and Kristiania, I .saw new signs.

"It was in the month of May. I was then on the Svaerholt Peninsula. It was in full daylight that this new vision came before me. In the spirit I saw the place where I was to work during the summer; it was a place down in the Kjelvik parish, which I quickly recognized. And then I saw small bearded men, with dark complexions, come running to our tenting place, telling us that war had broken out.

"At the same time I saw that the sun was hardly under the horizon at North Cape, and surmised that the time must be the end of July or beginning of August. When shortly after this vision I had a letter from Captain Knutson, who was the 7th officer in order, telling me to come and help in the mapping service for the summer, I understood that the time was now at hand when the visions of that November night in 1907 would begin to be fulfilled.

"I then had the rector of the parish, N. A. Steffensen, write to both the Norwegian Parliament member, Hon. H. Lund, in Kristiania and to Col. Mellander, in Stockholm, to do what they could to warn Kaiser Wilhelm and the German people of the imminent World War. Both of these letters were registered. The time went fast. Summer came and we had hardly more than well gotten into the mapping work for the summer when these before-mentioned small, dark-complexioned men came running and calling the officials home from their work. They were sent out from the telegraph office.

"In the fall I wrote again to Col. Mellander with a request that he would help me so I could get to Berlin and bring the warnings, as there was danger for the future of Germany. To this letter I received the answer that 'there was no time yet to think of peace, and I should not consider myself so important, but pray the Lord to keep me.' But, in my spirit I felt that after I had seen so many battlefields and so much distress there was grave danger ahead for the different people of the world, and for Germany and Austria especially. Besides, I had also heard that night in 1907 that the Kaiser would be forced to abdicate and go to Holland, and that famine, afflictions and disorders would bring Germany down to ruin.

"But, of course, I did not dare to say these things publicly at this time—that might have caused much trouble—and so I hoped all the time that I would be enabled to go and bring a personal message to Germany and its government.

"On September 21, 1917, I met some German fish buyers who usually came to the Finnmark (the name of one was Jorgensen), and who now were going to Berlin. I had them take a letter along, written in German, dealing with my visions about the war, with an appeal to the Kaiser that he might grant me permission to come into the country. They gave their word of honor, that they would see that this letter would be delivered. When they returned again to the Finnmark, I

inquired what success they had had and they assured me that the letter had reached its destination. If the Kaiser really was permitted to read it, I do not know. In this letter there was also a statement about the separate peace in the East, which he should try to consummate as quickly as possible, and about the pestilence, interior troubles and the peace negotiations in the west in 1918.

"Towards the end of 1917 I was given new revelations in the spirit. I was then urged again to make a journey to the capitals of the North and inform the officials of the negotiations for peace and to admonish them and humanity in general to pray for peace. I was also informed that the great epidemics were very imminent, and was told to make this known. At one time it was said to me that Europe would be widely smitten, and that the trenches would be ravaged by the afflictions if the war continued; it was said that the Americans would suffer most from these, also sustaining great losses at the war front. The question of not sending any more troops from America to Europe would also at one time be considered, in view of this fearful pestilence. Also that the French would be second to the Americans in losses of men.

"June 1918 I was exhorted in my spirit for the last time to try and get to the Kaiser with a message to him and his allies to offer a peace proposal immediately, and that there would be good prospects for its acceptance. Therefore I tried for the third time at the German legation in Kristiania to get a pass for Germany, but in spite of the best references it was denied this time also.

"In 1907 I also saw that the Germans had a giant cannon on the west front. I believe that the Germans should not have used this or their other great cannon during Easter. They should have let their adversaries and their people worship and celebrate the Easter Holiday in peace. I believe that the bombardment at this time brought chastisement to the Germans because, up to this time, until I saw this enormous

gun, they seemed to have had fairly good success; after that they sank back, as a wave diminishes from its crest.

"The final developments and course of events at the front I did not see. But I heard that the Germans had to give up most of their colonies. I also heard that there would be great civil disorders in Germany as well as in other countries. But in 1907 I did not hear anything about the peace negotiations that were to take place in 1918. About these I was not informed until in the summer of 1917 during the course of the war. Instead, it seemed then, in 1907, as if the war would continue until 1921, and I believe it was the prayers of the Christians that helped materially to shorten the years of war. Even if the ending was sad for Germany it was a blessing for humanity that the war did not continue any longer than it did. The Lord has graciously heard my feeble prayers, and therefore I know that He can and will hear the united prayers of his people of the earth, when the right time is at hand.

"I also knew, from the revelation in 1918, about the peace negotiations, and that the months of March and April would be of great importance. When defeat and disaster had been heaped over Germany and the revolution had broken out, I wrote to the venerable General Hindenburg, knowing that he was a Christian man, and admonished him together with his friends in the faith to gather Germany's Christian people in humble prayer to the Lord that he might save the country from further calamities. A lady in Kristiania helped me write this letter.



EFFORTS TO BRING EFFECTIVE WARNINGS TO THOSE WHOM THEY CONCERNED.

TRAVELS IN NORWAY AND SWEDEN

Chapter IX

Impelled by an irresistible power in his soul and faithful to the directions of Him who had revealed these coming events through the years of time, Anton Johanson travelled almost continually during the subsequent years, from one country to another, from city to city, trying to contact those who were influential in the affairs of this world as well as all who would receive him. He came to bring an important message from the Ruler of a higher world, and to sound warnings of coming dangers, of distress and suffering, to exhort men and women to show humbleness of heart, to exercise repentance and prayer in view of the sinfulness and pride in this world.

With a heart filled with love for humanity, and with a child-like, trusting faith in his heavenly Father, he made many sacrifices and lived in self-denial to perform his difficult task, even when he knew that he would meet only opposition and contempt.

From the northernmost part of the Finnmark and down to the southern part of Norway, from there to Sweden, and home again to the Finnmark, marks the long way he travelled three or four times before finally going farther.

He had hardly completed one journey or been home for a little while before he received new revelations with new commissions to go out and bring the messages and warnings to people and their rulers. He never hesitated to obey this voice, however peculiar the charge may at times have seemed to him. And many were they with whom he came in contact during this time. He was seen in many an elegant drawing room or softly carpeted parlor, in his heavy, broad-bottomed Finnmark shoes, where hands with jeweled fingers were

extended to him in greeting. But he was also a frequent and welcome guest in the homes of moderate means, those of the working class because he also had a message to the lowly. He paid his own travelling expenses out of savings earned by the work of his own hands. He never asked for any recompense as he did this in faithfulness to his Lord and out of love for his fellowmen. (In later years, however, sympathetic Christians volunteered help in view of his many and extended travels).

At the close of the year 1917 and beginning of 1918, after he had brought a message to officials in Kristiania the first time, he made his second visit to Stockholm. It was during this visit to the capital of Sweden that the Lord led him to make the contact that resulted in the publishing of his remarkable visions in a more comprehensive form. Otherwise this record may not have been found.

Anton J. stayed longer this time in Stockholm than previously. Although he had visited as many ministers as possible he did not go home because, as he said, he "felt that he had not yet accomplished all that he should."

"On that night in 1907 he had heard the names of some persons he was going to meet, among them the new rector in Lebesby, the new manager of the telegraph station there, etc., and including a certain person in Stockholm. He had not thought much about this person during the earlier years, but during his visit to the city this time the name of this person came so often and so vividly to his mind that, as he expressed himself, he prayed several times that the Lord might help him to find "that man" so that he could get ready to go home.

Finally the meeting came about, wholly unintentional from both sides, through "accidentally" meeting a third person in a peculiar way. This was hardly an hour before the train was to leave for Norrland, on which Anton J. had decided to go home. When it hadn't seemed possible for him to meet this person whom he had waited for and he couldn't linger any

longer in Stockholm for no purpose, he had decided to leave.*

Of course, Anton J. became overjoyed when he now, without any effort of his own and without knowing it, found the person he had been waiting for. The man who was in company with him following him to the station, told him eagerly to think about getting to his train. But Anton J. answered, "No, this is right; this is the way I should go", and so he followed the other man home, where the important meeting took place.

The trip home to the Finnmark was postponed for two days and during this time the first notes and copies were made, these later in printed form, finding their way to many homes. Without them only a comparatively few would have ever heard about Anton Johanson from the Norwegian Finnmark, or known who he was.

Not long after coming home to the Finnmark from this trip, he had a new revelation, and was commanded to try for the last time to reach the German people and the Kaiser with a word of warning to arrange for peace immediately. At the same time he also received the knowledge that the great afflictions were very near, and that there were grave dangers ahead for the world at large, and for Germany especially. Therefore the month of May (1918) found him again on his way to the Norwegian capital. His first stop here, as at all times before, was at the German legation where he was more eager than ever to apply for a pass to Germany, and for help to go there and bring his warnings to the government. This time he brought good recommendations from several prominent persons, but nothing seemed to help.

