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ancient seclusion. It is difficult for foreigners to say how much of his centuries-old divinity he has surrendered; but he bears the sword of a temporal emperor, shows himself to his people, gives audiences to foreign embassies, rides abroad unattended in an American coach and has, by imperial edict, forbidden that those who meet him in the way shall prostrate themselves, as has been the manner of the people heretofore whenever an emblem of the Mikado's authority was borne along. The Mikado can afford to dispense with divine honors: he is no longer a useless deity; he is the active ruler of thirty-five millions of people.

The language, literature, religion, manners, customs, merchandise, and products of the western nations must be gradually assim-

lated by the people of Japan. We cannot tell what problems will yet arise for solution in this process of rehabilitation. We do not know how much real loss nor how much secret sorrow will attend this pathetic spectacle of the rude awaking of a great nation. We know that the Japanese are shrewd, bright, and quick-witted—the Yankees of the Orient; and we know that as they stretch forth their hands, half helplessly, they have counted the cost when they give up the civilization which has stood them in good stead for many centuries. And we know, whatever may be the destiny in store for Japan, that its admission into the great brotherhood of nations must ultimately advance the great interests of our common humanity.

WITH THE FALSE PROPHET.

A MORMON WIFE'S STORY.

THE two women looked weary and travel-worn. The younger, who led a little boy two or three years old by the hand, seemed thoroughly exhausted. A second glance showed more than weariness on her face,—death itself was there. The pale golden hair rippled back in damp masses over a forehead of marble pallor; the large blue eyes glittered with feverish brilliancy, and on either cheek the scarlet hectic burned like a flame. It was evident she had come to us only to die. The elder woman, whom I fancied to be her mother, was far stronger, and her black eyes flashed with the energy of a brave heart; but she wore a look of patient sadness that appealed to my sympathies almost as much as did the evident illness of the other.

I felt an instinctive wish to know their history; but as they came to us with the best recommendations, there was no excuse for asking any questions concerning their past. Rest, evidently, was their first need, and the look of relief and thankfulness on the face of the elder woman when they were shown into a large room containing two beds, and a crib for the little boy, went straight to my heart. Tired as she must have been herself, she seemed to have no thought except for Ella, as she called the younger woman, and the little Freddie. Her first care was to bathe them, dress them in fresh clothing, and get them comfortably settled in bed.

After they had been several hours in their room I made an excuse to go there, for I

confess my curiosity was strong to know something more of them. There by the fire, her hands tightly clasped, the elder woman still sat, so absorbed in her thoughts that she did not notice my entrance. I went up to her and laid my hand upon her arm before she seemed conscious of my presence. With a shiver and a start, she came back to her actual surroundings and condition.

"You are very tired," I said, "and must go to bed and rest. If I am not mistaken, your daughter there will need all your strength. You must save it for her."

With a simple, quiet "Thank you; yes, I ought to have remembered it before," she rose, and stood as if waiting for me to go.

"What shall I call you?" I asked as I was leaving the room.

"Mrs. Williams," she answered, with almost a shudder.

I was employed as matron in a Home for the Friendless, and these people had come to claim the shelter of our roof. Most thankful did they seem for it, yet for several weeks I made very little progress in my acquaintance with them. Ella never left her bed from the first day she came to us. She seemed to have no particular disease, but there was a gradual sinking of the vital powers. She lay quietly, uncomplainingly, day after day, her blue eyes growing larger and more lustrous, while the look of unutterable sadness about her mouth, and the weary hopelessness marked on every feature, moved me almost to tears every time

I entered the room. She was so young, so beautiful, and seemed made to be so happy.—what could be the burden that was crushing out her life?

Both women had an air of dignity and refinement that I was not accustomed to see in persons who had been forced to accept public charity. The little boy soon became the pet of the whole house, and his curly head went bobbing around from room to room, carrying sunshine everywhere. But I knew no more of them than I learned the first day, till they had been inmates of the Home for several weeks. One night Ella was much worse, and I insisted upon staying with Mrs. Williams and sharing with her the care of the poor sufferer. She had never permitted me to do this before, but Ella was evidently sinking so fast, and it seemed so probable she might die before morning, that Mrs. Williams appeared grateful for my company. About midnight we were much relieved to see the more distressing symptoms pass away, and then Ella sank into a quiet sleep.

