

the life of a Saint), we have had our ambition stirred, our feelings wrought up, our minds illuminated by the influences of this same spirit of inspiration. Sometimes this has been in reading the productions of the old Prophets, sometimes in listening to the champions of the Gospel in our day, sometimes in sitting beneath the combined influences of the hosts of thoughtful men and women among the congregations of the Saints. Probably we might illustrate, for a moment or two, how the changes we look for are likely to be brought to pass, and the ways have been presented to us from time to time. And if the illustration is drawn from homely things, I hope that it will bring home to the good Saints and to this audience the truth sought to be established.

Many of the inhabitants of this Territory are agriculturists—tilling the soil of these mountain valleys. Looking at it naturally, it would not seem to be so highly productive, or to yield the vast advantages which spring from tillage, that subsequent experience seems to confirm. But here is a man engaged in this occupation who has had a measure of experience, and who knows, at all events, the rudimentary principles which pertain to his occupation.

In the beautiful months of summer he walks into his field. He remembers his labor there, how he took pride in the preparation of that field for the harvest which he desired. It was well ploughed; it was well harrowed; it was well seeded; and as the spring rains descended it became clothed in a garment of lustrous green. As the weeks pass by it advances towards a higher form, even towards maturity, until with the warmth of the increasing sun, and partly as the product of the good cultivation which it has had, it glows

in this sunshine of the summer with the promise of an abundant harvest.

The farmer, realizing the destiny of the grain, was disposed to question it, after the manner of the fables we read in the days of our childhood. He goes into this field of grain as the passing cloud flits over it; as the wind sweeps across its face he notices how it bends with its weight and wealth of grain, he admires its beauty and he says, "What a magnificent field of wheat is here." And addressing himself to it he suggests:

"How would you like to be presented to the king?"

The wheat is growing up in the dark soil of the earth, having no idea of its purpose or future; but the question being asked, it lifts itself in pride, it rejoices in the prospect that is suggested, and finally says:

"Yes, I would like to be presented to the king."

But by and by, as it colors to ripeness, the laborers come, and with the reaping machines or sickle they go to work in this beautiful field of grain, and before it knows where it is, instead of waving in the sun and enjoying the elements surrounding it, it finds itself lying prone upon the earth. And as it lies thus prostrate, the question naturally arises, "How is the promise of my master going to be fulfilled? How am I to reach the destiny to which he alluded?" While it is pondering over the situation, more laborers come along, and they take it and bind it into bundles; and the wheat wonders to itself whether the bundling process is a step towards its destiny. By and by another set of hands comes, and the bundled wheat is set on ends, in (what they call in the part of the nation from which I came) the form of "stooks." After