A man that wanted to warn the Kaiser at this time when the

*He happened to "go another street than he had intended to," although he knew this would be a more roundabout way, and the time was precious. The person whom he met had also intended to follow another street than this one in order to get to his destination a half hour earlier than would now be the case. This unexpected meeting in this "mistaken" street led to an interview, when he met the person for whom he had been looking and praying.

Germans had their greatest success in the war, was of course, not considered to be in his right mind. It may also have been their great fear of spies at this time that made Anton J. unsuccessful in convincing the authorities of the necessity of his trip to Germany. With his bushy hair, untrimmed beard and coarse clothes, he could have easily been mistaken for a dangerous character by anyone who was inexperienced. But those who had any knowledge of human nature would surely recognize something else in his humble, frank and honest features.

The only way in which they would accommodate him was to accept a written statement in which Anton J. tried as plainly as possible, under the circumstances, to make clear the things he had seen which were awaiting the government and the people of Germany. He also admonished the Kaiser to negotiate for peace without delay. That political disturbances of a violent nature would also threaten Germany was mentioned. This message, in writing, was officially stamped at the legation, and Anton called the attention of the secretary to the fact that it was of utmost importance to get this to its destination as quickly as possible. This they promised on their word of honor to do.

But time went on and when Anton perceived that his endeavors at the legation did not lead to any results he made a new copy of the content as before. A Norwegian missionary and a theological student in Kristiania helped him in this. The communication was never sent, however, because events of the war developed so fast the fate of Germany was soon sealed.

Undaunted, nevertheless, by the little success gained at the German legation, Anton continued to visit other foreign ministers in Kristiania to inform them of the coming opportunity for peace, and not to let it go by unheeded. But he was greatly disappointed in these men, getting the same reception with them as at the German legation. They listened

with an outward show of pity to his talk about pestilence and revolution, but shrugged their shoulders and let him go as unnoticed as he had come. Obviously this was only "foolish talk" to these "high" lords. When no success met him there he decided, in his anxiety, to go before the head of the government with his burdens. He succeeded in getting an audience of an hour with the king of Norway, and told him of the remarkable things pertaining to the future, which he had seen.

The king quite interested, listened to all that Anton had to relate, but as to whether the audience led to the desired results, or if the contents of his message impressed the king, is dubious. Such dark prospects for the future as Anton J. told of could not be expected to create any agreeable state of mind, least so with a monarch.

To King Haakon he told for the first time of the sad fate awaiting Kaiser Wilhelm, and appealed to the king to try and advise him before it would be too late, and also to do what he could to restore peace to the world, now when there would soon be an opportunity. Regarding the Kaiser's abdication he had not dared to speak to anyone before, as he had hoped all the time to succeed in getting a pass to Germany so he could bring this message to him in person.

Anton J. was in constant activity all through the summer of 1918 in Kristiania. He visited General Strugsta, Mr. Knutson, the minister of state, and several officials of the Norwegian mapping service whom he knew since former years of co-operation in the work; he also talked to representatives in the Norwegian Parliament. He did all he could to convince them that serious afflictions were coming soon, that peace would be consummated in the fall, and to urge them to do what they could to be prepared. He told the men in Parliament that "just as sure as I am standing in a public building, these things will come to pass before the end of the year." He also went to churches and public meeting places to speak of these

things that were laid on his heart. He wanted the people to unite in prayer as much as possible, to pray for an effective peace when opportunity now soon would present itself; and to be prepared for the time when the epidemic would come to take its toll of life. There were hundreds and thousands that he spoke to this summer, admonishing them to pray for peace and for themselves.

He even managed to get into the headquarters of the so-called "Youth Socialist" movement, the "Folket's Hus", ("House of the People") one night. Why should he pass by their door, he reasoned, who, probably more than others, needed something else for their hungry souls than what they were getting ?

But here they evidently did not understand or want to accept a message about a new Lord, here where the main doctrine was that everyone is his own boss! And he was "booed down." Speaking of this afterwards he said it was really no pleasant task to do missionary work among those Bolshevistic Socialists. "It felt as if I had gotten into a hornets nest," he said. But felt compassion for them who had become so hardened in heart that they did not have enough respect for themselves to listen to an older man who spoke to them of love and humbleness, faith and prayer. Since that day he prayed much for the Socialists. Later, many of these impudent and haughty leaders succumbed to the affliction that came from that of which they were warned.

That summer he also spent much time together in prayer with his friends in the Christian faith. He was much burdened for those who, through the war, had become widows and orphans. Often he felt as if he were "praying against a wall," when praying for peace. But one evening in the fall when attending a prayer meeting with friends, he suddenly perceived a marked change, and understood that peace was now near at hand. He testified to this in the service, and

shortly after, this was corroborated by press telegrams and issues of extra papers.

About a week before the German revolution broke out, the visions of Anton J. about the peace negotiations, the impending troubles in different countries, and the afflictions, were sent by telegram from Stockholm to the different monarchs in Europe and to "His Holiness", the Pope. This was in compliance with the wishes of Anton. In the message was also an appeal to not let the coming opportunity for peace pass by unheeded. Of all the government heads who were contacted, only King George of England answered. Word came one day from the English legation that 'acknowledgment had been returned from His Majesty.' But later, when a copy of the reply was requested, it could not be found. So Anton J. never had the satisfaction of knowing what the king had to say to him.

Many will probably say: What was the use of going to the expense of sending all these telegrams? (The cost was about 400 crowns). However, of these things we all know as much or as little. We should be careful in judging of what is expedient, or not, in the actions and deeds of others, because where we may humanly look for the least results, there the very unexpected might happen. And where someone acts on the motive of love for his fellow men to carry out a divine duty entrusted to him, there we should give our unquestioned respect, no matter what our views may be on the question. And most often deeds borne out of such motives bring a blessing with them.

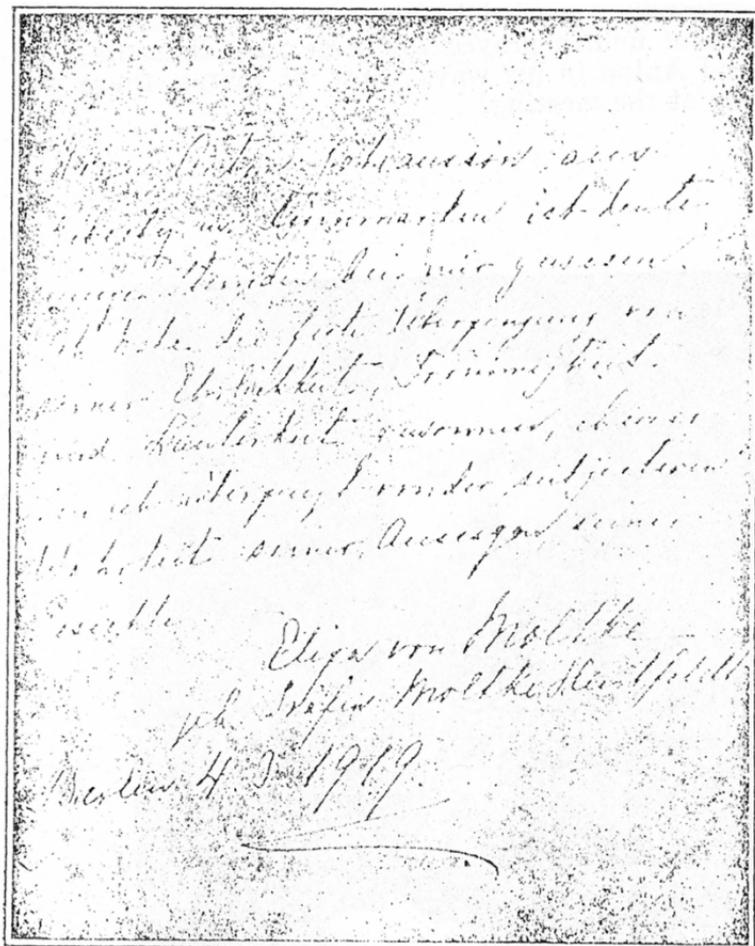
In the winter of 1918-19 Anton J. visited Stockholm for the third time. Many of the events in connections with the war on which he had spoken on previous visits had now come to pass, and there was not much for him to do. He also knew this, but wanted to speak to the men of the Parliament once more and if possible, to the king to tell him a few words of warning about the seriousness of the years lying ahead. He did not get

an audience with His Majesty and of course, he had no message of pleasantries and optimism to bring to the "mighty and rulers" at this time. But instead, he paid a visit to the king's brother, Bernadotte, who always had received him favorably at other times.

