

who first prompted them to these ennobling thoughts have now induced them to take another step in this preparatory process. They repent of their sins; they go down into the waters of baptism and become members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and they are now bound in bundles, or, as they are called, "branches;" and when they are tied up in this fashion there is a capsheaf put over them in the authority of a presiding officer of the branch. I know that occasionally there are those in the lower sheaves who are disposed to find fault with the position they occupy. They say, we are just as good wheat as you can find on the capsheaf; we are just as valuable, we possess just as much intelligence; but while this is the case, and they may rebel, yet they finally realize that there is an order in the organization with which they are identified, and the increase of the spirit of intelligence tells them that the same destiny, the same grand future awaits the wheat in the sheaves that stand upon the ground, as it does the wheat which crowns the pile.

But a new impulse begins to work in their hearts, and the agents came along and gathered them up to the railroad and to the steamboat. "From the east and the west, and the north and the south," they are taken away in a body and placed in the form of, or in the stackyard—this is the gathering place in Zion. They are with the body of the Church, in a larger form, than they were in the little branches in the old world. And after they have been in the stack awhile, they begin to look around and to ponder upon the changes which they meet from time to time; they find themselves in the midst of new

conditions; that they are surrounded with new combinations of circumstances, subject to new influences. Soon they discover that they have reached the threshingfloor of the Almighty, and as they pass through the cylinders (as it were), through the trials and friction which belong to the gathering place of the Saints, as their defects and surplusage become apparent, there may be groaning in spirit, but the conclusion is reached that they need to lay off the straw of old tradition, the chaff of early training, the influences and powers which molded them in the past, and to make themselves satisfied with every process pertaining to the present and the future.

By and by they come forth from the threshing machine measurably divested of extraneous and comparatively useless characteristics; but no sooner have they got through than change is on them again; they find themselves in the mill, and between the upper and nether millstones at that—between the friction of their enemies and the direction of the authorities in the Church of Christ, they are almost ground to powder, in order that they may know themselves, that they may understand their characteristics or defects, and that they may be the better prepared for the future.

After awhile a man is called upon a mission. He goes out to colonize the desert, or he is sent to the nations of the earth, and here comes the kneading process. The call may be to a hot or a cold country, to a pleasant place or a disagreeable one, but he all the time realizes that his character is changing, that it is being molded into a higher form, becoming more and more willing, yet also becoming solidified and established. And after having been thus kneaded and watered until in thought