The little boy lay in his crib, his golden curls thrown off his forehead, his cheeks glowing with health and beauty.

"Poor child," I said, as I stooped to kiss him, "he will soon be motherless."

"Yes; but while I live I shall do all I can to fill her place." Then, with a look as of a resolution suddenly taken, she said: "You have never asked me of my history. Your kindness to us makes it due to you that you know why we are here. Shall I tell you to-night?"

I assured her that I wished very much to know all she felt at liberty to tell me, but I had no wish that she should speak of anything she preferred to conceal. We seated ourselves by the open fire in the grate,—it was early in December,—and she began:—

I was born in Wales, and was the only child of my parents. My father died before my birth, leaving his wife a pleasant home and some shares in a mine. I know now that there was enough for her to have lived upon in comfort; but his death was such a shock to her that when I was born, a few weeks after, she never rallied, and I was left an orphan the first day of my life. A brother of my father claimed me, however, and I was carried to his home. He was the only relative I ever knew, and my earliest recollections are of my life in his house. There were no other children when he took me home, nor for several years after, and I can remember how I longed for some one to play with, instead of having to sit still and sew hour after

hour, just as soon as I had learned to hold a needle. My uncle and aunt were very serious, sober people, and never seemed to care much for me, though they were always kind in their way. I do not know that either of them ever kissed me. When I was about ten years old a child of their own was born to them, and I was almost wild with joy. Then, in less than two years, came another, that I was just as pleased to see; and the third and fourth,—all found a place in my heart. I was a perfect slave to those children, but I loved them so much that I never thought of the trouble and hard work they made me. I had no one else to love.

When I was about seventeen years old I became acquainted with a widow who had just moved near us. She was sick with consumption, and I often went to sit with her, as she was all alone through the day, while Hugh, her only child, a young man of twenty, was away at work. He was a carpenter by trade, and they had moved into our neighborhood because work was plenty there. Sometimes Hugh came home and found me there, and he was so good and kind to his mother that I could not help liking him. It was not long before I found out that he liked me, too, and I cannot tell you how happy I was then. It seemed to me I did not know what life was till Hugh Williams told me he loved me. That was a pleasant year. I did not mind the hard work at home. I was patient with the children. I took all the care of my aunt, who had never been well since the last baby came. I remember the baby was not well, either, and often I wrapped it up and carried it over to Mrs. Williams's cottage, and walked up and down the room with it in my arms, while she talked to me about Hugh. Then Hugh himself came home, and I put baby on the bed with Mrs. Williams, and she amused it while Hugh and I got supper. When the table was ready we put Mrs. Williams into her arm-chair and drew it up; then I poured the tea, took the baby in my lap, and sat down to supper with them. Afterwards, when the dishes were washed and the room put to rights, Hugh and I started across the pleasant fields for my uncle's—Hugh generally carrying the baby, who had learned to love him. I believe everybody who knew Hugh Williams then loved him. Even the dog and cat met him at the gate, and showed as well as the poor dumb creatures could that they were glad to see him, while he always had a kind word for them. It seems to me now that every little thing that happened that summer comes back to my mind again.

One morning, very early, Hugh came to our house. I was in the kitchen, and when he came up to the door I saw he was crying. I knew what the trouble was well enough before he said, "Rachel, mother is dead; can you come over?" I did not wait to say anything to my aunt, but put on my bonnet and started with him. On the way he told me, as well as he could for the tears and sobs, all about it—how she called him up in the middle of the night, and said she was going home at last. She was glad to go, she told him, for her life had been long and hard, and her best friends had all gone before her except Hugh, and Jesus was waiting to take her across the river. She said Hugh must marry me as soon as he could, and bring me to live there, for it would be too lonesome for him alone in the cottage. After that, she asked him to bring her Welsh Bible—which she always said she enjoyed better than the English Bible—and read her the twenty-third Psalm, and when he could not read because the tears choked him so, she said it herself, clear and strong, every word of it. Then she kissed Hugh, said good-bye, went to sleep—and never waked again.