During this visit to Stockholm some of the most eminent physicians of Sweden had an opportunity to examine this stranger from far away about whom so many strange rumors had circulated. Some had declared that he was deranged in mind because he maintained that he had received divine revelations. But the doctors very easily ascertained that he was fully sane, and no monomaniac as some highly "cultured" people had insisted. On the other hand, people in general were very sympathetic to him and did not deny the possibility of his experiences. Even if there was a diversity of opinion as to the "scientific grounds" of them, no one could question his very apparent sincerity and integrity.

During this time he also made a visit to the Archbishop of Uppsala, with whom he had dinner, and also appeared before the Ecclesiastic Assembly in Uppsala. There he found "many kind-hearted men", as he expressed himself. The Archbishop and the venerable white-haired Prof. Rudin, especially appealed to him. The latter confided to Anton J. that he had prayed for some time that the Lord might send Anton in his way. Now, of course, there was mutual joy at the meeting.



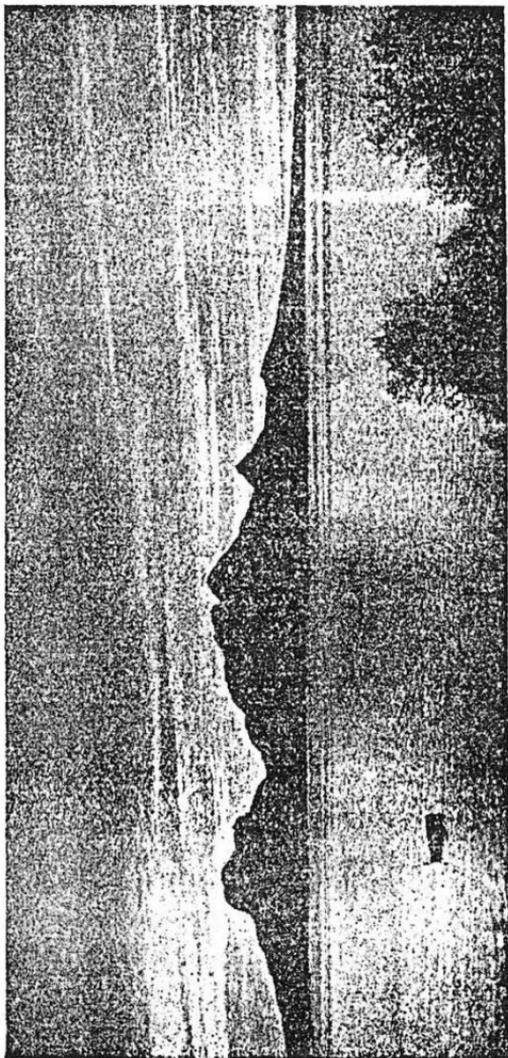


COUNTESS VON MOLTKE'S LETTER IN TRANSLATION:

"Mr. Anton Johanson, from Lebesby, in the Finnmark, has spent a few hours in my home today. During this visit I have become convinced that he is a person of integrity, pioussness and purity of heart, and am also convinced of the subjective verity of his visions."

Eliza von Moltke,
 nee Countess Moltke-Huitfeldt.

Berlin, 3-4, 1919.



Midnight Sun at Bodö Photo by Violet Carlson, June 1938

A most gorgeous scene in clear weather, that cannot be described. After dipping down it rises higher again, being visible in a great complete circle east, south, west and north every 24 hours and does not set for 76 days at the North Cape.

THE CHRISTIAN SEER FINALLY REACHES GERMANY IN A JOURNEY FULL OF EXITING EVENTS

Chapter X

After so many efforts in vain to reach that great country to the south in person with warnings for its government and people, it was made possible in the latter part of February, 1919, through the help and mediating influence of the man who was instrumental in publishing the visions of Anton Johanson in printed form, Mr. A. Gustafson, a civil engineer of Stockholm. And so finally Anton was granted a passport and visa for Germany, for a very limited time.

We will follow Mr. Gustafson's story of the journey, who also travelled with him:

To arrange for the pass the trip from Stockholm to Kristiania had to be made first; from there to Trelleborg via Gothenburg, Anton recognized the surrounding bluffs and mountains from the coach window, those that he had seen in his vision that night in 1907. Later during his visit in the city, when he was taken up into the tower of a high building he unhesitatingly pointed out the places he had thus seen in connection with the war in this vicinity in 1963. He even pointed out the elevations on the north-east side from which he, at that time, had a view over the city.

All his statements of the different locations and positions of the troops and armaments, etc., were made with such apparent certainty that he might have been a prominent strategist. To the question of whether he had ever read any description or seen any drawings of the plan of the city, he answered emphatically in the negative. During his stay he made efforts to visit the mayor, but was unsuccessful in this.

After a two days' sojourn in Gothenburg, during which time he familiarized himself with the city, the journey was continued southward with the night train. At 5 o'clock in the

morning he was on the platform of the coach to get a view of the city of Angelholm, and an hour later the train arrived at Helsingborg.

After failing in his effort to continue his trip to Germany over Denmark, and most of the company must go from Helsingfors on account of their passes, his journey was continued at noon to Malmo. After resting overnight at a small hotel the journey was continued to Trelleborg. At Malmo many were indeed surprised to see Anton Johanson from the Finnmark in their midst, as his mission and messages were widely known by this time, This was his first visit there. Two different persons even showed evidence of fear when they learned who he was, as though his presence had ill forebodings.

In the splendid City Hotel at Trelleborg the clerk failed to keep his promise to awaken the guests in the morning and so there was a matter of only a few minutes before the Sassnitz ferry would have left Anton and his companion behind. It was also the last day for embarking on the ferry according to his schedule, so the situation was quite tense. But his "good luck" was with him this time also, and the ferry was 15 minutes late in starting, a thing that had not happened for a long time.

It was a peculiar sensation for Anton *J.* when the vessel started to glide over the water and the contours of his former homeland were lost to view in the morning fog. After so many years of waiting and so many disappointments in his efforts, he was now finally to reach the shores of Germany! There was a sad expression on his face and his folded hands and bowed head bore a silent testimony of where his thoughts were at this time. What did the Lord mean by this, that he had been detained until this late day in coming to this strange land

when nothing seemingly could be done now to save and help these poor people for whom he previously had a message?

And would anyone now pay any attention to his words? Would there be any success now for his cause to which he had

given himself, or would there be new disappointments?

But with the same child-like faith in his heavenly Father in which he had fulfilled his missions in the years gone by he now laid these new cares into the hand that is stronger than ours. It was not his part to question about the meaning and the results, just to trust and obey, and to follow his Father's will in word and deed as far as possible.

But not for long was Anton left to himself and his peaceful meditations. The few Swedish and other passengers soon began to notice with interest this odd looking passenger, and soon the conversation was going in spite of the fact that all did not understand the same language. So the hours went by, and presently the chalky bluffs of Rugen came into view. A heavy fog ever enveloped the shores of Germany, and everything appeared quiet and stagnant. In the splendid naval harbor, which in peace times was like a bee hive of bustling activity, ships loaded and unloaded, where the German high seas fleet often was an honored guest and the proud Hohenzollern pleasure yachts laid to—here was now only a murky bark and a rusty ferry. The monotonous swish of the waves against the shore filled the air with their melancholy sound, singing the swansong of the German empire.

Through the millenniums they have broken themselves against the rocks, and for millenniums have sung their songs of victories and exploits in battle, and also those of defeat and destruction. The fall of the Kaiser's empire was not the first one of which they had chanted their dirge, not the first one to crumble through the centuries of time. In a hundred years or less new dominions will rise and blossom on the graves of

former ones. Such is the game of fate, and the way of the world.

Perfect quietness reigned in the idyllic little town. The fresh breeze of life had been frightened away by the cold breath of death and sorrow. Even this little place, nestling among the bluffs, had to give its tribute to the bloody harvest of the World war. No happy voices of innocent children were heard, no ringing laughter, only pale and aged faces were seen here and there in the doors or the alley ways.

Some children, with wan faces and faraway, dreamy expressions in their eyes, were peering sadly through the windows at the well-dressed stranger.

From Sassnitz the journey was continued by rail to Stralsund, the place so rich with memories from the days of Carl The Twelfth. Memories from the Caroline days filled Anton with reverence. He was as well familiar with the heroes and exploits of Swedish history as any well-educated Swede. But he was soon disturbed in his meditations by the city gate at Stralsund. A regiment—not of proud Carolines, but of weather-beaten heroes from the west front—were returning to their homes after the long years of war and suffering.

There was a look of sorrow and bitterness on their faces. One could not help but feel a deep pity for these men who had fought with valor, enduring suffering and privations for their country for over four years, now returning to a thankless fate of bitter defeat.

