

sions. I believed that it was a matter of conviction with George. I thought the opportunity so remote that it might never come at all. And at last I said that, if it *did* come, and he thought it a duty to enter polygamy, I would not oppose him.

"From that moment I've never been happy. I was like a prisoner condemned to death, but hoping always for a reprieve. I had been trustful; fear made me suspicious. We both grew reserved.

"George made a trip to Mexico to visit some church conferences in our colonies there. When he came back, I knew by his manner that—I asked him. He admitted it. He had done it by the advice of his superiors in the priesthood. He said he thought it would be easier for me if I didn't know till afterwards.

"While he was away I had gone to sleep every night with a prayer for him on my lips—and with my arm reaching to the pillow where his dear head always rested. . . . And while I had longed for