Some of the neighbors were there, and they had dressed her in a white dress she herself had made to be buried in, and there she lay on the white bed, looking so happy that I could not cry for her at all. Only when Hugh came in and stood by me and burst into tears, I could not help crying for pity. Afterwards I went out into the little yard and picked all the flowers I could find, and took them in and put them around her. It was all I could do. Then I went home, thinking the whole way that Hugh and I had only each other to love now.

My aunt talked to me very hard for going off with Hugh as I did that morning, and said it did not look well, and that as I had nothing but my character I must be careful of that. I had never told her that we were going to be married, but I told her then. Neither she nor my uncle made any objections, but said they had taken care of me all my life, and now they were glad if somebody else was willing to do it. I smiled a little to myself, for I thought Hugh's care would be more tender than theirs ever had been, but I did not say so.

Three months afterward we were married, and I went home with Hugh to the cottage where his mother died. I cannot tell you how happy we were. Hugh was so good and kind, and so pleased with everything I did. I tried to keep things just as his mother used to do, and he sometimes said it seemed as if

she must be about the house somewhere, and I told him perhaps God did let her come down and see how happy we were, and I thought it would make her happier even in Heaven if she could come and see us, and know how much we loved each other.

Very often I went over to my uncle's for the baby, who was a fine big fellow by that time, and carried him home and kept him all day. In the evening Hugh and I would take him back across the fields to his home, just as we did before we were married, and Hugh always kissed me when we came to my uncle's gate, "for old times," he said. I used to call him a foolish fellow for doing so, but he said he never wanted to forget the old times. Neither could I forget them—and I never, never can.

So we went on for ten years, always just as happy as when we were first married, and loving each other more and more all the time, because there was still no one else for us to love. Hugh had plenty of work, and we were both prudent and saving, and had laid up nearly two hundred pounds in bank. Then there came dark days, when Hugh did not have work more than half the time, but we still got along pretty well, and I never fretted about it, because I knew we had something laid by that we could use if we needed it. I did not know then, neither did Hugh, that my uncle had several hundred pounds in his hands that belonged to me. We did not find it out till years after, when my uncle was dead and his property all spent. Perhaps, if we could have known it, and could have got what belonged to us, the rest of my life might have been very different. God only knows.

About this time there was quite a stir made in our neighborhood by two preachers from America. Hugh sometimes went to hear them, and he used to come home and tell me of the great stories they told about this country, and how it was the place for the poor man, with work enough for all who would work, and better wages than they could get in Wales. They told, too, how some of the richest men had once been poor. Then Hugh asked me how I would like to go there with the company that was going back with the preachers. I told him I did not think I could ever like another home as well as the one where his mother died, and where we had lived ever since we were married. Hugh said himself that it would take a long time to get such a home in America, and besides he did not like to leave his mother's grave.

But the times kept getting harder, and at last Hugh had no work at all. So, only a

few days before the company was to start, we concluded to join them. We sold the most of our things, only keeping enough to fill two large chests, and then we went to London for a few days, as Hugh had a cousin there whom he wanted to visit. At last the time came for us to go to Liverpool, as the ship was to sail the next day. There were a great many going in our company, but I did not know any of them, and when I went on the ship and saw them—coarse, rough women and drunken men—I was so homesick I cried. We did not have to go down in the steerage with them, for we could afford to go in the cabin; so after I had looked around the deck a little while Hugh took me there. Two men were sitting in it whom I had never seen, but I hated them as soon as I looked at them. They spoke to Hugh in a civil way, but he did not say much to them. After they went out he told me they were the two preachers—or “elders” he said they were called—who had been preaching at our old village, and they were taking charge of the company we were with. I told him I did not like them, if they *were* preachers, and I hoped he would not have much to do with them.

That was a hard voyage. It was a sailing vessel, and the wind blew strong all the time. We were forty-two days coming over. I was so sick for several weeks that I wished a great many times I could die and be out of my misery, but Hugh was so patient and tender that I tried to bear it as well as I could. But it was not half as bad for me as for the poor women down in the steerage, and sometimes when I thought of them I forgot my own sickness.