There were railway coaches still standing at the station, with their shriveled decorations of twigs and flowers in which the enthusiastic throngs had left their home town, sure of victory and honor. But how many of these were returning now from the blood-soaked plains out there?

In the waiting rooms and vestibules of the station another class of war victims was waiting, Families, refugees and prisoners of many east European nationalities, with numerous children, trunks, chests and baskets, furniture and household

goods, who now finally had been granted permission to return to their native countries. A majority of them were Russian war prisoners, some of them with kindly features, wild cavalymen from the land of the Cossacks. The place was crowded, and in the suffocating heat an unbearable odor arose from these deplorable strangers who probably had not seen soap or had a

chance for a bath in a long time.

From Stralsund the journey continued direct to Berlin. The travelers were offered narrow, old-fashioned and rusty coaches, unheated and unlighted, for that trip. Because of the shortage of coal in the country the train could make a speed of only about fifteen miles an hour. One had to consider himself fortunate to even get a place at all in these crowded coaches.

Farther and farther into the interior the train creaked on. The hours went by slowly. Evening came on and the nearer the capital, the closer to each other were the stations, and the greater the crowds became that wanted to board the train. There was no longer any question of what class ticket they had, the great question now was to take a place wherever it could be found. And so, travelers with third and fourth class tickets unhesitatingly crowded into the already-filled first and second class cars. One was led to think of the great boxes of packed sardines from Anton J's homeland. So the twenty coaches rolled on, crowded to the very last standing space, and any mishap to the train would have brought terrible consequences.

About 9 o'clock in the evening the first welcome lights became visible from the suburbs of the great city of a million people. The train rattled over the switches at an accelerated speed. Another half hour and the long and crowded train finally pulled into the Stettiner Bahnhof, where an enormous crowd of people was waiting.

It became a job for Anton to keep in contact with his company and not lose them in this milling crowd of humanity.

It was now of primary importance to find a hotel, and one that was not miles away. By great efforts the porter of the Baltic Hotel, a Swede, was persuaded to make room for him. This was a big modern hotel with 600 tourist rooms, and here Anton was given a room for the low price of six Marks, or not quite two Swedish crowns a day (about 50c in American money) and so found a haven of rest right in the heart of the great city. He had never seen anything so fine and stylish before, and thought it was too luxurious, notwithstanding the low price. But he had to stay somewhere. And so here, after many years of waiting, the little bearded man from the "backwoods" of the Finnmark, crawled in between snow-white sheets on a soft spring mattress to rest this night in the big city of the former emperor of Germany. But, even after all the excitement, he did not forget this evening to read the scriptures and in prayer commit himself to his heavenly Father's care as he had done from his early childhood days. He took off his shoes and went with bared head to the window where he folded his hands and lifted his heart to God in reverent prayer. The numberless lights from the mighty city glittered up toward him from below, and from the skies above a few pale stars peeked through now and then among the restless clouds that chased each other over the city in the winter night. The great good God was present here as well as among his "fjells" back home in, the Finnmark; that he knew for a certainty on this his first night in Berlin.

* * *

The next following days were filled with unusual experiences for one who for 40 years of his life had seen nothing more than the snowy wastes of the Finnmark. From the very beginning he took an intense interest in the great city, and this peculiar looking stranger was also noticed by many Berlin citizens. Many tried to guess his nationality and sometimes he was thought to be some dangerous kind of man. A couple of

times the boys on the street explained: "Ah-ha, siehst du Boob-oob," to the great amusement of Anton himself.

There were many things that arrested the attention of Anton in the great German metropolis and that left a deep impression on his soul. The enormous mass of building, streets in miles of length with the milling throngs of humanity, the thousands of men in uniform just returned from the front, the invalids, deplorable human beings, some without legs or arms, nose or mouth, eyes or ears, whose last recourse in life was a hand organ, who stood or sat in line along the streets and the corners, trying to eke out an existence some way through the remaining days of their lives.

The many stands where impoverished soldiers or soldiers' widows offered cigarettes or tobacco, bolognas, cookies and small bakery goods to the stream of humanity moving past, thereby to earn a little for the dependent and hungry ones waiting at home; the horrible anti-bolshevist posters displayed on walls and signboards; marks of the hot encounters of previous revolutions—as walls and windows shot to pieces etc. the wrecked palace of the Kaiser, the desolate house of the "Reichstag," statues and trophies from victories of earlier days. All these things, together with the subterranean railway and the elevated road, took his undivided attention, all of which he did not neglect to see and investigate as much as time and opportunity permitted.

The pale, haggard people that he saw in shabby clothes made a deep impression on him. One could perceive that he wished most of all that he could have disposed of unlimited resources with which to alleviate this suffering among these unhappy people who had lost all their possessions through the war, yes, even faith and hope. Bitterness, sorrow and despair shone out in their countenances, and Anton with his sensitive nature could sense the evil in the look of hatred.

But Anton J. had not come to Berlin just to see, the city and its life—he had other errands, and the time went fast. The

period for which his passport was valid was short, and already new dark and threatening clouds were banking up on the political horizon with sinister foreboding of a new revolution. Therefore it was necessary to act quickly.

Unfortunately Anton early had to give up the thought of personally coming before the men of the new government with his message of the seriousness and grave danger of the times, with its meaning to the German people and its government, the warnings of the things he had seen as in store for the country. The personnel of the government as well as the men of the Reichstag had sought a refuge far away from the city where they belonged. Faithful guards watched over them at Weimar, and thither the way was long and full of dangers.

Anton J., therefore, had to try by other ways and means to reach the men he wanted to see and also, if possible, get a message to the common people. He depended first on those who in this country confessed to have the same faith as he. So he tried through the German Y. M. C. A. through its general-secretary to reach the desired goal. His efforts came to naught because of the fear of the secretary, and his failure to catch the vision of what it meant. In vain did they tell him that Anton was well known in his own country, even by the archbishop of Sweden, that he had the best of references, and that his only purpose was to speak to the German people, especially the youth, about prayer and faith, of love and humbleness in these perilous times.

But there were others who showed a better understanding and more consideration towards the little man from the Finnmark. The Swedish pastor, Sebardt, was one of the first. He invited him to the Scandinavian Department of the Y. M. C. A. where he arranged an evening especially for him. It was consequently a great joy for him to meet old countrymen, and Anton did his best so that they would not be disappointed. He was not a fluent speaker, but then, what could be expected

from a person in his lowly walk of life? He surely had many good things to say that evening, much that would have been profitable for a German to hear also.

During the following days he had the great privilege to meet several prominent people in Berlin. One of the first ones was the "Domprediger," his Excellence Dryander, Kaiser Wilhelm's former court chaplain, and greater Berlin's highest church dignitary.* On his initiative a drawing-room meeting was arranged in Dr. Rittelmeyer's home to which about ten scientists, authors, doctors and clergymen had been invited along with a military officer. The white-haired but yet powerful Dryander also came, in spite of a painful affliction in his feet. Interest ran high when Anton, by interpreter, spoke to them of his life and his remarkable experiences..

Still greater became their interest when Dr. Rittelmeyer informed the company that in the spring of 1914 a man from Ober-Schlesien had visited him, telling of similar remarkable experiences as those of Anton J., giving information of the coming collapse of Germany, the abdication of the Kaiser, etc.

Another account was also added to this, quite remarkable in its way, by a doctor who was present. He was connected with the "Reichskolonialamt", (the government colonial service), as a physician. As regards the boil epidemic that Anton had seen as threatening the near future, he stated that he had received a letter from Capetown, Africa, a couple of days previous in which a report of a similar terrible plague was given. It was an especially horrible affliction, those who were attacked by it died very shortly, and no effective remedy against it had yet been found.

It raged with great violence, especially among soldiers on furlough, and sometimes its victims would fall over in the streets from it. But a strict censorship was doing all that could be done to keep the disquieting news from the rest of the world.

Through the same doctor who gave this remarkable information, Her Excellence the Countess von Moltke also became interested in Anton J. and his message and invited him to visit her one day at her villa in Charlottenburg. Another of those present promised to arrange an interview for Anton with Field Marshall von Hindenburg, if he wished to visit him, as Anton had mentioned that he had sent a

*A son of Dryander was a Consular member of the government.

communication to the marshal. However, the marshal was at this time at Posen (about 125 miles from Berlin), and under the difficult conditions that presented themselves in the next few days it was entirely out of the question to visit him. Because of the many strikes and labor troubles it was highly probable that Anton would have been isolated out in the country.

The invitation of Countess von Moltke to her charming home out at Charlottenburg was accepted with gratitude. But troubles began, to break out in Berlin, and the same day (March 4), a traffic strike started, developing into a general strike the next day. All railway trains and trolley cars as well as omnibuses were stopped. It became precarious for a stranger to find his way through the maze of streets in this turmoil. Finally, after much trouble, an automobile with a woman driver was found and after some dickering she agreed to drive out there for 80 marks.

