

the stooks have been formed, a cap-sheaf is put on them, to protect the grain from the changes of the weather. It stands a while in this condition, undergoing the mellowing process; but after standing sufficiently in this form, another gang of laborers come along, and thrusting their steel forks into the sheaves, pitch them on to wagons and haul them away to the barnyard, where they are put into a stack. Here it remains probably for a time, undergoing another process, passing another stage, which fits it better for its final use. But it does not remain very long before it is moved again; this time it passes through the threshing machine. It goes through the beaters, and is subject to the fan, and is thus separated from the straw and chaff. It is then put into sacks and tied up at the mouth, and after a while it is hauled away to the mill, and there it is put into the smutter, and cleansed from foul seed, smut, &c.; then passing between the upper and nether millstones, it is ground almost to powder; from thence it must perforce pass through the bolt, and finally comes out fine, or very fine flour, according to the quality of the wheat, or the design of the miller. But notwithstanding the many changes it has undergone, its end is not yet; it is not yet in a condition to realize the fulfillment of the promise. The flour is now taken home to the good housewife, who puts a little of it into a pan, and then pours hot or cold water upon it, and adds the elements which cause fermentation; and then it assumes another condition. It begins to think again, "Surely my destiny is now about to be fulfilled." But the good wife takes it, and works it, and kneads it into loaves, and finally opens the oven door and thrusts it as it were into the furnace. By this

time it thinks that its end has come; it is now about to be consumed. After it has undergone this baking process for a while, it comes forth from the oven a beautiful, brown, pleasant, well-flavored loaf, in which condition it is fit to be presented to the highest authority in the land.

Now, to return again. Here is the human family unconscious of their origin, unconscious of their destiny. But the Elders of this Church go forth and tell mankind that they are the children of their common Father; that they had their origin in the eternal worlds; that there lies before them a grand and sublime destiny; and they say, inasmuch as this is so, how would you like again to be presented to your Father—to the King? How would you like to return to His presence, and to enjoy His smiles. How would you like to be brought back again to the surroundings you once enjoyed? And as the stirring impulses of these warm thoughts rush through the hearts of the listeners in the midst of the nations of the earth, their minds begin to expand and their hearts begin to swell with the newfound dignity thus spread before them, and in the promise of the future; but by and by there is a change in their condition; in the pride of their hearts, under the inspiration of those men who thus taught and counseled them, they thought they were going to be somebody. But other contingencies of life were upon them. The sickle is at their roots; adverse circumstances come along, and withal they are perhaps laid low upon a bed of sickness; and when they least expect it they are called to pass through the valley of humiliation. And under these circumstances they inquire, Is this the way through which I am to pass into the presence of the King? The Elders