At last the long, long voyage was over, and we landed in New York. How glad I was! I hoped we should stay there, and get rid of our company. But the elders had told Hugh such fine stories of the new city they were building away across the States, almost under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains, besides promising him all the work he could do, that he had made up his mind to go on with them. I felt discouraged when Hugh told me of the long journey before us, for I was tired, and wanted to settle down and have a home again. I would not let Hugh see how I felt, but I started with a heavy heart. We went on the cars as far as we could, then on a boat a long way, and then in great ox-wagons hundreds and hundreds of miles across the hot, dusty plains. It was hard enough for me, but not half as hard as for the poor women who had children—sometimes as many as six or seven—to look after,

and whose husbands were careless, or cross, or drunk. Hugh was always the same, just as kind and good as he had ever been, and I think that was all that kept me alive through that dreadful journey.

We reached Salt Lake City at last. All I cared for now was to rest, and to have a home of our own once more. I was tired of being all the time with those rough people, and tired of the hateful elders, and I wanted to have Hugh all to myself again. In a few days he bought a lot with an adobe house already on it, and we moved into it. The little mud house did not seem much like our old home, but I did not mind that. I was contented and happy, and Hugh found so much work to do, and got such good pay, that I thought after all we had done well in going there.

You will hardly believe that in all this time I had never heard the dreadful doctrine those people believed—that every man might have as many wives as he could get. But I think Hugh found it out long before I did. It was a woman who lived near us that first told me. She asked me if I was the only wife my husband had, and said her husband had just been sealed to two women, and she was so unhappy she would be glad to die, only she was afraid of what would come after death. I did not know what the woman meant, and thought she must be crazy; but when Hugh came home, and I asked him about it, he said she had told me the truth. He said the elders proved it was all right from their Bible, and that all the good men in old times had more than one wife.

I felt as if I had been struck when he told me this. I seemed to look forward a few years, and see Hugh, my own dear Hugh,—who had promised long ago, away back in Wales, to love me only,—calling other women his wives. The idea made me wild with fear and dread. I clasped my arms about his neck, and called him my own, own husband. I begged him to tell me if he could ever love another woman while I lived. I pressed my cheek to his, and my tears ran down over my face like rain at the thought of such a dreadful trouble coming to me. Hugh clasped me close to his heart, kissed away my tears, laughed at my foolishness, and told me to forget all about it and be just as happy as I ever had been.

And I was as happy. I think I felt proud that Hugh loved me so much better than other women were loved, and I often laughed at myself for my silly fears.

Then Hugh began to build a new house, and I was as pleased as a child to watch

it day by day till it was finished. I was all the time planning some new comfort or convenience, and it was not very long till it was as pleasant as the little home in Wales had been. I had the flowers I liked best growing in my windows, and the vines and roses were beginning to climb up over the little porch.

So five years went by almost before I knew it, and in all those years I never once went to hear the elders preach. I spent the Sabbaths at home, reading the Bible that once belonged to my own mother, and I learned to love it. I would not go even to hear Brigham Young, though Hugh said he was a smart man, and he often went to hear him. It always made my heart come up in my throat when I knew he was going, for I did not know after all but he might be led to believe as the rest did.

About this time an Englishman, with one daughter about sixteen years old, came to live near us. We soon became acquainted with them; and my heart ached for the poor girl, who had been left without a mother, and would soon be without a father, alone in a strange land. Her father had come from England for his health, but he was getting worse, and knew he could not live long. I spent all the time I could with them, and tried to make the man as comfortable as if he had been back in England among his friends. The girl seemed to cling to me from the first, and I think if she had been my own child I could not have loved her more than I soon did. I often thought God had sent her to us in place of a child of our own, and she filled the lonely place in my heart, and I was sure Hugh loved her too. So, when her father lay on his dying bed, I told him she should have a home as long as I had one, and he said God would bless me, and died happy.

After the funeral I told Hugh of my promise, and asked him when we should bring the poor child home. For the first time in his life he did not seem to like what I had done. I was surprised, for I thought he had loved her as I did; and he had often asked me what I thought she would do after her father was gone. He got up, put on his hat, went to the door and stood a minute, then he turned around and said to me, "Rachel, she can never be our child," and went away.