A very hearty reception met Anton in this home where one time Germany's second highest man had resided. Now he rested in his grave dead from sorrow over the disasters that had come to his country. In the first year of the war it became clear to him that this war would have a catastrophic end for his great Fatherland. He could not subscribe to the ruthless warfare that was brought into play the later years and was thereupon discharged. The men who tried in the hard and unscrupulous' way to reach the goal of victory were

unsuccessful, and only contributed more to the bitter hatred between the warring nations.

The countess was of Swedish birth and could therefore converse with Anton in his own mother tongue without any difficulty. The hours sped by rapidly in this peaceful haven, so rich in memories from the past. Historical treasures and mementos were to be found here in the extent of furnishing food for thought and subjects for meditation and reflections for a long time.

Here, as well as at the other places, Anton was given the opportunity to relate his experiences and tell of his visions, and here as elsewhere, true to his purpose, he did not forget to admonish the countess and her noble daughter to pray for more humbleness and love, an appeal that found deep sympathy in the soul of his high hostess because she belonged to those who are not ashamed to profess the name of Christ. She was a pious, warm-hearted and intelligent woman, able to perceive the "hidden" thing so often obscured by the outward glimmer of things that sometimes captivate worldly and earth-bound minds.

The meeting with this man who testified in the name of the great living God here as well as at home in the back country of the Finnmark, was evidently just as pleasant an experience to her as it was for this simple fisherman to find the same faith and the same zeal in this wealthy home and in the heart of this noble lady, something which enlightened his own soul and life.

The pleasant hours that were spent here were undoubtedly among the most precious in his life. Later, when the little fisherman again sat in his own small, simple cottage near the shore of the Laksefjord, mending and binding his nets to the rough accompaniment of breakers from the Polar Sea, his thoughts, no doubt, often went back to this distinguished home in the great world metropolis where he met with so

much light and understanding at the time in his life when he was so often misunderstood.

After Anton and his company had enjoyed tea and refreshments, offered by the kindhearted hostess, they left this hospitable home, he knew, never to visit it again. Outside the rain was falling in torrents. It was night, and on the streets of Berlin the new revolution had already begun its work.

* * *

It was Anton's privilege to have one more quiet momentous meeting while in Berlin. During the past days he had met only with persons who unqualifiedly stood on religious ground, people who gave their support to the belief in a Divine revelation and a Divine intervention in the events of time. But now, for the first time, outside of the borders of his own country, he was confronted by a person who publicly was known to represent the opposite view and opinion as an authority, the professor in psychiatry at the University of Berlin, Mr. Max Dessoir. He had acquired European fame by his brilliance, and his book, "Jenseits der Seele", (On the Other Side of the Soul), was one among the most noted on that subject.

Anton J. and his companion were given a polite and hospitable reception in the professor's home. He had also invited two doctors and the Berlin correspondent of the "Svenska Dagbladet" (the Swedish Daily), and his wife. A whole evening had been set aside for the visitor from the Finnmark. The company was seated around a large table under a large chandelier which lighted the room. The hours that followed were some that all remembered for a long time.

Through an interpreter Anton was asked to tell of experiences in his life from his childhood and on to later years when he began to get peculiar revelations. With dignified calm he told of the various trials and experiences he had gone

through in the Finnmark country in which he continually had perceived the providence and guidance of God. And he answered in a comprehensive way the questions which the professor directed to him.

He had obviously prepared himself for the meeting of this evening in the same way as always was his custom when difficult situations confronted him. He expected to meet strong opposition this evening and he also expected that other explanations would be offered as to his visions, not those which he knew to be the correct ones. He knew that he needed power from on high so that he might not, by his words, be misunderstood. He knew that the risk was great, that the name of his Lord might be drawn into reproach and so he prepared himself in the prayer chamber that he might not slip in any way—and the Lord did not forsake his faithful servant.

Interpretation into another language was not an easy task, partly because of his rapid speech, and partly because the great volume which he had to draw from in his memory of that momentous year of 1907. Only one who has had the opportunity to be with him for some time could grasp the sequence and the details of his remarkable and singular story.*

Of his answers, several were characteristic of the trend of his thoughts, his inner life and his intelligence.

When the professor asked him if he, by his own efforts or manipulations was not able to bring forth visions, he answered: "No, that I cannot and need not do, because, if the Lord has something to say to me He will let me know anyway, and in His way." And further, when the professor, or the Danish doctor asked him if he had any knowledge of palmistry, or fortune telling, or the like, he said: "No, the Lord has no use for such tricks for, if He had, He would have let me see it that way, I suppose."

Anton had been in good disposition all evening until the aforementioned Danish doctor came. Then a marked change

came over him. He became a bit uneasy and melancholy, and his face took on a reflective look. The answers were not forthcoming as readily as before and he faltered in his speech. When asked the reason of this, after returning to his hotel room, Anton replied that he could not understand what there was in that room because something had torn and pricked in his brain as with needles. When the Danish doctor came in he had felt a sharp chill go through his soul. He understood that

*It is evident that his publisher and travelling companion on this journey also was his interpreter. (Compiler)

something was wrong with him, and so he had started to pray quietly for him. When questioned if he felt anything peculiar from the professor's side, he answered that there was something of this influence in him, too; but, not by any means as much as from the doctor. (It became known to them later that the professor also was an infidel.)

But Anton J. was quite pleased with the whole meeting, all this notwithstanding, and especially with the professor. It was not in Anton's nature to take issue with those who did not believe in the same way as he and his attitude toward them did not change when his own views were not accepted. He prayed just as fervently for those who did not understand him as for those who were of the same faith. We are sure that this evening and probably several following, he offered many warm prayers for the people he had met at the professor's home—and not least for the Danish doctor.

In this connection we must here relate a remark made by Professor Max Dessoir during the evening. He had been considered as a great infidel, and often referred to as an authority on such infidelity.

Before Anton left the home and the company separated, he had, true to his custom and what he considered a Christian's duty, admonished those present not to forget to pray because he wished for all of them to meet again in the great beyond, where our souls have been freed from the bondage that holds

them here and time will be no more. To this the Danish doctor made objections which in turn elicited a mild protest from the professor, with these invaluable words, indicating his sincerity and clear-sightedness: "Ja, sagen Sie aber nichts davon. Es liegt doch etwas Gutes und etwas Sittliches in dem Beten, und es ist doch das und der Menschen Gottesglaube, was die ganze Menschheit Während alle Zeiten aufgehalten hat und ihr die Kraft hervorzudringen gegeben hat. . . Man darf nicht schlecht davon denken, das Beten ist ihm ein Lebensbedürfnis geworden, und sicherlich wolte die Welt viel anderes und besser aussehen, falls wir alle mit einander zu beten anfangen."

Translated, it means this: "Yes, but don't say anything against that. There is, at any rate, something good and ethical in prayer, and it is prayer, with faith in the Divine from the individual, that has borne up humanity through the ages and given it power to press onward. . . . One must not think about this disparagingly, as praying has become a necessity of life for him (Anton J.) and the world would most assuredly be different and much better, if we all began to pray one with another."

Let every short-sighted "free thinker" who blatantly repudiates the truth pertaining to a higher and spiritual life ponder these weighty words of an intelligent and sincere man, one of Europe's most learned men. Where sincerity and integrity is found, there the great light of Truth will soon break through in the human soul and dispel the darkness.

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The tremendous nervous strain and great suffering that the people had been subjected to the past few years, had in the more recent adversities seriously disturbed the equilibrium of many citizens in the German capital. Anton had an opportunity during the next few days to see the sad results

brought on by misappropriation of the sacrifices of a trusting people. On March 5, 1919,

THE THIRD REVOLUTION IN GERMANY

broke out, taking a toll of 1200 lives in a few days, with several thousand injured.

In the afternoon of the day before, the mobs had begun to pillage the stores at the Potsdamerplatz. At the same time all traffic, including electric trolleys, horse-drawn omnibuses, both elevated and subterranean railways and the suburban trains had been stopped.

When the darkness of night deepened, a horrid drama such as cannot be described, developed. About three o'clock in the morning the people living around the Alexanderplatz were awakened by the heavy boom of cannon, plus sharp rifle and machine-gun fire, growing in intensity. Anton awoke and pounded the wall to arouse his comrade, but that was unnecessary as he already was awake. The hotel was located about 1500 yards from the place where this fight flared up, and from his window on the fourth floor Anton could easily see and hear the tumult of the riot.

