

pensation will be manifested in this kingdom. It is the last time that God will set to His hand to gather His people. Then, brethren, let us be of this faith, all of us who are de-

sirous, in this last time, to lay up fruit for our Father and our God, that we may have joy with Him. Amen.

A DREAM—WHEAT AND THE CHAFF—WAY OF ESCAPE FROM TRIBULATION—NECESSITY OF CONSECRATION.

REMARKS BY PRESIDENT ORSON HYDE, DELIVERED IN THE TABERNACLE, GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 21, 1856.

REPORTED BY G. D. WATT.

Being requested to make a few remarks this afternoon, I rise to comply with the request. I can say, like those that have spoken, and as I have spoken myself, I feel thankful to the Lord for the privilege of once more standing in your midst to speak to you of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God. It is true we have had rather a cold time in coming through from the western portion of Utah, and I thought before we arrived within the borders of the settlements, we had had a pretty severe time; but after we arrived and ascertained what kind of times our brethren had had here in the eastern mountains, I concluded that we had had pretty fair times, and nothing to complain of. We are sound in body, limb, and joint, and none of us suffered materially, and what any of us might have suffered last year in the snows of the Sierra Nevada mountains, those injuries are fully repaired, and I believe we are all fit for service, and I feel thankful to God our Heavenly Father for these blessings. I have the privilege of meeting once more with my friends; I have met with friends and

with enemies both since I have been gone.

I simply rise to relate a dream I had a few nights before I arrived within the borders of our settlements. The old Prophet says, "He that hath a dream, let him tell it; and he that hath my word, let him speak it faithfully." We had the word faithfully spoken in the former part of the day by brother Kimball.

I dreamt that I had a very large pile of wheat thrashed, but in the chaff, and also a good deal in the bundle stacked away that had to be thrashed, and there seemed to be a portion of the floor on which the wheat lay that had been removed, but there was quite a quantity of wheat that lodged on the beams or sleepers, and this was excellent wheat, but there was considerable dirt with it. I went to work with a shovel and wing to save that which was lodged on the beams, and to separate the wheat from the dirt, and threw it into the pile. But it seemed to be quite a task for me to clean that wheat. I threw it, by the shovel full, in the air, with the expectation, as usual, for the chaff