If I had not been a poor blind fool I should have understood it. I began to think over the past few weeks, and it came to my mind that Hugh had been away from home a great deal, but I had been so much at our dying neighbor's that I had not thought of it before. All at once, as if a bullet had gone

through my heart, came the thought that he must have been at the meetings of the "Saints." A cold sweat stood all over me. "What if he is getting to believe as they do!" I asked myself, and then I cursed, yes, *curse!* those men who were trying to steal my husband from me.

When Hugh came home—later in the evening it was than he had ever left me before, since we were married—I asked him if he had been to the meeting of the Saints. He looked surprised at the question, but told me he had. I was vexed and angry, and told him I thought he had more sense than to fall in with such foolish and wicked notions. He said perhaps they were right, after all, and began to tell me what Brigham Young said that very evening. I told him I did not want to hear anything about it; that Brigham Young was an old hypocrite, and that he never could make me believe any such doctrines if he talked forever. I said I took the Bible, the very Bible his own mother held in her dying hands, for my guide, and it was a thousand times better than their lying Mormon book that they pretended was a Bible. I said I felt away down in my heart that I was right and they were wrong,—and then I told him bitterly, that if he loved me half as well as I loved him, he would never go near them again.

"But listen, Rachel," he said, "I——"

"No; I don't want to listen; it is not right to open your ears to such doctrines,"—and I left him, for the first time in all my life, angry.

Perhaps, if I had been more gentle and loving then, it might all have turned out differently. God only knows. My brain seemed to be on fire, and my heart was like a rock in my bosom. I thought of all the cruel things I had ever said about the Mormon women, and how I had looked down upon them, and had always spoken of them as "No. 1," or "No. 2," or "No. 3." Now it was my turn to see another wife,—no, I would not call her wife,—it was my turn to see another woman brought into our house, and there would be a Mrs. Williams No. 2.

I can never forget that night. If God had not been my help then, I should have sunk in despair. I saw plainly enough what was soon to come upon me, and I tell you, if Hugh Williams had died that night, he would not have seemed to go away half as far from me as he seemed when he was sitting right there in my room. No, if he had died that night, and I could have known he was prepared to die, I could have stood by his side, held his hand in mine, heard his last dying words, and

closed his dead eyes with far less agony than I felt while he still lived, when I knew he no longer lived for me. I think I could have laid him in his grave, and have gone back to my lonely home happy, knowing that while he lived he had been all mine, and that he would wait for me up there till by and by I should join him.

Only one thing was clear and settled in my mind: if Hugh brought home another woman, I could never, never live with him any more. I told him so the next morning while we were at our breakfast. It was the only word that was said about what had happened the night before. I saw his face turn white, but he made no answer, and in a few minutes he went away, and did not come home till dark. So it went on for several days, and neither of us spoke again of what filled both our minds day and night.

I went over to see my dear child, as I called her in my heart, the very day after I told Hugh of my promise to her father. It seemed as if I had no one else to turn to in my trouble. But she seemed strange and cold, and when I called her my darling child, and would have kissed her, she drew away from me and covered her face with her hands. I saw the tears drop off her cheeks, and I thought she was weeping for her father, and I tried to comfort her, but in a few minutes she got up and left the room. I waited some time, but she did not come back, and then I went home, feeling that my last friend had turned against me. How I lived through the next few weeks I do not know,—only my time had not come to die.

One evening Hugh did not go out right after supper, as usual, and my heart was lighter than it had been since that terrible night. After my work was done, I sat down by the open window and began to pick the dead leaves off a rose-bush that stood in it. It was a rose I had brought all the way from Wales, and I thought so much of it. I was counting the buds that would soon open, and all the time thinking of the dear old home and wishing we had never left it. Hugh came and stood by me, and he seemed so much more like himself, and spoke so gently, that I just laid my head down on his shoulder and began to cry. He smoothed back my hair with his hand, just as he used to do long ago, when we were first married, and then I put my arms around his neck and kissed him, and said, "Oh, Hugh, let us leave this dreadful place and go back to Wales and be happy once more."

"But, Rachel," he said, "you know I never

could get rich there, and I never could be a great man. Now, if we stay here, and I join the Saints, I can get to be one of the leaders among them."