Wild cries arose in the night and the searchlights played nervously and unceasingly through the surrounding darkness. Overhead heavy clouds were rolling in over the city. All street lights were out and darkness reigned over the deserted avenues. Not even a pale star could be seen above. That which had been brewing beneath the surface for weeks and months now boiled over. One thought involuntarily of the pale, haggard people in shabby clothes, with bitterness and hatred in their eyes, who silently moved through the restless crowd of humanity like ghosts from another world. Were they among those who now sought a better lot in life ?

Heavily the cannon 'thundered on and the fighting became more violent. A few sharp words of command and then—more screaming and wild yelling—the machine-guns operate on

high pressure, and the hand grenades explode in bunches. Now the bayonets are drawn for the fray.

But just for a little while. Then quiet. Death has brought in its first ghastly harvest. The uprising has been quelled for the time being. Rivulets of warm blood trickle over the pavements. Losses are great on both sides. Lone, long and piteous cries of pain penetrate the night here and there, and the report of a few more shots are heard.*

*Dear reader, do not shudderingly lay your book aside and say this is too loathsome a description, but read on and ponder over it. This is a true recounting of what actually happened, and in a country as highly civilized as any. And since the time that this episode took place, scenes like this have been repeated over and over again in many modern cities in our "highly civilized" times, instigated by subtle and sinister powers that have wormed themselves into our 20th century civilization by the influence of devilish teachings of men with distorted minds who belonged in an age of centuries past.

These influences are now busily at work in our own fair America and have a greater spread in the warp of our social fabric than the average law abiding citizen is aware of, all working towards the same goal as here. May all Christians awake and be aroused to greater unity, frequency and fervency in prayer to the Almighty Protector, as these and that it may remain the glorious "Land of the Free" that our beautiful country may be saved from such revolting scenes **it has** been and was meant to be when it was liberated with the cost of the life-blood of our brave forefathers. (Compiler).

A low, but audible murmur begins to rise from the place of agony and strife over there. Prayers and threats, oaths and curses are mingled with the moans of the victims and the rattle of weapons. But from the ground the blood of the fallen calls for new hate and new revenge and the mobs of hatred are gathering for a new onslaught. A new assault begins, more wild and bloody than before. More cannon have arrived. The government troops, as well as the Red rabble, have been reinforced considerably. With double fury the Reds are storming, and in doubled volume the hoarse cries cut through the air this fateful night in March. As a sudden peal of mighty thunder the boom of a dozen cannon crashes out with a deafening roar, enough to burst your ear drums. A moment of quiet ensues. The gruesome effect must have been terrifying.

But the throngs of hate gather anew and again the Reds are storming.

Is this the new Germany that was to be born tonight? Is this the agreeable springtime to be ushered in over German soil, about which its people have hopefully dreamt so long?

The din of the battle becomes a bloody proclamation that brings a message of sorrow over the city and calls the sons of the proletariat to rally to the help of their fighting comrades around the Alexanderplatz. In thousands of minds the spark of strife was kindled, and new recruits hurry to the place where agony and death are waiting. And death gathers a great harvest.

But—what does death mean to a people who have lived for years with death and terror before their eyes? Yet they did not go to meet it tonight from the weapons of outside enemies on the field of Flanders, firmly led on by officers of the Hohenzollern coat of mail, but from old comrades with whom they had shared all in days of good or evil. Such is the reward of unscrupulous intrigue!

Balmy breezes filled the night. The spring was approaching in nature, but in thousands of human hearts "the long winter" had formed bondages of ice that would not break so soon. There was no sign of spring in what was happening now. The hours of night moved slowly. Over there the conflict is still going on with the same frenzy.

It seemed as if dawn would never come, and only God would know how many of those struggling there would again see the light of a new day.

By the window in his room Anton stood with folded hands peering out through the darkness towards the place where the fate of so many was sealed tonight. Big tears rolled down over his frostbitten cheeks and he offered many a fervent prayer for this stricken and afflicted country.

He could never have thought that he personally should be a witness to such dreadful things in Germany itself. He, no

doubt, was doubly pained as his thoughts went back to what he had seen and heard in 1907 and of the years that had gone since then, especially those just preceding the World war. Probably if he had exercised greater perseverance and greater faith he could, in some measure, have been instrumental in helping these people and others to avoid these terrible consequences.

The following days were full of danger in the German capitol. The conflict, which already exacted a toll of hundreds of lives, spread quickly and now covered several streets and quarters in other parts of the city. It raged on with great bitterness. Stray bullets, shots fired sometimes without plan or aim from hidden rifles and machine-guns of the Spartacists, as well as bombs from the airplanes, were emissaries of death which made every place hazardous and unsafe for the peaceful pedestrian on the street.

To travel under such conditions to different parts of the city was to do so under the conviction that it was more or less at the risk of one's own life. If you were fortunate enough to come across an automobile the danger could be lessened considerably by being able to pass the dangerous places more quickly. And yet, where death was waiting for its prey, it would swoop down unmercifully, whether its victim was in a fine carriage or seemingly hidden in the crowd. And many, many innocent people lost their lives those days. Yes, even the dumb animals had to suffer because of this inhuman hatred.

So, for example, one day when I was riding in an automobile to visit a person at a place near the "Sieges-Alle", where there was supposed to be safety and quiet, a stray bullet came and broke off the leg of a little dog who trotted along only a few yards ahead of us behind a carriage. The ladies in the carriage were grief-stricken at the injury to their pet, and the innocent little animal's howl of pain filled the air. But, what was that in comparison to the suffering in hundreds, yes, thousands of human bodies?

Another day, just as I had been in a store on the corner of Mark-Grafen and Leipzigerplatz, I followed the latter street towards Leipzigerplatz. I had gone only about fifty yards when an unaccountable anxiety came over me, with a strong aversion against going any further. This feeling was so much more puzzling to me because, during our whole stay in Berlin, I had never felt anything like it and I had several times before been in danger zones on the streets. This street was one of the largest in Berlin, far from the quarter where any fighting was going on, and the crowds of people moved on as unconcerned as ever with no suspicion of any fight seen anywhere.

I summoned all my will power to overcome this resistance, but had gone only a few steps forward when I suddenly became completely powerless to move, think or act. And—at the same moment the whole street reverberated from a salvo of machine-gun fire; a few yards away from me, on the other side of the street, several piercing screams were heard and a group of people fell over right in the center of the moving crowd. A 17-year old girl laid there, her head pierced by a bullet. Others bled out of various wounds. It was a mystery to all as to where the firing came from and who had done it. I was not the least surprised, for just a few steps more and I would have been there myself, exactly in the place where the bullets came. It had happened before that the Spartacists had made similar subtle assaults on innocent crowds in order to inflame the minds of the people against the government troops, and this was an episode of that kind.

On arriving back at the hotel Anton came forth holding out his hands toward me, exclaiming: "Oh, you escaped the danger after all; how blessed", and "now you must not forget to praise the Lord for it." "What are you talking about?" I asked, in surprise. "Oh, well; you may be sure that I was informed about your being in danger", he announced, and went on to tell how he, at the same time this happened at Leipzigerstrasse, suddenly felt a great anxiety for me in his

heart and also became certain that I was threatened by immediate danger. Then he started to pray for me at once and was now so glad to have me back. The fact is to be noted that Anton, several times during the previous days, felt an inner apprehension for me when I was away and in danger, or on a street in a danger zone, but never before as clearly and urgently as this time.

The last days of our stay in Berlin were far from pleasant. The whole city was paralyzed by the strike. All lights were shut off, all mediums of traffic were stopped and many other things closed down. After six o'clock in the evening the great city was in darkness and anyone who showed himself on the street after this time ran the risk of being robbed or attacked.

When the day drew to a close and the deep shades of night settled down over the city, a shudder would go through one's soul when thinking of what the following hours might bring. Numerous holdups, robberies and murders took place every night. It was therefore imperative to keep off the street after dark.

So there we were. In the whole hotel with its 400 or more guests there were only two or three small carbide lamps, and one had to get along with candles as best as possible. For those who had come from a country more happily situated, it was no joy to spend every evening in total darkness.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE JOURNEY HOME

The conflict which, during the first days, had raged with great violence around the Alexanderplatz, not far from the hotel, now threatened to move to the immediate vicinity of Anton's hotel. Opposite the building the great StettinerBahnhoff (Stettin R. R. station) was located, over which all traffic northward to the Scandinavian countries moved. The Spartacists, who during these days had captured two of Berlin's other large R. R. stations, would have been only too

glad to get possession of this one also. It didn't take long before the people in this part of the city and the travelers from the North were to have the visit they had been fearing. In the afternoon of March 9 rumors began to circulate that the trouble-makers intended to storm the station that night and several signs confirmed this.

But the government troops had not remained inactive. When dusk began to come on they developed a feverish haste in their preparations. The transports came one after the other loaded with troops, armaments, ammunition, and fortification materials. Big caliber guns from the west front and heavy armored cars with machine-gun turrets came rolling on in such a hurry that it was easily understood that grave disturbances were expected. The streets trembled and the houses shook from the movements of the tremendously heavy vehicles.

