

spiritual and less selfish than men and that polygamy made men more gross and selfish and despotic. But, after all, I couldn't argue much. I didn't *think* about polygamy; I *felt* about it. It was revolting to something deep down in my nature—not just jealousy—something less selfish than that.

“I know you'll hardly believe that, with all my old horror of it, there came a time when consent was wrung from me—I can't tell you how. I don't know myself. I suppose every woman, if she's emotional and religious, will make a martyr of herself. Hindu women throw themselves on their husband's funeral pyres; and we Mormon women consent to our husbands taking other wives.

“The final argument, with me, was that his conscience might sometime demand the sacrifice of us both and that his usefulness and goodness in this world and his exaltation in heaven might depend upon it. I was worn out with discus-