"I don't want you to be a leader," I said; "all I want is to get away from them, and be happy, as we used to be."

He said nothing for several minutes, but we both still stood by the window watching the sun set. At last he turned his face away so I could not see it, and said: "Rachel, Elder Ayers wants to be sealed to your daughter, as you call her."

I started as if an adder had stung me, for Elder Ayers was one of the elders who came over from Wales with us, and Hugh knew how I hated him. He had five or six "spiritual wives" already, and now he wanted to ruin another poor innocent girl.

"He shall never do it, Hugh; she shall come and live with me, whether you like it or not, and I will see if I cannot keep her away from that villain."

"Rachel," said Hugh, slowly turning his face towards me, and I saw it was pale as ashes, "she may come and live here, and Elder Ayers cannot have her, for I am going to be sealed to her myself, this evening." Then he took up his hat and left the house.

I do not know what I did,—I only wonder at the mercy of God, which alone kept me from killing myself. I could think of nothing only that Hugh, my own dear husband, whom I had loved ever since I had known him, and still loved with all my heart, and Ella, my darling child, who was as dear to me as she had been to her own mother,—they two, the only people in the whole world that I really loved,—could wrong me so!

It was well for me that at last I had sense enough to feel that I must get away before they came to the house. They should not find me there. You know I told you of the adobe house we moved into when we first went there. It still stood back in the garden, and we had used it for a store-room. There was a fireplace in it that could be used to warm it, and it was really as comfortable as when we lived in it. I could go and stay there for a while,—I had no money to go anywhere else with,—I had no one to go to. That seemed the only place on earth for me. I carried over a little cot bed, a chair, a few articles of clothing, and I hardly know what else. Then I went back for my Bible. I would not stay to look around the house where Hugh and I had been so happy,—I did not dare to look, for my brain was on fire already,—but took my Bible, caught up a

pitcher of cold water, and hurried to the little cabin as fast as I could for the trembling in my limbs. Then I threw myself on my bed, and I know now that it was weeks before I left it. I did not know anything, thank God, all those weeks; for had I known it was Hugh and Ella who took care of me so patiently all that time, it would only have added fuel to the fire that burned in my brain.

I remember one morning I opened my eyes, faint and weak as a baby, and looked around the room. I did not know who I was or where I was at first, and was too weak to think much about it. After a while I knew the old house, and began to think why I was there. It must have been some time before it all came to me, and it was not until Ella drew near the bed that I remembered what had happened. I shut my eyes and prayed God to let me die. A strange feeling came over me. I thought God was going to answer my prayer, and I felt glad that the end had come. But it was only the fever coming back again; and when I came to myself once more, Ella had gone, and in her place was a woman I had never seen before.

It was many weeks before I was able to sit up. I lay like one in a dream, thinking nothing and saying nothing, only feeling heart-broken. Sometimes a voice at the door, that I knew was Hugh's, asked how I was, and sometimes I heard Ella whisper a few words to the woman who was taking care of me. They were all the time bringing something nice for me to eat, but I never touched anything they brought. I could not; it seemed as if it would choke me. I did not want them to think of me at all,—it seemed to me they had no right to think of me after what they had done.

One day, while lying on my bed, I felt all at once as if I must look out at the house, just across the garden which I had helped plan, and where I had been so happy. So my nurse helped me into a chair by the window, and I sat and looked at the yard, in which I could see the flowers I had planted all in blossom. I saw my rose-bush that I had brought from Wales standing in the open window, just as it stood that night. I saw Ella come to the window once or twice. After a while Hugh came and stood by her, with his arm around her. I shut my eyes with a bitter cry, for I could not bear to look any more.

Afterward, when I was stronger, and my nurse had gone, I used to spend hours in that same window, watching for a glimpse of Hugh. I could see Ella moving about the

house,—*my* house, I used to say over and over to myself,—and I would think how she sat in my old place at the table, how she used the things Hugh had bought for me, and enjoyed the conveniences I had planned for myself. In the evening I could see them sit down together on the little porch, and sometimes they walked around the yard together, just as Hugh and I had done long ago.