Armored open cars with soldiers and machine-guns rattled through the streets and around neighboring blocks, ready for action wherever anything suspicious would be discovered. Companies from different divisions—heroes with Iron Cross decorations, steel helmets, hand grenades and rifles—came marching in, quiet and very serious. Each man knew how grave the situation was after what had happened around the Alexanderplatz.

Soon the station was put in defensive condition, with the troops stationed inside. The darkness had deepened. Time and again the street was closed off and the people were made to vacate by a few blank shots. The Spartacists wore no special uniforms and could, therefore, very easily mingle among the people without being discovered. The risk of a surprise attack from among the crowds was, therefore, very great under these circumstances, and diligent watchfulness and care was of the utmost importance. Everyone knew it might mean death for him or his comrades if they were caught unawares. And it did not take long until the first signal for attack was given.

In spite of the watchfulness of the men, the hostile element succeeded in stealthily forcing themselves forward, near enough for attack, and suddenly from among the people on the streets shots were fired at the guards stationed near the railway station. Violent shooting from both sides followed, and it, of course, was not possible to avoid jeopardizing the innocent people on the streets, several of whom lost their lives, some falling just outside the walls of the hotel. At the further end of the street fire was opened at the same time against the government troops, and shots flew here and there from adjacent streets. The Spartacists tried to come nearer the station gradually, but they either were too few, or found that the station was better protected than they had expected, because the attack died down in about a half hour. But time and again the shooting was resumed. This kept up intermittently during the whole night. The detonations from the firing reverberated through the large enclosed hotel yard in a very disturbing way; now and then the sharp commands, mingled with the cries of the mob, would be heard through the cool and still night air, caught up by the echo and carried out among the mass of buildings.

The train in which the travelers from the North intended to return to their home country was to leave in just a few hours. To get any rest or sleep during the time that was left, with this tumult going on was, of course, out of the question. Rumors had also circulated the day before that the Spartacists intended to storm the hotel simultaneously with the station in order to get possession of the supply of provisions there, plus the arsenal of weapons supposedly kept there for the government troops. This rumor, too, had not been conducive to quiet or rest. But there were, no doubt, other thoughts that contributed to the wakefulness of Anton this night.

The remaining hours of the night would soon be gone and a new, troubled day would begin. Waiting until 3:30 in the morning for a possible lull in the disturbance, it became

imperative to get ready as soon as possible and to get the baggage over to the station. After a simple breakfast of coarse bread with marmalade and tea brewed from maple leaves, without sugar or cream, they checked out.

The hotel porter had to be paid four times the usual rate in order to induce him to take their luggage across the street, and across the street with the least possible risk. The Reds were lurking just a few hundred yards away, it was said, the shots were fired every now and then from dark recesses in the street.

In the station every passenger was subjected to a strict examination and his passes visaed. The place soon swarmed with people and the railroad coaches were rapidly filled. The passengers were mostly Germans, restless and worried people with sad and sunken features, now trying to get away from the turbulent capitol. Only two or three Scandinavians besides Anton and his companion were to be found among them, as they had made earlier reservations for their return, before the situation became so critical. After waiting nearly an hour in the over-filled coaches, the almost endless train of cars was set in motion and slowly, but surely, rolled out of the city where so many tears had flowed and so much blood had been spilled the last few days.

From the tower of the station the rays of the search-lights played around in the early morning hours, fusing into bright balls of light as they crossed each other. And in the distance, behind the train, the last shouts of a desperate assault died out, machine guns spurted out their deadly fire, eagerly gathering in their final harvest before dawn of day should fully develop, with its benevolent daylight for a harassed people.

It was Sunday morning. But no peace rested over the German capitol. There was a tense atmosphere. No one could know what the new day bore in its bosom, what

developments the next hours would bring. One could not help but feel a deep pity for those poor people who after being harassed by war for four long years, now were bereft of peace and safety in their own homeland by sinister powers that were foreign to them.

With tearful, dreaming eyes Anton sat by his coach window, gazing towards the city he now was leaving—most likely forever. One time then he had been privileged to see the Kaiser's city, and its leading men—but too late for his purpose. Farther and farther it retreated in the distance, and its contours were soon lost to view and obscured by the light morning fog. Who could guess what the fate of its people would be at the hands of the emissaries of hate?

Farther and higher towards the land of the North the journey went. Anton J. would soon finish his last and greatest journey these fateful years. The visible results seemed very small indeed. But some day a fruitful result, now hidden to man, may burst forth out of the seeming purposeless efforts, the motive of which was known best to his Master. And some day his efforts may bring fruit in another way with a lesson and a blessing to the lives with whom he never came in personal contact.

And we hope that the reading of this book about him may prove to bring just this to those who have taken the time for it.

CONCLUDING REMARKS

Chapter XI

Anton Johanson led a long and busy life, reaching an age of nearly 71 years—his "three score and ten." He departed from this world to go into the presence of his Lord, whom he knew so well, on January 3, 1929, at Oslo, Norway. His earthly remains were laid to rest in the church cemetery at Lebesby on January 25. His Swedish friends remembered him by sending a great laurel wreath as a floral offering for the occasion. And the memory of this devoted servant of God is still fresh in the hearts of those with whom he came in contact, and his message lives on.

* * * *

CRITICISM

"Never has anything seen daylight on this earth that has not been criticized. The greatest creations of the greatest masters of art and literature were not received without criticism by contemporaries. This can also be said for the greatest book in the world—the Bible, which has been an object of criticism all through the centuries and to this day is a target for the most violent attacks of both unbelief and ridicule.

"So it was not surprising that the little book about Anton Johanson and his visions should also arouse criticism from certain directions.

"Criticism is an expression of the way different people see and understand different things, the weapon which is used for or against, by word of mouth, or on the printed page. But the ability to see and understand is based upon the store of knowledge and the intelligence of the individual and further dependent upon the power of will and soul. It has been said that no two leaves in the forest are perfectly alike. And one is as much justified in saying that there are no two persons alike in the above-mentioned traits, to the extent of receiving impressions and impulses identically from given incidents or circumstances. What one will see and emphasize as a foundation for his thoughts and conclusions another will not notice. What one sees clearly another cannot comprehend. One may be able to press forward to objectives and attainments where another cannot follow. . . .

"And was there ever one man on earth to whom such a great measure of wisdom was allotted that he could move with equal ease in all the spheres of existent human life, or reach the heights of all knowledge?

"Yet, do we not all too often meet that presumptuous self-estimation which, with overbearing vain-gloriousness, demands to be heard in its blind judging of all things according to its own narrow measures? Many have been affected by modern trends and times to consider themselves very great and wise. They know everything, can criticize and judge anything with cock-sure authority. The great problems of our material and spiritual existence they proceed to dismiss as lightly as they would common trivialities of everyday life.

"A typical example of this can be mentioned from Norway where, at a certain place, one time there was a discussion about these visions by Anton J. A person considered to have an average education spoke up and said: 'Oh, here in Norway

we are too well cultured to believe in such nonsense.' The time can come when one would smile at such boastful words, which least of all show a high culture.* A professor at Upsala said, as a comment on Anton J's visions: 'It is naive and childish to

*Since that statement was made a great part of Anton's vision of 1907 has come true, and Norway has recently had her scare (most likely just a preliminary one) of the bearish neighbor to the east. And these lines are penned just a few hours after **the** most unexpected and unlooked for invasion of Norway took place--from the south--by the ostensibly "friendly" neighbor just beyond Denmark. With so little knowledge of what lies ahead, we had better refrain from judging and self-centered boasting. (Compiler).

believe in miracles, or in supernatural things. That belongs to the past. The prophecies of the old prophets were never fulfilled (!!) nevertheless people believed in them. It doesn't matter whether such prophecies come to pass, or not. It is only a psychological occurrence without any importance. It is not possible to prophesy about events, and God does not intervene in the life of men, or in the course of events in the world." (A. Gustafson).

On the other hand there was much opposition for the time being from other sources because the year 1963 occurred in Anton J's predictions about the Sweden-Norway and Russo-French war, especially among those who were waiting for the judgment day to come at any time. And here were things mentioned that would not happen until 1963! Didn't that show that he was a false prophet? How could the world stand as long as 1963 ?

But what would they then say about the Book of Revelation? And of Daniel 9:24-27? These predictions of Anton J. need not interfere in the least with "the blessed hope" of the Christian, in application of Titus 2:12-13. After the event mentioned in this last passage, the final great crisis of Armageddon will occur when all the godless propaganda, hatred and threats have come to a head. And subsequent to this, not before, the Judgment will take place.

