

It was on my lips to say "I am not Esther's judge"; but before I could say it, I stood condemned before myself. I *had* judged her, and I had judged her unheard. I promised Sister Woodward that I would go and see her daughter.

She told me that Esther was living in B——, where her baby had been born, and where she was known only as Sister Gray. She and her husband, George Easton, had feared to have her remain in Salt Lake City, where she was so well known by outsiders, as well as by our own people. He did not dare to give her the protection of his name, and she could not appear now under her maiden name, since her baby had come. So she had gone back to B——, where all the people were Mormons.

B—— is only a few miles from Salt Lake City—a small, straggling village—a settlement as we call it. According to our reckoning of age in the new West, it is old; for its locust and box-elder trees