Every few days Hugh brought a basket to the door, filled with the things he thought I needed, and left it there. Once I opened the door just as he was putting down the basket, and we stood face to face. I looked at him long enough to see that he was pale and thin, and his face seemed to have grown so much older that I could not help pitying him. I felt such a longing to put my arms about his neck and kiss him once more as I used to do, and call him my own dear husband again. All the love I ever had for him was in my heart as strong as ever, and it came over me with such force that when he said "Rachel," and would have taken my hand, I fell fainting at his feet. He lifted me up, carried me into the house, and put me on the bed, and was bathing my face with water, while tears streamed down his cheeks, when I came to myself.

"My poor, poor Rachel," he said, so tenderly, so lovingly, that it seemed to me I must just go with him, as I knew he wanted me to do, even to a life of sin. But, thank God, He gave me strength to resist the temptation. For Hugh's sake as well as mine, I could not do it. I turned my face away from him and pointed to the door, but all my heart went with him.

One day Ella came alone and knocked timidly at the door. I opened it, and she said "Mother," so sweetly, looking so sorry all the time, I felt as if I wanted to fold her to my breast. She had been crying, poor child,—I could see that,—and at first I pitied her. But then I thought it was only right that she should suffer as well as I, and my heart grew like stone when I remembered how Hugh had left me for her,—and I shut the door in her face.

So it went on for a whole long year,—such a dreadful, dreadful year. If I had not learned to go to God for help, I never could have endured my trouble. After a while, too, I began to pray for Hugh and Ella, and I used to pray every day that they might see their sin and find a way out of it.

One night, about midnight, some one rapped at my door. I got up at once, but before I could open it Hugh called out: "Oh,

Rachel, come quick, Ella is dying!"—then he went away. I dressed myself, but I did not hurry at all, and in my heart I kept saying: "I am glad of it; let her die." I knew Satan had me in his clutches then. I opened the door and looked out after I was dressed. It was a beautiful night, and the full moon shone just as bright as day. Some way, when I saw the moonlight, my heart began to soften, but I did not start to go to Ella. In a few minutes Hugh came again, running as fast as he could, and as soon as he saw me at the door, he said: "Come, Rachel, for God's sake, come; Ella is dying!" All at once I remembered my promise to her father on his death-bed, and I thought I could not tell him when I met him in Heaven that I had kept it if I would not go to Ella even when she was dying.

I went over, then. I was with her all night. She did not die, but she went down close to the river. By morning the danger was over, and I went to Hugh in the next room and laid in his arms a little puny crying child—his first-born—his and Ella's! Such a look as came over his face then! I knew for the first time how much he had longed for a child. I stood by him while he passed his hand tenderly over the little head, so much like his own, looked into the eyes that were not half open, felt of the little hands, and then pressed the baby close to his heart. But when he looked at me and said, "O Rachel, if this had only been yours"—I could bear no more.

I never went into the house again, but I think the sight of that baby face and the touch of those little soft hands had done me good. I used to pray for that child, every hour of the day, that he might grow up and be a comfort to Hugh. I sometimes stood at my door and looked over to the house in the evening, when I could see the shadow of the three, Hugh and Ella and the baby, on the curtains, till my heart was full of grief and pity and love—I did not know which was strongest. Only it seemed so hard that I must be shut out from all happiness.

Well, the time went on, and the baby—Freddie they called him—was learning to walk, and I had never spoken to Hugh or Ella since he was born. But one day Ella came over with Freddie in her arms, and she looked so white and scared I knew something had happened. I led her into the house and made her sit down. She sat a long time without speaking, and her eyes seemed to be looking far away, but she clung to Freddie with both hands. All at once I knew what

the trouble was, even before she told me, and I felt sorry for her and for Hugh, for I knew neither of them could be happy again.

She told me at last that Hugh was going to be sealed to two women whose husband had died not long before, and then he was going to be an Elder, and he had gone to bring the women home, and she could not stay there any longer.

I knew how to pity her, and in my heart I made over again the solemn promise I made to her dying father. You see I have kept it.

I do not think Hugh had expected she would leave him, and I know when he brought those two women to his home, and found that Ella and Freddie were gone, it must have cut him to the soul: for he had loved Freddie so well.