However, Anton J. met all critics and criticism with utmost calm and equanimity, whether it was from "learned" men in the wisdom of the world, people of a limited insight, or fanatical sect-leaders who accused him of pride, false prophecy and the like. "Don't be so sure", or "don't talk so `big", was generally his kindly rejoinder when told that it may only be a fantasy, or a humbug. He did not hate those who uttered hard words about him. Instead, he would say that it was perfectly natural that all would not understand him, or believe his words. And so he would offer a quiet prayer for them. When he was accused of being against England because of the many calamities he had predicted for that country, he would say, "No, I am not; but, I can't help that I have seen what I have seen."

And what he saw is truly remarkable. When the World War broke out and the "military experts" declared it could last only six months at the most, Anton J. knew that it would last several years, according to what had been revealed to him. And he knew Who had given him this information and therefore he was certain. He also said that Belgium would be a nail in the coffin of Germany.

During the hours in which he was under the influence of this supernatural power from on high, he appears to have been in a position to see, hear and understand correctly what was shown to him, including the names of foreign cities that he had never heard pronounced before. The scenes and panoramas had stood out in a clarity that made them unmistakable, as is evidenced by his recognition of different locations in the city of Gothenburg.

There was an overwhelming stream of impressions and constantly changing panoramas of scenes that confronted his soul, and for his mind to grasp in these few hours. This called for physical strength and intellectual power which most of us would not have been able to come through with in such comparatively good results as Anton J., not even those who

love to flaunt their learning and abilities before us, and who so readily make disparaging remarks about others who are not in their own "class."

Yet we must not forget that there could be a possibility of confusing dates and events when we remember that several years elapsed between the date of his vision (when he was a man nearly 50 years of age) and that on which this was put down in writing; and if, consequently, some minor discrepancies should appear, a thinking person can readily see the reason for it. We cannot put these visions in the same place as the inspired prophecies of Scripture, which is clear and infallible, written and given to the world under the direction of the Holy Spirit so that no mistakes would creep in.

But this does not give us the right to question the correctness of the visions given to Anton Johanson, nor to question his integrity. He never publicized or propagandized his visions in starting any movement, to capitalize on them. His only desire was to fulfill the commission given to him to make them known. And his motive of honesty and faithfulness in this purpose is vouched for by all with whom he came in contact. No honest person can deny that his visions have proven to be true in a convincing and surprising way in actual events that have since happened, which prompts us not to disregard his warning predictions as to the future. As they are verified when the times come for their fulfillment they become worthy of consideration, and can become a means of "edification, exhortation and comfort." (Cor. 14:3). "Comfort" to those who are waiting for their Lord to appear, but also for warnings and preparation, as with the example of Agabus, Acts 11:28.

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COMMENDATIONS

We recall the recognition and commendation accorded Anton J. in Berlin by Madame von Moltke, his Excellence Dryander, Dr. Rittelmeyer. and others. Also by Prof. Max Dessoir, to which can be added the following quotations from his book, "Von Jenseits der Seele", in which he says of his experience with Anton J.: "The features of this sturdily built man with his small intelligent eyes of a healthy-looking face, set in its frame of hair and beard, speaks well for him. He does not look like an imaginary picture of a prophet. Nothing that would indicate an overwrought disposition, nor any eccentricity. But a strong and, without doubt, a genuine faith is conspicuous in word and actions; he always carries his Bible with him, and is well familiar with it, especially the Book of Revelation."

The venerable Professor Waldeyer in Berlin, whose name is well known, when told that some "specialists" in Anton's homeland had denied the possibility of experiences such as Anton J, had, smiled and with a fatherly nod of his head said: Ach, es giebt so vieles im Welt, was die Menschen noch nicht kennen. . . ." In translation: "Oh, there is so much in this world of which we humans do not know anything yet. For instance, who knew anything about radium years ago, and its wonderful possibilities? We do not dare to say of anything that it is impossible because what seems impossible today is no impossibility within a few years."

A. Gustafson tells us that the archbishop of the State Church of Sweden, Nathan Soderblom, who received Anton J. for an interview and also arranged for him* to appear before the Ecclesiastic Assembly in Upsala, authorized Gustafson to publish this statement by him, the bishop, concerning Anton J., which follows: "Anton Johanson has given me the impression of one who is permeated with a strong piousness, and who is in possession of a keen and animated (living) intelligence."

Not the least in importance are the several testimonies of his brothers as to his true Christian life and character, and testimonies from others in his home vicinity. Several doctors freely gave their signed testimonies as to the soundness of Anton in mind and body after full medical examinations, to stop the rantings of those who maintained that his visions were only hallucinations of an unsound mind in a sickly body.

One of those who held up Anton's experiences to ridicule said: "If the visions were so important why were they not given to Kaiser Wilhelm, Lloyd George, Poincare, or some other high official for better success?" But this professor forgot that worldly power and greatness is not always synonymous with spiritual greatness and importance. Greatness in spiritual values and purity of heart is rarely combined with earthly riches and high titles. And we cannot very well imagine that the Supreme Being in the realm of righteousness would choose one who would be indifferent to spiritual life and influences to bear His message of warning to the children of men. As the lightning seeks an object of the highest elevation for its contact with the earth, so the power of heaven will use those whose souls are nearest in life and contact, to use them as channels of blessing in this world.

Pride and haughtiness are often characteristics of worldly power, whereas spiritual greatness expresses itself in humbleness and kindness. Jehovah chose the obscure and humble shepherd boy, David, to be the leader and king of His people. He chose the meek and praying Daniel to defy the mighty king's edict, and to bring prophetic messages to His people about the end-time. The Lord Jesus chose humble and lowly fishermen to be His apostles, and to be endued by the Holy Spirit and power from on high.

There is a great lesson in this for us. And there is a challenge to the average Christian in the life story of this lowly man, Anton Johanson. Because he lived close to the Lord in prayer and had the Word of God in his heart, God could use

him in a special way, above those who were greater than he in the eyes of the world. He prayed for guidance and humbleness when he had seen these remarkable things. And how he remained in this humble and unselfish way, fervent in prayer and zeal, is an object lesson to all of Christian living and faithfulness.

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NOTES TO THE SECOND EDITION

Some of our readers have wondered why there is no mention of the last war (1940-1945) in the visions of Anton Johanson, and, of Germany's conquest of several of her contemporaries, as Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg and France.

Let us remember that in the first revelation, of 1907, he saw the World war as from 1914 and until 1921. But a later revelation gave him the information that it would end in 1918. And in that year there was a chance for peace. Anton J. expresses his belief that it was the prayers of the Christians who prayed in different countries, that shortened the World War.

But the terms of peace were not satisfactory to all concerned, and involved some smaller nations in a piecemeal apportionment as well, which brewed dissatisfaction to a great degree. Added to this, some major nations, including the Allies, repudiated, or rather, turned their backs on and refused to pay even the interest on just debts of billions of dollars that they had borrowed, and that the United States of America loaned them in good faith. Such conditions will not "stay put" any length of time, neither politically nor morally.

Some sources say that A. Gustafson did not publish all of what Anton Johanson said about the peace between the Allies and Germany in 1918; probably not daring to do so for political reasons. (As Anton J. did not dare tell of the Kaiser's

abdication until later, although he knew about it before the start of the war).

In that peace treaty was the seed of discontent and contention that would not stay buried without germinating and growing until it broke through the thin surface called "peace", rearing its obnoxious and poisonous branches until it blossomed out into war again.

Seen from this angle, the so-called "peace" of those next 20 years had been only a continued armistice, and the 1940 war was then but a continuation of the World War, to further "settle" its issues, as some students are pointing out now.

The tables now seem to be turned, yet history repeats itself. The nation that declared war in 1914 and proclaimed that it was ready to fight the world, lost out then, and those who declared war this time are now getting the worst of it, so far. At best the "peace" was only an armistice during which time both sides armed to the teeth, steeling themselves for another terrific clash. Probably that is why no special mention is made of these last wars in the visions.

Attention has been called lately by one of our Swedish Christian weeklies to the fact that Anton Johanson saw a railroad from Finland up to Tornea and the "Kvark" and the Enare marshlands, continuing through the Pasvik valley. Part of this was not existent then. But a look at the map reveals that the railroad the Finns now must build as stipulated by Russia in the recent peace treaty bears out the fulfillment of this part of the vision. There is, after all, something very remarkable and certain about the visions of Anton Johanson, and we do well in following the trend of the lines in his story. (Compiler).

God has blessed this book. The many predictions that have been fulfilled give evidence that God spoke to Anton J. The prophecies not fulfilled give evidence that "prayer changes things". As Anton J. warned people and nations to pray, some did and upset the prophecy 'of doom and trouble. 'These

terrible events yet to take place may be prevented if all pray.
—Publishers.