Ella had never been very well after Freddie was born, and now she failed so fast that I knew she would soon die if I could not get her away. She never spoke of Hugh. I think the memory of what I had suffered when he brought her there kept her from saying anything about him. But I knew she thought of him day and night—we each did that, though he had wronged us both so much. I made up my mind what to do. We must get away from Salt Lake City, and perhaps in another climate Ella would get well again. I could work and take care of her and Freddie—at any rate I could try.

A little girl who had been Freddie's nurse came in to see him one day, and I sent her for Hugh. He came, but when I saw how wretched he looked I could not say to him all I had thought I should. I told him, only, that Ella was failing very fast, and I wanted to take her away, and I had sent to him for money to carry us to the States, somewhere—I did not know or care where.

"And Freddie?" he asked, with white lips, and his voice trembled so I could hardly understand him.

"Freddie will go too," I said. "When can we have the money?"

"O my God," he groaned, and the great drops of sweat stood on his face, "must you go?"

"Yes, as soon as possible," I answered, and I felt that God helped me to say it.

"I will bring you money to-morrow;" and he went away.

One of the chests that we brought from Wales had always stood in the little cottage, and I packed it with our clothes. Ella was too weak to do anything, but she sat with Freddie on her lap, looking so sad and heart-broken.

The next morning Hugh came over with all the money he could raise. He said he had hired a wagon to take us to the cars at noon. When he came in, Ella was sitting on the door-step with Freddie, but the little fellow got away from her and ran in to Hugh, and climbed up in his arms. Hugh covered his face all over with kisses and tears, till Freddie began to cry too. Then he put him down and came up to me.

"Rachel, you will give me one last kiss, and say you forgive me?"

I kissed him, just as I would have done if he had been in his coffin, for now he was going to be forever buried out of my sight; and I told him I forgave him, as I hoped God in Christ had forgiven me. But just then came up before me such a vision of dear old Wales, and our happy life there, that it almost killed me. He wrung my hand, kissed me again, and turned to the door where Ella was still sitting. Freddie had crept back into her lap, and Hugh clasped them both together in his arms. I heard him say to Ella, "My poor child, how I have wronged you!" then he kissed her, and I heard him sob as he went away. It was a little comfort to me that he had called Ella "my child," for I knew then I had always the first place in his love. We both stood at the door and looked after him till he was gone out of our sight. He did not go into his house for comfort.

We started that same day for St. Louis, hardly knowing or caring where we went. On the way we fell in with a doctor from this city, who noticed how weak and sick Ella was, and he advised us to come here, as the climate might help her. I did not feel that she would ever be any better in this world, for the hurt was too deep; but I thought it was best to follow his advice. I told him our money would be nearly gone when we got here, and that we had no friends. It was his recommendation we brought to you, and you know now why we are here. I think God

opened this house for us in answer to my prayers.

Her story was told—hers and that of the poor patient sufferer on the bed. Before I heard it I had been praying that Ella's life might be spared, but I could no longer pray for it. Better, far better for the gentle soul to go away from earth forever than to live tortured with such memories.

She lived a week longer, but said very little. One day she gave Freddie to her "Mother," as she always called her, and expressed a wish to go to her home in heaven, but spoke very humbly of her hope for the future, as if it were almost too much for one so sinful to anticipate the joy of heaven. The night she died the little boy lay sleeping by her, one hand held in hers. Mrs. Williams sat by the other side of the bed, and I stood at the foot, praying for an easy release for the parting soul. Suddenly the large blue eyes opened widely, the lips parted, and with a happy smile she whispered, "Hugh Williams," and all was over.

Poor Mrs. Williams! It was hard that here, in the very presence of eternity, another should claim him whose love by right belonged only to her. Thus those two lives that should have been so beautiful, were marred forever by the teachings of the false prophet.

Mrs. Williams and Freddie are still with us at the Home, and she has become invaluable to us. To-night, in answer to my question, she said, "Yes, I do, I always shall love Hugh Williams, in spite of all his sins. I know how he is blinded, and I pray God every hour that He will show him his error and lead him to repent of it. Sometimes I think that he will even yet be led to see what he has thrown away, and that he will come to me again. But if not, I am sure God will not take him from this world till he has repented of his sin, and I am just as sure that in heaven he will be mine, all mine."